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EDITED BY JOHN SANDERSON, ESQ.

Professor of Classics in the Central High School, Philadelphia; Author of the "American in Paris," &c.

PART I.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 6, 1841.

NO. 1.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE & CO. NO. 46 CARPENTER STREET, PHILADELPHIA. \$5 for 60 numbers, payable in advance.

JOURNAL.

In accordance with the announcement made a short time ago, the publication of the Library is resumed. The disorders of the currency have, it is hoped, been in a great degree removed, and the intense political excitement has subsided. The public mind seeks relief; and what can better administer it, than the delightful influence of calm, literary pursuits? We turn, too, to the domestic circle, and desire to participate again in its virtuous pleasures.

The means, the inclination, and the leisure, necessary to the enjoyment of "Waldie," are thus afforded. Contemporaneously, the severe bodily disease, which had paralysed the energies of the proprietor, has been mitigated; and he has been, for some time, preparing to renew his intercourse with his former friends, with enlarged means of imparting pleasure and instruction. With lively emotions, he finds himself again in the enjoyment of his former relations with numerous friends; from very many of whom, though personally unknown, he has received testimonials of approbation and friendship, which have relieved the pains of severe disease, and which it becomes him, on this occasion, to acknowledge with deep sensibility. To these friends, it is unnecessary to delineate the plan hitherto pursued, and still to be adhered to, in the conduct of the Library. But to those who are unacquainted with its character, it is necessary to address some words of explanation. They will be few; for it becomes us simply to describe the Library, and not to praise it.

The object of the Library is chiefly to impart instruction—but always in an agreeable and entertaining form. We contemplate the publication of "light literature," using the term in its best sense. History written with good sense and animation, biographies and memoirs of eminent persons, voyages, travels, and miscellaneous works, containing desirable information, with occasionally a superior novel or tale, make up nearly the whole sphere in which we wish to move.

As a favourite object is to obtain—may we not say retain?—for the Library a high place in the confidence of the domestic circle, we shall always claim and exercise the privilege of prun-

ing the works we shall republish of every word which could cause the slightest confusion, if read aloud among the most fastidious.

Experience has shown that the Library can furnish a family with almost as much light literature as it will desire, and at a very trifling expense. In a single year, at an expense to our subscribers of only five dollars, we have published from thirty to forty London volumes, which would cost, if purchased at the book-sellers, at least fifty to sixty dollars; besides a large number of selections from the best British periodicals.

Thus much of the plan of the Library. The proprietor has employed the term of its suspension in devising and preparing new means of fully executing that plan; and he believes he has made arrangements, which will render the Library more worthy of the favour which has been so liberally awarded to it. He has engaged the assistance, in the editorial department, of John Sanderson, Esq., of this city, a gentleman whose literary accomplishments and productions are very favourably known; and whose extensive acquaintance with persons of the best literary taste and acquirements will enable him to enrich the Library from their stores, and guide it with reference to their judgments.

Some time ago, in consequence of the determination of the post-master general to impose postage upon the cover, (on which appears the Journal of Belles Lettres,) it was proposed to issue instead, a monthly number containing the Journal for the month. The change was resolved upon reluctantly; because a weekly miscellany, accompanying and enlivening each number, was believed to be a valuable part of the Library. The proprietor announces with pleasure, that he has devised a plan by which this valuable accompaniment may be retained. The Journal of Belles Lettres will be printed on the two external leaves of each number. These two leaves may be removed, leaving the remaining leaves in a fit state to be bound. In order that the capacity of the Library may not be diminished, five numbers will be given monthly.

A typographical improvement has been made at the suggestion of some of the former readers of the Library. A new and larger type has been procured, (on which this number is printed,) which will be read with greater satisfaction than that formerly used.

Finally, the punctuality in issuing each number, which failed not once in seven years, will be a sufficient guarantee, it is hoped, for the regular publication of the Library hereafter.

JESSE'S MEMOIRS.

We shall be obliged to retrench something from this book to accommodate it to our occidental side of the sea, but enough will be left to divert, and we hope instruct, our readers. They will find at the outset, a chapter for that genuine subject of memoirs, James himself, followed by the other most distinguished persons of his time—a chapter for the Archbishop of Canterbury, one for the great "secretary of nature," and one of equal length for Arceus the Fool. By the by, Arceus is represented to be not only witty, but a very shrewd, honest, and intelligent personage. A pity it sometimes is that the fool cannot change caps with the monarch. The apposition of Arceus and Lord Bacon conveys a reluctant intimation to the mind that wise men are not always the "better sort of fools." A chapter, too, is allotted to that eminent and supercilious individual, who was served up by the Duke of Buckingham in a pie, Sir Jeffery Hudson—a kind of pocket Hercules, who mixed in chivalric exploits, and killed his man in a duel, as was to be expected. He was eighteen inches high, and is preserved in a full-length picture by Vandyke.

The second series includes the Protectorate, in which so many of the fiercest passions of human nature were brought into conflict by religious and political excitement—and Charles the Second. There is much in the latter portion too significant of the times. Is it not a pity to efface the beauties? We remember the gratification we enjoyed at Hampton Court in contemplating the pretty group by Lely, who had a sense of female beauty, on the side of its frailties, beyond all others of the brush—Castlemaine, who loved every body, Churchill and the king, and Jacob Hill—made a rope-dancer the rival of majesty, yet so pretty, the gods laughed at her perjuries, for she became no uglier by a single black tooth

or nail, but walked forth more the care of love than before. She at her side, who began the world plain Mrs. Palmer, is Duchess of Cleveland. And next, with indolent languor, affected and sentimental coquetry, fair hair and complexion, is the graceful form of Middleton.

"Helas! avec tant d'attraits précieux,
Qui n'eut été friponne!"

Lady Denham, too!—Sir John wrote Cooper's Hill, and married Miss Brook. He should have married Miss Brook first. Vain man at seventy! who hoped to reign in a heart of eighteen, and be exempt from the general calamity. Poor Denham! thou wert cut off in the flower of age and beauty, leaving a heart-broken and jealous husband to deplore thy loss—not without the reputation of having poisoned his wife. And the Duchess of Portsmouth, the little French bribe, who was given by Louis with 200,000 francs a year to "settle popery in England." The tall, slim, erect, and graceful form of Stewart, who without art—by the sole dint of looking pretty, supplanted Castlemaine—lived in the very air of Cyprus, and kept herself (they say) almost honest for her legitimate lord, the Duke of Richmond. She on the left, of the same height and grace, and a face replete with sense and beauty, in spite of her little eyes and turn-up nose, is Hamilton, Countess of Grammont. And she next? The orange girl, the rival of Portsmouth, (*le roi m'aime autant que sa Portsmouth*—Nell,) of such impassioned and benevolent beauty—one wishes to call her Eleanor—it is Nell Gwynn! Anne Hyde, the tall and stately Clarendon's daughter, mistress and duchess of York, and mother of two queens, overlooks the whole. To her we owe this little court. It was she who commissioned Lely to snatch these beauties from the scythe of time. One only is wanting—the more remarkable for this. The barbarous Westphalian has let the frail and gentle Chesterfield slip through the fingers of posterity. Any one curious of this kind of lore, who can read De Grammont, will, neither on the score of grace nor propriety, regret Jesse.

Such works as this are to be counted amongst the luxuries of literature. It is delightful, in these days of improved steamboats and universal travel, to go back into the past ages for novelty; for what is so little new now-a-days as the "latest news," a day old? Such works, too, relieve the reader from the toil of research, and bring into view what many a one would never have sought in the grim looking tomes in which it is shelved only for the profound scholar. Who is going to wade through the collections of Rushworth, Ludlow, Clarendon, or Walker?—surely not that perpetual man of business, the American. Our encyclopedical list of studies is too extensive for even antediluvian longevity; and what is to be done by one of us frail and ephemeral beings, who is outlived by a beetle? One of the advantages of this book, is the comparison it enables us to institute, in many particulars, between the new world and the old, and between

the present and preceding ages. This comparison seems much in our favour as regards several of the commandments, and notably the fourth. King James, by his royal edict, ordered that his subjects should be indulged in dancing, archery, leaping, vaulting, May-games, and Morris dances on Sunday. This Jesse calls shedding "a gleam of sunshine upon the broad shadows of human wretchedness." In the last reign but two, Lady Huntingdon's daughter could not hold her office in the bed-chamber, for, being a Methodist, she was averse to playing cards with the princesses on Sunday. We have the advantage, too, (who would think it?) on the score of cleanliness. The Countess of Dorset says, on quitting the palace of James, she found herself infested (not with bugs) with a vermin "scarcely considered delicate to mention;" and in the succeeding reign, Pepys, who kept a journal, writes as follows, under February 12th, "Up, finding the beds good, only—only infested with the vermin whose very name is now considered indelicate." Sydney Smith says, in the face of Erasmus, that "no English gentleman has spat upon the floor since the Heptarchy;" and English gentlemen, when they visit us now-a-days, are disgusted at not finding French cooks, and other epicurean delicacies, even beyond the Alleghany. Revels and complotions, also, of the higher classes at least, have undergone a salutary change. Jesse has signalized James's revels, and Pepys speaks thus of Charles II.:—"Let us drink the king's health, said some one. Why let us, said the king. Nay, you must do it on your knees. So he did, and so did all the company; and having done it, they all fell a crying for joy, and kissing one another—the king the Duke of York, and the Duke of York the king, and in such a maudlin pickle as never people were, and so passed the day." Men are yet living who made a fortune by the regular business of picking up drunken gentlemen in the night about the streets of London. At present, no gentleman at a dinner ever exceeds the bounds of "moderate Bacchus."

In reading the Protectorate, to observe the change from Puritanism to the merry times of Charles, is a curious speculation. For a long time, laughing seemed to be a modulation of face to which the English muscles were entirely disused. That they were thus suddenly relaxed, is a phenomenon in physics, if not in morals.

All authorities—romance and history—work together unmercifully to the prejudice of James. Every one knows the indignant manner in which Hume breaks from the enumeration of his weaknesses. "History charges itself willingly with a relation of the great crimes, and still more with that of the great virtues, of mankind; but she appears to fall from her dignity, when necessitated to dwell on such frivolous events and ignoble personages." And so he gives up the pedantry, self-conceit, the puns, the quirks, and solemn trifling of James to the writers of memoirs. In the work before us, he is treated as indolent, a spendthrift, egregiously vain, a hypo-

cite and buffoon, and getting drunk and swearing habitually; otherwise, a very unexceptionable person, having an almost Judaical antipathy to pigs and a pious horror of tobacco. Jesse attempts to vindicate him from the charge of pedantry. It is certain that he learned at school more than the quantity of Latin usually administered to kings, and that he took for his model Solomon, whom he followed with great emulation. Whether he had a head properly timbered for Latin or other learning, will be best ascertained from the actions of his life.

If kings were remarkably great and good men, republicanism would go out of fashion. But—tyrants apart—when you have read of Charles the Bald, and Charles the Fat, and Charles the Simple, their story is told. A man of even tolerable merit, such as Henry IV., passes among kings for a sort of miracle. Temples are built, and incense is burnt upon his altars. The best advocates of democracy, after all, are kings. This opinion is uttered from no spite at nobility or monarchy. Such a sentiment is not necessary to the preservation of the republic. At least the Romans, who would as lief see his Satanic majesty rule at Rome as a king, were not the more preserved for their royal antipathies. A man of good taste will no more wish the monarchy of England, with its machinery of nobles, banished from their island, than the gods and goddesses from the Iliad or Odyssey. Kings are good things, if only to make novels out of. One likes to be vexed at refined and dignified distresses, and to laugh at the expense of one's betters. Walter Scott has turned both James and his successor in this way to good account.

The style of Jesse's book is correct, harmonious, and sometimes elegant; but rather aiming at the dignity of history, than the easier graces of the memoir. He has said nothing new, and is not always correct in his anecdote. He sometimes takes "*Pierre pour Thomas*." An observation made by Queen Elizabeth to Nicholas Bacon about his villa, is applied to Francis; and at page 220, Vol. II, he says, "Richelieu, however, triumphed over his rival, though Buckingham did not live to see it. After the death of her husband, Louis the Thirteenth, the queen united herself to the cardinal, his sacerdotal habit, as he had never taken priest's orders, proving no obstacle to their union. Richelieu soon grew tired of her, and treated her unkindly." Now the fact is, that the cardinal died December 4th, 1642, and Louis in the following May, 1643, in consequence of which, the cardinal did not marry the widow, and being dead, did not treat her unkindly.

There is a charm about memoirs which no other species of writing possesses, so fond is the world of tittle-tattle. A language follows the genius and habits of the people who speak it. The French are the only truly social people, and of all the world, the only people who can talk, write letters, and make *anais*, vaudevilles, and memoirs. We call to witness, Froissart,

Memoirs of the Court of England
DURING THE
REIGN OF THE STUARTS,
INCLUDING THE PROTECTORATE.
 —
BY JOHN HENRAGE JESSE.

PREFACE.

It is a fact, which cannot have escaped observation, that while French Literature abounds with private memoirs and personal anecdote, our own is deplorably deficient in agreeable chronicles of this nature. To the author, or rather compiler, of this work, the want appeared to be less owing to the absence of materials, than to a requisite diligence in bringing them to light; in a word, that there existed a supply of latent stores in our own language (buried, as it were, among voluminous records and forgotten pamphlets) sufficient to form a succinct social history of distinguished characters, who figure more or less in every portion of our annals.

With this view of the subject, it occurred to the author that the private history of the Reigns of the Stuarts and of the Protectorate,—their families, and others intimately connected with the Court,—would present a series of agreeable and instructive anecdotes; would furnish the means of introducing the reader to the principal personages of their day, and of exhibiting the monarch and the statesman in their undress; while, at the same time, it would afford an insight into human character, and a picture of the manners of the age.

It could not escape the author, that some of the anecdotes contained in the present volumes, have already appeared in more than one popular work of modern date. But it would have been impossible for him to follow out his intended plan, and to give a complete and distinct form to his sketches, without partially treading in the footsteps of other writers; in those instances, however, where he has been compelled to make use of the same materials, his researches, whenever it was practicable, have been extended to the fountain-head.

The author now ventures to put forth the present volumes as a portion only of his labours. Should others agree with him in thinking that a work like the present has, in any degree supplied a desideratum in our literature, he will consider himself fully repaid for the trouble it has cost him; at the same time, he is free to confess that he would have been as well pleased, had the task fallen into abler hands.

JAMES I.

CHAP. I.

The reign of James the First is eminently deficient in matters of stirring and general interest. A timid prince, a people not discontented, a long peace abroad, and a tolerably submissive parliament at home, supply but meagre materials to the historian. It is not, therefore, too much to expect, that, in the private history of the individual, in the manners of the time, and the intrigues of

the court, some slight compensation may be found for the absence of more important events.

The peaceable career of James, and his unwarlike character, are the more remarkable, when we reflect on the eventful history of the unhappy and turbulent race from whence he sprang. With the Stuarts, misfortune had been hereditary. For six generations, his immediate ancestors, with the single exception of a broken heart, had met with violent and untimely ends. His mother had suffered on the scaffold, and his father fell by the hand of an assassin; and it is singular that James should have stood between two crowned heads, his mother and his heir, who were the first and almost only instances in modern times of the sovereign suffering by the hands of the executioner. It would appear indeed as if Providence had conferred a peculiar blessing on the peace-maker. His ancestors, fond of war and familiar with bloodshed, had with difficulty retained possession of their birthrights, while James, who even shuddered at the sight of a drawn sword, became master of a kingdom threefold the value of his inheritance. We must remember, however, that in James the love of peace was less the effect of principle than of constitutional infirmity.

The slight differences which occurred during this reign to ruffle the quiet tenor of public feeling, arose almost entirely from subjects of a religious or parliamentary nature. It was solely the fault of James that his career at home was not in every respect as peaceable as it was abroad. His endeavours to encroach on public liberty caused, in a great degree, the opposition of his parliament: his attempts to conciliate all parties, in matters of religion, ended in his satisfying none. The great source of interest which his reign produces, is derived from the gradual advances which were effected in parliamentary liberty. With little to engage their attention abroad, the Commons began to be jealous of their privileges, and the nation at large of its rights; these are the circumstances which throw a peculiar, and almost the sole political interest over the reign of James. It is as curious as it is instructive to watch the birth of that spark, which burst forth in the wild rage for liberty in the succeeding reign. James had really less of the despot in him than Elizabeth; but the nation could bear the golden chains of the one, while it contemned the clumsy fetters of the other.

James the First was born in Edinburgh castle, 19th June, 1566. The apartment in which he first saw the light was, within the last few years, and probably still is, a guard-room for soldiers. In those who are influenced by local associations, that apartment must still excite no slight degree of interest; less, perhaps, as the birthplace of James, than as being identified with the sorrows of Mary Stuart. The clouds of misfortune had gathered fast around that beautiful but imprudent woman. She had irretrievably disgusted her nobility by her impolitic preference of the arrogant Italian Rizzio, and her people by her open exercise of the Romish faith; her misunderstandings with her husband, the weak and showy Lord Darnley, had produced positive hatred and consequent misery on both sides. The ministers of the Puritan or Reformed Church, were daily in-

truding their conscientious brutality in her presence, or promulgating their rebellious tenets among her subjects; and, within a very short period, the blood of her favourite servant Rizzio had been actually shed before her face,—a remarkable scene of violence, when we consider that her own husband, who ought to have been the first to cherish the wife who was shortly to become a mother, and the Lord Chancellor, who should have been foremost to protect the laws and the person of his queen, were the principal actors in that detestable outrage.

The queen and the Puritan clergy were equally anxious to baptize the heir to the throne, according to the ceremonies of their respective faiths. An assembly of the church, which happened to be convened at Edinburgh at the time, while they sent to congratulate the unfortunate mother, expressed their great solicitude on the subject. The superintendent of Lothian, a man of a milder nature than his fellows, was their delegate on the occasion. Mary received him with her usual sweetness, but returned no answer as regarded the principal object of his mission. She sent, however, for the royal infant in order to introduce the superintendent to his future king. The minister fell on his knees and breathed a short prayer for his welfare; he then took the babe in his arms and playfully told him to say amen for himself, which the queen, says Archbishop Spotswood, "took in such good part as continually afterwards to call the superintendent her *Amen*." This story, in after life, was repeated to James, who, from that period, always addressed the superintendent by the same familiar name.*

Immediately after the birth of the prince, Sir James Melvil was despatched by Mary to convey the intelligence to her sister, the Queen of England. The account which Melvil gives of this mission is perhaps the most amusing part of his memoirs. Elizabeth was in high spirits, enjoying herself at a ball at Greenwich, when the event was announced to her. Notwithstanding her habitual self-command, and the fact that the possibility of such an event must have been long a source of anxiety, the jealous feelings of the woman prevailed, and her chagrin was but too evident. The dancing instantly ceased, and the queen sat down in her chair, leaning her head upon her hand, and remaining for some time speechless. "The Queen of Scots," she said to one of her ladies who inquired the cause of her melancholy, "is the mother of a fair son, while I am but a barren stock." She did not fail, however, to call dissimulation to her aid, and the next morning, when Melvil received his audience, she appeared gayer and better dressed than usual; and, though she deceived no one but herself, expressed the sincerest affection for the Queen of Scots, and joy at her happy delivery.

The innocent cause of this jealousy was baptised at Stirling, 17th December, 1566, by the Bishop of St. Andrews, according to the rites of the Romish Church. Such of the Scottish nobles as professed the reformed religion absented themselves from the ceremony. His godfathers

*Spotswood's History of the Church of Scotland, p. 196.

were the King of France and Philibert Duke of Savoy; Elizabeth consented to be his godmother, and by her representative, the Earl of Bedford, sent a present of a golden font, valued at three thousand crowns. After the conclusion of the ceremony, the young prince was publicly proclaimed by the hereditary titles of Prince and Steward of Scotland, Duke of Rothsay, Earl of Carrick, Lord of the Isles, and Baron of Renfrew. According to Sir Theodore Mayerne, who subsequently became the physician of James, the wet nurse of the young prince was a drunkard, and it was owing to her milk becoming thus vitiated, that, though early weaned, he was unable to walk alone before his sixth year.*

The birth of an heir to the throne ought not only to have added to Mary's influence at home; but, with proper management, Elizabeth might have been forced to acknowledge her as her successor to the crown of England. Nothing, however, could exceed Mary's egregious imprudence and, shall we add, iniquity, at this period. Within the short space of two years, the greater number of loose incidents occurred which have thrown so much of fearful, yet romantic, interest over her history. The murder of her husband, and her consequent marriage with Bothwell; the insurrection of Lord Hume; her confinement and forced abdication at Lochleven; her romantic escape from that fortress; the battle of Langside; and her flight into England—are all included in that period, and closed every hope of her again enjoying the sovereign dignity. In order, however, to weaken her remaining influence still more, and to strengthen the claims of her son, it was decided that the young prince, though only thirteen months old, should be solemnly crowned in her stead. The inauguration of the royal baby was performed at Stirling by the Bishop of Orkney, 29th July, 1567. The coronation sermon was preached by the celebrated John Knox; and the oaths, that he should maintain the reformed religion, and administer equal justice, were somewhat unscrupulously taken by the Earl of Merton and Lord Home.† Soon after the ceremony, the republican party, whose hopes were naturally elated by the events which were taking place, caused a coin to be struck, on which was inscribed the well-known motto of Trajan: *Pro me; si merear, in me.*—"For me; and if I deserve it, against me."

James was a pedant even when a boy. His tutor, the famous historian Buchanan, though he communicated to him a portion of his learning, imparted but little of his own elegant taste to his royal pupil. In the treatment of his charge, he appears not only to have been laudably uninfluenced by rank and circumstance, but to have behaved himself towards James as the most rigid disciplinarian. On one occasion the young king was engaged in some boisterous sport, with his playfellow the Master of Erskine, at a time when Buchanan was deeply engaged in his studies. The tutor was annoyed, and declared that he would administer a sound flogging if the interruption continued. James announced stoutly that he should like to see *who would bell the cat*; at which the tutor started up, threw away his book, and performed the threatened chastisement most effectually. To his playfellow, the young Earl of Mar, James ever continued his regard. The earl afterwards became enamoured of Mary Stuart, daughter of Esme Duke of Lennox, and

on her rejecting him, became the victim of despondency, and fell seriously ill. "By my saul," said James, "Mar shanna dee for e'er a lass in the land!" Accordingly he interfered in favour of his early companion, and Lady Mary eventually became his wife, and the mother of his children.

Such an impression had Buchanan's discipline produced on the mind of James, that many years afterwards, when King of England, the miseries of his tutelage, and the austerity of his old master, continued vividly to haunt his imagination. He used to say of a certain person about his court, that he trembled at his approach, "he reminded him so of his pedagogue."‡ And on another occasion, he is described as dreadfully agitated by the appearance of his former corrector in a dream, and as vainly endeavoring to soften the fanciful displeasure which he had incurred.† It may be observed, that in his writings, James more than once speaks slightly, and even acrimoniously, of his old tutor.

The elegant Buchanan was far from satisfied with the mere progress which his pupil had made in classical and theological learning. At a certain audience, which was given by James to a foreign ambassador in his boyhood, it was found necessary that the conversation should take place in Latin. The foreigner happened to be guilty of several grammatical errors, in every one of which James, with equal pedantry and ill-breeding, thought proper to set him right. The ambassador accidentally meeting Buchanan, after the audience was at an end, inquired of him how he came to make his illustrious pupil a pedant. "I was happy," said the historian, "to be able to accomplish even that."‡

CHAPTER II.

In his thirteenth year James began to interfere with affairs of state, and met his parliament for the first time. He said a great deal respecting the benefits of peace, and mentioned his anxiety to maintain the interests of the reformed religion, and to remedy public grievances.§ Probably, young as he was, James had some hand, if not in the composition of, at least in the matters to be discussed in, this juvenile oration. At all events, it is curious to find him commencing his first speech with the subject of peace; a principle and a topic on which he acted and harped to the last.

He showed his aversion to business at a very early age; so much so, that he was in the habit of signing whatever papers were brought to him, without either reading or making himself acquainted with their contents. To correct this pernicious habit, his tutor Buchanan adopted the following scheme:—one day, when the young king was preparing to set out on a hunting excursion, he placed before him a document containing a formal abdication of his kingdom. It was signed, as usual, without inquiry into its purport. On the return of James in the evening, Buchanan produced the paper, and pointed out its contents. At the sight of what he had done, the king burst into tears. Buchanan comforted him by throwing the document into the fire; at the same time seizing the opportunity of enlarging on the injustice which he might be guilty of to others, as

well as to himself, should he hereafter persist in so indolent and injurious a practice.*

James's tears at this period seemed to have been easily brought to his assistance. When, in 1582, in his seventeenth year, his person was seized at Ruthven by the rebel lords, his first impulse was to weep. "No matter for his tears," said the Master of Glamis; "it is better that boys should weep than bearded men."†

From a person who felt his own griefs so deeply, we can scarcely expect much sympathy with the sufferings of others. His cold indifference at his mother's death, and his previous lukewarm interposition with Elizabeth in her behalf, can never be sufficiently reprobated. Of an age when the best feelings of our nature are generally warmest in the heart; with a chivalrous nobility urging him to avenge the unparalleled indignity which had been offered both to himself and his country; with the means of obtaining powerful foreign aid both from France and Spain,‡ James, with the exception of some slight blustering, (arising less from any feeling which he entertained for his mother's dreadful situation, than from the apprehension that her death on the scaffold would interfere with his own prospects,) submitted tamely to his own dishonour, and the ignominious execution of his only parent. There can be no question that, as a matter of mere policy, James acted wisely in not breaking with Elizabeth; but who can forgive the man, who, on so sacred a subject, prefers the cold dictates of interest to the common impulse of natural affection? Alas! James had a pension to lose, and a kingdom in prospect. And how does he act when he finds that his mother's death is fully agreed upon, and that her days are numbered? He sends to the principal divines to desire that they will pray for her in their churches. It is an undoubted fact, that the Master of Gray, James's accredited agent to intercede with Elizabeth for his mother's life, and who, the king must have been well aware, was entirely in the interest of the English queen, if he were not actually in her pay, gave private intimation to the English ministry, that if Mary's execution would not be allowed to prejudice James's expectations to the English throne, "her death would be forgotten."§ The Master of Gray afterwards confessed before the Scottish council, that he had, in fact, advised the Queen of England to take away the life of her rival; recommending, only, that she should be made away with by some underhand means, instead of by a public execution. He acknowledged, also, that he had made use of the significant words, *Mortui non mordent*. "The dead do not bite." He was sentenced to banishment; a decision much caviled at, at the time, for its extreme leniency.||

The ruling and obstinate idea which occupied the mind of James, was an apprehension lest the manner of his mother's death should prove a bar to his own succession to the English throne. It was this selfish fear, and not the affront to his feelings or his diadem, which we find the English ministers most anxious to combat. Even previous to the death of the unhappy Mary, the Earl

* Peyton's Divine Catastrophe, in Secret Hist. of James I. vol. ii. p. 330.

† Spotswood, p. 320.

‡ There is also reason to suppose that the King of Denmark, with whose daughter a treaty of marriage had already been set on foot, would have supplied James with ships.—Sanderson, p. 134.

§ Spotswood, p. 355.

|| Ibid. p. 363.

* Ellis, Orig. Letters, vol. iii. 198; Second Series.

† Spotswood, p. 211.

* Osborne's Advice to his Son.

† *Classics of Literature*, vol. iii. p. 259.

‡ Add. MSS. Brit. Museum.

§ Sanderson, p. 92.

of Leicester, probably by Elizabeth's directions, addressed a letter to James, in which, though clothed in the most Jesuitical language, he points out the worldly advantages which would accrue to him by submitting quietly to his mother's execution, and even indirectly asks his concurrence. To any other monarch but James, the insolence and bad taste of such an epistle would have been intolerable. "She is the person and prince in this world," says the earl, speaking of Elizabeth, "that may do you most good or most harm; let no persuasion or desire let you think otherwise."* And again Lord Hudson writes to him after the fatal blow had been struck, offering to procure a declaration, signed by all the judges in England, that the execution of his mother could in no way interfere with his legitimate claims.

We are informed, though the authority is questionable, that when Henry the Fourth sent his ambassador, Sully to James, inviting him to join with him against Elizabeth, by which means he might satisfy his revenge, the young king answered, that he was unwilling to fall out with the Queen of England, for his mother's death had left him more secure on the throne than ever.† The Scottish nobles were greatly disgusted at the indifference of their young prince. Instead of appearing in mourning, as had been ordered by the king, Lord Sinclair presented himself at court in full armour, as the garb best suited to the occasion.‡

It has been already remarked, that in his mother's extremity, James had applied to the principal ministers of religion to remember her in their prayers. This order, with the exception of his own chaplains, and a Mr. David Lindsay, the minister at Leith, was universally disobeyed. James, indeed, was treated quite as cavalierly by the Scottish clergy (and stood just as much in awe of them) as by his nobility. The following anecdote is highly characteristic of his suberviency to the Puritan priesthood, and of the pulpit familiarity which was permitted at the time. James had fixed on a particular day, on which prayers were to be offered up for his unfortunate mother in the several churches, and had selected the Bishop of St. Andrew's to officiate in his own presence on the occasion. As soon as this order became known to the principal opposititionists, they induced a young man, a Mr. John Cowper, to ascend the pulpit, and to forestall the bishop in the performance of the service of the day. The king, says Archbishop Spotswood, seeing Cowper in the place, called to him from his seat, and said, "Mr. John, that seat was destined for another; yet since you are there, if you will obey the charge that is given, and remember my mother in your prayers, you shall go on." Cowper replying that he would do as the Spirit of God should direct him, was commanded to leave the place. This order he showed no inclination to obey: accordingly the captain of the guard proceeded to pull him out; on which he burst forth as follows; "This day shall be a witness against the king, in the great day of the Lord," and then denouncing a wo to the inhabitants of Edinburgh, he went down, and the Bishop of St. Andrew's performed the duty.§

James was, to a certain degree, indebted for these insults to the discussion of familiar subjects,

and the personal allusions which he himself encouraged in the pulpit. This taste continued to the last period of his life; nor was he ever known to be displeased as long as the preacher hit his courtiers somewhat harder than himself. Even when seated on the English throne, a conscientious, or perhaps discontented, clergyman would occasionally proceed to such lengths as to keep the courtiers in continual alarm, lest any thing disagreeable to the king, or injurious to their own interests, should transpire. On these occasions they distracted his majesty's attention by the best means in their power. A jest well introduced, or a facetious remark, seldom failed in such an emergency. Among those who were best acquainted with James's character, and who thus pandered to his amusement, was Neile, Bishop of Lincoln, and afterwards Archbishop of York.* This prelate was constantly at James's side, and whenever any thing was uttered, especially from the pulpit, which he was unwilling should meet the royal ear, diverted the king's attention by some "merry tale." Arthur Wilson was himself present at a sermon which was preached before James at Greenwich, when the following remarkable scene took place. The preacher, one of the royal chaplains, selected for his text, Matt. iv. 8. "And the devil took Jesus to the top of a mountain, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world, saying, 'All these will I give,' " &c. He first proceeded to demonstrate the power of the devil at that period; he then brought his kingdom down to the present time, expressing his belief that, as the devil was in possession of such large dominions, there could be no doubt but that he had his viceroys, councillors of state, treasurers, secretaries, &c. This gave him an opportunity of attributing the several vices, of which James's advisers were accused, to the ministers of his Satanic majesty, and portraying their characters accordingly. At last he came to the devil's treasurer, when he fixed his eyes on the Earl of Cranfield, a man notorious for his exactions, and lord treasurer at the time, and pointing at him with his hand, exclaimed in an emphatic manner, "That man," (repeating the words,) "that man, who makes himself rich and his master poor, is a fit treasurer for the devil." Cranfield all this time sat with his hat over his eyes, ashamed to look up; while James, who was placed above him, sat smiling, like a mischievous schoolboy, at his minister's discomfiture.

A treaty of marriage between James and Anne, daughter of Frederick, King of Denmark, had been set on foot as early as the year 1585, though not fully concluded till 1587. The death of the Danish king in this latter year still further delayed the completion of the marriage. When the match with Denmark was first proposed to James, he is said to have displayed the grossest ignorance as to the history and respectability of

* Richard Neile, the son of a tallow-chandler, was born in King Street, Westminster. He rose, by a rapid gradation of preferment, to be master of the Savoy, Dean of Westminster, and successively, Bishop of Rochester, Litchfield and Coventry, Lincoln, Durham, Winchester, and Archbishop of York. Both Pryme and Wilson accuse him of Arminianism, but his orthodoxy is defended by Laud. "He died," says Anthony Wood, "as full of years as he was of honour, an affectionate subject to his prince, an indulgent father to his clergy, a bountiful patron to his chaplains, and a true friend to all who relied upon him." He was buried in Westminster Abbey.—Fasti Oxoniensis, vol. i. p. 159.

that country, and to have objected to the alliance on the ground of the unworthiness of that kingdom to furnish him with a consort.* Every thing, however, was at length settled. The marriage ceremony had been performed in Denmark, by proxy, in August, 1589, and James was anxiously expecting the arrival of his bride, when he received the news that she had been driven on the coast of Norway, and had determined to defer her voyage till the spring. It is amusing to discover a solemn historian of the period gravely attributing these delays to the machinations of witches. One Agnes Simson, "a matron of a grave and settled behaviour," actually confessed, that, at the instigation of the Earl of Bothwell, she had applied to her familiar spirit, (whom she was in the habit of invoking by the words *holla, Master*.) to take away the king's life. The demon, she said, had informed her, that on this occasion his powers had failed him; giving her his reasons in *French*, a language of which she was ignorant, though she was able to repeat the actual words of the spirit—*il est homme de Dieu*;† a compliment to James, which he, no doubt, fully appreciated.

Notwithstanding the powers of witchcraft, and the terrors of the sea, of which latter James stood greatly in awe, he was so eager to behold his future consort as to determine on proceeding in person to Norway for the purpose of conducting her home;‡ the only act of gallantry on his part which history has been able to record.

James set sail, October 22, 1589, and after a prosperous voyage arrived at Norway, not far from Upsalo, where the Princess of Denmark had taken refuge; and where the marriage was eventually solemnized. His dread of the sea is mentioned by more than one writer, and in his farewell manifesto he himself alludes to his anxiety on the subject: "As for my part, what moved me, ye may judge by that which I have already said,

* Melvil, p. 164. It is possible that James's objections might have arisen from the crown of Denmark being elective.

† Sanderson, p. 159.

‡ The interest which he took in the approaching ceremony is discoverable by a letter which he addressed to Lord Burghley, and which is still preserved among the Lansdown MSS. In this epistle he particularly recommends to his lordship's favour some merchants whom he has sent to London, to purchase dresses for the interesting occasion.

Right Trusty and Well-Beloved,

We greet you heartily well. Having directed the bearers, Robert Jowise and Thomas Feslie, merchants of Edinburgh, toward London for buying and provision of certain abulzementis and other ornaments requisite for decoration of our marriage, we have taken occasion to recommend them to your great courtesy, heartily requesting and desiring you to interpose your good will and mind to their expedition and furtherance in that concern, so that they be in no wise interrupted nor hindered in the performance and execution thereof, but may receive quick and hasty despatch; as ye will report our right special and hearty thanks and do us acceptable pleasure. Thus we commit you to God's good protection. From the Canonry of Ros, the 19th day of July, 1589.

Your loving friend,

JAMES R.

I pray you further this * * * * read; it is on an extraordinary occasion.

To our right trusty and well-beloved

The Lord of Burghley,
Great Treasurer of England.

Ellis, Orig. Letters, vol. iii. 29.

* Spotswood, p. 353.

† Divine Catastrophe of the House of Stuart.

‡ Lord Somers's Tracts, vol. i. p. 239.

§ Spotswood, p. 354; Sanderson, p. 130.

besides the shortness of the way, the surety of the passage being clear of all sands, forelands, or such like dangers; the harbours in these parts so sure, and no foreign fleets resorting upon these seas."

Shortly after the marriage ceremony, James proceeded with his bride to pay a visit to the court of Denmark, where he remained during the winter, and did not return to his dominions till May 20, 1590.* During his stay in Denmark, he constantly attended the courts of law, with the object of obtaining an insight into the legislature of that country; he afterwards, according to Daines Barrington, added to the Scottish law three statutes for the punishment of criminals, which he had borrowed from the Danish Code.†

The day following the arrival of the royal party in Edinburgh, the Council met for the purpose of fixing a day for the queen's coronation. There happened to be no bishop in Edinburgh at the time, and the clergyman, whom James had honoured by selecting him to perform the office, positively refused to officiate, unless the ceremony of unction, which he asserted to be papistical and of Jewish origin, were omitted. James was obstinate on the subject, and so was the clergyman, who, moreover, was supported in his opposition by the principal puritan ministers. The consequence was, that a very learned discussion was carried on between James and the church, in which, as regarded controversial skill and theological knowledge, the king certainly proved his superiority. It was only, however, by threatening that he would wait the arrival of a bishop, that a divine, Andrew Melvil, rather than that the ceremony should be Episcopalian, consented to perform it as the king wished.‡ The court put forth its rude splendour on this occasion. There was a succession of banquets and masks; and the rejoicings lasted for two months.

CHAPTER III.

The Gowrie conspiracy, by which we are to understand the real or pretended attempt on the life of James, by the Earl of Gowrie and his brother, Alexander Ruthven, is too memorable and too mysterious an event to be passed over in silence. We must recollect, that it has not to this day been clearly ascertained, whether there were really a treasonable intention on the part of Gowrie, or whether the plot were not altogether a specious contrivance of the king, in order to get rid of a dangerous subject.

The suspected conspirators were the sons of that Earl of Gowrie who had been executed some years previously for seizing James's person at Ruthven. Soon after his father's death, the young earl had permission to travel abroad, and it is said that, at Padua, he adopted an heraldic device on which were a hand and a sword aiming at a crown. There is another story, that, when at Orleans, a fortune-teller predicted to him that he should become melancholy from the effect of love, that he should be possessed of great power, and that he should die by the sword.§ On his way home he paid a visit to the court of Elizabeth, on which occasion he is said to have fixed his affections on the unfortunate Arabella Stuart.

James, who had previously restored him to

his father's honours and estates, received him with much kindness on his return; his brother Alexander he made a gentleman of the bed-chamber, and on his sister he conferred one of the principal posts about the queen.* The character of the earl, at this period, appears to have been drawn according to the political prejudices of the different writers. By one party he is described as proud, insolent, and ambitious; by the other, as amiable, kind-hearted, and strictly disposed to the duties of religion. At the time of the plot, he had only just completed his twenty-first year, while his brother was but nineteen.

Previous to fixing a crime on a suspected person, the first step is to investigate the motive which he might have had in view. In the present instance, two inducements have been mentioned—the desire to revenge the death of a father, and the hope of supplanting James on the throne. The first of these suppositions clearly loses its weight from the fact, that the earl was put to death during the minority of the king, who could therefore have had no voice on the occasion. With regard to the second deduction, it appears, to say the least, extremely improbable, that so very young a man, without any adequate force, without the remotest probability of ultimate success, should have been rash enough to embark in so hazardous an enterprise. The circumstances, as regards the supposed attempt on James's person, are commonly related as follows:

The king was residing at Falkland for the purpose of indulging in his favourite sport of hunting, and on the morning of 5th August, 1600, was sallying forth with his hounds, when Alexander Ruthven, looking pale and agitated, rode up to his majesty, with the information that a person, supposed to be a Jesuit, and having a large amount of foreign gold about him, had been intercepted by his brother, Lord Gowrie. To this intelligence he added a request, that the king would ride to his brother's residence at Perth, by which means he expressed his belief that some important secrets might be extracted from the suspected person. From what we know of James's character, this part of the story certainly carries with it an air of truth. Such an investigation was exactly suitable to the king's tastes, for he peculiarly prided himself on his talent for cross-examination and power of eliciting the truth; besides, the thoughts of the gold was probably not without its consideration. He accordingly expressed his intention of honouring Gowrie with his presence at dinner.

After continuing the sport for a short time, and having killed a buck, James, accompanied by the Duke of Lennox and the Earl of Mar, rode to the residence of the Gowries. No sooner had he finished his repast, and the attendant noblemen had been seated for a similar purpose, than Alexander Ruthven approached him; intimating that now was the most favourable moment for examining the stranger. The king rose and followed Ruthven to an upper room, on entering which the latter closed the door, and James suddenly found himself in the presence of a person in complete armour. His natural inquiry was whether this was the person he had come to examine? "No," said Ruthven, (at the same time snatching a dagger from the girdle of the man in armour,) "you have been brought hither for another purpose; you killed my father, and

are here to answer for his death." James, greatly alarmed, insisted that, being a minor at the time, he was entirely innocent of the execution of the late earl, and used every argument and entreaty to avert the threatened danger. Ruthven's compassion was so far moved, as to undertake, on condition that the king should remain quiet, to endeavour to soften his brother. However, he soon returned, and informed James that there was no remedy, and that he must make up his mind to die; at the same time forcibly laying his hands upon the king, and endeavouring to bind his hands with a garter—a remarkable expedient, when we consider that a pistol or a dagger (if Ruthven had, indeed, any intention on the king's life) would have been much more effective. Besides, according to James's own account of the transaction, which he afterwards published, it appears that during Ruthven's temporary absence, the man in armour not only expressed his intention not to injure the king, but asserted with an oath that he would sooner die first. For what reason, therefore, this person was placed there, or why he did not assist James to escape, or why he did not interfere when he beheld his sovereign struggling in the gripe of Ruthven, appears not only unaccountable, but has occasionally induced a disbelief of the whole affair.

The king, according to his own narrative, managed during the struggle to drag his adversary towards a window which looked into the street, and perceiving the Earl of Mar below, called out to him lustily for assistance. The earl, followed by a considerable number of persons, rushed up the staircase, and finding the door fastened within, burst it open.* Previously, however, to the arrival of the earl on the spot, John Ramsey,† a page, happening to come up a back staircase, through which the assassins meant to have escaped, discovered the king struggling with Ruthven. James instantly called to him to strike his antagonist, desiring him to thrust low, for he wore a coat of mail. His words were, "Fy! strik him laich, becaus

* The Duke of Lennox, in his deposition, gives an amusing description of the stirring scene in which he bore a share. "As they wer standing [below the window] advyseing quhair to seik the king, incontinent, and in this mentyme, this deponar hard ane voce, and said to the Erie of Mar, 'This is the kingis voce that cryis; be quhair he will!' And sua they all lukand up to the ludgeing; they saw his majestie lukand farth at the window wantand his hat, his face being reid [red], and ane hand gripand his cheik and mouth; and the king cryit, 'I am murtherit! Teassoun! My Lord of Mar, help! help!' And incontinent, this deponar, the Erie of Mar, and their company, ran up the stair to the galry chalmers, quhair his majesty wes, to have releivit him; and as they passed up, they fand the dure of the chalmers fast; and seeing ane ledder standing besyd, they raschit at the dure with the ledder, and the stoippis of the ledder brak. And syne they send for hammeris; and nochtwithstanding lung forcing with hammeris, they gat nocht extrie at the said chalmers, quhill eftir the Erie of Gowrie and his brother wes bath slane."—*Pitcairn's Criminal Trials*, vol. ii. p. 173.

† For this service, Ramsey was created Viscount Hadington, and, having accompanied the king to England in 1620, was raised to be Baron of Kingston and Earl of Holderness. The elevation was attended by a particular proviso, that on the 5th of August, the day on which he had delivered his sovereign, he and his heirs should for ever carry the sword of state before the king, in commemoration of the service which he had performed.

* Sanderson, p. 253.

† D'Israeli's Enquiry into the Literary and Political Character of James I. p. 216.

‡ Spotswood, p. 380.

§ Sanderson, p. 226.

* Spotswood, p. 457.

he has a pyne-dowlit upon him."* Ramsey instantly obeyed, forcing his dagger into Ruthven's stomach two or three times. According to Spotswood, the man whom the king found in the apartment endeavoured to make his escape, but was run through the body by Sir Thomas Erskine, and killed on the spot. It seems, however, by every other account of the affair, that this mysterious individual took advantage of the commotion, and retired unnoticed from the apartment.

Soon after this, the Earl of Gowrie, who really seems to have been completely ignorant of what was going forward, rushed into the apartment in which James had been placed by Sir Thomas Erskine, accompanied by three or four of his retainers, and having a sword in each hand. He made a most gallant attack, or rather defence, and was on the point of routing his opponents, when one of them cried out that the king was killed. Gowrie, in natural astonishment, dropped the points of his swords to the ground, when Ramsey, the page, seized the opportunity, and ran his rapier through the earl's heart.†

Thomas Cranston, George Craigengelt, and John Baxon, retainers of Gowrie's, were executed for having conspired at this conspiracy; they all declared with their dying breath that they were ignorant of any treasonable intent, and that they had only drawn their swords in defence of the earl, their master. "I have been taken," said Cranston, "for a traitor, but I thank God I am not one. I was stabbed through with a sword at this last tumult, and now I am to be hanged."‡ Andrew Henderson, another follower of that unfortunate nobleman, deposed, on the other hand, that he was the person in armour already mentioned; though it seems that the king had been previously well acquainted with Henderson's person; and yet, notwithstanding a protracted conversation, had hitherto entertained not the least suspicion of his identity. The evidence, indeed, of Henderson is so full of contradictions, as to render the fact of his being the person extremely improbable.§ It appears far more likely that he volunteered the testimony which he gave, in order to save his life; if, indeed, he had not been tampered with by the court, who were naturally anxious to corroborate the king's statement, on which hitherto had alone rested the suspicions of Gowrie's guilt. Besides, James describes the man in armour as "a black, grim man," while Henderson is stated by his contemporaries to have been a person of "low stature, ruddy complexion, and brown bearded." In addition to these inconsistencies is the fact,

that the king's published relation of what occurred, is in singular opposition to the evidence of the witnesses.*

The further we investigate this complicated affair, the greater difficulties we meet with at every step. On the one hand, it appears highly improbable that James should have entered into such a plot against his own subjects—that he should have allowed the earl and his brother to return from abroad, and have loaded them with favours, when all the time he fully intended their destruction—that he should have been guilty of the solemn mockery of appointing an annual day of thanksgiving for a deliverance: which was merely ideal;† and, what is perhaps the most weighty argument, that so notorious a coward should have voluntarily implicated himself in so perilous an adventure.

On the other hand, the arguments in favour of the Gowries' innocence are still more staggering. Besides the absence of a sufficient motive, it was proved that the only weapon found on Alexander Ruthven after his death, was a sword rusted in its sheath and undrawn; and he was, besides, a mere boy at the time. The earl and his brother were both slain on the spot, instead of being taken prisoners, which might easily have been effected. The king, without any apparent motive, had assembled an unusual force of armed men at the time, and as many as five hundred gentlemen are said to have composed his suite in the neighbourhood. The reality of the conspiracy was not only generally canvassed at the period, but appears to have been commonly disbelieved. The ministers of the church in Edinburgh positively refused to return thanks for the king's delivery, and preferred encountering his utmost vengeance to implicating themselves in what they conscientiously believed to be an infamous and mountebank cheat. The Bishop of Ross alone had complaisance enough to address the people at the Market Cross, at Edinburgh; but even he contented himself with a narrative relation of what was supposed to have taken place. For many years afterwards, Gowrie was spoken of in Perth and its neighbourhood as an innocent and injured person, and James's conduct invariably mentioned with abhorrence.

It has been asserted that a criminal intercourse had been carried on between the queen and Alexander Ruthven, and that the king's jealous sensibility induced him to adopt this means of revenge: this supposition, however, can be mentioned as little more than a surmise.

An attempt has been made to prove that the Earl of Gowrie was not only nearly allied, but, after James, was actually the next heir to the Eng-

lish crown; and, strange as it may appear, notwithstanding the proverbial industry and perseverance of the genealogists, this important doubt has never been cleared up. The supposition of Gowrie's affinity to the throne rests as follows: At the death of Elizabeth, the crown would naturally revert to the descendants of Henry the Seventh; Margaret Tudor, eldest daughter of that monarch, and grandmother of James the First, after the death of her husband, James the Fourth of Scotland, had married Henry Stuart, Lord Ruthven; who again married Lady Janet Stewart, daughter of the Earl of Athol. Lord Gowrie's mother was certainly granddaughter of Lord Ruthven, but whether descended from his first wife, the queen dowager, or from Lady Janet Stewart, remains yet to be proved: if from the former, after the failure of issue from James the First, the earl was certainly the natural successor to the throne; if from the latter, though in some degree it allied him to the royal family, it placed his hopes of succession at a very considerable distance.

Ingenious as are the attempts to prove this relationship on the part of the Gowries, and some of the arguments are staggering, we must ever bear in mind the important fact, that not a single contemporary historian has alluded to the subject; and we can hardly believe that, had such claims really existed, we should have been left so entirely in the dark. There are innumerable instances which clearly demonstrate that both Elizabeth and James regarded Lady Arabella Stuart as the *subject* most nearly allied to the throne. "Quiet as that young creature looks," said Queen Elizabeth to the French ambassador, "she may one day sit on this throne!" Now, if the Earl of Gowrie were really the grandson of Queen Margaret, the claims of Arabella Stuart as great granddaughter are thrown altogether in the background. Supposing, however, as a matter of argument, that Gowrie really stood in the position in which it has been attempted to place him, the fact, however satisfactorily proved, would throw but little additional light on the identity of the guilty party. The same inducement which might have led Gowrie to get rid of James, in order to his own succession, might have actuated James in getting rid of Gowrie; for James was undoubtedly as jealous of his successor, or of any person who might interfere with his rights, as was Elizabeth herself; a fact sufficiently proved by his treatment of Arabella Stuart. It is improbable, also, that the proximity of the Gowries to the blood royal should have been an inducement with James; for, after the death of the earl and his brother, there remained two younger brothers, William and Patrick, who naturally inherited the claims of their elder brother. James, whatever was the motive, certainly persecuted that gallant and unhappy family to the last: William died in exile, and Patrick remained a prisoner in the Tower of London till liberated at the accession of Charles the First. The boon of freedom would have been valueless without the means of subsistence, and Charles considerably settled a small pension on the victim of his father's gross injustice. During his incarceration, Patrick Ruthven had occupied his time and attention in literary and scientific pursuits. When the troubles of the revolution deprived him of the royal bounty, the last of the Ruthvens appears to have wandered an impoverished scholar in the streets of London; if he had not actually to struggle with the horrors of starvation.

* Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, vol. ii. p. 158.

† Spotswood, p. 457; Sanderson, p. 226.

‡ Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, vol. ii. p. 155.

§ See a very ingenious treatise, "The History of the Life and Death of John Earl of Gowrie, by the Rev. James Scott," p. 327, Edinburgh, 1818. This work, which is one of considerable labour and research, contains some curious references and extracts from unpublished MSS. the parochial records of Perth, as also a summary of the various tracts, and other printed works, which treat on the subject of the "Gowries' Conspiracy." The object of the reverend author is confessedly to exculpate his favourites, the Gowries; and if he has fallen short of effecting his purpose, he has at least deduced some very staggering facts, and opened an interesting and wider field for discussion. The reader is also referred to the detailed, and more popular account of Robertson.—*Hist. of Scotland, Works*, vol. ii. p. 205.

* See Life and Death of John Earl of Gowrie, p. 324. It is there affirmed, on the authority of an Edinburgh MS., that at the very time when Gowrie was killed, Henderson was seen walking on the Tay Bridge of Perth; and again, "That he was the man said to be in armour, was known to be a falsehood, for he was seen that day coming from Secon to Perth, on foot; and having heard that the king was in Gowrie's house, and the gate shut, walked on the bridge till all was over."

† A thanksgiving for the king's deliverance was continued on the 5th of August throughout his reign. Bishop Andrews is said to have fallen on his knees to James, beseeching his majesty to enlighten him as to the reality of the treason, in order that he might be released from mocking the Almighty, should the story be a mere fiction. James, however, assured the bishop, on the faith of a Christian and the word of a king, that there was no deception in the case.—*Biog. Brit.* vol. iv. p. 2455.

It is but fair on the part of James to record the following anecdote:—Mr. William Cowper, the minister of Perth, informed Archbishop Spotswood, that, visiting the Earl of Gowrie some days previous to the supposed conspiracy, he found him intent on a book entitled, "Conspiracies against Princes."* The earl remarked that former plotters had invariably failed in their object through mismanagement, and that entire secrecy was the only basis of success.

To enable the crown to confiscate the estates of the deceased earl, it was necessary that there should be a legal inquiry into the proofs of his guilt. This ceremony may be rather called a trial of the dead, for, in accordance with an ancient custom, the massacred remains of the brothers were deposited in court during the process of investigation. The parliament decreed that their names, dignities, and memories should be blotted from the books of the nobility; that their property should be at the disposal of the king; that they should be hung, drawn, and quartered at the cross of Edinburgh; and that the several portions of their bodies should be affixed to the most public buildings of the principal towns in the kingdom. The sentence was fulfilled almost to the letter; their heads were placed on the Tolbooth at Edinburgh, and their legs and arms on the gates of Perth.

Such are the circumstances connected with the famous Gowrie conspiracy. It must be admitted that the generality of our historians have decided in favour of James; indeed, the curious evidence recently brought forward by Pitcairn, in the Criminal Trials, is supposed by many to have set the question at rest. Whatever, therefore, is now adduced, has been intended rather to display the merits of a perplexing controversy, than as throwing any additional light on a subject which has been so often and so ably discussed.

CHAPTER IV.

The crown of England, at the death of Elizabeth, was transferred tranquilly and undisputedly to the brows of her successor. The deceased queen, as is well known, partly, perhaps, from superstitious, and partly from political motives, had ever shrunk from naming the person whom she wished to succeed her, and had invariably met any importunities on the subject with the utmost indignation. In the last moments of her glorious career, while in extreme sickness of mind and body, the lord admiral, the lord keeper, and Secretary Cecil, for the last time intruded upon her the hateful subject. The queen, says Camden,† replied faintly, *that as she held a regal sceptre, so she desired no other than a royal successor.* When Cecil requested her to explain herself more fully: *I would,* she added, *have a king to succeed me, and who should that be but my nearest kinsman the King of Scots?* Such is Camden's account, from which our principal historians appear to have borrowed their relation of this important passage.‡ There is, however, another writer,

* De Conjuratibus adversus Principes.

† Camden, History of Queen Elizabeth, in Kennet, vol. ii. p. 653.

‡ Rapin, vol. ii. p. 155; Echard, vol. i. p. 902; Hume, vol. v. p. 385. Sanderson, who may almost be considered as a contemporary, gives a similar account (p. 261.) This historian, however, notwithstanding his constant professions to have been behind the scenes, is well known to have been a mere

Robert Carey, afterwards Earl of Monmouth, who was constantly in the queen's sick chamber, who relates the story in a somewhat different manner. Elizabeth, he says distinctly, was *speechless* at the time; adding, that, when the name of the King of Scotland was mentioned to her, she put her hand to her head, by which "they all knew that he was the man she desired should reign after her."* The council, and especially Cecil, were naturally anxious, in order to the quiet establishment of James, that they should be enabled to add the authority of the queen's express wishes to the claims of hereditary descent; we can therefore readily imagine that any circumstance, however slight, would have been brought to bear on the occasion. It is just as probable that the movement of the queen's hand should have been caused by a pain in her head, as that it should have been intended to denote the disposition of a kingdom.

No sooner was the breath departed from the queen's body, than Sir Robert Carey,† who had been anxiously hovering about the death-bed of his kinswoman and benefactress, set off, with the lamentations of her women still ringing in his ears, to announce the important tidings to James: an act quite as indelicate as it was unauthorised. It appears, by Carey's own statement, that he must have ridden the distance between London and Edinburgh (about 400 miles) within the space of sixty hours, notwithstanding he received a dangerous fall from his horse, which retarded him on the road.‡

James received the news of his accession with proper decency. Rapin states, on the indifferent authority of a French historian,§ that he could not forbear lifting up his eyes to heaven, as if to thank God for the boon which he had so long and anxiously expected. Carey, on his part, mentions nothing of this discomposure, slight as it was, in the manner of James. The king had just gone to bed when he arrived, and therefore received him in his bed-chamber. "I kneeled by him," adds this true courtier, "and saluted him by his title of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland. He gave me his hand to kiss, and bade me welcome. After he had long discoursed of the manner of the queen's sickness, and of her death, he asked me what letters I had from

borrower from other writers. See Oldey's Life of Raleigh, p. 163; and Kennet's History, vol. i. p. 662.

* Memoirs of Carey, Earl of Monmouth, p. 140.

† Fourth son of Henry, first Lord Hunsdon, created by James I. 5th February, 1625, Baron Carey and Earl of Monmouth. Horace Walpole has given him a place among the Noble Authors, observing, that "he was a near relation to Queen Elizabeth, but appears to have owed his preferment to the despatch he used in informing her successor of her death." He was indeed a true courtier. His memoirs were first published by John, Earl of Cork and Orrery, in 1759. He died at an advanced age in 1639. Walpole's Works; Burke's Extinct Peerage; Memoirs of Himself.

‡ Memoirs of Carey, Earl of Monmouth, p. 149. More than one instance might be mentioned of our ancestors having performed considerable distances in an incredibly short space of time. On the 17th of July, 1620, one Bernard Calvert, of Andover, rode from St. George's Church, Southwark, to Dover, crossed the channel in an open boat to Calais, and from thence returned to St. George's Church in the same day; having performed the whole distance between three o'clock in the morning and eight in the afternoon. Medulla Hist. Anglicanæ, p. 185; Stow, 1032.

§ Vol. ii. p. 158; from Du Chesne, Hist. d'Anglet.

the council? I told him none; and acquainted him how narrowly I escaped from them. And yet I had brought him a blue ring from a fair lady, that I hoped would give him assurance of the truth that I had reported. He took it and looked upon it, and said, 'It is enough; I know by this you are a true messenger.'"

Birch has thrown a partial light over the history of the blue ring. "Lady Elizabeth Spelman," he says, "used to relate, that the Lady Scroope, who waited upon the queen in her last moments, as soon as her majesty expired, threw this ring out of the window to her brother, which appears to have been a token agreed upon between her and the King of Scots as the notice of the queen's death."† A window was recently pointed out on Richmond Green, the site of the old palace, from which legend reported that the ring had been thrown.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the Scots, when the tardy accession of James to the throne of England was at length announced. The protracted reign of Elizabeth had been universally regarded as a national calamity; and we are even assured that a belief existed among the lower classes in Scotland, that the Queen of England had been long since dead, and that the English had been in the habit of substituting a series of old women in her room. Weldon says that the wisest heads in Scotland could scarcely be induced to believe, that as long as there was an "old wife" in England, their king would be called on to succeed.

The person selected by James to communicate his intended proceedings to the English council was Sir Roger Aston,‡ who is reported to have served the king for many years as his barber, though he eventually rose to be a gentleman of the bed-chamber and master of the wardrobe. He seems to have been a plain and straight-forward man, and quite as overjoyed as his master at entering upon the splendours and luxuries for which they had so long waited. This rough Scotsman being admitted into the council-chamber, the lords received him with much courtesy, and asked him how he did? "Even, my lords," he replied, "like a poor man wandering about forty years in a wilderness and barren soil, and now arrived at the land of promise."§ Such was the general feeling of the Scottish nation. Shortly before James's departure from Edinburgh, happening to attend divine worship at St. Giles's church, the preacher thought proper to remind him of God's mercies, exhorting him to be duly grateful for the favour which had been shown him, *and not to forget his countrymen!* The king actually rose from his seat, and, "promising to have a care of them and their good, gave them a most loving and kind farewell."||

The progress of James, from his old to his new capital, was every where attended with a magnificence to which he had scarcely been accustomed in his own impoverished realm.¶ The

* Memoirs of Carey, Earl of Monmouth, p. 151.

† View of the Negotiations between England, France, and Brussels.

‡ He was natural son of John Aston, second son of Richard Aston, of Aston, in Cheshire; and though born an Englishman, had been brought up in Scotland. He had occasionally been employed to carry letters between James and Elizabeth. Sir Roger died 23d May, 1612, having accumulated a large fortune at court. Athenæ Oxon. vol. i. col. 173.

§ Weldon, p. 6.

|| Spotswood, p. 476.

¶ See Nichols's Progresses and Processions of King James I., vol. i. p. 53.

houses of the nobility and principal gentry were prepared for his reception on the way, and he was every where entertained with the most splendid hospitality. "These people," said a blunt Scotsman, "would spoil a good king." With the exception of a fall from his horse in hunting, and a remarkable circumstance of his having hung a footpad without even the form of a trial, no event of any importance occurred in his progress through his new dominions.

The grief for a departed monarch is commonly of short duration. The joy of the people was not less ardent, nor their acclamations less loud, when they beheld the foreign successor, (of whose character they knew about as little as they did of his folios,) than when they had crowded round the chariot of the great princess over whose remains the grave was just closing. James, however, did his utmost to damp the ardour of his new subjects. He had always disliked a crowd, and on the pretence that such a concourse of admirers would produce a scarcity of provisions, he issued an order for their dispersion. The higher ranks were not better pleased with the manner in which he prostituted all titles of honour. Besides his promiscuous additions to the peerage, it is reported that within six weeks after he left Scotland, he conferred knighthood on no less than two hundred and thirty-seven persons. A pasquinade was affixed to St. Paul's, purporting to be a method to enable weak memories to retain the names of the new nobility.*

James's notions of the royal prerogative appear to have increased with his addition of territory. At Newark, as has been already related, he took upon himself to hang a highwayman without the least pretence of a trial—a sort of orientalism which was afterwards canvassed in such a manner as to prevent the probability of its recurrence.†

In James's progress to London celerity seems to have been considered as of the least importance. The greater part of the days were passed in hunting, and the nights in feasting. He arrived in London on the 7th of May, 1603, having consumed five weeks in his journey.‡

The tastes and habits which were introduced by James into the English court differed widely from the stately pastimes and chivalrous amusements of the past reign. There was no want of what may perhaps be called magnificence; indeed, the expense of supporting the royal pleasures occasionally amounted to extravagance,—but at this period of his reign there was not only little elegance, but the taste of the court, and especially of the king himself, appears constantly unctured with grossness and vulgarity. The nice perceptions of Prince Charles and Buckingham eventually introduced those intellectual refinements which, in the succeeding reign, distinguished the court of England as the politest in Europe.

* Wilson, in Kennett, vol. i. p. 665.

† James entertained to the last the most dangerous notions as to the extent to which the royal prerogative should be carried: this is the more singular since his tutor, the illustrious Buchanan, endeavoured by every means in his power to instil very different ideas into the mind of his sovereign pupil, and, indeed, published his work, *De jure Regni apud Scotos*, with this object.

‡ The coronation of James took place on the 25th of July, 1603; the ceremony, owing to the plague which raged fearfully in the metropolis, being performed hurriedly, and without ostentation, by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Scots, who accompanied James to his new dominions, are said to have brought with them their dirt as well as their poverty. The Countess of Dorset informs us, that when she paid her visit of congratulation to the royal family at Theobald's, she was surprised at the great change which had taken place, in regard to the want of cleanliness, since the preceding reign. Soon after quitting the palace she found herself infested with those insects, the name of which it is scarcely considered delicate to mention.

It is to be regretted, that Sully, in his account of his embassy to England, enters so little into the fashions and manners of the court. He mentions, however, an occasion of his dining with James at Greenwich, when he was "not a little surprised to behold that the king was always served on the knee. A surtout," he adds, "in the form of a pyramid, was placed in the middle of the table, which contained most costly vessels, and was even enriched with diamonds." Let us return, however, to the private tastes and pursuits of James.

There were a set of persons about the king, who were ever ready to pander to his gross ideas of amusement. Sir Anthony Weldon gives us the following account of the popular entertainments at court, about the period that Buckingham first came into favour. "Then," he says, "the king began to eat abroad, who formerly used to eat in his bed-chamber, and after supper would come forth to see pastimes and fooleries, in which Sir Edward Zouch,* Sir George Goring,† and Sir John Finett,‡ were the chief and master-fools: and surely this fooling got them more than any other's wisdom, far above them in desert. Zouch's part was to sing bawdy songs and tell bawdy tales: Finett to compose these songs. Then were a set of fiddlers brought up on purpose for this fooling; and Goring was master of the game for fooleries, sometimes presenting David Droman and Archie Armstrong on the back of the other fools, to tilt one at the other, till they fell together by the ears; sometimes the property was presented by them in antic dances. But Sir Jo. Millisent, who was never known before, was commended for notable fooling; and so was indeed the best extemporary fool of them all."

Sir George Goring, who afterwards rose to military celebrity in the civil troubles, appears to have well merited his title of "Master-fool." In a letter to the Earl of Arundel, dated 22d November, 1618, another of his follies is described. The occasion was a kind of *al fresco* party, in commemoration of the prince's birth-day, when the principal courtiers had agreed to meet together, each contributing his own share of the repast, some striving to be substantial, some curious, and some extravagant. Sir George Goring's invention bore away the bell; and that

* Probably the same Sir Edward Zouch who was Knight Marshal of England in the reign of James I., and consequently related to Edward Lord Zouch of Haringworth. The identity, however, is equally uncertain and immaterial.

† Sir George Goring, afterwards so distinguished for the services which he rendered to his sovereign during the civil troubles, was created, 14th April, 1632, by Charles I., Baron Goring of Hurst Pierpont, and 8th November, 1644, Earl of Norwich. He married Mary, daughter of Edward Lord Bergavenny, and died in 1662.

‡ Sir John Finett, master of the ceremonies to James I. and Charles I., and author of *Finetti Philoxenis*, containing some curious anecdotes and treatises on points of precedence and court etiquette. It was first published in London, 1656.

was four brawny pigs, piping hot, bitted and harnessed, with ropes of sausages, all tied to a monstrous pudding.*

The king's love of buffoonery never deserted him, even when age and vexation were pressing hard upon him. But what he most delighted in was any burlesque, however caricatured, on the incidents of real life: the more ridiculous they were, says Arthur Wilson, the more they pleased him. A story is told by this writer, of a profane expedient, adopted by Buckingham and his mother, to divert the royal melancholy at the most dismal period of his reign. A young lady was introduced, carrying in her arms a pig, in the dress of an infant, which the countess presented to the king in a rich mantle: one Turpin, dressed like a bishop, in a satin gown, lawn sleeves, and the usual pontifical ornaments, commenced reading the ceremony of baptism from the book of Common Prayer, while an assistant stood ready with a silver ewer filled with water. The king, to whom the joke was intended to convey a pleasing surprise, hearing the pig suddenly squeak, looked more closely about him, and recognised the face of Buckingham, who was intended to personify the god-father. "Away, for shame," he cried: "what blasphemy is this?"—extremely indignant at the trick which had been imposed upon him.†

We must not, however, attribute his displeasure, on this occasion, to any other cause than the accidental melancholy which happened to have mastered him at the time. It is extremely improbable that such artful politicians as Buckingham and his mother should have ventured on such "blasphemies," unless persuaded, by the success of former puerilities, that their impious buffoonery would not be displeasing to the weak-minded monarch. It may be proper, too, to mention, that a pig was an animal of which James had a more than Judaical abhorrence;—he tells us, in his "Counterblast to Tobacco," that were he to invite the Dèvil to dinner, he would place three dishes before him;—first, a pig; secondly, a poll of ling and mustard; and thirdly, a pipe of tobacco to assist digestion.‡ His dislike to tobacco was only equalled by his horror of the pig; a fact well known by the fame of the celebrated tirade above alluded to. There was an order issued during his reign, prohibiting the members of the University of Cambridge from smoking tobacco in St. Mary's church. Considering how frequently references are made by contemporary writers to the king's dislike to pigs, we are surprised to find his favourite Buckingham more than once addressing him in his letters, by the familiar appellation of "Sow;" but the following curious letter, addressed by the Earl of Pembroke to Sir Edward Zouch, is even more startling.

"Honest Ned,

"I know you love your master dearly, and his pleasures, which makes me put you in trust with this business, myself not being able to stay in the town so late.

"I pray you, therefore, as soon as it grows dark fail not to send the close cart to Basingborn for the speckled sow ye saw the king take such liking unto this day; and let her be brought privately to the man of the wardrobe, by the same token, that I chide him for letting the other beasts go carelessly into the garden while it was day,

* Lodge's Illustrations of English Hist. vol. iii. p. 403.

† Wilson, in Kennett, vol. ii. p. 764.

‡ Witty Apophthegms of James I.

and he will presently receive her into his charge. Some may think this a jest, but I assure you it is a matter of trust and confidence, and so assuring myself of your secret and careful performance of it, I rest your affectionate friend,

"PEMBROKE."*

On other occasions, we find the king familiarly addressed by his minions as "Your sowship."

The following lively letter of the period contains a more graphic picture, and will afford a more accurate notion of the manners of the court, than could be effected by a more elaborate description. That the wit is of a lighter kind, and the language less ponderous, than is generally the case with the familiar epistles of the period, must be taken as an additional reason for its insertion: it is addressed by Sir John Harrington to Mr. Secretary Barlow, and dated London, 1606:

"My Good Friend,

"In compliance with your asking, now shall you accept my poor account of rich doings. I came here a day or two before the Danish king came, and from the day he had come to the present hour, I have been well nigh overwhelmed with carousal and sports of all kinds. The sports began each day in such manner and such sort, as well nigh persuaded me of Mahomet's paradise. We had women, and indeed wine too, of such plenty, as would have astonished each beholder. Our feasts were magnificent, and the two royal guests did most lovingly embrace each other at the table. I think the Dane hath strangely wrought on our good English nobles; for those whom I could never get to taste good English liquor, now follow the fashion, and wallow in beastly delights. The ladies abandon their sobriety, and are seen to roll about in intoxication. In good sooth, the parliament did kindly to provide his majesty so seasonably with money; for there has been no lack of good living, shows, sights, and banqueting from morn to eve.

"One day a great feast was held; and after dinner the representation of Solomon's temple and the coming of the Queen of Sheba was made, or (as I may better say) was meant to have been made, before their majesties, by device of the Earl of Salisbury and others. But, alas! as all earthly things do fail to poor mortals in earthly enjoyments, so did prove our presentment thereof. The lady who did play the queen's part did carry most precious gifts to both their majesties; but, forgetting the steps arising to the canopy, overset her caskets into his Danish majesty's lap, and fell at his feet, though I rather think it was in his face. Much was the hurry and confusion; cloths and napkins were at hand, to make all clean. His majesty then got up, and would dance with the Queen of Sheba; but he fell down and humbled himself before her, and was carried to an inner chamber, and laid

* Dalrymple's Memorials, p. 71.

† The Epigrammatist, and translator of the Orlando Furioso. He was made a Knight of the Bath by King James, and died in 1612, aged 51.

‡ Christian, King of Denmark, brother to the queen, arrived in England, 17th July, 1606, and departed on the 14th of August following.—*Camden*. His curiosity led him occasionally to wander about the streets of London in disguise, but it did not prevent him from showing a repugnance to visit the Tower of London, when he happened to be informed that it was a prison.—*Sanderson*.

§ Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, the celebrated secretary.

on a bed of state, which was not a little defiled with the presents of the queen which had been bestowed on his garments; such as wine, cream, jelly, beverage, cakes, spices, and other good matters. The entertainment and show went forward, and most of the presenters went backward or fell down; wine did so occupy their upper chambers.

"Now did appear in rich dress, Hope, Faith, and Charity; Hope did assay to speak, but wine rendered her endeavours so feeble that she withdrew, and hoped the king would excuse her levity. Faith was then all alone; for I am certain she was not joined to good works, and left the court in a staggering: Charity came to the king's feet, and seemed to cover the multitude of sins her sisters had committed; in some sort she made obeisance, and brought gifts, but said she would return home again, as there was no gift which heaven had not already given his majesty. She then returned to Faith and Hope, who were both sick in the lower hall."

"Next came Victory, in bright armour, and presented a rich sword to the king, who did not accept it, but put it by with his hand; and by a strange medley of versification did endeavour to make suit to the king. But Victory did not triumph long; for after much lamentable utterance, she was led away by a silly captive, and laid to sleep in the outer steps of the antechamber.

"Now did Peace make entry, and strive to get foremost to the king; but I grieve to tell how great wrath she did discover unto those of her attendants; and much contrary to her semblance, made rudely war with her olive-branch, and laid on the pates of those who did oppose her coming."

"I have much marvelled at those strange pageantries; and they do bring to my remembrance what passed of this sort in our queen's days, of which I was sometimes an humble spectator and assistant; but I never did see such lack of good order, discretion, and sobriety, as I now have done. I have passed much time in seeing the royal sports of hunting and hawking, where the manners were such as made me devise the beasts were pursuing the sober creation, and not man in quest of exercise and food. I will now, in good sooth, declare unto you, who will not blab, that the gunpowder fright is got out of all our heads, and we are going on hereabouts as if the devil was contriving every man to blow up himself, by wild riot, excess, and devastation of time and temperance. The great ladies do go well masked, and indeed it be the only show of their modesty to conceal their countenances: but alack! they meet with such countenance to uphold their strange doings, that I marvel not at aught that happens. The lord of the mansion is overwhelmed in preparations at Theobalds, and doth marvellously please both kings with good meat, good drink, and good speeches. I do often say (but not aloud) that the Danes have again conquered the Britons, for I see no man, or woman either, that can command herself. I wish I was at home:—*O rus, quando te aspiciam!* and I will before the Prince Vaudemont cometh."

* The whole account, and especially the disgraceful state of the Cardinal Virtues, is no doubt somewhat overcharged.

† The Earl of Salisbury.

‡ Francis Prince Vaudemont, son of the Duke of Lorrain. He arrived in England, 23d September, 1606, about six weeks after the departure of the King of Denmark.—*Camden's Annals*.

§ Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. i. p. 348.

Wine was always palatable to James. It was therefore, not unnatural that the visit of his jovial brother-in-law should have led to more than one scene of inebriety.* The Danish monarch, indeed, seems to have been somewhat famous for disordering his faculties with the juice of the grape. Howel tells us of an instance of his excess, which occurred when, some years afterwards, this author accompanied the Earl of Leicester on his embassy to Denmark. The earl was invited to dinner by the Dane, who did the best in his power to make the ambassador drunk. They sat down to their meal at eleven o'clock, and continued drinking till the evening, during which period the king proposed thirty-five healths,—first the emperor, then the King of England, and so on, till he had exhausted all the kings and queens in Christendom. The consequence was that his majesty was eventually carried off in his chair. The same considerate attention was offered by two of the guards to the ambassador, who, however, was fortunately able to reach his hamber without their assistance.

Peyton mentions a remarkable debauch, which occurred during the visit of the King of Denmark at the English court, on which occasion the two kings got intoxicated. James was in such a disgraceful state, that he was obliged to be carried to bed by his courtiers, a task which was performed with considerable difficulty.

Even in his taste for wine, as in most of his other habits, we may trace the effeminacy of his nature. His partiality was for "sweet rich wines," such as are commonly supposed to be preferred by the fairer sex. Coke informs us that he indulged "not in ordinary French and Spanish wines, but in strong Greek wines." Even when engaged in hunting, a sport which seldom requires adventurous excitement, he was attended as closely as possible by a special officer, who constantly supplied him with his favourite beverages. Coke's father, on one of these occasions, managed to obtain a draught of the royal wine, which his son tells us, not only

* The arrival of the boisterous Dane in England, and the manner in which, with homely jocularities, he surprised his sister the Queen of England, are amusingly described in a letter of the period. "He landed here at Yarmouth, and then took post-horses here to London, where dining at an ordinary inn, near Aldgate, he hired a hackney-coach, and presently addressed his course to the queen's court, and entered the presence before any person had the least thought of him. I hear Cardel, the dancer, gave the first occasion of his discovering him, by saying that that gentleman was the likeliest the King of Denmark that ever he saw any in his life, which a Frenchman, one of his majesty's servants, hearing, and viewing his countenance well, whom he had seen the last time of his being here, grew confident that it was he; and presently ran to carry the news thereof to the queen, who sat then at dinner, privately, in her gallery at Somerset House. The queen at first scorned him for his labour, so vain it appeared, and thought it some fantastic caprice of a French brain. But the king, following close after, and begging silence with the beckoning of his hands as he entered, came behind her and embraced her, ere she was aware, and saluting her with a kiss, taught her the verity of that which before she believed to be a falsehood. Presently she took off the best jewel she wore about her, and gave it to the Frenchman for his tidings, despatched a post to his majesty, who was then well onward on his progress, and then intended the care of his entertainment."—*Letter from Mr. Lorkin to Sir T. Puckering, Bart. Bishop Goodman's Memoire*, vol. ii. p. 371.

† Howel's letters, p. 249.

produced intoxication and spoiled his day's sport, but disordered him for three days afterwards.

Weldon gives his opinion that James was not habitually intemperate, but that as old age crept on, and Buckingham's jovial suppers became more alluring, he occasionally exceeded, and was sometimes overtaken; a transgression which he would *next day remember and repent with tears*. After such indulgences there is generally another matutinal memento besides conscience. The maudlin monarch weeping over the recollections of the last night's debauch must have been an edifying sight to his courtiers. "His drinks," adds the same writer, "were of that kind for strength, as Frontignac, Canary, high-country wine, tent wine, and Scottish ale, that had he not had a very strong brain, he might have daily been overtaken, although he seldom drank at any one time above four spoonfuls, many times not above one or two." James, says Sully in his memoirs, was in the habit of quitting the company after dinner and going to bed, where he usually spent part of the afternoon, and sometimes the whole.

Another of James's vices was the constant practice of having an oath in his mouth. Sir John Peyton assures us, that from the example set by the king, the fashion of swearing grew into great esteem; and even the king's apologist, Bishop Goodman, admits that he was "wonderfully passionate and much given to swearing." And yet the same man, who was daily offending against morality, and undermining it by his influence, in his Basilicon Doron, has the conscience thus to apostrophise his own son, who is well known to have regarded an oath with the utmost abhorrence:—"Beware," says James, "to offend your conscience with the use of swearing or lying, suppose but in jest; for oaths are but a use, and a sin clothed with no delight nor gain, and therefore the more inexcusable, even in the sight of men." Weldon says, that in his cooler moments, the king was in the habit of expressing his abhorrence at his own bad habit, trusting, he said, that as the oaths which he made use of were uttered in moments of passion, they would not be imputed to him as sins.

That his reputation for profane swearing was not confined to his own subjects, may be discovered by the following anecdote:—When the famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury was ambassador at Paris, the Prince de Condé paid him a visit. The conversation chanced to turn upon the character of James, who was then King of England. The learning, clemency, and other good qualities of the king were politely admitted by the prince; who, however, mentioned the reports which he had heard of his majesty's habit of swearing. Lord Herbert answered paradoxically, that it was a weakness which arose entirely from the natural gentleness of the king's disposition; an assertion which brought forth a remark from the prince that curses and gentleness were incompatible. "On the contrary," replied Lord Herbert, "the king, my master, is too kind to punish men himself, and therefore leaves their chastisement in the hands of God." Lord Herbert, who had more to be proud of than the credit of a smart saying, appears to have valued himself highly on this ingenious apology for his sovereign. He informs us that it was afterwards much celebrated at the French court.

CHAPTER V.

James kept faithfully the promise which he had made to his Scottish subjects in his farewell attendance at St. Giles's Church. A temperate prejudice in favour of former friends would have been laudable; but the unqualified distinction which, in the early part of his reign, he made in favour of Scottish interests and Scottish connections, was naturally productive of much comment and envious feeling among his English subjects. We may trace an evidence of the English antipathy towards the northern and penniless favourites of James in the answer of Guy Fawkes to a Scottish nobleman who assisted in interrogating him before the council. When asked by the latter for what purpose he had collected so large a quantity of gunpowder, "To blow," he said, "the Scottish beggars back to their native mountains." It may be observed that James happily denominated Guy Fawkes the English Scævola.* The following pasquinade, which was every where posted at the time, has reference to the king's national prejudices:—

Scots from the northern frozen banks of Tay,
With packs and plods came whiggling all away;
Thick as the locusts which in Egypt swarmed,
With pride and hungry hopes completely armed;
With native truth, diseases, and no money,
Plundered our Canaan of the milk and honey;
Here they grew quickly lords and gentlemen,
And all their race are true-born Englishmen.

So great was the disgust which this principle of favouritism had produced, that James thought it necessary to make the following characteristic apology to the English parliament. "Had I," he proceeds, "been oversparing to them, they might have thought Joseph had forgotten his brethren, or that the king had been drunk with his new kingdom. If I did respect the English when I came first, what might the Scottish have justly said if I had not in some measure dealt bountifully with them that had so long served me, so far adventured themselves with me, and been so faithful to me? Such particular persons of the Scottish nation as might claim any extraordinary merit at my hands, I have already reasonably rewarded; and I can assure you that there is none left for whom I mean extraordinary to strain myself further."† James's assurance was worth little. As Harris justly observes, it was but a short time afterwards that he took Robert Carr into favour, and heaped on him such immense treasures.

The credit, indeed, which James has generally acquired for profuse liberality, taking the word in its more generous sense, appears, on a very superficial investigation, to be totally undeserved. There certainly are numerous instances of his having squandered large sums on undeserving favourites;‡ but there is perhaps not a

* Lingard, vol. ix. p. 56.

† King James's Works, p. 515.

‡ Osborne says, "the setting up of these golden calves cost England more than Queen Elizabeth spent in all her wars;" and Dr. Lingard, in alluding to the profuse generosity of James, has the following note:—"At the marriage of Sir Philip Herbert with Lady Susan Vere, he made the bridegroom a present of lands to the yearly value, as some say, of 500*l.*, as others, 1200*l.* At the marriage of Ramsey, Viscount Haddington, with Lady Elizabeth Ratcliff, he paid Ramsey's debts, amounting to 10,000*l.*, though he had already given him 1000*l.* per annum in land (*Winwood*, ii. p. 217), and sent to the bride a gold cup, in which was a patent containing a grant of lands of 600*l.* a year. (*Lodge*, iii. pp. 254, 336;

single instance on record of his having condescended to relieve misery or reward merit. The following anecdote, as it is commonly related, would at first sight place his character for generosity in an advantageous light; but we have only to call to mind his well-known partiality for masculine beauty,—the fact that Rich, the present object of his munificence, was eminently handsome, and indeed that it was only the coldness with which he met the king's advances to familiarity that prevented him from becoming the chief favourite,—and James's merit for liberality falls to the ground. The story purports, that James, on a certain day being in the gallery at Whitehall, attended only by Henry Rich, afterwards Earl of Holland, and Maxwell, a gentleman of the bedchamber, some servants happened to pass through, bearing a large sum of money (3000*l.*), which they were conveying to the privy purse. James, observing the two gentlemen whispering with one another, and ascertaining from Maxwell that the subject of their conversation was an incidental wish which had been expressed by Rich, that he could appropriate the gold to his own use, he immediately ordered it to be conveyed to the latter's lodgings; remarking, that it afforded him more pleasure, in bestowing the money than Rich could receive in accepting it.

James's want of knowledge of the actual value of money may, however, be taken as some apology for the sums which he so unworthily lavished. There is an instance of his presenting the Earl of Somerset at one time with an order for twenty thousand pounds, an immense sum at that period. The lord treasurer, desirous of making the king aware of the enormous amount which he was squandering on his favourite, invited James to an entertainment, at which four sums, of five thousand pounds each, were purposely placed on as many tables, in an apartment through which James was to pass. The king, who had never before seen so much money at one time, inquired the reason of the display. Being informed that these heaps were the amount of the sum which he had ordered to be paid to Somerset;—"Zounds, man," he cried, "five thousand is enough to serve his turn," which was all that the favourite at that time received.*

These munificent, though ill-bestowed, donations, added to the vast sums which were lavished on the entertainments of the court, had at one time drained the royal treasury to its lowest ebb. By a letter among the Talbot Papers, it is proved that one masque alone cost the exchequer three thousand pounds.† This taste for lavishing immense sums on magnificent spectacles and social diversions was not merely confined to the court. To provide for a masque at Lord Haddington's marriage, twelve of the principal courtiers subscribed three hundred pounds apiece. The king, however, was the principal sufferer; and so reduced were his finances about the fourth

Boderie, iii. p. 129.) From the abstract of his revenue I find that his presents at different times in money to Lord Dunbar amounted to 15,262*l.*; to the Earl of Mar, to 15,500*l.*; to Viscount Haddington, to 31,000*l.*—*Lingard*, vol. ix. p. 91.

* Coke's Detection, vol. i. p. 55. Lloyd says that the king only awarded five hundred pounds to Somerset; but this, as the sum is given numerically, appears to be an error of the press.—*State Worthies*, vol. ii. p. 19.

† Lodge's Illustrations of English History, vol. iii. p. 250.

year of his reign, and so clamorous were the officers of his household for the payment of their salaries, that they actually stopped the coach of the lord treasurer, and prevented his proceeding further, till he had given a solemn promise that their demands should be satisfied.* At Brussels James was caricatured in a hose doublet, with empty pockets hanging out, and an empty purse in his hand.

The king's personal expenses and individual pleasures were but, in a small degree, the cause of his pecuniary embarrassments. His principal source of enjoyment was in the chase, from which he ever derived the keenest gratification. It was a common expression of our ancestors, when they took leave of their friends, "God's peace be with you, as King James said to his hounds." Scalliger observed of him, "The king of England is merciful except in hunting, where he appears cruel. When he finds himself unable to take the beast, he frets, and storms, and cries, *God is angry with me, but I will have him for all that!* When he catches him, he thrusts his whole arm into the belly and entrails of the creature up to the shoulder." His favourite pastime, on one occasion, very nearly cost him his life: Sir Symonds D'Ewes tells us, that he was thrown headlong into a pond, and very narrowly escaped drowning. Nor is this the only instance of his indifferent horsemanship nearly proving fatal to him. Mr. Joseph Meade writes to Sir Martin Stuteville, 11th January, 1622: "The same day his majesty rode by coach to Theobald's to dinner, not intending, as the speech is, to return till towards Easter. After dinner, riding on horseback abroad, his horse stumbled and cast his majesty into the New River, where the ice brake; he fell in so that nothing but his boots were seen. Sir Richard Young was next, who alighted, went into the water, and lifted him out. There came much water out of his mouth and body. His majesty rid back to Theobald's, went into a warm bed, and, as we hear, is well, which God continue."[†]

In addition to his ruling taste for hunting, and his addiction to the pleasures of the table, the cockpit, at least twice a week, was frequented by the frivolous monarch, and indeed constituted one of his principal sources of amusement. It is even affirmed that the salary of the master of the cocks, amounting to two hundred pounds per annum, exceeded the united allowances of two secretaries of state.

His personal vices, his excessive indolence, and love of pleasure, interfering, as they were allowed to do on all occasions, with the calls of business and the most important necessities of state, excited equally the indignation of his ministers and the offensive strictures of his people. It was in vain that the former even fell on their knees to him, and implored him to show more care for his subjects' interests and his own. He replied coldly, that the state of his health required frequent relaxations; adding, that he would far sooner return to Scotland, than consent to be immured in his closet or chained to the council-table.[‡]

Neither did the stage overlook his notorious vices and foibles, where they were introduced with unbecoming familiarity. Sometimes he was represented as indecently intoxicated; at others as cursing and swearing at his hawks and hounds,

and striking his servants in his intemperate wrath.

James sufficiently admired those personal graces in others, in which he was himself so eminently deficient. His friendships were generally cultivated among the young and handsome; and so well were his failings understood by the courtiers, that perpetual intrigues and speculations appear to have been carried on, by opposing interests, for the purpose of undermining the existing favourite, by the introduction of a more engaging rival. Weldon asserts, that Lady Suffolk, a notorious intriguer of the period, carried this extraordinary traffic to such an extreme, that she was constantly on the lookout for handsome young men, whose hair she daily curled, and whose breath she perfumed, in hopes that they would attract the royal attention. Henry Rich, afterwards Earl of Holland, is said by Osborne to have lost the opportunity, which his handsome face afforded him, of being prime favourite, by turning aside and spitting after the king had saluted him.

Many of the original letters, which passed between James and the Duke of Buckingham, are preserved among the Harleian MSS. and elsewhere, and abound with evidences of disagreeable familiarity, and sometimes with the grossest indecency. The equality on which they corresponded is well known. The king generally addressed Buckingham as "his dear child and gossip," and frequently subscribes himself as "your dear dad and gossip:" on one occasion, when he sends his favourite some partridges, he concludes, "your dear dad and purveyor," while Buckingham, on his part, generally addresses the king as "dear dad and gossip," and terminates with "your majesty's most humble slave and dog, Steny." In one of his letters, the king tells Buckingham that he "wears his picture in a blue riband, under his waistcoat, next his heart," and in another, he assures his "only dear and sweet child" how anxious he is that he should "hasten to him at Birely that night, that his white teeth may shine upon him." In a letter, published by Dalrymple, in his *Memorials of the Reign of James I.*, Buckingham addresses the king with the following strange parade of familiar titles: "My purveyor, my good fellow, my physician, my maker, my friend, my father, my all; I heartily and humbly thank you for all you do and all I have."

At other times we find the king assisting Buckingham in his profligate amours: "To please this favourite," says Sir John Peyton, "King James gave way for the duke to entice others to his will. Two examples I will recite. First, the king entertained Sir John Crofts and his daughter, a beautiful lass, at Newmarket, to sit at the table with the king. This he did then to procure Buckingham the easier to vitiate her. Secondly, Mrs. Dorothy Gawdy, being a rare creature, king James carried Buckingham to Culford to have his will on that beauty: but Sir Nicholas Bacon's sons conveyed her out of a window into a private chamber, over the leads, and so disappointed the duke of his wicked purpose. In which cleanly conveyance the author had a hand with the knight's sons."

After the relation of such scenes of profligacy, it is somewhat startling to find the king addressing to Buckingham a meditation on the Lord's Prayer. "For divers times," says James in his preface, "before I meddled with it, I told you, and only you of some of my conceptions on the Lord's Prayer, and you often solicited me to put pen to pa-

per: next, as the person to whom we pray it, is our heavenly Father, so am I that offer it unto you, not only your politic, but also your æconomicke father, and that in a nearer degree than unto others. Thirdly, that you make good use of it; for since I daily take care to better your understanding, to enable you the more for my service in wordly affairs, reason would that God's part should not be left out, for *timor Domini est initium sapientiæ*. And lastly, I must with joy acknowledge, that you deserve this gift of me, in not only giving so good example to the rest of the court, in frequent hearing of the word of God, but in special, in so often receiving the sacrament, which is a notable demonstration of your charity in pardoning them that offend you, that being the thing I most labour to recommend to the world in this meditation of mine: and how godly and virtuous all my advices have ever been unto you, I hope you will faithfully witness unto the world."^{*}

More hypocritical trash than this, or at any rate, a more conflicting line of conduct, it would be difficult to imagine. Even if James were himself sincere in his professed reverence for religious duties, (and there is reason to believe, notwithstanding his evident inconsistencies, that such was the case,) what can be more incongruous than his introducing so sacred a subject to a gay and thoughtless courtier, whose complaisance, and pretended interest in his majesty's pursuits, could surely only have originated in a desire to gratify the weak monarch, by the usual arts of adulation! There is one part of the king's preface which reminds us of the last days of Louis the Fourteenth, whose courtiers, when religion became a fashion at Versailles, were accustomed to take the sacrament two or three times in one day. It is possible that Buckingham's motive was not very dissimilar.

That James's friendships, which had their birth in mere outward accomplishments, should have been extremely brief in their existence, is scarcely to be wondered at; but to fickleness he added insincerity—an important ingredient in what he termed his *kingcraft*. It was in his nature to hug a favourite at one moment and to ruin him at the next. At the time when he was apparently taking the most affectionate interest in Buckingham's welfare, there is reason to believe that, in his heart, he was projecting his destruction. Had James lived, the fall of that magnificent favourite would, in all probability, have been as rapid as his rise. His behaviour to Robert Carr was even more iniquitous. When that unfortunate and once splendid criminal was proceeding to his trial, and, for aught that was known to the contrary, to his death, the king expressed the most poignant grief at their parting. And yet he was not only secretly overjoyed at his favourite's disgrace, but had been making use of every means to procure his utter and irretrievable ruin. Of the farewell parting between James, and the companion who had once been so dear to him, Weldon has given the following curious account:—"When the earl kissed his hand, the king hung about his neck, slabbering his cheeks—saying, 'for God's sake, when shall I see thee again? On my soul I shall neither eat nor sleep until you come again.' The earl told him on the Monday (this being on the Friday.) 'For God's sake let me,' said the king:—'shall I, shall I?'—then lolled about his neck. 'Then for God's sake give thy lady this kiss for me:' in the same man-

* Birch's Life of Prince Henry.

† Ellis, Orig. Letters, vol. iii. p. 117.

‡ Lingard, vol. ix. p. 82.

* King James's Works, p. 573.

ner at the stair's head, at the middle of the stairs, and the stair's foot. The earl was not in his coach when the king used these very words (in the hearing of four servants, one of whom reported the story instantly to the author of this history) 'I shall never see his face more.'"

CHAPTER VI.

It has long been the fashion to decry James as a mere pretender to learning. "His pedantry," says Lord Bolingbroke, "was too much even for the age in which he lived;" and again he adds:—"He affected more learning than became a king, which he broached on every occasion in such a manner as would have misbecome a schoolmaster." Pope and Horace Walpole have joined in the outcry. "Quotations," says the latter writer, "puns, scripture, witticisms, superstition, oaths, vanity, prerogative, and pedantry, the ingredients of all his sacred majesty's performances, were the pure produce of his own capacity, and deserving all the incense offered to such immense erudition by the divines of his age, and the flatterers of his court." His majesty's writings, however, though cramped and obscured by pedantry and false taste, are not altogether without their merit. He was certainly possessed of considerable learning, if we may not add genius; and though not an elegant scholar, was at least an industrious one. His love of literature was sincere, and his efforts in its cause unwearying. "Were I not a king," he said, on visiting the Bodleian library, "I would wish to be an university man." To the University of Cambridge he was constantly sending for books of reference; and many of those days, which he professedly borrowed from the court, with the object of indulging in the sports of the field, were terminated in long hours of study or literary relaxation. If his assumptions of superiority in the field of letters were arrogant and ostentatious, we should remember that when the sovereign turns author, he has few critics and numberless admirers. A bishop flattered him by translating his works into Latin, and the court endeavoured to persuade him that he was a Solomon. James, however, had certainly no mean opinion of his own capacity. He told Sully, (perhaps the best judge in Europe of the merits of such an assertion,) that, for a long time previous to his accession to the throne of England, he had *secretly governed the whole of Queen Elizabeth's councils*, and that her ministers were merely tools in his hands. No wonder Sully has thought such a piece of vanity worth recording. In the first folio edition of his works,* which no doubt underwent his own supervision, and indeed issued from the press of the royal printer, we find the following modest lines inserted beneath his portrait:—

Crowns have their compass, length of days their date,
Triumphs their tombs, felicities their fate;
Of more than earth, can earth make none partaker,
But knowledge makes the king most like his Maker.

James was in all probability the author of his own encomium. The work before us must have been revised with great care and attention, and it is not unamusing, in comparing it with one of his own Edinburgh treatises or proclamations, to observe what pains must have been taken to render it palatable to the English reader.

The *Dorset Basilicon*, containing advice to his son respecting his moral and political conduct, is

* King James's works, Lond. 1616.

undoubtedly the best of King James's productions. It was first published in 1603, and went through three editions in that year. It has less of pedantry, and more of good sense, than are to be found in the writings of his contemporaries: moreover, it exhibits no slight knowledge of human nature, and no common capacity. We regret, however, that he did not himself act up to the principles which he endeavoured to inculcate. Had this work proceeded from the heart,—had it been softened by any pleasing traits of real affection for his son, it would probably have continued popular to the present day. Unfortunately, it was written to attract admiration, and not to benefit a child whom he is known to have disliked.

His work on Demonology is less meritorious but more remarkable. James had at one time doubted the existence of those "detestable slaves of the devil, the witches," as he himself styles them, though he afterwards adopted a different opinion, and dignified the subject with his pen.

The following extract will exhibit how little superior he was, to the idle superstitions of the day. Discussing the probability of innocent persons being accused and unjustly punished:—"There are two good helps," he writes, "that may be used for their trial; the one is the finding of their mark, and trying the insensibleness thereof; the other is their fleeing on the water: for, as in a secret murder, if the dead carcass be at any time thereafter handled by the murderer, it will gush out blood, as if the blood were crying to heaven for the revenge of the murderer: so it appears that God hath appointed (for a supernatural sign of the monstrous impiety of witches) that the water shall refuse to receive them in her bosom, that have shaken off them the sacred water of baptism, and wilfully refused the benefit thereof."

It is amusing, in these enlightened times, to find his majesty inveighing against the "damnable opinions of one Scot, an Englishman, who," he informs us, "is not ashamed to deny in public print, that there be such a thing as witchcraft, and so maintains the old error of the *Sadducees in denying of Spirits*." Such were the arguments of our forefathers. Because a sensible individual disbelieved that an old woman had the power of diseasing a pig, or blighting an apple tree, the evidence that he was a materialist was considered as damning and conclusive.*

The king's translation of the Psalms, in which he endeavoured to rival the far-famed Sternhold and Hopkins, was never finished, and is the least known of any of his compositions. The eleventh verse of the seventy-fourth Psalm,—“Why withdrawest thou thy hand?—why pluckest thou not thy right hand out of thy bosom, to consume the enemy?” is thus paraphrased by James, and may be taken as a specimen of the whole.

Why dost thou *thus* withdraw thy hand,
Even thy right hand restrain?
Out of thy bosom for our good,
Draw back the same again.

The translation of the same verse by Hopkins, is still more solemnly ludicrous:—

Why dost thou draw thy hand aback,
And hide it in thy lap?
O pluck it out, and be not slack
To give thy foes a rap.

James again paraphrases the first verse of the same Psalm as follows:—

* King James's Works, p. 91.

Oh why, our God, for evermore
Hast thou neglected us?
Why smokes thy wrath against the sheep
Of thine own pasture *thus*?

Altogether, from the specimens of the king's muse, which have been handed down to us, it is very clear that, as a poet, he has not the slightest claim even to the doubtful credit of mediocrity. Of taste James was almost equally devoid. Walpole says, "it is well for the arts that King James had no disposition for them: he let them take their own course. Had he felt any inclination for them, he would probably have introduced as bad taste as he did into literature. A prince, who thought puns and quibbles the perfection of eloquence, would have been charmed with the monkeys of Hemskirk, and the drunken boors of Ostade." Probably Sully was not far wrong, when he spoke of James as the *wisest fool* in Christendom.

The charge, which has been so frequently brought against James, of egregious pedantry, is undoubtedly well deserved. Henry the Fourth of France, amused himself, in more than one instance, with this weakness of his brother monarch. When it was told him that James had succeeded to the throne of England, he observed, "*En verite, c'est un trop beau morceau pour un pedant*." On another occasion, when James happened to be styled the English Solomon, in Henry's presence—"I hope," he observed, alluding to the supposed attachment of James's mother to David Rizzio, "I hope the name is not given to him because he is David the fiddler's son." Lord Sanquhar was present at the utterance of this biting sarcasm, and when that nobleman was afterwards sentenced to be hanged, for having assassinated Turner the fencing-master, James refused him his pardon on the ground that he had neglected to resent the insult.* In allusion to James's character for pedantry, Pope introduces the following lines into the Dunciad:—

Oh, cried the goddess, for some pedant reign!
Some gentle James to bless the land again;
To stick the doctor's chair into the throne,
Give war to words, or war with words alone;
Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the council to a grammar-school.

There are two points, his wit and conversational talent, on which James deserves some credit. There seems reason to believe that he was a very companionable personage. Weldon, who rarely says a word in his favour, informs us that "he was very witty, and had as many ready jests as any man living, at which he would not smile himself, but deliver them in a grave and serious manner." When one of the Lumleys was, on one occasion, boasting of his ancestry rather beyond the limits of good breeding,—“Stop, man,” said the king, “you need say no more: now I know

* Divine Catast. This was Robert Crichton, Lord Sanquhar, a Scottish nobleman, whose eye was accidentally put out by Turner, while they were amusing themselves with fencing. Sometime afterwards, he was asked by the French king how the accident had happened. Sanquhar detailed the circumstances, on which the king asked *whether the man still lived who had mutilated him?* The question had such an effect upon Lord Sanquhar, that he returned to England and hired two of his countrymen to shoot the fencing master at his house in White Friars. Lord Sanquhar was tried in the Court of King's Bench, in 1612, and, being found guilty of murder, was hung opposite to the gate of Westminster Hall, only two days after his being found guilty.”—*Rapin*, vol. ii. p. 181 note.

that Adam's surname was Lumley."* The House of Commons he styled, with some humour, "the five hundred kings." It was one of James's sayings that "very wise men and very fools do little harm: it is the mediocrity of wisdom," he added, "that troubleth all the world."† Pope has re-echoed this sentiment in the well-known line:

A little learning is a dangerous thing.

"Men, in arguing," said James, "are often carried by the force of words farther asunder than their question was at first; like two ships, going out of the same haven, their landing is many times whole countries distant." In a letter, also, from Mr. Mead to Sir Martin Stuteville, we have an instance of his conversational humour. "His majesty, at Theobald's," says the writer, "discoursing publicly how he meant to govern, was heard to say he would govern according to the good of the common-*weal*, but not according to the common-*will*."

On another occasion, a certain courtier, on his deathbed, expressing the utmost remorse that he had formerly cheated the easy monarch; "Tell him to be of good courage," said James, "for I freely and lovingly forgive him;" and he added with some humour—"I wonder much that all my officers do not go mad with the like thoughts; for certainly they have as great cause as this poor mau hath."‡

There is a curious little work in the British Museum, entitled "Witty observations of King James, gathered in his ordinary discourse," from which I have extracted the following specimens:—

"I love not one who will never be angry; for he that is without sorrow is without gladness, so he that is without anger is without love."

"Parents may forbid their children an unfit marriage, but they may not force their consent to a fit one."

"No man gains by war but he that hath not wherewithal to live in peace."

"It is likely that the people will imitate the king in good; but it is sure they will follow him in ill."

"I wonder not so much that women paint themselves, as that when they are painted, men can love them."

"Much money makes a country poor, for it sets a dear price upon every thing."

"Cowardice is the mother of cruelty; it was only fear that made tyrants put so many to death, to secure themselves."

There is another work, entitled the "Witty Aphorisms of King James," which affords a still higher notion of his intellectual powers; but it has been more frequently selected for quotation. There have been many writers who have amused themselves with the king's wearisome folios and pedantic frivolities, who have been in fact, greedily his inferiors in real learning and natural capacity.

"In that curious repository, the *Nugæ Antiquæ*," says Horace Walpole, "are three letters which exhibit more faithful portraits of Queen Elizabeth and James I, than are to be found in the most voluminous collections." From this agreeable miscellany I have selected the following letter, addressed by Sir John Harrington to Sir Amias Paulet. It introduces us at once be-

hind the scenes, and affords an interesting sketch of the character of James, and no despicable view of his literary attainments and conversational powers.

"January, 1670.

"My Loving Cousin,

"It behoveth me now to write my journal, respecting the gracious command of my sovereign prince, to come to his closet; which matter, as you so well and urgently desire to hear of, I shall, as suiteth my best ability, relate unto you, and is as followeth:—When I came to the presence-chamber and had gotten good place to see the lordly attendants, and bowed my knee to the prince, I was ordered by special messenger, and that in secret sort, to wait awhile in an outward chamber; whence, in near an hour waiting, the same knave led me up a passage, and so to a small room, where was good order of paper, ink, and pens, put in a board for the prince's use. Soon upon this, the prince his highness did enter, and in much good humour asked, 'if I was cousin to Lord Harrington, of Exton?' I humbly replied: 'His majesty did some honour in inquiring my kin to one whom he had so late honoured and made a baron;' and moreover did add, 'we were both branches of the same tree.' Then he discoursed much of learning, and showed me his own in such sort, as made me remember my examiner at Cambridge. He sought much to know my advances in philosophy, and uttered profound sentences of Aristotle, and such like writers, which I had never read, and which some are bold enough to say, others do not understand; but this I pass by. The prince did now press my reading to him part of a canto in Ariosto; praised my utterance, and said he had been informed of many as to my learning in the time of the queen. He asked me what I thought pure wit was made of, and whom it did best become? Whether a king should not be the best clerk in his own country; and if this land did not entertain good opinion of his learning and good wisdom? His majesty did much press for my opinion touching the power of Satan in matter of witchcraft, and asked me with much gravity, if I did truly understand why the devil did work more with ancient women than others? I did not refrain from a scurvy jest, and even said (notwithstanding to whom it was said) that we were taught hereof in scripture, where it is told that the devil walketh in dry places. His majesty, moreover, was pleased to say much, and favourably, of my good report for merit and good conceit; to which I did covertly answer, as not willing a subject should be wiser than his prince, nor even appear so.

"More serious discourse did next ensue, wherein I wanted room to continue, and sometimes some to escape; for the queen, his mother, was not forgotten, nor Davison neither. His highness told me her death was visible in Scotland before it did really happen, being, as he said, spoken of in secret by those whose power of sight presented to them a bloody head dancing in the air. He then did remark on this gift (second sight), and said he sought out of certain books a sure way to attain knowledge of future chances. Hereat he named many books which I did not know, nor by whom written; but advised me not to consult some authors which would lead me to evil consultations. I told his majesty the power of Satan had, I much feared, damaged my bodily frame, but I had not further will to court his friendship for my soul's hurt.

We next discoursed somewhat upon religion, when at length he said: 'Now, sir, you have seen my wisdom in some sort, and I have pried into yours; pray you do me justice in your report, and in good reason, I will not fail to add to your understanding in such points as I may find you lack amendment.' I made courtesy hereat, and withdrew down the passage and out at the gate, amidst the many varlets and lordly servants who stood around. Thus, you have the history of your neighbour's high chance and entertainment at court; more of which matter when I come home to my dwelling, and talk of these affairs in a corner. I must press to *silence* hereon, as otherwise all is undone. I did forget to tell that his majesty much asked concerning my opinion of the new weed, tobacco, and said it would, by its use, infuse ill qualities on the brain, and that no learned man ought to taste it, and wished it forbidden. I will now forbear further exercise of your time, as Sir Robert's man waiteth for my letter to bear to you, from your old neighbour,

"Friend and cousin,
"JOHN HARRINGTON."*

CHAPTER VII.

James prided himself highly on his discriminative powers, especially in nice points concerning the administration of justice, in which he fancied that he bore an especial resemblance to Solomon. The following story is not only illustrative of the times, but affords a tolerable notion of the king's boasted powers of discernment. The eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Lake,† secretary of state, was married to Lord Rosse, or Rous, ambassador extraordinary to Spain. Lord Rosse, in consequence of some family misunderstandings, afterwards retired into Italy, where he embraced the Roman Catholic religion. In these family contentions, whatever they might have been, was implicated the young and handsome Countess of Exeter,‡ who, by marriage with the "old, gouty, and diseased" earl, had become step-grandmother of Lord Rosse. With the view of effecting the young countess's ruin, Lady Lake and her daughter, Lady Rosse, accused Lord Rosse§ not only of having been guilty of incest with Lady Exeter, but of having attempted to poison his wife and mother-in-law. The story was soon blazoned abroad, and having reached the king's ears, he examined the witnesses separately on the subject. Lady Exeter could do little more than assert her innocence, which she did with many tears. Lady Lake and her daughter, on the other hand, produced a document purporting to be in the countess's handwriting, in which she declared herself guilty of the charges, and implored the pity and forgiveness of her accusers. This document was stated to have been drawn up and agreed upon at Lord Exeter's house at Wimbleton: the particular apartment, and, indeed, the precise spot in the apartment, were minutely pointed out, and Lord

* *Nugæ Antiquæ*, vol. i. p. 366.

† He was originally secretary to Walsingham, and was afterwards employed to read the classics to Queen Elizabeth. He was actually engaged in this office when the Countess of Warwick informed him that the queen was dead.—*Sanderson*, p. 446.

‡ Frances Bridges, second wife of Thomas, first Earl of Exeter.

§ Son of William, second Earl of Exeter, by a former wife, and a peer of England in right of his grandmother.

* D'Israeli, *Enquiry into the Character of James I.*, p. 85.

† *Ibid.*

‡ Bishop Goodman's *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 308.

De Grammont, Mademoiselle Montpensier, De Retz, Bellegarde, Duc de Richelieu, Sully. The English can set against this array only Pepys, North, Waldegrave, Bubb Doddington, Coleridge, and, equal to the best of the French, Boswell and Horace Walpole. The French, before Siamondi, had no creditable history of the country; but no one complained, since every thing was so much more agreeably transmitted in their memoirs.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Woman in her Social and Domestic Character. By MRS. JOHN SANDFORD. Fifth American edition. Boston: Otis, Broaders & Co. 1840.

Woman as She Should Be. By REV. HUBBARD WINSLOW. Fourth edition. Boston: Otis, Broaders & Co. 1840.

There can be no topic more useful for discussion, not only in books, but in domestic circles, than the appropriate sphere and real duties of women. Sufficient attention has not hitherto been paid to it; and an earnest inquiry set on foot among our most active and intelligent writers, both male and female, could not fail to elicit much practical truth, and exert an extensive influence on society. The volumes before us, which have run through several editions already, are exactly suited to awaken inquiry on this subject, and, to a certain extent, to satisfy inquiry also. They should be universally read, for the soundness of their doctrines, and should form the text-books to be referred to in future discussions.

The History of the Condition of Women, in various Ages and Nations. By MRS. D. L. CHILD. Third edition. Boston: Otis, Broaders & Co. 1840.

Kindred to the above-mentioned works is this of Mrs. Child, whose name is a guarantee for a sensible and useful book. The facts which she has contrived to bring together, in the space of two ordinary duodecimo volumes, evince a degree of perseverance and research only paralleled by the zeal of the writer in the cause of her sex and of humanity. Her volumes will be prized not only on account of the interesting character of the subject, but from their furnishing the historical materials requisite for an intelligent discussion of the proper sphere and duties of woman.

The American Medical Almanac for 1841. Designed for the daily use of Practising Physicians, Surgeons, Students, and Apothecaries; being also a Pocket Memorandum and Account Book, and General Medical Directory of the United States and the British Provinces. By J. V. C. SMITH, M. D., editor of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal. Vol. III, continued annually. Boston: Otis, Broaders & Co. 1841.

The title page of this book gives a perfectly full and satisfactory account of the contents. It is very neatly got up in the small pocket size, and substantially bound,

From Bentley's Miscellany for November.

THE ORIGIN OF THE BUCEAUR.

A man yet young, but clad in garments tatter'd
A man of evident griefs—for suffering
Looks from his hollow cheek, and from his shatter'd
Yet noble form, and dimm'd, yet threatening
Glaucous, whose haughtiness might quail a king)—
Before the Doge Ciani's palace gate
Hath sat for days—motionless as a thing
Of marble!—Suppliants, officers of state,
Guards, gorgeous dames, the servitors who wait,
Pass and repass, and yet he heeds them not!—
His soul sits brooding on his dreary fate!—
“The Doge Ciani comes!”—He moves no jot—
No homage yields—scarce hears the crowd's acclaim—
Nay, scarce the Doge's shout, “Ha!—art thou not?—
Thy name?”

“Name! I had two!—one titular, one my own—
Roland Ranucci was my name by birth;
But Alexander is the one more known.
Sienna was my birth-place, the wide earth
Has been my kingdom, and my will sent forth
Mandates, which monarchs, slave-like, have obeyed.—
I'm now a mark for mockery and mirth!—
The Kaiser hath despoil'd me, and hath made
The Holder of the Keys, his arts betray'd,
A houseless vagabond!—yes, so that Rome,
The three-crown'd seven hills whereon I sway'd,
Hath yell'd me from her! Friend, nor food, nor home
Have I, nor hope! I would that I were dead!—
Strike!—Barbarossa's gold will pay you for my head!”

The Prince Ciani sinks upon his knee
Before the beggar'd Pontiff, and around
The City of the Islands of the Sea
Behold the nobles groveling on the ground
In homage, like their noblest. A wild sound
Of welcome multitudinous shakes the sky,
Startling like thunder! And the clouds which frown'd
On the unthron'd Alexander's destiny
Are swept away! Visions, long, long past by,
Resume existence in his brain again;
For She of the Lion lifts her hand on high,
Swearing to seek the Kaiser in his den,
By words to calm, or sheathed in steel to cope
With him whose impious soul defies the anointed Pope.

Frederick the Swabian sits in state, and lo!
The Adrian snarls from him. He, the Greek,
Emanuel, blinded, Henry Dandolo,
He, that was after Doge, stands forth to speak
Peace 'twixt the Pontiff and the Prince to seek.
“Venice doth Frederick Barbarossa greet—
Long may he reign, protector of the weak,
And queller of the strong!—Lo, you! the heat
Of furious feud, most impious and unmet
In Christian clime, between thee and the Pope
Rages, which humbly Venice doth entreat
May now be quenched for ever; in which hope
She, for the Pope, her guest, doth peace demand.
Say, wilt the Kaiser take the Pontiff's proffer'd hand?”—

* A melancholy interest surrounds the above production. The clever author, who had been for some time a contributor to our Miscellany, besides being the author of several popular ballads, placed it in our hands only a few days before, in a moment of mental aberration, he terminated his existence. Mr. Inman had been subject to occasional fits of mental excitement, induced principally by too much study. To this clever young man a medal was awarded by the Melodists' Club in 1837, for the words of a song entitled “The Days of Yore,” set to music by John Parry, Jr., and also gained the prize of the value of ten guineas in 1838. Mr. Inman was also the writer of the national song, “St. George's Flag of England,” composed by Mr. Blewett, to whom the same club awarded its prize of fifteen guineas on the 25th of June last. He also wrote the song, “Sweet Mary, Mine,” which Madame Stockhausen and Miss Birch rendered so popular last season by singing it at numerous concerts.

† This was Byron's “octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe.” Fabellious recounts the perfidy of Emanuel, the Emperor of Constantinople, thus: “Mistrando adunque egli di voler di segreto parlare ad Enrico Dandolo, uno degli ambasciatori, menatolo in luogo occulto, con ferro ardente lo privo di vista.”

“No, by the blood of God!” the Swabian roar'd;
“Hence to your marshy hovels by the sea,
And leave the shaveling to my threatening sword!
What boots our quarrel unto yours or ye?
Nay, mark, moreover, meddlors that ye be,
If ye would not have his fate be your own,
Send me his head,—or you will hear from me!—
And thank your insignificance alone
I keep not yours for hostages. Begone!”
Then Dandolo, “For these thy words, proud king,
The Planter of the Lion to thy throne
Hurls down her gage, and brands thee as a thing
Most miscreant and leprous! and stands forth
As champion to the death for Heaven, 'gainst thee and
earth!”

At dawn the Istrian waves were calm and clear,
And ruddy with the morn-blush—but at night
Ruddier with blood, and studded with the gear
Of shatter'd galleys! The wan moon's soft light
Stream'd o'er the fragments of a fearful fight,
Corpses, and mangled limbs! and mast and oar
Hither and thither drifting. In fierce might
Venice hath grappled with the Emperor,
And grappled, as her custom was of yore,
Daringly! Eighty galleys did she meet
With thirty. Yes, and came off conqueror!
With prizes which outnumbered her own fleet!
Home went her warriors chanting o'er the sea,
“Not unto us, O Lord! be glory given, but Thee!”

Yes, eighty galleys were the armament
Of her whose impress in her after-pride
Was the five vowels! 'Gainst the which were sent
But thirty of th' Italians; but their tried
And val'rous seamanship so well replied
To Austria's boasting, that o' the eighty sail
They captured forty; eight beneath the tide
They sunk. They also took the admiral,
Otho, fierce Redbeard's nephew. A brisk gale
Ransomed the rest, or Almaine had not had
A galley left to carry home the tale.
Think ye how each Venetian's heart beat glad
To view such booty, gained against such odds.
“A miracle!” they cried. “Not man's hand fought, but
God's!”

The admiral, Otho, had a sort of sneaking
Love for the Pope, or haply his own fame,
And wisely owned this vengeance as heaven's wreaking.
Since, thereby, certes, neither shame nor blame
Could fall on his or any other name!
With this consoling subterfuge imprest,
One morning to his grace, the Doge, he came,
And gaining audience, ventured to suggest
That with the family influence he posset,
If he were sent to expound this miracle
To Frederick, all would shortly be redrest.
The Doge assented; Otho's scheme took well.
Worried by words, by superstition cowed,
Bold Frederick lost all heart, and to the Pontiff bowed

Abject! Before the altar of Saint Mark
The Pope, in full pontificals arrayed,
Stood, smiles illumining his visage dark!
For at his feet the despot kneels, who laid
Such anguish on his soul, that life was made
A curse! This strange success so fat had fed
His ancient pride, that, all results unweighed,
He placed his foot on Frederick's neck, and said
In the great Psalmist's words, “Thus do I tread
On the young lion, and the venomous snake!”
Whereat the Kaiser raised his bended head,
And cried, “Not thou, but Peter!” Then thus spake
The Pontiff, flashing anger from his eye,
“Peace, impious dog! Not Peter only, also I!”

Then to the Ciani he addressed these words,—
“In memory of this day, and that when ye
Had God to aid the prowess of your swords,
Take ye this ring, and know that we decree
Venice is henceforth sovereign of the sea;
It is her lordship, heritage, and fee.”

* The famous device of Austria, A, E, I, O, U, was first used by Frederick III., who adopted it on his plate, books, and buildings. These initials stand for “Austria Est Imperare Orbi Universo;” or, in German, “Alles Erdreich Ist Oesterreich Unterthan.”—Hallam's *Middle Ages*.

We, God's vicegerent, will it. It shall be
To Venice as a wife. In joy and grief,
Handmaid and comfort. To thee, the chief
Of the republic, we entrust this ring,
In token of the covenant; which our brief
At full shall certify! For revelling
Be this day marked amid the calendar,
And kept each year!" It was. 'Twas called the
Bucentaur!

J. E. INMAN.

AN UNFORTUNATE AUTHOR.—What truth there may be in the following paragraph from a recent newspaper, we cannot say. There is much of it, however, which we suspect to have a strong general resemblance to circumstances of actual daily occurrence in literature:—

"A person who signs himself 'Samuel Hardman,' and dates from 'King's Road, Brighton,' has addressed a letter 'to the editors of newspapers in Brighton,' in which he 'begs leave to acquaint' them that he has 'lost two hundred and odd pounds by publishing' his 'Descriptive Poem of the Battle of Waterloo,' his 'Petition to the House of Commons, and a few other little things.' He gives the following details of his fruitless exertions to force a sale:—'When I published my "Descriptive Poem of the Battle of Waterloo," I paid three pounds to some of the daily papers, and not less than one pound to all the daily and weekly papers; and also one to all the monthly and quarterly reviews. I placarded the streets from Whitechapel Church to Hyde Park Corner, and so on all round London. I presented a copy to the Lord Mayor in the Mansion House; I had three men walking the streets with boards on their backs three weeks; I had my house in Kennington Lane, close to Vauxhall Gardens, placarded all over; they were acting the Battle of Waterloo in the gardens; and after all this enormous expense, I only sold one sixpenny number, and my publisher, Mr. Chapell, of the Royal Exchange, only sold seven numbers; so that we got four shillings between us, for me laying out upwards of one hundred pounds. I expended the same sum on my "Petition to the House of Commons," thinking that I should recover some part of my former loss; but, alas! I only sold seventeen sixpenny numbers of that petition. I have now only sold sixteen numbers of my five letters.'"

THE LOST DAYS.—Bradley, astronomer-royal, had a considerable share in the assimilation of the British Calendar to that of other nations. Lord Chesterfield was the original promoter of this measure, which was carried in 1751. The following curious anecdote happily illustrates the presumption and ignorance of the mob of those days:—Lord Chesterfield took pains, in the periodical journals of the day, to prepare the minds of the public for the change; but he found it much easier to prevail with the legislature, than to reconcile the great mass of the people to the abandonment of their inveterate habits. When Lord Macclesfield's son stood the great contested election for Oxfordshire, in 1754, one of the most vehement cries raised against him

* The words which Sabellicus puts into Alexander's mouth, are, "Ricevi questo anello d'oro, o Ciani, e per mia autorità, con questo pegno ti farai il mare soggetto, la qual cosa tu e tuoi successori ogni anno in tal giorno osservate, accio quelle che haveranno a seguire intendano la signoria del mare per ragion de guerra esser vostra, e come la moglie al huomo, così il mare al vostro dominio essere sottoposto."

by the mob was, "Give us back the eleven days we have been robbed of"—the reader will recollect that Hogarth introduces this in his *Election Feast*; and, several years after, when Bradley, worn down by his labours in the cause of science, was sinking under the disease which closed his mortal career, many of the common people attributed his sufferings to a judgment from heaven, for his having been instrumental in what they considered to have been so impious an undertaking.—*Edinburgh Review*.

COFFINS IN HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.—On the 3d of April, men employed in opening a grave in the north aisle of Hereford Cathedral, found, at the depth of about four feet, two stone coffins, one finely chiseled, in which were two male skeletons, evidently the remains of persons holding high offices in the church. One skeleton was enveloped in a silk robe, embroidered with gold lace, and shoes made right and left, with cloth tops and pointed toes, and the hair on the skull was abundant and perfect. The other, which was in the chiseled coffin, had also a robe of silk embroidered with gold, a wig on, but no shoes; under the skull was a pillow with feathers in it. The coffins were covered with stone slabs, but nothing was found indicating the names of the parties.

**WALDIE'S
SELECT CIRCULATING LIBRARY,
AND
JOURNAL OF POLITE LITERATURE.**

EDITED BY JOHN SANDERSON, ESQ.
Professor of Classics in the Central High School, Philadelphia;
Author of the "Americas in Paris," &c.

The proprietor of this popular and well-known periodical has the gratification of replying to the many affectionate inquiries after its resumption, from his kind friends and patrons—friends and patrons in the true meaning of the words—by the publication of this first number. Restored by a beneficent Providence once more to active life, he hopes again to be able to give that superintendence to the publication which was his pride and pleasure for seven years. He anticipates, with inexpressible satisfaction, the renewal of associations with thousands of families, with either of which an acquaintance is an honour. During his protracted indisposition, the intensity of suffering was greatly mitigated by the generous expressions of sympathy and regard received from his kind-hearted patrons; and the gloom and tedium of a sick room were much lightened by the rays of genuine friendship emitted from every quarter. This egotism, he hopes, will be judged of mildly—he certainly has no wish to make a display—but the impulse of grateful acknowledgment for such disinterested kindness was irrepressible, and he could not announce the reappearance of the work without yielding to it.

To these friends he addresses himself, solicitous for their continued support, and hopes to have the Library once more introduced among their families, see it honoured again with a place on their centre tables, and become a welcome weekly visiter. He is at the same time very desirous to extend his acquaintance and form new friends.

From the arrangements made, dictated by experience, the Library, it is believed, will in every

respect be improved. The cover, which is so arranged as to avoid the extra postage, he hopes to make a sheet of abiding interest, so combining original and selected articles, of foreign and domestic literature, science and art, and from such sources of respectability, as to make it a work of authority and reference.

The regularity of its former publication, not a failure in seven years, will be taken as a guarantee for the future punctuality of the Library; but there is only one way to make that permanent, viz. by *payment in advance*. This is an indispensable pre-requisite from all at a distance. The losses by deviating from this rule formerly, are too heavy to be forgotten soon, and a little reflection may satisfy any one of the reasonableness of the request. The reasons are too obvious, indeed, to require much discussion. Five dollars are all that a subscriber risks, but the publisher risks thousands, by crediting. The publisher is in a city, and can be reached without trouble. A subscriber lives perhaps a thousand miles off; and how is he to be reached? It might cost six times the amount to collect the trifle. *Payment in advance*, then, as all may perceive, is a reasonable request, and sad experience compels the proprietor to make it absolute. The few who paid in advance for 1840, will be supplied for 1841, unless otherwise ordered.

An early remittance of names is respectfully urged, so as to enable the proprietor to make proper calculations about the quantity to be printed, as he will print very few over the number absolutely subscribed for. *To this he would call particular attention.*

To his brethren of the press, throughout the country, the proprietor returns grateful thanks for former favours, and hopes the work will be again so conducted as to warrant a renewal of their friendly assistance. A few copies of the Port Folio are still on hand, a year of which will be forwarded in payment for advertising as much of this announcement as they may think an equivalent; or two years will be sent for publishing the whole.

TERMS.

1. The Library is published on a double royal sheet, sixteen pages quarto each, on new type, and printed in the best style of book work. The weekly Journal of Belles Lettres will be contained on the two outer leaves of the number. To compensate for this arrangement, five numbers will be published monthly.

2. Price FIVE DOLLARS a year, if paid at, or remitted to, the office. SIX DOLLARS if collected by an agent from this office.

3. Subscriptions commence with January, and no subscriptions taken for less than a year. Letters must be all post-paid. Postmasters are allowed by law to forward subscriptions free. As postage has been a very heavy item of expense, we urgently request subscribers' attention to this.

Premiums.—As we have some extra copies for 1836, 1837, 1838, and 1839, we offer two of these years' Library and the new year for Ten Dollars. At the same rate to old subscribers, who wish to complete sets.

A few sets of the Library yet on hand for sale.

We have sent the Library to those old personal friends who were on our list at the "suspension." Those who do not wish to take it, will please let us know through a postmaster—not by returning the number, for that we do not get, but by direct notice.

WALDIE'S SELECT CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

JOURNAL OF POLITE LITERATURE,

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY, NOVELS, TALES, TRAVELS, VOYAGES, &c.

EDITED BY JOHN SANDERSON, ESQ.

PART I.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 13, 1841.

NO. 2.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE & CO. No. 46 CARPENTER STREET, PHILADELPHIA. \$5 for 60 numbers, payable in advance.

JOURNAL.

During the publication of Jesse's work, we propose extracting from the best authors, anecdotes, characters, &c. of the most distinguished persons who flourished during the seventeenth century—thus throwing cotemporary information on the most brilliant period of the history of Europe.

"The standard of virtuous and honourable feeling seems never to have been reduced lower in England than in the reign of James I. Even the most exalted spirits were unable entirely to soar above the mephitic atmosphere in which they were enveloped. The wisdom of Bacon could not prevent him from groveling in the dust of a court, and soiling the splendours of a character which might have shone stainless through all ages, by acts which have rendered him a warning to posterity, when he should have been its highest example. The varied accomplishments of Raleigh, a man whom Nature had fashioned to be the model of all gallantry, honour, and wisdom, serve but as lights to draw into more conspicuous notice his faults and his follies, for of vices he ought surely to be acquitted. Not all the learning and patriotism of Coke can ever cleanse his fame from the blot with which his fierce inhumanity towards the unfortunate Raleigh has stained it. Thus, amongst nearly all the eminent men of that day, we look in vain for that conjunction of the great and the good, which is the only basis of a truly noble character. There cannot be a stronger proof of the disorganised state of moral feeling at this period, than the various fates of the individuals whom we have just named. Somerset, a convicted adulterer and murderer, retired upon a pension. Northampton, his accomplice, endowed an almshouse, and died an edifying death in his own palace. Bacon, the services for which he had sold his honour forgotten, perished in destitute poverty—the learned head and brave heart of Raleigh could not save him from the steel of the executioner; and disgrace was the portion accorded to the honesty and profound sagacity of Sir Edward Coke. In times thus ordered, it is gratifying to find one instance where worth and valour, and learning and prosperity, were all united, as they were in the person of Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury."

The life of Lord Herbert is given by Jesse. It is also written by himself, and in the advertisement prefixed, the following character is given of him by Horace Walpole.

"The noble family which gives these sheets to the world, is above the little prejudices which make many a race defraud the public of what was designed for it by those, who alone had a right to give or withhold. It is above suppressing what Lord Herbert dared to tell. Foibles, passions, perhaps some vanity, surely some wrong-headedness, these he scorned to conceal, for he sought truth, wrote truth, was truth. He honestly told when he had missed or mistaken it. His descendants, not blind to his faults, but through them conducting the reader to his virtues, desire the world to make this candid obser-

vation with them: 'that there must have been a wonderful fund of internal virtue, of strong resolution, and manly philosophy, which, in an age of such mistaken and barbarous gallantry, of such absurd usages and false glory, could enable Lord Herbert to seek fame better founded, and could make him reflect, that there might be a more desirable kind of glory than that of a romantic duellist.' None shut their eyes so obstinately against seeking what is ridiculous, as they who have attained a mastery in it: but that was not the case with Lord Herbert. His valour made him a hero, be the heroism in vogue what it would; his sound parts made him a philosopher. Few men, in truth, have figured so conspicuously in lights so various; and his descendants, though they cannot approve him in every walk of glory, would perhaps injure his memory, if they suffered the world to be ignorant, that he was formed to shine in every sphere into which his impetuous temperament or predominant reason conducted him.

"As a soldier, he won the esteem of those great captains, the Prince of Orange, and the Constable de Montmorency. As a knight, his chivalry was drawn from the purest founts of the Fairy Queen. Had he been ambitious, the beauty of his person would have carried him as far as any gentle knight can aspire to go. As a public minister, he supported the dignity of his country, even when his prince disgraced it; and that he was qualified to write its annals, as well as to ennoble them, the history I have mentioned proves, and must make us lament, that he did not complete, or that we have lost, the account he purposed to give of his embassy. These busy scenes were blended with, and terminated by meditation and philosophic enquiries. Strip each period of its excesses and errors, and it will not be easy to trace out, or dispose the life of a man of quality into a succession of employments which would better become him. Valour and military activity in youth, business of state in the middle age, contemplation and labour for the information of posterity in the calmer scenes of closing life. This was Lord Herbert. The deduction he will give himself."

THE OLD KING AND THE YOUNG HEIR.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

"— all this thou see'st is but a cloud,
And module of confounded royalty." SHAKESPEARE.

High upon the walls of night,
Hangs the belt of proud Orion,
And the winds are moaning light,
Like the growl of slumbering lion.
There's a sadness every where,
O'er the wintry landscape lying;
Men look round with thoughtful air,
For the poor old year is dying.

The poor old year!

There he lies, his sceptre gone,
All his pride and strength departed;
Poor old monarch, pale and wan,
Sick and weak, and broken hearted.

His straggling hair and matted beard,
Show how much he is neglected;
Yet once by many he was feared,
And by the most, at least respected.

Poor old year!

On his bed of withered leaves,
He drags his snowy sheet around him,
His palsied hand no more receives
The rod of power, as when they crowned him.
His fading eye no more retains
The faces near him, friend or lover;
There's scarce a breath of life remains,
Alas! poor king! 'tis almost over.

The poor old year!

The clock! it strikes the midnight round,
One—two—three—four—five—six—seven;
He stands and listens to the sound;
Eight—nine—ten—eleven—
Twelve!—and the moment that the bell,
Its last tone to the air has given,
He falls, as stricken by the knell,
And gives his spirit up to Heaven.

The poor old year!

But hark! what means this merry chime,
Thro' the frosty midnight ringing—
'Tis the prancing steeds of time,
The young heir! the New Year bringing.
How they shout him—how they quaff
Bumpers to his health and glory!
The poor old year hears not their laugh,
He is but a theme for story

To the Merry New Year.

Joyous, blithe he seems, and gay,
Full of hopes and promises—
Pure and fresh, as winds that stray
In summer landward from the seas.
He looks fair and smiling now—
How each heart his presence cheereth!
Think you he will keep his vow?
Will he prove what he appeareth.

A Happy New Year!

God be with us—we know not
What beneath his robe he hideth;
Whether a calm or adverse lot,
Unknown fate for us provideth.
God be with us—let's be gay;
In his smiles hope on, hope ever—
Dream not of the coming day,
But make ourselves amid his favour,

A Happy New Year.

Talent.—Homer was a beggar; Plautus turned a mill; Terence was a slave; Boesius died in jail; Tasso was often distressed for five shillings; Cervante died of hunger; Milton ended his life in obscurity; Bacon lived a life of meanness; Spenser died of want; Dryden lived in poverty and died of distress; Otway died of hunger; Lee in the streets; Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield was sold for a trifle to save him from prison; Fielding lies in the burying ground of an English factory; Savage died in prison; Chatterton destroyed himself; and John Keats died of a broken heart.

From the Charivari.

THE MAN OF ANECDOTE.

Under the general title of storyteller, I include the members of a family as varied as it is numerous, and which, although appearing under divers denominations, and with separate qualities, do not the less belong to a singular and original type.

There are professed storytellers, in the same way that there are professed vaudeville and romance writers: these deal in written literature, the former in oral literature.

In the hotel, in the back shop, in the cottage, on the deck of each vessel, in the barrack-room, everywhere where men habitually assemble, if only to the number of two or three, there, in the midst of them, we are sure to meet a storyteller, whose constant care it is not to lose ground in the opinion of his audience; and, above all, to observe with jealous care that none encroach on his privileges. Let a number of persons, who are not in the constant habit of meeting together, form an assembly on the occasion of a baptism, a wedding, or a burial, rest assured, that in less than a quarter of an hour one of the party will have assumed the exclusive right of speech, and that he will recount his stories in the waiting room, in the coach, at the church, in the cemetery, at table, in the garden, or at the fireside, in the street, and even to the very door of his dwelling, where a few intrepid auditors never fail to accompany him.

In certain houses, the choice of a storyteller is a matter of nice consideration; on this choice the celebrity of the entertainments given, and the affluence of guests, most frequently depend. Indeed I should not be surprised to see, in letters of invitation, "the storyteller's arm chair will be taken by M. —," as we see in the present day, "A band will attend under the direction of Collinet." I have said that there are storytellers in the same way that there are vaudeville writers; but it was never my intention to institute a comparison between these two estimable classes. Oh, how wide the difference! How great, with regard to genius, are the exigencies of the first compared to those of the second! A vaudeville is played forty or fifty nights, while a story will only serve once. Write three or four vaudevilles in a year, and you will be considered as a distinguished author; but if your budget boast but of two or three anecdotes, the most unpretending salon of the Marais will dismiss you ere a fortnight have elapsed. The storyteller is required to possess an immense, a gigantic magazine; his auditors are endowed with the privilege of hawking about and spreading the story, the *bon mot* he has brought to light, without even exciting the susceptibility of the *société des gens de lettres*, but for him the rule *non bis in uno* is peremptory.

The life of a storyteller is, therefore, one of unceasing labour. He rises every morning with the necessity before him of creating a subject, of grouping his personages, of inventing an intrigue, of hitting off characters, of manufacturing a joke. Nor does his task end here; he must not only possess the qualities of an author, he must also be a finished comedian. Here a particular passage requires a smile on the lip,—there another must be given in a fearful tone; now his diction must be *naïf*, and now impassioned; here sarcastic and witty, there sombre and terrible; and when he has carefully studied his gesture and expression—when he has gone through what

may be called his rehearsal—it is time to appear on the scene of his future exploits.

Like a star who would esteem it *infra dig.* to appear on the stage at the rise of the curtain, our storyteller always manages to be the last comer. Already he feels the glow of gratified vanity in reflecting that in each group the enquiry is anxiously made, "Do you think he'll come! I wonder whether he'll come!" And what can equal the voluptuous satisfaction he feels on hearing the "ah!" escape from every mouth at his appearance. That "ah!" which is equal to the loud applause with which a favourite actor is greeted on his first appearance for the evening.

After this he makes his tour with open snuff-box for the men, compares all the women under thirty to roses, persuades mammas that they are growing quite young again, and when he has effectually secured the good wishes of his audience, he takes a seat, waits with apparent indifference until a general silence is established, and then commences. He must, indeed, be inexperienced and imprudent who would dare to gather a single branch of the laurel which it is the storyteller's privilege to monopolise. The latter, who is a sworn foe to competition, has a thousand means whereby to crush his rival at the outset—a pitiful smile, accompanied with a slight shrug of the shoulders,—a fit of sneezing at the most interesting passage, or a controversy suddenly entered into in the very middle of the story on a point of the utmost indifference. One might swear it was a dramatic author called upon to judge the composition of a brother in trade. Every storyteller has his peculiar line. This one excels in sentimental stories, that in tales of travel, another is ever on the scent for scandalous adventures; some deal in reminiscences of the empire, others are acknowledged masters in the art of punning; every school has its representative, every style boasts of its celebrity, from the classic to the romantic, from the ancient tragedy to the modern sea novel.

It is no extraordinary thing to see a storyteller arrive at a venerable old age. But, alas! Voltaire's are scarce; most commonly, a storyteller who has passed his sixtieth year can claim no other title than that of dotard; and we avoid him with as much eagerness as formerly we sought him with. Think not that this decay can ever induce him to give up. The storyteller is the intrepid champion of his worth, and, like a certain actress of our acquaintance, prefers universal desertion to an honourable retreat. This suggests a reminiscence which I shall not be sorry to relate in conclusion of this article.

Among the storytellers who flourished among the last generation, perhaps the most remarkable was C—V—. He had established his chair in the green room of one of our first theatres, and there nightly delighted an audience as numerous as it was select. When C—V— had grown so old as no longer to find sufficient resources in his exhausted imagination, while, notwithstanding, death would have appeared less bitter than the obligation of renouncing his daily tribute of admiration and applause; how was he to do? This is the expedient on which he hit. C—V— made, with his son, H—, a very clever young man to this day, a treaty, whereby he should become bound to compose facetious stories for his father, at the rate of 12 fr. for each story. Thus revivified, our venerable storyteller would cling more tenaciously than ever to the arm chair which had witnessed all his flattering triumphs, secretly determined not to quit it until his very

last gasp. But it sometimes happened that H—, whether through laziness or thoughtlessness, would give his father a second edition of some *bon mot* or adventure, which he had already sold a fortnight back, and for which he received double pay without a blush. If the memory of the old man had lost its tenacity, that of his audience had not, who invariably stopped him with the heart-breaking remark, "You have told us that already."

Then poor C—V— would suddenly break up the assembly and make his retreat, in an agony of noble indignation; and, ordering his son to be brought before him, would greet him with the following rebuke: "Wretch! you have dared to sell me the same pun twice; you have basely deceived your old father; you have committed a paltry theft; and I predict that you will end your days on the gallows!"

A LESSON IN DANCING, AND A CLEVER DANCING MASTER.

"Have you read Baruch?" was the question which La Fontaine was in the habit of propounding to every person he met. "Have you read Young?" we should take the liberty of asking, were not the enquiry a useless one. Who has not wandered, with the poet of the "Night Thoughts," under the gloomy cypress trees of the churchyards his imagination loved to depict! for, in spite of their dark and sombre colouring, his portraits possess attractions which it is almost impossible to resist. Such is the constitution of the heart; in its alternations of reverie, the image of grief and suffering is not without a certain charm; and we all know, and must have felt, that there is a pleasure even in melancholy.

And yet how much in Young is false and exaggerated! How little he possesses of that gentle and unaffected sadness which finds its way at once to the heart, and twines around its strings while it softens and relaxes them; in fact, in his strained and pompous elegies, there is something laboured and artificial, which checks the illusion, and compels us to think of the author instead of the sentiment. There are fine verses and fine images, but very little nature. True grief, the grief which consoles the heart as if with a hand of iron, does not so coquettishly and carefully arrange the crape folds of its mourning. The declamation of Young is constantly directed against solitude; hence we infer that reverie and contemplation were not habitual to him; yet the Parnassus of the poets is a solitary mountain. Be this as it may, it would have seemed at one time that the most emphatic of our elegiac poets was not predestined to sigh away his soul in lugubrious accents. In his youth, when the horizon of his future life was brilliant clouds, he was among the gayest and merriest, hurrying joyfully along the path of life, and gathering the smiling flowers that embroidered its walks. It was not until multiplied chagrins and bitter disappointments had shivered the prism which reflected so bright a tint on the objects of his hopes and fancy, that he gave utterance to those lamentations which conjure up so despairing an image of human nature.

When Young left the university, he was a master of arts, and brought away with him a vast stock of Greek and Latin. But the fire of a fine imagination was not extinguished under the heavier acquisition of his scholastic pursuits; its *vivida vis* and enthusiasm had survived, and

Rosse himself, and his Spanish servant Diego, were asserted to have been witnesses. James, however, was far from being satisfied with the testimony which had been brought forward: he, very properly, despatched a serjeant-at-arms to Rome, who returned with a strong asseveration from Lord Rosse and his servant, that the statement was wholly and entirely false. In addition to this step, the king took the trouble of comparing Lady Exeter's supposed confession with some of her letters, the result of which was, the expression of his decided opinion that the criminating document was a forgery. Having summoned Lady Lake and her daughter into his presence, and explained his reasons for suspicion, he informed them, that, as the charge now rested entirely on their own assertions, he must require the joint testimony of some other party. A chambermaid, one Sarah Swarton, was then produced, who affirmed that she had stood behind a hanging at the entrance of the apartment, and had overheard the countess reading the confession of her own guilt. In addition to this, a document was produced, purporting to be the deposition of one Luke Hutton, that for forty pounds Lady Exeter had hired him to poison her accusers: this man, however, happened opportunely to appear, and denied all knowledge of the affair.

In order to ascertain what degree of credit was to be placed in the sole remaining testimony of the chambermaid, James took an opportunity of riding to Wimbledon, for the purpose of having a personal survey of the scene of action. On inspecting the apartment in which Lady Exeter was said to have made her confession, James discovered that a person standing behind the hangings could not possibly have heard the voice of another, if placed in the situation sworn to by Sarah Swarton: the experiment was severally made by the king and the courtiers who accompanied him. The next step was to summon the housekeeper, by whom, being assured that the same hangings had remained there for thirty years, the king immediately remarked, that they did not reach within a foot of the ground, and could not consequently have concealed any person who endeavoured to hide behind them. "Oaths," said James, "cannot confound my sight."

Previous to the trial of Lady Rosse and her mother for conspiracy, the king sent for Sir Thomas Lake, and advised him to leave his wife and daughter to their fate. Sir Thomas, however, declined doing so, observing that he could not refuse to be a husband and a father. The cause was heard before James in the star chamber, and lasted five days. The king was commencing to produce his evidence, when Lady Rosse anticipated him by confessing her guilt, and thus escaped the penal sentence which she would otherwise have incurred. Lady Lake was fined ten thousand pounds to the king, five thousand to the Countess of Exeter, and fifty pounds to Hutton. Sarah Swarton was sentenced to be whipt at the cart's tail, and to do penance at St. Martin's church. The king compared what had taken place with the circumstance of the transgression of our first parents; Lady Lake he likened to the serpent, her daughter to Eve, and Sir Thomas to Adam. Sir Thomas Lake asserted that the whole affair cost him thirty thousand pounds.*

James would merit far higher praise for dis-

cernment, could we bring home to him the credit of having discovered the hidden meaning contained in the famous letter to Lord Mounteagle, which led to the annihilation of the popish plot. Whether, however, this remarkable instance of discrimination is to be attributed to him or to Secretary Cecil, will probably ever remain in doubt.*

The personal accomplishments of James were decidedly inferior to his intellectual acquirements. The portraits of him are less numerous than might have been expected, in consequence of a superstitious repugnance which he entertained to sit for his picture, a weakness which Dr. Johnson informs us, may be reckoned among the *infirmitates* of the human mind.† In stature James was rather above than below the common size—not ill made, though inclined to obesity; his face full and ruddy; his beard thin; and his hair of a light brown, though latterly it had become partially gray. Sir Anthony Weldon thus describes the king's personal appearance and peculiarities, with which he must have been well acquainted. "He was of a middle stature, more corpulent through his clothes than in his body, yet fat enough, his clothes ever being made large and easy, the doublets quilted for stiletto proof, his breeches in great plaits and full stuffed; he was naturally of a timorous disposition, which was the reason of his quilted doublets; his eyes large, ever rolling after any stranger that came in his presence, insomuch as many for shame have left the room, as being out of countenance; his beard was very thin; his tongue too large for his mouth, which ever made him speak full in the mouth, as if eating his drink, which came out into the cup on each side of his mouth; his skin was as soft as taffetta sarsenet, which felt so, because he never washed his hands, only rubbed his fingers' ends slightly with the wet end of a napkin; his legs were very weak, having had (as was thought) some foul play in his youth be-

* In his speech to parliament concerning the plot, the king gives himself the sole credit of the discovery: "When the letter was showed to me by my secretary, wherein a general obscure advertisement was given of some dangerous blow at this time, I did upon the instant interpret and apprehend some dark phrases therein, contrary to the ordinary grammar construction of them, and in another sort, than I am sure any divine, or lawyer, in any university would have taken them to be meant, by this horrible form of blowing us up all by powder; and, therefore, ordered that search to be made, whereby the matter was discovered and the man apprehended." *Harl. Misc.* vol. iii. p. 8. Again, in the preamble to the act for a public thanksgiving, we find—"The conspiracy would have turned to the utter ruin of this kingdom, had it not pleased Almighty God, by inspiring the king's most excellent majesty with a divine spirit to interpret some dark phrases of a letter showed to his majesty, above and beyond all ordinary construction, thereby miraculously discovering this hidden treason." We can hardly imagine the king making so public a boast, or rather, being guilty of so gross a falsehood, had the credit been due to another; and yet it is curious, in the circular of the Earl of Salisbury, to find the following decisive passage: "*We* (Salisbury and Suffolk) both conceived that it could not by any other way be like to be attempted than with powder, while the king was sitting in that assembly, of which the lord chamberlain conceived more probability, because there was a great vault under the said chamber, we all thought fit to forbear to impart it to the king until some three or four days before the Sessions."—*Winwood*, vol. ii. p. 171.

† Weldon, p. 164. For Johnson's *Sesquipedalianism*, see Croker's *Boswell*. I quote from recollection.

fore he was born, that he was not able to stand at seven years of age; that weakness made him ever leaning on other men's shoulders." From what we have seen of the king's character, we should rather have attributed the last mentioned peculiarity to a moral, instead of a constitutional weakness.

James was extremely indifferent as to dress, and is said to have worn his clothes as long as they would hang together. When a new-fashioned Spanish hat was once brought him, he pushed it away, observing that he neither liked the Spaniards nor their fashions. On another occasion, when an attendant produced for his wear a pair of shoes adorned with rosettes, he inquired whether they intended to make a "ruff-footed dove" of him? He was so regular in his habits and meals, that one of his courtiers observed, that were he to awake after a seven years' sleep, he would not only be able to tell where the king had been on each particular day, but what he had partaken of for dinner.

In his hunting costume, the appearance of James must have been highly ludicrous: Walpole says he hunted in the "most cumbersome and inconvenient of all dresses, a ruff and trouser breeches." Sir Richard Baker, who was knighted by James, informs us that the king's manner of riding was so remarkable, that it could not with so much propriety be said that he rode, as that his horse carried him. James was accustomed to say that "a horse never stumbled but when he was reined."

The king's equestrian ungainliness was the more unfortunate, in one of his exalted rank, as all processions, and journeys of state and convenience, were at this period, with few exceptions, performed on horseback. Even the peers were accustomed to ride to parliament in their robes. Sir Symonds D'Ewes, in his curious journal, gives the following description of one of the royal processions to the house of lords: it is illustrative of the character of James and the manners of the period. "I got a convenient place in the morning, not without some danger escaped, to see his majesty pass to parliament in state. It is only worth the inserting in this particular, that Prince Charles rode with a rich coronet on his head, between the serjeants-at-arms carrying maces, and the pensioners carrying their pole-axes, both on foot. Next before his majesty rode Henry Vere, Earl of Oxford,* Lord Great Chamberlain of England, with Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel,† Earl Marshal of England, on his left hand, both bareheaded. Then followed his majesty with a rich crown upon his head, and most royally caparisoned.

"In the king's short progress from Whitehall to Westminster, these passages following were accounted somewhat remarkable:—First, That he spake often and lovingly to the people, standing thick and threefold on all sides to behold him. 'God bless ye! God bless ye!' contrary to his former hasty and passionate custom, which often in his sudden distemper would bid a p—x or a plague on such as flocked to see him; secondly, Though the windows were filled with many great ladies as he rode along, yet that he spake to none of them but to the Marquis of Buckingham's

* Henry Vere, 18th Earl of Oxford, killed at the siege of Breda, in 1626.

† A knight of the Garter, an antiquary, and a man of taste. He sat as Lord High Steward at the trial of the memorable Earl of Strafford. In 1644 he was created Earl of Norfolk. In 1646 he died at Padua, but was buried at Arundel.

* *Anlieus Coquinaris*; Sanderson; Camden's *Annals* in Kennett.

mother and wife, who was the sole daughter and heir to the Earl of Rutland; thirdly, That he spake particularly and bowed to the Count of Gondemar, the Spanish ambassador; and fourthly, That looking up to one window as he passed, full of gentlemen and ladies, all in yellow bands, he cried out aloud, 'A p—x take ye, are ye there?' at which, being much ashamed, they all withdrew themselves suddenly from the window."

James appears, not only to have merited his reputed character for cowardice, but to have been totally deficient in that tact which occasionally suffices to conceal a deficiency of personal courage. Even the story related of him, that he shuddered at the sight of a drawn sword, appears to be deserving of credit. Sir Kenelm Digby in his *Powder of Sympathy*, assures us that when James knighted him, he very narrowly escaped having the sword thrust into his eyes: the king turning away his face, in order to avoid the sight of the naked weapon, the Duke of Buckingham was actually obliged to guide his hand to the knight's shoulder. Sir Kenelm attributes this particular weakness to the fright occasioned to his unhappy mother, by the assassination of Rizzio in her presence: she was at the time far gone in her pregnancy with James.

The ridicule which want of courage drew down upon James, was not confined to his own subjects. In France, it was not unusual to distinguish the weak monarch as *Queen James*, and his high-spirited predecessor as *King Elizabeth*. Sully tells us, that Henry the Fourth used to style his brother monarch *captain at arts and clerk at arms*. The following epigram was popular at the period:—

Tandis qu' Elizabeth fut Roy,
L'Anglois fut d'Espagne l'effroy;
Maintenant, devise et caquette,
Regi par la reine Jaquette.

The following translation appears to have been the most ingenious:—

While Elizabeth was England's king,
That dreadful name through Spain did ring;
How altered is the case—ad sa' me!
These juggling days of gude queen Jamie!

In a caricature of the time, James was exhibited with an empty scabbard; and in another as having his sword so firmly in its scabbard, that it was impossible to draw it out.*

There are numerous other instances, of the king's private failings having been lashed by the wits of the period. A lampoon, containing some impudent reflections upon his court, was perused by him with evident indignation. At last he came to the concluding couplet, when his face suddenly lighted up with a smile. The lines which wrought the change were as follows:—

God bless the king, the queen, the prince, the peers,
And grant the author long may wear his ears!

"By my faith, and so he shall for me," said the easy monarch; "for though he be an impudent, he is a witty and pleasant rogue."

James was constitutionally what may be called good-natured; but with the increase of years and political embarrassments, he became fretful, impatient, and suspicious. So melancholy and irritable was he at times, that it required all the efforts of Buckingham and his mother to rouse him from despondency. Sometimes he would break out

into the most passionate fits of anger; and though his better nature eventually prevailed, yet the manner in which he expressed his regret was frequently quite as unkingly, as had been the previous exhibition of his rage. On one occasion, happening to require some papers relative to the prince's proposed marriage with a daughter of Spain, he sent for his old and faithful servant, John Gib, a Scotsman, to whom he imagined he had intrusted them. Gib asserting that they had never been in his keeping, and all endeavours to discover them proving vain, the king flew into a violent passion: Gib, in order to assuage his anger, threw himself on his knees at the king's feet, declaring that he was ready to suffer death, should it be ever proved that the papers had been delivered to his custody. James, losing all self-command, was cowardly enough to give his faithful old servant a kick. Gib, instantly, and in natural indignation, rose from his knees, and addressing himself to the king:—"Sir," he said, "I have served you from my youth, and you never found me unfaithful; I have not deserved this insult from you, nor can I bear to live with you after such a disgrace. Fare ye well, sir, I shall never see your face more;" on which he left the royal presence, mounted his horse, and rode to London. Shortly after this the papers were found, and James became alive to the act of groos injustice of which he had been guilty. He was unmeasured in the terms of reproach which he heaped upon himself, and having despatched messengers in the utmost haste after Gib, declared that he would neither eat, drink, nor sleep, till he again beheld the face of his injured follower. Gib having been induced to return, and having been conducted into the royal presence, James, in his turn, fell on his knees before him, imploring his pardon, and expressing his determination not to rise till he had obtained the forgiveness of his servant. For some time Gib modestly declined, but James would on no account be satisfied till the words of pardon had actually been pronounced.

CHAPTER VIII.

The king appears to have entertained a sort of presentiment of his own end. He had been much affected by the deaths of the Duke of Richmond and the Marquis of Hamilton:—"When the branches," he said, "are cut down, the tree cannot long remain." His last illness commenced with a tertian ague, and was followed by a fever, which proved fatal. The courtiers, in order to console him, reminded him of an old proverb, that an ague in the spring was life for a king: he replied, that the proverb was meant for a young king. James, however, stood little in need of consolation; the courage, in which he had formerly been deficient, seemed eminently conspicuous in his death. He prepared himself for his end with a decency and a fortitude which would have been creditable to a braver man, and was not unworthy of the religion which he professed.

We have the authority of his physician, Sir Theodore Mayerne, that the king had been suffering for some time from stone, gout, and gravel: and according to Bishop Goodman, he was guilty of imprudences which were not unlikely to hasten his end. "Truly," says the gossiping prelate, "I think King James every autumn did feed a little more than moderately upon fruits; he had

his grapes, his nectarines, and other fruits, in his own keeping; besides, we did see that he fed very plentifully on them from abroad. I remember that Mr. French of the spiceery, who sometimes did present him with the first strawberries, cherries, and other fruits, and kneeling to the king, had some speech to use to him; that he did desire his majesty to accept them, and that he was sorry they were no better, with such like complimentary words; but the king never had the patience to hear him one word, but his hand was in the basket. After this eating of fruit in the spring time, his body fell into a great looseness; which, although while he was young, did tend to preserve his health, yet now, being grown toward sixty, it did a little weaken his body, and going from Theobald's to Newmarket, and stirring abroad when, as the coldness of the year was not yet past almost, it could not be prevented but he must fall into a quartan ague, for recovery whereof the physicians taking one course and the plaister another." His unwieldy size, for his obesity had increased with his years, had rendered such a complication of disorders the more formidable. Besides, he had always conceived such a repugnance to physic, that the doctors, even in his worst attacks, were unable to persuade him to have recourse to it. As his indisposition became more alarming, he retired to Theobald's, which had ever been his favourite residence, and which was shortly to become the scene of his dissolution. The Lord Keeper Williams (a man whose power of amusing others appears to have been considerable) was no sooner acquainted with the king's danger, than he hastened to the royal presence, and remaining by his bedside till midnight, attempted to cheer and console the sick monarch. The following morning there was a consultation of physicians, who gave it as their opinion that his majesty's case was hopeless. When this was intimated to the lord keeper, with the prince's permission, he knelt by the bed of the royal patient:—"he came," he said, "with the message of Isaiah to Hezekiah, to exhort him to set his house in order, for that his days would be but few in the world." "I am satisfied," replied the king calmly, "and I desire you to assist me in preparing to go hence, and to be with Christ, whose mercies I pray for, and hope to find."

Feeling his strength declining, he sent for Prince Charles, whom he retained in conversation for three hours. He solemnly exhorted him to fix his thoughts on religion, to uphold the church of England, and to take the family of the palatine under his protection. The points on which the king admonished his son must have been communicated by the prince himself, since we find, by a letter of the time, that in order that the conversation might be secret, not a single person was admitted within the distance of two or three rooms.

On the Thursday before his dissolution, the king received the sacrament, with which he expressed himself much comforted; and from this period he continued praying and meditating on religious subjects.

The lord keeper never left the sick chamber, nor changed his dress, till the king had breathed

* Philips's *Life of Lord Keeper Williams*, p. 143. Echard, vol. i. 978. See also Mr. D'Israeli's *ingenious Curiosities of Literature*, vol. iii. p. 259, in which there is an extract from the MS. collection of Sir Thomas Brown, strongly corroborative of Echard's account, and to which, indeed, Echard appears to have had access.

* Sir Walter Raleigh's Ghost, in *Phoenix Britannicus*, p. 393.

his last, but continued by his bedside, endeavouring to make his path easy to another world.

On the Friday night his tongue had become so swollen that it was with difficulty he could make himself understood. A little before break of day, on the Sunday, he expressed a wish to have another interview with Prince Charles, who instantly rose and came in his night dress to the king's bedside. The dying monarch endeavoured to raise himself on his pillow, as if he had something of importance to impart, but by this time his speech was inaudible. In his last moments, however, when the prayer commonly used at the hour of death was concluded, he repeated once or twice the words, *Veni, Domine Jesu*, and shortly after ceased to breathe, without any appearance of pain. The lord keeper closed the king's eyes with his own hand.

It may not be out of place to speculate for a moment on the nature of those religious feelings, which could enable a pusillanimous monarch to support with dignity and courage the afflictions of disease and the terrors of dissolution. James had naturally the highest reverence for religion; his intentions were generally laudable; and he had from his youth been a constant observer of the external ordinances of the church, and even supported its supremacy with his pen. Unfortunately, however, he was a mere creature of impulse; easily led astray by passion, or the temptation of the moment. With an inherent anxiety to do good, he was constantly committing evil. Still, however, there was the same veneration for the Deity, and the same ardour in his cause. The error or crime of to-day was followed by penitential tears on the morrow, an anomaly which continued to the last moment of his existence. Socrates considers that a disinclination for crime is an apology for its commission. This apothegm reminds us of the murderer's consolation on the scaffold, who expressed his hopes of being saved, on the ground that he had never passed by a church without taking off his hat. Religion, unfortunately, owing to the weakness of human nature, is open to innumerable and strange perversions; and, like many others, James had no doubt fostered illusions which smoothed his path to eternity. The contrivers of the famous gunpowder plot (many of whom were persons really estimable in private life) conceived, that, by a terrible annihilation of some hundreds of their fellow-creatures, they were doing God service, and securing their own eternal happiness: some allowance, therefore, may be made for James, if he placed any reliance on the respect which he had ever intended to pay to religion; and on the credit of having written some ponderous dissertations in its favour.

With regard to ecclesiastical government during his reign, James has certainly proved himself wiser than his generation. Notwithstanding his firm attachment to the interest and doctrines of the church of England, and in spite of the obloquy which was heaped upon him, he was personally well inclined to religious toleration. Possibly he had some speculative notion, of what a more extensive experience has since substantiated, that in order to destroy heresy, it is the worst policy to oppress it. In the history of the world, there does not appear to be any known instance of schism having been destroyed by violence. These remarks, however, on the king's conduct, refer principally to his treatment of the Roman catholic portion of his subjects. Even the fact of the horrible gunpowder treason made but little difference in the line of his religious policy; with

a laudable magnanimity he refrained from visiting the sins of the few upon the heads of the many, and continued in the same course of mildness and conciliation to the last. There is a supposition that, in James's toleration of the papists, he had in view the increased indulgences which his own subjects might expect in foreign countries. Again, less laudable motives may be attributed to him. It may be reasonably argued, that he had an object in balancing the power of the Roman catholics against the augmenting influence of the puritans. Possibly, too his apprehensions of personal danger were not without their weight; James must have been well aware of the risk which he incurred should he make himself odious to a daring and relentless party.* It has been supposed, and that not without reason, that the exertions and sufferings of the Roman catholics, in behalf of his unhappy mother, may in some degree have influenced him in his praiseworthy moderation.

There is, however, a more substantial reason why we should not bestow unqualified praise upon James for his religious toleration. It is not generally known, perhaps, that two unhappy creatures were burnt for heresy during his reign. One of these, Bartholomew Legate, a Socinian, is said to have been remarkable for theological learning, and for the blamelessness of his career. James attempted to convert him; but finding him fixed in his persuasions, the bishops declared him to be an intractable heretic, and he was burned to ashes at Smithfield. The other victim was one Edward Wightman, a harmless enthusiast, who had the misfortune to fancy himself Elias. The heresies of Ebion, Cerinthus, Valentinian, Arrius, Macedonius, Simon Magus, Manes, Manicheus, Photinus, and the Anabaptists, names of which the unhappy being had probably never heard, were summed up in the warrant for his execution.

One act of James's life can never be sufficiently commended. During the progresses made through his kingdom, he had noticed the pernicious effects which a puritanical observance of the Sabbath was producing on the health and happiness of the lower classes of his subjects. With the certainty that religious bigotry would be every where arrayed against him, he issued a proclamation, that, after the performance of divine service, his subjects should be allowed to indulge in all legitimate sports and amusements. Without entering into any theological discussion, as to the proper observance of the Lord's day, there are few who will deny to James the real credit which he deserved on this occasion. Surely that monarch stands high among the thrones of the earth, who willingly turns from his own pomps and vanities, to the sufferings and discomforts of the poor and unprotected; and who readily encounters obloquy and discontent, in order to throw a gleam of sunshine over the broad shadows of human wretchedness.

The suspicion, which was very commonly entertained at the time, that James met his death by poison, has either been altogether disregarded, or obscurely hinted at, by our historians. So usual has it ever been to attribute the deaths of princes to foul play, that we must receive with extreme caution any arguments which may be

* Burnet evidently attributes the king's moderation to fear. He says that ever after the gunpowder conspiracy, James was careful of not provoking the Jesuits, for it showed him of what they were capable.—*Hist. of his own Time*, vol. i. p. 19.

brought forward in support of any such supposition in the present case. That Buckingham and his mother applied remedies to the sick monarch, which were totally unauthorised by the physicians, is a fact beyond the possibility of a doubt. Whether, however, these remedies were of an injurious nature, and intended to destroy existence, is a circumstance not so easy to resolve.

Certain it is that Buckingham was fast declining in the royal favour, and that he had every thing to gain, and nothing to lose, by the king's demise at that particular time. Dr. Eglisiam, one of the royal physicians, accused Buckingham, in print, of having murdered his sovereign; and another of the king's physicians, Dr. Craig, was banished the court for giving utterance to his suspicions. The latter individual was great uncle to Bishop Burnet, who informs us that his father had the account from Craig, and was by him strongly prepossessed with the truth of the accusation. "The king," says Coke, having had an ague, the Duke of Buckingham did, upon Monday the 21st, when in the judgment of the physicians the ague was declining, apply plaisters to the wrists and belly of the king, and also did deliver several quantities of drink to the king, though some of the king's physicians did disallow thereof, and refused to meddle further with the king, until the said plaisters were removed; and that the king found himself worse thereupon, and that drougths, raving, fainting, and an intermitting pulse followed hereupon; and the drink was twice given by the duke's own hands, and a third time refused; and the physicians to comfort him, telling him that this second impairment was from cold taken, or some other cause: 'No, no,' said the king, 'it is that which I had from Buckingham.' " Weldon says, that during the king's illness, he frequently implored the Earl of Montgomery to be careful that he had fair play; and that, on one occasion, when his servants were endeavouring to console him, "Ah," he said, "it is not the ague that afflicts me, but the powder I have taken, and the black plaister they have laid on my stomach." A less suspicious authority is Bishop Goodman, who, while he entirely exculpates Buckingham, evidently believes that his old master met with an untimely end. "I have no good opinion," he says, "of his death, yet I was the last man who did him homage in the extremity of his sickness." Howell, who was at Theobald's at the time of the king's death, in a letter to his father, alludes to the *mutterings* of the doctors, that a plaister had been applied by the duke's mother, to the "outside of the king's stomach."

Arthur Wilson, another contemporary writer, does not materially differ from the foregoing accounts. "The king," he says, "that was very much impatient in his health, was patient in his sickness and death. Whether he had received any thing that extorted his anguish fits into a fever, which might the sooner stupify the spirits, and hasten his end, cannot be asserted; but the Countess of Buckingham had been tampering with him in the absence of the doctors, and had given him a medicine to drink, and laid a plaister on his side, of which the king much complained, and they did rather exasperate his distemper than allay it: and these things were admitted by the insinuating persuasions of the duke her son, who told the king they were approved medicines, and would do him much good. And though the duke often strove to purge himself for this application,

as having received both medicine and plaister from Dr. Remington, at Dunmow, in Essex, who had often cured agues and such distempers with the same; yet they were arguments of a complicated kind, not easy to unfold; considering that whatsoever he received from the doctor in the country, he might apply to the king what he pleased in the court."

It would be curious to ascertain the nature and ingredients of the remedies, which were applied by Buckingham. Bishop Kennett informs us, that he was shown a copy of Dr. Eglisham's pamphlet against Buckingham by the Spanish ambassador, in which Eglisham declared, that neither he nor the other physicians could discover the nature of the plaister. It appears also, by the same authority, that about a week after the king's death, Eglisham being on a visit with Sir Matthew Lister at the Earl of Warwick's house in Essex, situated close to the residence of Dr. Remington, they sent for the doctor, in order to ascertain the nature of the plaister which he had supplied to Buckingham. Remington giving them the information they required, Sir Matthew Lister produced a piece of the plaister which had been applied to the king. On examining it, Remington seemed much surprised, and offered to take an oath that it was not the same which he had sent to the duke. There is a copy of Eglisham's pamphlet in the British Museum, which has been reprinted in the Harleian Miscellany; but there is no trace of the passage alluded to by Kennett. Sanderson, another writer of the time, assures us that the drink given to James, was "a posset of milk and ale, hartshorn, and marygold flowers, ingredients harmless and ordinary." With regard to the plaister, he says, "that although the physicians were justly offended at the duke's interference with their practice, yet that the composition was as harmless as the drink, and that a portion of it was even *eat* by those who had manufactured it. For some months afterwards, he says, it was open to the examination of the curious.

Eglisham's pamphlet, though undoubtedly curious, is only to be received as evidence, when corroborated by the assertions of other writers. After the king's death he gave such unguarded utterance to his suspicions, as to render it necessary for his own safety that he should fly the kingdom. He retired to Brussels, where he published the tract in question. It had been, in the first instance, submitted, in the form of a petition, to the two houses of parliament; but whether it was actually presented, does not appear. It was afterwards translated into High Dutch, with a view of throwing obloquy upon the royal family of England. The suspicions of Eglisham's veracity are founded on the extreme rancorous feeling which he exhibits towards Buckingham, and some internal absurdities to which we shall hereafter allude. The following passage is more remarkable, from its being borne out, in a great degree, by the evidence of the writers already recited:—"The king being sick of a certain ague, which in the spring was of itself never found deadly, the duke took this opportunity, when all the doctors of physic were at dinner, upon the Monday before the king died, without their knowledge or consent, and offered to him a white powder to take, the which he a long time refused; but overcome with his flattering importunity, at length took it in wine, and immediately became worse and worse, falling into many swoonings and pains, so tormented, that his majesty cried out aloud of this white powder,

'Would to God I had never taken it! it will cost me my life.'

"In like manner, also, the Countess of Buckingham, my Lord of Buckingham's mother, upon the Friday, the physicians being also absent and at dinner, and not made acquainted with her doings, applied a plaister to the king's heart and breast; whereupon he grew faint and short breathed, and in a great agony. Some of the physicians after dinner, returning to see the king, by the offensive smell of the plaister, perceived something to be about him, hurtful to him, and searched what it should be, and found it out, and exclaimed that the king was poisoned. The Duke of Buckingham entering, commanded the physicians out of the room, caused one of them to be committed prisoner to his own chamber, and another to be removed from court; quarreled with others of the king's servants in his sick majesty's own presence so far, that he offered to draw his sword against them in his majesty's sight. And Buckingham's mother, kneeling down before his majesty, cried out with a brazen face, 'Justice, justice, sir, I demand justice of your majesty!' His majesty asked her for what? 'For that which their lives are no way sufficient to satisfy, for saying that my son and I have poisoned your majesty?' 'Poisoned me?' said he; with that, turning himself, swooned, and she was removed.*

"The Sunday after his majesty died, Buckingham desired the physicians who attended his majesty to sign with their own hands a writ of testimony, that the powder which he gave him was a good and safe medicine, which they refused.

"Immediately after his majesty's death, the physician, who was commanded to his chamber, was set at liberty, with a caveat to hold his peace; the others threatened, if they kept not good tongues in their heads.

"But in the mean time the king's body and head swelled above measure, his hair, with the skin of his head, stuck to his pillow, and his nails became loose upon his fingers and toes."

Eglisham, moreover, accused the duke of having caused the death of the Marquess of Hamilton by poison. The following passage is too ridiculous for belief, and goes far to throw an air of fiction over Eglisham's extraordinary narration. The *post-mortem* appearance of the marquess's body is thus described. "No sooner was he dead, when the force of the poison began to overcome the force of his body, but it began to swell in such a sort, that his thighs were swollen six times as big as their natural proportion, his belly became as big as the belly of an ox, his arms as the natural quantity of his thighs, his neck as broad as his shoulders, his cheeks over the top of his nose, that his nose could not be seen or distinguished; the skin of his forehead two fingers high. He was all over of divers colours, full of waters, some white, some black, some red, some yellow, some green, some blue, and that as well within his body as without.

* Mr. Meade, in a letter to Sir Martin Stuteville, thus alludes to this remarkable scene:—"The Countess of Buckingham, the Tuesday before he [the king] died, would needs make trial of some receipt she had approved; but being without the privacy of the physicians, occasioned so much discontent in Dr. Cragge, that he uttered some plain speeches, for which he was commanded out of the court, the duke himself, (as some say) complaining to the sick king of the word he spake."—*Ellis's Orig. Letters*, vol. iii. p. 183.

His mouth and nose foaming blood, mixed with froth of divers colours, a yard high."

We are not informed by Dr. Eglisham, why the king's body did not exhibit similar evidences of foul play. Certain it is, that no traces of poison were discoverable. In a letter of the time, from Mr. Joseph Meade to Sir Martin Stuteville, we find that when the body was opened by the physicians, they found "his heart of an extraordinary bigness, all his vitals sound, as also his head, which was very full of brains; but his blood was wonderfully tainted with melancholy; and the corruption thereof supposed the cause of his death." Sir Symonds D'Ewes, who adds his quantum of suspicion to the "potion and plaister," informs us that when the king's skull was opened, the *pia mater* was so full of brains that they could "scarcely be kept from spilling." There is no allusion, however, in any documents of the time to the least trace of poison having been discovered.

There is another curious tract, in the British Museum, purporting, after the manner of Lucian, to be a conversation in the lower regions between James, the Duke of Buckingham, the Marquess of Hamilton, and Dr. Eglisham. The interview between the murderer and his victims is sufficiently tragical, and would do credit to any provincial theatre in the realm:—

"*King James*.—Dost thou know me, Buckingham? If our spirits or ghosts retain any knowledge of mortal actions, let us discourse together.

"*Buckingham*.—Honour hath not now transported me to forget your majesty; I know you to be the umbra or shade of my sovereign, King James, unto whom Buckingham was once so great a favourite. But what ghost of Aristotle is that which bears you company? His pale look show him to be some scholar.

"*King James*.—It is the changed shadow of George Eglisham, for ten years together my doctor of physic, who, in the discharge of his place, was ever to me most faithful; this other is his and my old friend, the Marquess of Hamilton.

"*Buckingham*.—My liege, I cannot discourse as long as they are present, they do behold me with such threatening looks; and your majesty hath a disturbed brow, as if you were offended with your servant, Buckingham.

"*King James*.—I, and the Marquess of Hamilton, have just cause to frown and be offended; hast thou not been our most ungrateful murderer?

"*Buckingham*.—Who—I my liege? What act of mine could make you to suspect that I could do a deed so full of horror? Produce a witness to my forehead, before you condemn me upon bare suspicion.

"*King James*.—My doctor, Eglisham, shall prove it to thy face, and if thou hast but any sense of goodness, shall make thy pale ghost blush, ungrateful Buckingham!"

Shortly after this Eglisham steps forward, and with all proper dignity accuses the duke, not only of having poisoned James and the marquess, but of having plotted and contrived the doctor's own departure from the world. Buckingham, staggered by the proofs which are brought against him, at length confesses his crimes, and spouts, as he sweeps from the stage, a sort of dramatic epilogue, of which the following lines are the conclusion:

"You, O good king, were gracious to that man, Whose ghost you see, the Duke of Buckingham.

But I was most ungrateful to my king,
And Marquess Hamilton, whom I did bring
Both to untimely deaths, forgive my sin.
Great king, great marquess, Doctor Eglisham,
All murdered by the Duke of Buckingham.
Forgive me all, and pardon me, I pray;
This being said, the duke's ghost shrunk away."

One of the articles of impeachment against the Duke of Buckingham, in the succeeding reign, was, *not* for having actually poisoned the king, but for having dared to administer remedies to the sovereign, without the concurrence of the physicians. To say the least, it was a strange and unjustifiable act. Charles, as is well known, to prevent the question of the duke's conduct from coming to an issue, braved the wrath of the commons, and dissolved the parliament. There was another attempt to stigmatise Buckingham as a wholesale poisoner. Eglisham asserts, in his petition to parliament, that at the time of the Duke of Richmond's death, a paper was found in King street, in which Buckingham had inserted the names of several noblemen, all of whom had since died. He adds that his own name came after the Marquess of Hamilton's with a proviso that *he should be embalmed*. This would be considered as mere nonsense, did it not appear by the evidence of Sir Henry Wotton that some such document really existed, though without doubt it was a forgery. "I had a commission laid upon me," says Sir Henry, "by sovereign command, to examine a lady about a certain filthy accusation, grounded upon nothing but a few names taken up by a footman in a kennel, and straight baptised. It was a list of such as the duke had appointed to be poisoned at home, himself being then in Spain. I found it to be the most malicious and frantic surmise, and the most contrary to his nature, that I think had ever been brewed from the beginning of the world." Wotton speaks of Eglisham as a "fugitive physician," and corroborates a statement made by Sanderson, on the authority of Sir Belthaser Gerbier, that when Eglisham offered to publish a recantation of his scandalous pamphlet, for a certain remuneration, the duke listened to the overture with indignation and disgust. That Buckingham's mother, who was under the influence of the Jesuits, should have been induced to tamper with the king, is not improbable; but that Buckingham himself should have entered into the conspiracy, notwithstanding his many faults, is in utter contradiction to all our preconceived notions of his character.

King James died on the 27th of March, 1625, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, and the twenty-third of his reign over the kingdom of England. On the 7th of May he was buried at Westminster with proper solemnity. We will conclude our notices of him with Ben Jonson's admirable character of the weak monarch, in his *Masque of the Gypsies Metamorphosed*. One of the wandering tribe is supposed to discover the king's identity, by her professional knowledge of palmistry:—

"With you lucky bird, I begin,—let me see,
I aim at the best, and I trow you are he;
Here's some luck already, if I understand
The grounds of my art, here's a gentleman's hand.
I'll kiss it for luck's sake. You shall by this line,
Love a horse and a hound, but no part of a swine;*
To hunt the brave stag, not so much for your food,
As the weal of your body, and the health of your blood.

* The abhorrence which James entertained for a pig, has already been mentioned.

You're a man of good means, and have territories
store,
Both by sea and by land; and were born, sir, to
more;
Which you, like a lord, and the prince of your peace,
Content with your havings, despise to increase:
You live chaste and single, and have buried your
wife,
And mean not to marry by the line of your life,
Whence he that conjectures your quality, learns
You're an honest good man, and take care of your
bairns.
Your Mercury's hilt, too, a wit doth betoken,
Some book-craft you have, and are pretty well
spoken:
But stay, in your Jupiter's mount what is here!
A monarch! a king! what wenders appear!
High, bountiful, just; a Jove for your parts,
A master of men, and that reign in their hearts."

ANNE OF DENMARK,

QUEEN OF JAMES I.

A lady remarkable for all the masculine qualities in which her husband was so sadly deficient. Ambitious, bold, enterprising; fond of tumult and grandeur; impatient of control; engaging in all the civil and religious factions of the period; despising her timorous and pedantic husband, and yet vainly endeavouring to govern him and his councils, she failed in her objects from want of capacity, yet saved herself from obloquy by the deepest cunning. James, however subservient he may have been to his passions and his favourite—however deficient in moral and personal courage, was at least no dastard to his wife. With all her turbulence and high spirit, she never obtained the slightest influence over her easy spouse. No two people could be more unlike: the only similarity of character, was in a mutual admiration of masculine beauty.

Thwarted in her ambitious views, and piqued at being compelled to yield to a man whom she so thoroughly despised, her violence and hatred exceeded all bounds. She was in the habit, at Edinburgh, of forcing herself into the king's presence, for the mere purpose of ridiculing him, and diverting herself at his expense. His life is even said to have been in the utmost danger from her violence, while he remained in Scotland. The worst trait in her character was her endeavour to prejudice her children against their father. The contempt of his parent, with which she inspired Prince Henry, was probably, in a great degree, the origin of James's want of natural affection for his son.

After his accession to the throne of England James almost entirely separated himself from his ungovernable wife. Peyton says, that though he sometimes visited her through compliment, he never "lodged with her a night for many years." Notwithstanding, however, their nocturnal estrangement, James, in his *Edict on Duels*, continues speaking of her as *our dearest bed-fellow*. He was indeed ever anxious to impress his subjects with a notion of his uxoriousness. Osborne mentions an instance when he himself was present, on which occasion James, before proceeding on one of his hunting expeditions, took a sort of public farewell of his queen. "Taking leave of her at her coach-side, by kissing her sufficiently to the middle of her shoulders, for so low she went bare all the days I had the fortune to know her." Weldon says, that James was ever best when farthest from his queen.

Her manners, on her first arrival in Scotland,

were any thing but suited to enliven her husband's court, or to conciliate the people among whom she came to reside. The writer of a letter among the Cecil Papers thus speaks of her at this period:—"Our queen carries a marvelous gravity, quhilk, wth her patriall solitariness, contrar to y^e humor of our pepell hath bannised all our ladys clein from her." The queen's manners afterwards improved. Lady Arabella Stuart in a letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury, dated from the Court at Woodstock, gives her the highest praise for courtesy, and remarks that she was in the habit of speaking kindly to the people whom she happened to meet in her way. This statement is corroborated by another letter from Sir Dudley Carleton to Sir Thomas Parry, in which the writer observes, "The queen lieth this night at Sir John Fortescue's, where the king meets her. She giveth great contentment to the world in her fashion and courteous behaviour to the people.

Of the merits of Queen Anne's personal appearance we know very little. The portraits we have seen of her were drawn at a late period of her life, and principally indicate a masculine character, and display a tawdry and tasteless style of dress. The beauty of queens is seldom left uncelebrated; and as historians are silent on the present occasion, there is reason to suppose that there was little room for panegyric. Peyton alone styles her, "A body of a goodly presence, beautiful eyes, and strong to be joined with a prince young and weak in constitution; a union unsuitable for a virago to couple with a spiny and thin creature." Osborne's praise is somewhat dubious:—"Her skin," he says, "was more amiable than the features it covered, though not her disposition, in which report rendered her very debonnaire." Bishop Goodman remarks that there was little in her person to make his majesty uxorious.

Anne was a bigoted catholic, a fact not generally dwelt upon by historians. It is strange, that Horace Walpole, a curious researcher, should have been long ignorant of this important circumstance. Speaking of the Bacon Papers, he says, there is "one most extraordinary passage, *entirely overlooked*, and yet of great consequence to explain the misfortunes into which her descendants afterwards fell. *The Pope sends her beads and reliques, and thanks her for not communicating with heretics at her coronation.*" Sully, however, was not only acquainted with the fact, but evidently dreaded her influence, as regarded the predominancy of the Spanish interests and the advancement of the Roman Catholic religion. He says, that when following the king from Scotland, it was believed she was coming to England, in order to add her personal influence to the Spanish faction; a circumstance which so disturbed the king, that he sent the Earl of Lennox to oppose her progress, though he was unable to persuade her to return. The Spaniards, indeed, whose interests she adhered to, in opposition to those of France, appear to have rested their hopes of destroying the protestant faith in England, principally on her influence and exertions. She endeavoured to instil her prejudices, in favour of Spain and the pope, into the mind of her son, Prince Henry. Sully says, that none doubted but that she was inclined to declare herself "absolutely on that side;" and that in public she affected to have the prince entirely under her guidance. In a letter from Sir Charles Cornwallis to the Earl of Salisbury, she is even stated to have told the Spanish ambassador, that he might one

day see the Prince of Wales on a pilgrimage to St. Jago.

Time and experience appear at length to have convinced her of the inflexibility of her husband's disposition, and of her own incapacity for meddling in state affairs. With the exception of some occasional interference, in the rise or downfall of a favourite, she seems to have contented herself with entertaining the king and his court with balls and masques. "The arrival of the queen in London," says Sully, "did not occasion all that disorder which had been apprehended; the discontented found her not to be what they had conceived. It seemed as though her sudden change of situation and country had made as sudden change in her inclinations and manners: from an effect in the elegances of England, or from those of the royal dignity, she became disposed to vanities and amusements, and seemed wholly engaged in the pursuit of pleasure. She so entirely neglected or forgot the Spanish politics, as gave reason to believe she had, in reality, only pretended to be attached to them."

King James had quitted Edinburgh for his new dominions on the fifth of April, 1603; and in June following, accompanied by her two eldest children, Prince Henry and the Princess Elizabeth, the queen prepared to follow him. James, either willing to gratify her taste for show, or desirous that his wife should appear among his new subjects with all due magnificence, not only gave the strictest orders for her honourable reception, but even commanded some of the late queen's jewels to be transmitted to her, before the former had been laid in the grave. On the fifteenth of April we find him writing to his ministers:—"Touching the jewels to be sent for our wife, our meaning is not to have any of the principal jewels of state to be sent so soon or so far off; but only such as, by the opinion of the ladies attendant about the late queen our sister, you shall find to be meet for the ordinary appareling and ornament of her; the rest may come after when she shall be nearer hand. But we have thought good to put you in mind, that it shall be convenient that besides jewels you send some of the ladies of all degrees who were about the queen, as soon as the funeral be past, or some others, whom you will think meetest and most willing and able to abide travel, to meet her as far as they can at her entry into the realm, or soon after; for that we hold needful for her honour: and that they do speedily enter into their journey, for that we would have her here with the soonest. And as for horses, litters, coaches, saddles, and other things of that nature, whereof we have heretofore written, for her use, and sent to you our cousin of Worcester, we have thought good to let you know that the proportion mentioned in your particular letter to us shall suffice in our opinion for her. And so you may take order for the sending of them away with the ladies that are to come, or before, as you shall think meetest." The queen arrived at York on the 11th of June; and having remained there some days, proceeded to East Neston, the seat of Sir George Farmer, where she was joined by the king.

For her splendid entertainments, those magnificent masques which made the "nights more costly than the days," she has been often and sufficiently celebrated. They appear, however, to have been conducted with but little attention to decorum. The Countess of Dorset mentions in her memoirs, that there was "much talk of a masque which the queen had at Winchester, and how all the ladies about the court had gotten such

ill names, that it was grown a scandalous place; and the queen herself was much fallen from her former greatness and reputation she had in the world." Peyton's censure is far stronger:—"The masques," he says, "and plays at Whitehall were used only as incentives for lust, therefore the courtiers invited the citizens' wives to those shows on purpose to defile them. There is not a chamber nor lobby, if it could speak, but would verify this."

Whatever share the queen may have had, in effecting a kind understanding between the courtiers and the citizens' wives, it is certain that she herself was far from being averse to the tender passion. Carte tells us that she took a great delight in making the king jealous, and *with this view*, took liberties which were very improper, and were the cause of some excitement at court. It is to be feared, however, that Anne had less her husband's jealousy at heart than her own gratification. According to the chronicles or scandal of the time, she was far from being satisfied with the cold attentions and ungainly form of her pedantic spouse. The first person on whom the queen is reported to have fixed her affections was the brave, the beautiful, and unfortunate Earl of Murray. This is the "Bonnie Earl" of Scottish song; a name dear to those whose hearts have ever kindled with poetry, or sympathised with misfortune. A well-known ballad of the period concludes with an allusion to the queen's attachment:—

O the bonny Earl of Murray!
He was the queen's love.

The earl is also celebrated in the still popular ballad of Childe Waters.

James has been accused of having sacrificed the earl's life to his jealousy of the queen. This supposition we should be extremely inclined to doubt, had not our suspicions been already aroused by the circumstances attending the tragical fate of the Gowries. Murray was accused, whether wrongfully or justly is not known, of having abetted the Earl of Bothwell in his famous attack upon the king's person in Scotland; James, instead of making use of legitimate means to insure the apprehension of the suspected earl, commissioned the Earl of Huntley, Murray's hereditary and deadly enemy, to bring him into his presence. Murray was not exactly the man to submit tamely to be made the prisoner of his feudal foe. A shot from his castle killed one of Huntley's followers. The storming party became furious and succeeded in burning the fortress. Murray, finding further opposition hopeless, endeavoured to effect his escape by rushing through the flames: unfortunately, however, his long hair caught fire, which enabled his enemies to follow him in the darkness to the rocks by the sea-shore, among which he probably expected to find a hiding-place. He defended himself as long as he was able, but fell at last covered with wounds. One Gordon, of Buckie, who had been the first to strike him, insisted that Huntley should implicate himself in the odium, by joining in the bloody work, and stabbing his defenceless enemy before he died. Huntley consented, and stabbed Murray in the face. The dying earl fixed his eyes on his hereditary foe:—"You have spoiled," he said, "a better face than your own." Huntley had actually alighted from his horse to perform the dastardly act. Murray's friends refused to bury him till they had avenged his death.

Huntley, after the execrable deed, continued for some time in real or affected concealment.

During his flight he applied for refuge and hospitality at Lord Sinclair's castle of Ravenscraig. Lord Sinclair told him that he was welcome, but that he would have been much more welcome if he had passed on. However, notwithstanding this rough reception, Lord Sinclair entertained him kindly, and conducted him in safety to the Highlands. Huntley, shortly afterwards, returned to Edinburgh, where he escaped with a brief imprisonment.

A suspicion certainly rests upon James. In the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, are preserved the MS. annals of Sir James Balfour, Lyon King at Arms, who was living at the time, and who inserts among his papers the following curious annotation:—"The seventh of February this year, 1592, the Earl of Murray was cruelly murdered by the Earl of Huntley, at his house in Dnmbrissel, in Fifeshire; and with him Dunbar, sheriff of Murray. It was given out and publicly talked, that the Earl of Huntley was only the instrument of perpetrating this fate, to satisfy the king's jealousy of Murray, whom the queen, more rashly than wisely, some few days before, had commended in the king's hearing with too many epithets of a proper and gallant man."

The story is in some degree corroborated by Oldmixon. "I have it," he says, "from the best authority, that the king conceived a mortal hatred against the Earl of Murray for an expression of his wife Queen Anne, who, looking out at a window and seeing that lord entering the court, said he was the handsomest man she ever saw. 'What,' said the king, 'handsomer than I?' and swore he would have his life."

A supposition has long existed that the unfortunate John, Earl of Gowrie was a favoured lover of Queen Anne. There is, however, every reason to believe, that it was not the earl, but his younger brother, Alexander Ruthven, the sharer of his tragical fate, on whom the queen's affections were in reality fixed. More than one writer has endeavoured to trace the secret history of the Gowrie conspiracy from the existence of this romantic amour. They assert that the whole plot was a mere counterfeit, contrived by James himself, in order to revenge himself by the destruction of his rival. This supposition, though contrary to the king's well known character for timidity, is nevertheless consonant with his ideas and system of king-craft; and though it requires confirmation, is not altogether unsupported by correlative circumstances.

The following story, the authority for which appears to rest entirely on traditional report, was inserted in Cant's notes on "the Muse's Threnody," and is related by Pinkerton in his Essay on the Gowrie Conspiracy:—"The queen, it appears, in a moment of affection, had presented Alexander Ruthven with a riband, which some time before had been given to her by the king, and which Ruthven, in his gallantry, hung round his neck. One fine summer day, the young courtier, being in the royal garden at Falkland, threw himself under the shade of a tree, where he fell fast asleep. The weather being extremely sultry, had induced him to leave his neck and bosom uncovered. James, happening to pass by, paused for a moment to look at the sleeping Adonis, and perceived the fatal riband which he had so recently presented to his queen. He was exceedingly disconcerted, and instead of continuing his walk, returned to the palace. His movement, however, was observed by a young lady of the court (supposed to be Lady Beatrice Ruthven, the sleeper's sister,) who instantly tore

the riband from her brother's neck, and rushing with it into the queen's presence, requested her majesty to place it in a drawer, observing hurriedly that the motive of her proceeding would shortly be discovered. As the young lady retired by one door, the king entered by another, and desired the queen, who was in the sixth month of her pregnancy with Charles the First, to produce the riband which he had lately given to her. Anne, without the slightest discomposure, drew it from the drawer in which she had just deposited it, and placed it in the king's hands. James examined it for some time, observing as he returned it, "Evil take me, if like be not an ill mark." That Alexander Ruthven, and not his brother Lord Gowrie, was the object of the queen's regard, is confirmed by a letter from Sir Henry Nevill, dated London 15th November, 1660:—"Out of Scotland," he writes, "we hear there is no good agreement between the King of Scots and his wife, and many are of opinion, that the discovery of some affection between her and the Earl of Gowrie's brother, (who was killed with him,) was the truest cause and motive of all that tragedy." Peyton, on the other hand, in his *Divine Catastrophe* of the House of Stuart, while he accuses James of the guilt of Gowrie's murder, asserts that it was the earl himself who was the queen's paramour.—"After Huntley's death," he says, "the queen found others to satisfy her unruly appetite; as namely, the Earl of Gowrie, a lord of a comely visage, good stature, and of an attracting allurements; who, upon King James's suspicion of often society with the queen, converted to the poison of hatred the friendship and love of the earl; causing Ramsay, after Earl of Holderness, with others, to murder Gowrie in his own house; giving it out for a state, that the earl, with others, would have killed him; and to make his falsehood appear odious in shape of truth, appointed the fifth of August a solemn day of thanksgiving for his supposed delivery; and in this mocked the God of heaven." There is little doubt, however, that Peyton is wrong in his identity.

This writer is remarkably free in his allusions to the queen's gallantry. He mentions one Beely, a Dane, (who had accompanied Anne from her own country,) as having been particularly distinguished by her favours. This modest individual had the assurance to inform Peyton, "in great secrecie," that he was the undoubted father of King Charles. Peyton's evidence is suspicious, whenever, as is the case in this last incident, it happens to be unsupported by the testimony of others. He mentions as the queen's last favourites, two brothers of the name of Buchanan, to whom she equally distributed her smiles. The catastrophe of this fraternal intrigue is somewhat startling. Peyton says that they fell out for her love, fought a duel, and killed one another.

If the famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in his interesting life of himself, had afforded fewer instances of personal vanity, we should have imagined that the queen had entertained a feeling, somewhat warmer than friendship, for that handsome and gallant philosopher. Lord Herbert, after mentioning that Richard, Earl of Dorset, had paid him the compliment of secretly obtaining a copy of his picture, from the hands of one Larking, who had painted the original, thus evidently alludes to her majesty's predilection:—"But a greater person," he says, "than I will here nominate, got another copy from Larking; and placing it afterwards in her cabinet, gave occasion to those

who saw it after her death, of more discourse than I could have wished." In another place he adds:—"And now in court a great person sent for me divers times to attend her, which summons though I obeyed, yet God knoweth I declined coming to her as much as conveniently I could without incurring her displeasure." Her mother remonstrated with her on the impropriety of her conduct, through the medium of her brother Ulric Duke of Holstein. The interference, however, appears to have excited her anger, without in the least reforming her morals.

In the latter period of her life, the queen seems voluntarily to have resigned the vanities of the world, and to have exchanged the frivolities of Somerset House and Whitehall, for the peaceful seclusion of Hampton Court and Greenwich.—Queen Anne died at Hampton Court on the first of March, 1619, shortly after taking a last farewell of her favourite son Prince Charles. Sanderson says, "A lingering sickness and fulness of humours brought her to a dropsy, and for her recovery, she some years before frequented the Bath, with continual physic." Camden places her age at forty-five, which would make her only fifteen at the time of her marriage. On the fifth of the same month, we are informed that her entrails were placed in a sexangular box or case, and interred by her servants in Henry the Seventh's chapel at Westminster. On the ninth, her body was conveyed at night to Somerset House, formerly the temporary resting-place for the remains of the great, between the chamber of death and their last home. Within less than three weeks after her decease, we find the king enjoying himself at a horse-race at Newmarket. The queen was finally interred at Westminster on the 13th of May, 1619.

Such is the importance which the vulgar attach to rank, that a remarkable constellation, which appeared in the heavens shortly before her death, was considered as prophetic of that event; as if nature would trouble herself with unusual phenomena at the mere demise of a silly and lascivious woman. Rushworth says,—"The common people, who were great admirers of princes, were of opinion that the blazing star rather betokened the death of the queen, than that cruel and bloody war which shortly after happened in Bohemia, and other parts of Germany." Howel also says, in one of his amusing letters,—"Queen Anne is lately dead of a dropsy, which is held to be one of the fatal events that followed the last fearful comet. She left a world of brave jewels behind; but one Piero, an outlandish man, who had the keeping of them, embezzled many, and is run away. She left all she had to Prince Charles, whom she ever loved best of all her children; nor do I hear of any legacy she left at all to her daughter in Germany."

Peyton details some loathsome particulars respecting the illness which preceded her death. He informs us, that Dr. Upton, who had married his near kinswoman, and who appears to have attended the queen professionally in her last illness, assured him on his death-bed, that her majesty was *enccinte*; and that her dissolution was caused by the remedies which she had taken, in order to procure destruction to her unborn infant. The doctor, moreover, expressed his conviction to Peyton, in his last extremity, that his own mortal sickness had been unfairly brought about, in consequence of his having been the depository of this important secret. The queen, by other authorities, is stated to have died of the dropsy; a disease which, from its external character,

might alone be supposed to have given rise to the scandal above alluded to, had not Peyton stated his authority, and detailed the circumstances with so much colour of truth.

Such are the particulars which we have been enabled to collect, respecting a lady to whom our principal historians have attached but little importance. Rapin says nothing of her character, and Hume dismisses her with remarkable brevity, as a "woman eminent neither for her vices nor her virtues." Eschard, on the contrary, who probably adopted the panegyric of Arthur Wilson, speaks of her in the highest terms: "She died," he says, "to the deep concern of all good men and loyal subjects, leaving behind her the name of a peaceable and dutiful wife, and a virtuous and pious queen." Little doubt, however, can exist, that this *dutiful wife* and *pious queen*, was a bigoted papist and a turbulent virago. It is sufficient, that the same writer speaks of James as "a very melancholy widower," when we find the easy monarch publicly enjoying himself at a horse-race, not many days after the breath had departed from the body of his queen.

One word may fairly be said in favour of Anne of Denmark. She had the taste and the feeling to be a kind friend and sincere admirer of the great Sir Walter Raleigh. The following letter, praying the Duke of Buckingham to intercede for Sir Walter's life, is preserved in the British Museum; and besides its internal interest, exhibits what slight influence the queen must have possessed over her husband:

ANNA R.,

My kind Dog,*

If I have any power or credit with you, I pray you let me have a trial of it at this time, in dealing sincerely and earnestly with the king, that Sir Walter Raleigh's life may not be called in question. If ye do it so that the success answer my expectation, assure yourself that I will take it extraordinary kindly at your hands, and rest one that wisheth you well, and desires you to continue still, as you have been a true servant to your master.

To the Marquiss of Buckingham.

A few of the queen's letters to her husband, from the originals in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, have recently been published. They commonly commence, "My heart," and are generally brief, playful, and commonplace.

Having said so much that is adverse to the queen's character, it may be right to mention (which we shall do as briefly as possible) the words of those writers who have endeavoured to rescue her name from obloquy. Sir Anthony Weldon styles her a "very brave queen, who never crossed her husband's designs; nor intermeddled with state affairs." Harris says, that though she died without much lamentation from the king, "she was not unbeloved by the people." The praise which Arthur Wilson bestows on her is still higher:—"She was in her great condition a good woman, not tempted from that

* With this familiar phrase Anne usually commences her correspondence with Buckingham. The following letter is curious from the still more familiar manner in which she speaks of her husband.

My kind Dog,

I have received your letter, which is very welcome to me. You do very well in lugging the sow's ear, and I thank you for it, and would have you do so still upon condition that you continue a watchful dog to him, and be always true to him. So wishing you all happiness,

ANNA R.

height she stood on to embroil her spirit much with things below her (as some busy-bodies do), only giving herself content in her own house with such recreations as might not make time tedious to her. And, though great persons' actions are often pried into, and made envy's mark, yet nothing could be fixed upon her that left any great impression, but that she may have engraven upon her monument a character for virtue." These writers, however, because they hated and abused the king, appear to have thought it incumbent on them to eulogise his queen. Sir Henry Wotton, who might have been expected to have said more, in his panegyric of King Charles, contents himself with calling her "a lady of a great and masculine mind." If these encomiums, however, be considered as merely applicable to Anne, during the period she was queen of England, it is not so easy to controvert them. In a negative point of view, she was neither factious to her husband, nor did she embroil herself with politics; but it was for the excellent reason that she was excluded from all access to the one, and all interference with the other. That she was tolerably popular, is not to be wondered at. The public had no reason to lay their grievances to her charge: of her restless passions and disappointed ambition they knew nothing: to her inferiors, her manners appear latterly to have been courteous and conciliating; besides, her entertainments were frequent and splendid, and, with the vulgar, magnificence is the surest precursor of popularity.

The queen's principal residence was at Somerset House, at that period called Denmark House, in honour of the country which gave her birth. Her children were Henry, Prince of Wales; Robert, Margaret, and Sophia, who died young; Charles, who succeeded to the throne, and Elizabeth, married to the Elector Palatine. Sophia was born at Greenwich, 22d June, 1606, and survived her birth but three days. She was buried near the tomb of Queen Elizabeth, in Henry the VII.'s chapel. Mary was also born at Greenwich. Fuller tells us that no one ever remembered the ceremony of baptism to have been celebrated with so much pomp. James used to say, with more humour than reverence, that he did not pray to the Virgin Mary, but for the virgin Mary. This princess also died in her infancy, and was buried at Westminster.

HENRY PRINCE OF WALES.

The darling of his contemporaries; the Marcellus of his age; justly beloved and regretted as one of those princes who have been remarkable for the precocity of their talents and their untimely ends. With a taste for all that adds grace to society, or dignity to human nature; with every quality that might have been expected to form both a great and a good king; uniting a love of literature and science with a chivalrous thirst for military reputation (that graceful combination which formed the brilliant characters of such men as Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Sir Kenelm Digby, and the Admirable Crichton); mingling a Christian temper with a Roman virtue; with all the pleasant characteristics, and none of the irregularities of youth; it is not to be wondered that the historian lingers fondly over the page which records the brief but beautiful career of Henry Prince of Wales.

Prince Henry, the eldest son of James the

First and Anne of Denmark, was born at Stirling on the 19th of February, 1594. Lord Zouch was deputed by Queen Elizabeth to congratulate the happy parents on the birth of their heir. A brief account of a royal christening, in the sixteenth century, especially as an archbishop has condescended to detail it, may not be uninteresting. On the day appointed for the ceremony, the infant was brought from its own apartment to the queen's presence chamber, in which a state bed was prepared for its reception. As soon as the foreign ambassadors were arrived, the Countess of Mar, with the assistance of other ladies, took the prince from his bed, and delivered him to the Duke of Lennox, by whom he was formally presented to the ambassadors. The procession then marched to the chapel in the following order, and it is not a little amusing to observe the way in which the rude and warlike Scottish nobles were employed on the occasion:—first went Lord Hume, carrying the ducal crown of Rothsay; then Lord Livingston, bearing the "towel or napkin," Lord Seaton carrying the basin, and Lord Semple the "Laver." Next followed the English ambassador, the Earl of Sussex, who, as having the place of honour awarded to him, bore the royal baby in his arms. The prince's train was supported by Lords Sinclair and Urquhart, and above him was a canopy sustained by four Scottish gentlemen of distinction. On the arrival of the procession at the door of the chapel, the king rose from his seat and received the ambassadors at the entrance of the choir: the infant was then presented to the Duke of Lennox, who delivered him over to the nurse. The ambassadors having been ceremoniously conducted to the seats which had been prepared for them, "every chair having a tassel board covered with fine velvet," the service was performed by Cunningham, Bishop of Aberdeen. As soon as the ceremony was concluded, the procession returned in the same order to the royal apartments, and the prince was again laid upon his bed of state. The Lyon herald then proclaimed his titles as follow:—Henry Frederick, Knight and Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, Earl of Carrick, Duke of Rothsay, Prince and Steward of Scotland. Gold and silver were thrown out of the window among the populace, and at night there was a splendid banquet, at which many knights were created. Plays and tilting were not wanting, and the rejoicings lasted for some days.

Henry, at his birth, had been committed to the charge of the Earl of Mar, in whose family was vested the hereditary guardianship of the king's children. The Countess of Mar, who had formerly been the king's nurse, was installed in the same capacity to his son. Whatever may have been James's motives in depriving the queen of the care of her child, it is certain that she was far from submitting tamely to the loss. She not only attempted every legitimate means to regain possession of the prince, but endeavoured to tamper with the chancellor and others of the council, in order to effect her object. The dispute excited much ill feeling between the royal parents, and raised the king's anger to the highest pitch. He accordingly wrote the following letter to the Earl of Mar, by which he established him still more firmly in his office of guardian. It sufficiently exhibits the king's irritation, and his total independence of his wife:—

"My Lord of Marre,

"Because in the surety of my son consisteth

my surety, and I have concredited unto you the charge of his keeping, upon the trust I have of your honesty, this I command you out of my own mouth, being in the company of those I like, otherwise for any charge or necessity that can come from me, you shall not deliver him; and in case God call me at any time, see that neither for the queen, nor estates their pleasure, you deliver him till he be eighteen years of age, and that he command you himself.

"Striveling, 24th of July, 1595."

The prince's extraordinary character was early displayed. As a child, he was never seen to weep, and appeared indifferent to pain. On an occasion of his receiving a severe fall from another boy, we are told that he neither "whined nor wept." When little more than five years of age, a son of the Earl of Mar, somewhat younger than himself, fell out with one of the royal pages and "did him wrong." The prince instantly reproved his playfellow. "I love you," he said, "because you are my lord's son and my cousin; but, if you be not better conditioned, I will love such an one better,"—naming the child whom the culprit had misused.

His tutor was Adam Newton, a good scholar and a strict disciplinarian, exactly the sort of person James was likely to select. Probably Newton was not sparing in his chastisements. On one occasion, when the prince was about to strike the ball, while playing at goff, a stander-by exclaimed, "Beware, sir, that you do not hit Mr. Newton." The prince desisted from the stroke, at the same time observing, with a smile, "If I had done so, I had but paid my debts." Another story is related by Mr. D'Israeli, in the *Curiosities of Literature*, descriptive of the relative position of the prince and the tutor: we must allow him to tell it in his own agreeable manner. "Desirous of cherishing the generous spirit and playful humour of Henry, his tutor encouraged a freedom of jesting with him, which appears to have been carried at times to a degree of momentary irritability on the side of the tutor, by the keen humour of the boy. When Newton, playing at shuffleboard with the prince, blamed him for changing so often, and, taking up a piece, threw it on the board and missed his aim, the prince smilingly exclaimed, 'Well thrown, Master;' on which the tutor, a little vexed, said, 'He would not strive with a prince at shuffleboard.' Henry answered, 'Yet you gownsmen should be best at such exercises which are not meet for men who are more stirring.' The tutor, a little irritated, said, 'I am meet for whipping of boys.' 'You vaunt, then,' retorted the prince, 'that which a ploughman or cart-driver can do better than you.' 'I can do more,' said the tutor, 'for I can govern foolish children.' On which the prince, who, in his respect for his tutor, did not care to carry the jest further, rose from table, and in a low voice to those near him, said, 'He had needs be a wise man who could do that.'"

In order to stimulate him in his studies, the king one day hinted, that if he did not take more pains, his younger brother Charles would outstrip him in learning. Newton some time afterwards reminding the prince of his father's remark, Henry asked him if he really thought his brother would prove the superior scholar. The tutor answering, that he had considerable fears on the subject,—“Well, then,” said the prince, with ready wit, “I will make Charles archbishop of Canterbury.”

On the 2d of July, 1603, when only nine years old, he was invested, at a solemn feast of St. George, at Windsor, with the Order of the Garter. His companions in this honour were the Duke of Lennox, and the Earls of Southampton, Mar, and Pembroke. Even at this early age, his "quick, witty answers, princely carriage, and reverend obeisance at the altar," are said to have been the admiration of the bystanders.

On the 4th of June, 1610, he was created Prince of Wales, the king having previously knighted him, without which honour, it seems, he was incapable of sitting at dinner with the sovereign.

His military taste was early displayed. When asked what musical instrument he most delighted in, his answer was, "a trumpet." The French ambassador coming one day to take leave of him, inquired if he could deliver any message from him to the king his master? "Tell him," said the young prince, "the manner in which you see me employed:"—he was amusing himself with practising with the pike.

As early as the year 1606, Henry the Fourth of France appears to have had an insight into, and to have regarded with anxiety, the extraordinary character of his young namesake. The French ambassador, Antoine le Fevre de la Boderie, had directions to treat him with particular respect—a remarkable compliment to a boy of twelve years old. The ambassador writes in a letter to France, "He is a prince who promises very much, and whose friendship cannot but be one day of advantage." Henry had sent the Dauphin a present of some dogs; the ambassador recommends in return, that the latter should send over "a suit of armour well gilt and enamelled, together with pistols and a sword of the same kind;" and, he says, "if he add to these a couple of horses, one of which goes well, and the other a barb, it will be a singular favour done to the prince."

Henry, young as he was, seems to have entertained a project of retrieving the national credit, by the recovery of Calais from the French. When in 1607, the Prince de Joinville returned to France, Henry sent over an engineer in his train, who had secret orders to examine all the fortifications of that town, and especially those of Rix-bane. He lost no opportunity of cultivating the acquaintance of the most celebrated officers in Europe, and especially those of Upper and Lower Germany. It was also his custom to walk considerable distances on foot, in order that he might enure himself to long and harassing marches.

In naval affairs he took almost an equal interest: it appears, indeed, to have been principally at his instigation, that, in the year 1612, two ships, the *Resolution* and *Discovery*, were sent out, with a view to the discovery of a north-west passage to China: the expedition, however, was not the first of its kind. This taste of the prince enables us to relate an instance of his strong sense of justice and powers of appreciating talent.

His love of the sea had made him acquainted with the famous Phineas Pett, so celebrated for his genius in naval architecture. Pett was at one time on the point of being crushed by the envy and rival interests of other competitors in his line. There persons so far attained their object as to bring Pett to an examination, at which the king presided in person, when charges were preferred against him of professional incompetency, and of having made use of inferior materials in the construction of his ships. During this investigation, of which Pett has himself given an account,

(which will be found in the *Archæologia*,) he was compelled to remain the whole time on his knees, and, in this dispiriting posture, to combat the frivolous charges which were brought against him. "I was, at length," he says, "almost disheartened and out of breath, but the prince's highness, standing near me, from time to time encouraged me as far as he might without offence to his father, labouring to have me eased by standing up, but the king would not permit it." When the king, at length decided in Pett's favour, Henry cried out enthusiastically, "Where are those perjured fellows that dare abuse the king's majesty with their false accusations? Do not they worthily deserve hanging!" James, alluding to the nature of one of the charges, wittily observed, "that the *cross-grain* appeared to be in the men and not in the timber." Pett shortly after this was employed to build a ship of war, which was called "the Prince," after Henry. The prince, to show his regard for Pett, and his respect for his talents, carried his fascinating sister, afterwards the queen of Bohemia, to visit the ingenious shipwright at his humble residence; an honour which appears completely to have gained the hearts of the worthy Pett and his wife.

His amusements were generally of a martial character, but his great delight was in tennis. The pursuits of the English Marcellus are thus described by Mons. de Boderie, in a letter to France, dated 31st October, 1606. "He is a particular lover of horses, and what belongs to them, but is not fond of hunting; and when he goes to it, it is rather for the pleasure of galloping than that which the dogs give him. He plays willingly enough at tennis, and at another Scot's diversion very like mall; but this always with persons older than himself, as if he despised those of his own age. He studies two hours a day, and employs the rest of his time in tossing the pike, or leaping, or shooting with the bow, or throwing the bar, or vaulting, or some other exercise of that kind, and he is never idle. He shows himself likewise very good-natured to his dependants, and supports their interests against any persons whatever, and pushes what he undertakes for them or others with such a zeal as gives success to it. For, besides his exerting his whole strength to compass what he desires, he is already feared by those who have the management of affairs, and especially the Earl of Salisbury, who appears to be greatly apprehensive of the prince's ascendancy; as the prince on the other hand, shows little esteem for his lordship."—Henry excelled in dancing, but seldom practised it unless strongly pressed.

His tact was remarkable even when very young. A certain patriotic Welshman, asserting in the king's presence that he could produce 40,000 men in the principality, who were ready to sacrifice their lives for the prince, against any king in Christendom, James with some jealousy inquired, "To do what?" Henry instantly averted the alarm by answering playfully, "To cut off the heads of 40,000 leeks." The instances of his wit are not few. A musician having delighted the company with some music which he had composed at the moment, was requested to play it over again. "I could not," said the performer, "for the kingdom of Spain; for this were harder than for a preacher to repeat word by word a sermon that he had not learned by rote." A clergyman standing by, expressed his opinion that this need not be impossible. "Perhaps not," replied Henry, "for a bishopric." When a mere child, he happened to be entertained in a

nobleman's house in the country, in which parody and bad fare were the order of the day.—His attendants were loud in their complaints, of which the prince took no notice at the time. The lady of the mansion, however, happening the next morning to pay him a visit of respect, discovered him amusing himself with a volume containing prints, to one of which he was paying particular attention. It was descriptive of a company seated at a banquet: "Madam," said the young prince, "I invite you to a feast." "To what feast?" she inquired. "To this feast," replied Henry. "What," said the lady, "would your highness only invite me to a painted feast?" "No better, madam," said the prince, looking significantly into her face, "is to be found in this house."

He had the greatest esteem for Sir Walter Raleigh; and once observed, alluding to the latter's long imprisonment in the tower, that "no king but his father would keep such a bird in such a cage." He had a fine taste for the arts, and made a magnificent collection of books, medals, statues, coins, &c.; Evelyn says his cabinet was superior to any at home, and to the generality abroad: it was lost to the royal family in the civil wars. He knew how to distinguish genius, and courted the society of the learned. Archbishop Williams, shortly after taking orders, happened to preach before the court at Royston. "He acquitted himself so well," says Ambrose Philips, "that his majesty was pleased to speak much in his commendation; and the prince, not content to let him go off with hungry praise, looking upon him as an honour to Wales, assured him that he would not be unmindful of his great merits. But he dying untimely, the father bestowed that preferment on him which the son intended."

He held his court at St. James's Palace, which was set apart for his residence. Here he frequently entertained the young and the brilliant of both sexes, and kept about his person a number of young gentlemen whose spirit and tastes assimilated with his own. A great proof of his popularity is the manner in which his court was attended. Possessing but little or no political influence, and having but few opportunities of rewarding his friends, his court was nevertheless far more frequented than that of the king himself. So jealous was James of this circumstance, that he once made use of the remarkable words, "Will he bury me alive?" Though pleasure was not excluded, his establishment was governed with discretion, modesty, and sobriety, and with an especial reverence for religious duties. It may here be observed that, in 1610, his household amounted to four hundred and twenty-six persons, of whom two hundred and ninety-seven were in the receipt of regular salaries.

We are informed by his faithful follower, Sir Charles Cornwallis, that though the most beautiful women of the court and city were invited to his entertainments, yet that he could never discover the slightest inclination on the prince's part to any particular beauty. He admits, however, the existence of reports that the prince's heart had not been always unsusceptible. There seems reason indeed to believe that Henry was the unsuccessful rival of Somerset, for the affections of the lovely and profligate Lady Essex. It is stated in the *Aulicus Coquinarie* as a "notorious truth," that he made love to the Countess of Essex, "before any other lady living." Arthur Wilson tells us that, thinking to please the prince, one of the courtiers presented him with Lady Essex's glove, which he had accidentally picked up. The prince

instantly rejected it, observing disdainfully that he "scorned it, since it had been stretched by another." Certainly the young prince bore Somerset any thing but good will. On one occasion he is said to have either struck, or offered to strike, him with his racket. Essex, however, had been the playfellow of Henry, which might, in some degree account for the prince's enmity towards a man who had so deeply injured his friend by debauching his wife. Still there is a doubt hanging over the prince's purity in this affair: Sir Symonds D'Ewes states, that the Earl of Northampton, Lady Essex's uncle, incited her to win the prince's affections, and that he was the first upon whom she bestowed her favours.

There was an intention to marry Prince Henry to the Infanta Major, or eldest daughter of the King of Spain. Sir Charles (afterwards Lord) Cornwallis, was sent to Madrid to negotiate on the subject; but he met with so little encouragement that the project fell to the ground. His MS. account of the treaty, related in a letter to Lord Digby, is preserved in the Harleian collection. The match appears to have been far from agreeable to the prince, who had the greatest repugnance to allying himself with a papist.

The prince's affection, indeed for the Church of England, was only equaled by his aversion to the Church of Rome; a fact the more remarkable, since his mother had early sought to tamper with his religious principles, and used every means to reconcile him to the Romish persuasion. Bishop Burnet says, he was so zealous a protestant, that, after the failure of the Spanish match, when James was desirous of marrying him to a popish princess, (either the archduchess, or a daughter of Savoy,) he wrote a letter to the king, praying him, if it was intended thus to dispose of him, that he might be married to the youngest princess of the two, for he should then have more hopes of her conversion: he requested also that whatever liberties might be allowed her in the exercise of her faith, they should be conducted in the most private manner possible. The original of this letter was shown to the bishop by Sir William Cook, and was dated less than a month previous to the death of the prince. His affection for protestantism was regarded as of such importance, that the Puritans looked upon him as their future saviour, and even discovered his prototype in the Apocalypse; a construction, from whence they argued that he was to become the avenger of protestantism, and the destroyer of the Romish church. According to Harrington, the following indifferent distich was extremely popular at the time—

Henry the Eighth pulled down the abbeyes and cells,
But Henry the Ninth shall pull down bishops and bells.

So deep a feeling of religion in one so young, and so attached to the stirring interests of life, is indeed remarkable. He was strict in his attendance at divine worship, and was accustomed to retire three times a day to his private devotions.

Sir Charles Cornwallis says, that had the prince lived, it was his intention to select one of the most learned and experienced of his chaplains, whose advice he proposed to follow in all matters of conscience.

He had the greatest horror of an oath. Osborne says he never swore himself, nor retained those about him who did. At each of his residences, St. James's, Richmond, and Nonsuch, a box was kept, in which were deposited the fines collected from those members of his household

who were heard to swear; the proceeds of which were distributed among the poor. Coke informs us, that his father used to relate several stories respecting the young prince. He was once out hunting, when the stag, harassed by the chase, happened to cross a road while a butcher and his dog were passing. The dog killed the stag, but the carcass was too heavy for the butcher to carry off, as he wished to do. The huntsmen coming up endeavoured to incense the prince against the man. Henry, however, merely observed that it was not the butcher's fault but the dog's. "If your father had been here," they said, "he would have sworn so, that no man could have endured it." "Away," retorted Henry, "all the pleasure in the world is not worth an oath."

He hated flattery and dissimulation, vanity and ostentation, and regarded with contempt the ephemeral sycophants of his father's court. He was extremely temperate and abstemious, except in the "article of fruit," in which, according to Birch he liked to indulge. His temper is stated by his biographers, to have been almost always mild and even. It appears, however, to have been more than once ruffled in the excitement of his favourite game of tennis.

An instance of the prince falling out with Somerset at this pastime has already been alluded to: Codrington, in his life of Robert Earl of Essex, the prince's early companion, mentions another occasion of his warmth of temper, under similar circumstances. Henry and the young earl were amusing themselves in the tennis-court, when a dispute took place on some point in the game: Essex persisting on his rights, the prince at last grew so angry as to call the earl the son of a traitor, alluding to the catastrophe of his father, the spoiled victim of Elizabeth. Essex, growing furious in his turn, struck the prince on the head with his racket so severely as to draw blood. The king sent for the earl; but, on being acquainted with the real circumstances of the affair, dismissed him unpunished. James told the prince, that the boy who had just struck him would not hereafter be remiss in striking his enemies. Essex afterwards grew to be the famous parliamentary general.

The prince's rapid progress in his studies, his military genius, and extreme popularity with all ranks of people, excited a painful feeling of jealousy in the mind of his father. So deep indeed was the prejudice, that it appears to have destroyed all natural affection for his offspring. Burnet says, the prince was rather feared than loved by his father. Once, on the downs at Newmarket, when James and his son had bidden one another farewell, in order to retire to their respective homes, it was remarkable that all the principal persons followed the prince, leaving the king almost entirely to be escorted by servants. Arceus, the court-fool, with an ill-timed joke, pointed out the circumstance to his master; at which the king is said to have been so much affected as to shed tears. Arceus, however, for his officiousness, was, for some time afterwards, tossed in a blanket wherever he could be met with: by which party the punishment was inflicted does not appear, but in all probability by the prince's. The king, observes Osborne, was much annoyed to find that all the worth which he had imagined to belong to himself, was wholly lost in the hopes which the people entertained of his son.

The prince's person is minutely described by Sir Charles Cornwallis: "He was of a comely, tall, middle stature, about five feet and eight

inches high, of a strong, straight, well-made body, with somewhat broad shoulders, and a small waist, of an amiable, majestic countenance, his hair of an auburn colour, long faced, and broad forehead, a piercing grave eye, a most gracious smile, with a terrible frown." His face was supposed to bear a resemblance to that of Henry the Fifth. Ben Jonson took advantage of the flattering compliment which this circumstance enabled him to pay to the prince, on the occasion of a pageant presented before the king on his progress through London in 1603. The prophet Merlin, after recounting the heroic deeds of his kingly ancestors, thus alludes to the prince's resemblance to the hero of Agincourt.

Yet rests the other thunderbolt of war,
Harry the Fifth, to whom in face you are
So like, as Fate would have you so in worth.

Prince Henry's career was destined to be as brief as it was brilliant. He died on the 6th of November, 1612, after a long illness, which he bore with exemplary piety and resignation. He had frequently expressed his indifference about death, and regarded length of days as an unenviable boon: "It was to small purpose," he said, "for a brave gallant man, when the prime of his days were over, to live till he were full of diseases." In the *Aulicus Coquinariae*, there is an interesting account of the progress of his last illness;—"In the nineteenth year of his age, appeared the first symptoms of change, from a full round face and pleasant disposition, to be paler and sharper, more sad and retired; often complaining of a giddy heaviness in his forehead, which was somewhat eased by bleeding at the nose; and that suddenly stopping, was the first of his distemper, and brought him to extraordinary qualms, which his physicians recovered with strong waters."

"About this time, several ambassadors extraordinary being despatched home, he retired to his house at Richmond, pleasantly seated by the Thames river, which invited him to learn to swim in the evenings after a full supper, the first immediate pernicious cause of stopping that gentle flux of blood, which thereby putrefying, might engender that fatal fever that accompanied him to his grave. His active body used violent exercises; for at this time being to meet the king at Bever in Nottinghamshire, he rode it in two days, near a hundred miles, in the extremity of heat in summer; for he set out early, and came to Sir Oliver Cromwell's, near Huntingdon, by ten o'clock before noon, near sixty miles, and the next day betimes to Bever, forty miles."

"There, and at other places, in all that progress, he accustomed himself to feasting, hunting, and other sports of balloon and tennis, with too much violence."

"And now returned to Richmond in the fall of the leaf, he complained afresh of his pain in the head, with increase of a meagre complexion, inclining to feverish; and then for the rareness thereof called the new disease; which increasing, the 10th of October he took his chamber, and took counsel with his physician, Dr. Hammond, an honest and worthy learned man. Then removes to London to St. James's, contrary to all advice; and (with a spirit above indisposition) gives leave to his physician to go to his own home."

"And so allows himself too much liberty in accompanying the Palsgrave, and Count Henry of Nassau (who was come hither upon fame to see him), in a great match at tennis in his shirt,

that winter season, his looks then presaging sickness. And on Sunday, the 25th of October, he heard a sermon, the text in Job, 'Man that is born of a woman, is of short continuance, and is full of trouble.' After that he presently went to Whitehall, and heard another sermon before the king, and after dinner, being ill, craves leave to retire to his own court, where instantly he fell into sudden sickness, faintings, and after that a shaking, with great heat and headache, that left him not whilst he had life."

The Archbishop of Canterbury and Dr. Melborn, Dean of Rochester, constantly attended at his bedside, and prayed with him during his illness. Cornwallis says, that "he bore his sickness with patience, and as often recognition of his faith, his hopes, and his appeals to God's mercy, as his infirmity, which afflicted him altogether in his head, would possibly permit." He died at St. James's at the age of eighteen years, eight months, and seventeen days. His body, having been embalmed, was interred in Westminster Abbey.

His death had been foretold by Bruce, an eminent astrologer of the period, who, however, at the instigation of the Earl of Salisbury, was banished for his discrimination. Before quitting England, the astrologer sent to Salisbury, assuring him that his words would prove but too true, though the earl himself would not live to see it. His prediction turned out correct. The prince died in November, six months after Salisbury's dissolution. To falsify this story, it has been argued that Bruce retired voluntarily abroad; and also, (supposing the prediction to have been really made), that it required no great prophetic powers to calculate that the earl's shattered frame would in all probability yield to the prince's youth, and apparently vigorous constitution.

The untimely deaths of promising young princes are frequently attributed to unfair means, and Prince Henry's among the number, is said to have been occasioned by poison. Certainly the suspicion was more than whispered at the time. One of his chaplains actually preached a sermon at St. James's (which was afterwards printed), wherein he alluded so openly and feelingly to the manner in which the prince was cut off, as to melt his congregation into tears, and to procure his own dismissal from court. Arthur Wilson says, there were strange rumours at the time, some attributing the prince's decease to poisoned grapes, and others to a pair of gloves which had been similarly tampered with. When Henry was dying, Sir Walter Raleigh sent him a cordial from the Tower, which he said would infallibly cure him unless his malady was the effect of poison. The prince took the cordial, but not recovering, the queen is said to have laid so much stress on Sir Walter's proviso, as to have believed to the last that her son had met with foul play. It has been suspected that John Holles, Earl of Clare, comptroller of the prince's household, was the depositary of some important secret, relative to the death of his young master. His sudden emancipation from a prison to a peerage appears to have given rise to this notion, besides the undue importance which was attached to some lines written in the earl's pocket-book, beginning—

Actæon once Diana naked spied
All unawares, yet by his dogs he died.

Supposing, however, that the argument in favour of Henry's being poisoned is at all tenable, the individual on whom we should naturally be

inclined to fix the guilt is undoubtedly Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, afterwards a convicted murderer in the case of Overbury, a man openly held in contempt and dislike by the prince, and whose utter ruin was sure to follow, in the event of Henry's succession to the throne: besides these circumstances there existed the well-known rivalry for the affections of Lady Essex. Burnet says: "Colonel Titus assured me that he had from King Charles the First's own mouth, that he was well assured Prince Henry was poisoned by the Earl of Somerset's means." Lord Chief Justice Coke hinted openly in court, that Overbury was made away with to prevent a discovery of Somerset's share in the prince's death; an imprudence which lost Coke the king's favour, and eventually his place.* Wilson and other writers also allude to the dark suspicions which were entertained of Somerset's guilt.

There has existed another horrible surmise, that the son's life was cut short by the jealousy of the father. Hume says,—"the bold and criminal malignity of men's tongues and pens spared not even the king on the occasion." Arthur Wilson openly hints his suspicious, though, with affected and ingenious delicacy, he talks of them as a subject for his *fears*, and not for his *pen*. Rapin very properly remarks, in noticing this unnatural aspersion, that the proofs should be "as clear as the sun," before they are accepted as evidence.

With reference to the general question as to the manner of the prince's death, it is right to add, that the physicians who attended him during his illness, and who examined his body after his decease, gave it as their unanimous opinion that he was *not poisoned*; and Sir Charles Cornwallis expresses his opinion that the rumours to a contrary effect were without foundation. Bishop Goodman, in his Memoirs, has an interesting passage on the subject:—"That Prince Henry," he says, "died not without vehement suspicion of poison, this I can say in my own knowledge. The king's custom was to make an end of his hunting at his house in Havering, in Essex, either at the beginning or in the middle of September. Prince Henry did then accompany him. I was beneficed in the next parish, at Stapleford Abbots. Many of our brethren, the neighbour ministers, came to hear the sermon before the king, and some of us did say, looking upon Prince Henry, and finding that his countenance was not so cheerful as it was wont to be, but had heavy darkish looks, with a kind of mixture of melancholy and choler,—some of us did then say, that certainly he had some great distemper in his body, which we thought might proceed from eating of raw fruit, peaches, musk-melons, &c. A while after we heard that he was sick, his physicians about him, none of his servants forbidden to come to him; he spake to them when he knew he was past hopes of life; he had no suspicion himself of poison; he blamed no man; he made a comfortable end, and when he was opened, as I heard, there were found in his stomach some remnants of grapes which were

* Kennett, vol. ii. p. 669, note. Lord Dartmouth, in a note on the anecdote of Bishop Burnet above quoted, makes the following remark. "If he was poisoned by the Earl of Somerset, it was not upon the account of religion, but for making love to the Countess of Essex; and that was what the lord chief justice meant, when he said at Somerset's trial, 'God knows what went with the good Prince Henry, but I have heard something.'"—Burnet, vol. i. p. 19.

not digested. The surgeons and physicians found no sign or likelihood of poison." The physicians, in support of their opinion, drew up on paper the result of their *post-mortem* examination, in which they minutely described the appearance of the prince's body. It has, however, justly been remarked, that though this medical detail gives no reason to believe that poison was administered, yet that it affords no direct proof to the contrary.

What probably threw so painful a suspicion upon the king, was the command he gave, that the Christmas festivities should proceed as usual: moreover, he issued an indecent order that no mourning should be worn for his deceased son. It has been attempted to disprove this fact, by asserting that, at the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth, which shortly followed, both the king and his daughter were dressed in black. We do not know what may have been the king's costume on the occasion, but Sir James Finett, a nice observer, and master of the ceremonies to the court, distinctly says, that the princess was "apparelled in white," and, moreover, alludes to the splendid jewels that were worn by the king himself. A similar order had been issued by James at the demise of Queen Elizabeth. Sully, the French ambassador to England, informs us that, after having been at the expense of providing mourning habits for his suite, he was compelled to change their apparel, in order that he might not mortally offend James,—and yet his mission was principally that of condolence.

We may conclude the memoirs of this extraordinary young prince with the character drawn of him by his treasurer, and affectionate follower, Sir Charles Cornwallis:—"He was courteous, loving, and affable; his favour, like the sun, indifferently seeming to shine upon all; naturally shame-faced and modest, most patient, which he showed both in life and death. Quick he was to conceive any thing; not rash, but mature in deliberation, and constant having resolved. True of his promise, most secret even from his youth, so that he might have been trusted in any thing

* Dr. Lingard, in his estimate of Prince Henry's character, is certainly unfair, and, I believe, incorrect. "The young prince, faithful to the lessons which he had formerly received from the mother, openly ridiculed the foibles of his father, and boasted of the conduct which he would pursue, when he should succeed to the throne. In the dreams of his fancy he was already another Henry V., and the conqueror of his hereditary kingdom of France. To those who were discontented with the father, the abilities and virtues of the son became the theme of the most hyperbolic praise; the zealots looked on him as the destined reformer of the English church; some could even point out the passage in the Apocalypse which reserved for him the glorious task of expelling Antichrist from the papal chair. With the several matches prepared for him by his father, it were idle to detain the reader; his marriage, as well as his temporal and spiritual conquests, was anticipated by an untimely death, which some writers have attributed to poison, some to debauchery, and others, with greater probability, to his own turbulence and obstinacy. In the pursuit of amusement he disregarded all advice. He was accustomed to bathe for a long time together after supper; to expose himself to the most stormy weather, and to take violent exercise during the greatest heats of summer," &c. The vein of sarcasm which runs through this passage, and the impression it was intended to leave, are too apparent to require any comment. In the present instance, however, the idolised champion of protestantism could scarcely expect to be a favourite.

that did not force a discovery, being of a close disposition, not too easy to be known, or pried into; of a fearless, noble, heroic, and undaunted courage, thinking nothing impossible that ever was done by any. He was ardent in his love to religion. He made conscience of an oath, and was never heard to take God's name in vain. He hated popery, though he was not unkind to the persons of papists. He lived and died mightily, striving to do somewhat of every thing, and to excel in the most excellent. He greatly delighted in all rare inventions and arts, and in all kinds of engines belonging to the wars, both by sea and land. In the bravery and number of great horses; in shooting and levelling of great pieces of ordnance; in the ordering and marshalling of arms; in building and gardening, and in all sorts of rare music, chiefly the trumpet and drum; in limning and painting, carving, and in all sorts of excellent and rare pictures which he had brought unto him from all countries."

A contemporary versifier thus celebrates the loss of Prince Henry.

Lo, where he shineth yonder
A fixed star in Heaven,
Whose motion here came under
None of the Planets seven.
If that the Moon should tender
The Sun her love, and marry,
They both could not engender
So sweet a star as Harry.

It has been argued, from the prince's martial tastes and ardour for military fame, that to whatever height he might have raised the glory of his country, it was unlikely he would have added to its happiness. Surely, however, there was an innate rectitude of purpose, by which in after years, the irregularities of the head would have been made subservient to the qualities of the heart.

ELIZABETH QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

The queen of Bohemia appears to have merited all the encomium, the admiration, and the romantic interest, with which her contemporaries regarded her. Few women, indeed, have been gifted in a greater degree with all that is considered most lovely in the female character. Lively in her manners, affectionate in her disposition, and beautiful in her person; throwing a charm and a refinement over the social intercourse of life; she yet possessed, with all these qualities, a strength of mind which never became masculine; talents which were never obtrusive, and a warmth of heart which remained with her to the end. Forced from the lap of luxury and the splendours of a court, to become a wanderer, and almost a beggar, on the earth, though bowed down by the blasts of misfortune, she bent meekly and submissively to the storm. In prosperity modest and unassuming; in adversity surmounting difficulties and dignifying poverty, her character was regarded with enthusiasm in her own time, and has won for her the admiration of posterity.

Elizabeth, the only surviving daughter of James the First and his queen, was born at the palace of Falkland, in Scotland, on the 19th of August, 1596. Till her seventh year she had been successively under the care of Lord Livingston and the Countess of Kildare. In 1603 she was transferred to the charge of John the first Lord Harrington, and his lady, two of the most

amiable and respectable characters at the court of James. With the incidents of her childhood we are little acquainted; there seems, however, to have existed the strongest attachment between her and her amiable brother Prince Henry; and, indeed, their tastes and characters were not very dissimilar. When removed from his society to be placed under Lord Harrington's roof, the little princess sent to her brother the following brief but eloquent epistle:—

My dear and worthy Brother,

I most kindly salute you, desiring to hear of your health; from whom, though I am now far away, none shall ever be nearer in affection than your most loving sister,
ELIZABETH.

There is extant another charming letter, addressed by the young princess to her brother, which it is impossible not to insert.

Worthy Prince and my dearest Brother,

I received your most welcome letter and kind token by Mr. Hopkins, highly esteeming them as delightful memorials of your brotherly love. In which, assuredly (whatever else may fail), I will ever endeavour to equal you, esteeming that time happiest when I enjoyed your company, and desiring nothing more than the fruition of it again; that as nature hath made us nearest in our love together, so accident might not separate us from living together. Neither do I account it the least part of my present comfort, that though I am deprived of your happy presence, yet I can make these lines deliver this true message, that I will ever be during my life your most kind and loving sister,
ELIZABETH.

To my most dear brother the prince.

Among the original letters to King James from his family, preserved in the advocate's Library in Edinburgh, are several in French, Italian, and English, from the princess to her father. James seems to have taken a considerable pleasure in receiving these juvenile compositions from his children; and it was probably owing to her knowledge of this taste that we find several letters from the princess's own children, after she had become Queen of Bohemia, preserved in this collection, and affectionately addressed to their royal grandsire. One childish epistle from her son, Frederick Henry, is amusing enough to record:

Sr,

I kiss your hand. I would fain see yo^r Ma^{ty}. I can say nominativus [hic, hæc, hoc, and all five declensions, and a part of pronomen, and a part of verbum. I have two horses alive, that can go up my stairs, a black horse and a chesnut. I pray God to bless your Ma^{ty}.

Yo^r Ma^{ty}'s obedient Grandchild,

To the king.

FREDERICK HENRY.

On the 16th of October, 1612, arrived in England, for the purpose of seeking the princess in marriage, Frederick the Fifth, Count Palatine of the Rhine, Duke of Bavaria and Silesia, and Elector, Cup-bearer, and High Steward of the empire; a man of a handsome, though melancholy countenance, and weak, good-natured, and penurious in his character; as unworthy of such a wife as James was of such a daughter.

Queen Anne, probably on account of the palatine's being a protestant, was extremely averse to the match, and endeavoured, by ridiculing him and his pretensions, to laugh her daughter out of the partiality which she had conceived. Coke

says, "she used contemptuously to style the princess—'Goodwife Palsgrave.'—'I would rather,' retorted the princess, 'be the palsgrave's wife, than the greatest papist queen in Christendom.'"

Frederick was affianced to his future bride, on the 27th of December, 1612, in the banqueting-house at Whitehall, and in the presence of the king, seated in state, and of the assembled court. The palsgrave was first led in, attended by Prince Charles and several of the nobility, and clad in a black velvet cloak adorned with gold lace. Then followed the princess, in a black velvet gown, "semé of crosslets, or quaterfoiles, silver; and a small white feather in her head, attended with ladies." Shortly after entered the king, who being seated under the canopy of state, the palsgrave and the princess stepped forward, and stood together on a rich Turkey carpet which had been prepared for the purpose. Sir Thomas Lake then read formally in French, from the book of common prayer,—'I, Frederick, take thee Elizabeth to my wedded wife,' &c.; which was repeated *verbatim* by the palsgrave. The same form having been gone through by the princess, the Archbishop of Canterbury pronounced the benediction:—"The God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Jacob, bless these espousals, and thy servants," &c. It is a remarkable circumstance that this marriage was asked by the publication of the bans in the chapel royal.

The palsgrave, at this period, appears to have distinguished himself by a liberality for which he was afterwards far from being celebrated. Mr. Chamberlain writes to Sir Ralph Winwood, 9th January, 1612:—"The prince palatine, (for so he is now styled, and since this contract is usually prayed for in the church among the king's children) was very royal in his presents this new-year's-tide, giving to the Lord and Lady Harrington in golden and gilt plate to the value of 2000*l.*; to their servants 400*l.*; to all the women about the Lady Elizabeth, 100*l.* apiece, and a medalia with his picture; to her waiters as much, and to her chief gentleman usher a chain of 150*l.*; to Mrs. Dudley a chain of pearls and diamonds of 500*l.*; to the prince a rapier and pair of spurs set with diamonds; to the king a bottle of one entire agate, containing two quarts, esteemed a very rare and rich jewel; to the queen a very fair cup of agate and a jewel; and lastly, to his mistress, a rich chain of diamonds, two very rich pendant diamonds for her ears; and above all, two pearls, for bigness, fashion, and beauty, esteemed the fairest that are to be found in Christendom; inasmuch that the jewels bestowed only on her are valued by men of skill above 35,000*l.* He was purposed to show the like bounty to the king and queen's servants and officers, but the king directly forbade it. The queen is noted to have given no great grace nor favour to this match; and there is doubt will do less hereafter, for that upon these things Schomberg that is chief about him) is said to have given out that his master is a better man than the King of Denmark; and that he is to take place of him in the empire, at leastwise of a greater king than he, the king of Bohemia. The marriage is set down for Shrove-Sunday, against which time, it is said, the lords and ladies about the court have appointed a mask upon their own charge: but I hear there is order given for 1500*l.* to provide one upon the king's cost, and 1000*l.* for fireworks."

The marriage ceremony was finally performed in the banqueting-house at Whitehall on the 14th of February, 1713, and appears to have been

when he began the world, his heart was new and peculiarly susceptible to each impression. Thus constituted, a person will not go far without meeting Love on his road; and Young soon discovered it in the charming smile and piquant grace of Anna Bowley, to whom he offered a timid homage, which was accepted without hesitation. The society in which his fair one moved, necessarily became the centre of his universe, and the ladies that composed it possessed in him a most devoted and assiduous cavalier.

One fine summer evening he escorted them to the river-side, not then so thickly built upon as now. It was the middle of summer, and the hour was that delightful one when the wings of the breeze bring coolness with them to refresh all nature, which was languid and exhausted by the heat of one of those oppressive days which ever and anon give us a taste of the fervid hours of a torrid clime. Bustle and activity prevailed around; the river was instinct with life and motion, and a thousand boats, gallantly equipped and manned, furrowed its broad bosom; a thousand confused sounds floated in the air; and the John Bull of the olden time seemed to be in the full enjoyment of his proverbial merriment—that picturesque John Bull of the second quarter of the eighteenth century, in cocked hat and laced cravat, embroidered and bright-coloured coat, knee-breeches, and high-quartered shoes.

Young enjoyed the scene with a poet's eye, and found ample materials for the indulgence of his satirical turn, when one of the ladies proposed that they should all go to Vauxhall, as it was a public night. The proposition was received with acclamation, and a wherry was soon freighted with the joyous company. By way of amusing his fair friends, Young drew from his pocket a flute, on which he excelled, and his notes were so perfect, that a crowd of boats soon gathered around; among others, was one filled with young officers, which pulled hastily up, and took a station alongside that of the musician. As Young only played for the gratification of his company and himself, he did not choose to be made a public spectacle; so he soon ceased, and returned the flute into its case. One of the officers took offence at this; and, thinking that his game was sure with a young man in a clergyman's dress, and whose aspect was anything but martial, he ordered the player to produce his flute and begin anew. Young shrugged his shoulders at this piece of impertinence, but took no further notice of it; it was followed by threats and curses, which had no greater effect upon the person against whom they were directed. The officer, who was very angry that his orders were disobeyed, and his menaces despised, directed his rowers to close with the boat of the refractory musician, and swore that he would fling him into the Thames, unless he immediately began playing. The alarm of the ladies was intense, and seeing that the soldier was about putting his threat into execution, they entreated Young to yield to the exigency; but the indignant flutist still resisted.

"Edward!" exclaimed a soft voice at his side; "will you do nothing to oblige me?"

"Do you wish me, Anna, to submit to the degrading insolence of such a brute?"

"Yes, I do; I beg it, if you have any regard for me."

Young drew out his flute without another word, and played several gay airs, whilst the triumphant soldier beat time with ostentation, applauded vehemently, and looked round as if to

impress upon the auditors the idea of his irresistible importance.

The company soon after reached Vauxhall, where the parties separated. But although Young's exterior was calm, he felt a deep resentment for the insult to which he had been subjected in his mistress's presence. Her accents had soothed his wrath, but it could not extinguish the desire of vengeance, and of making his oppressor ridiculous in his turn; so he determined not to lose sight of the aggressor, and to take the first opportunity, when he was alone, of speaking to him. An occasion soon offered, when he coolly addressed him—

"Sir," said he, "you have got an awkward habit of speaking too loudly."

"Ah!" rejoined the other, "that's because I make a point of being obeyed at the first word."

"But that depends upon your hearers; and I have a different opinion."

"Have you? and yet it seems that just now——"

"O, but you must know why I submitted to your rudeness."

"Well, what is your wish now sir?"

"To give you to understand that if I produced my flute, it was not to gratify you, but solely to oblige the ladies under my escort, and who were frightened at your long sword and loud oaths; but they are not here now; so——"

"You know this is a challenge, and your cloth——"

"Why should it? You have affronted me, and owe me satisfaction."

The soldier smiled disdainfully as he said—"As you please, sir; you shall be satisfied. When and in what place shall it be?"

"To-morrow, at daybreak, in Battersea fields, without seconds, as the affair only concerns you and me, and my profession compels me to have some regard to the proprieties of society."

"Be it so; what are your arms?"

"The sword," replied the juvenile member of the church militant. The conditions being thus arranged, the young men joined their respective parties.

On the following morning they were both punctual to their appointment. The officer had drawn his rapier, when Young produced a large horse pistol from beneath his cloak, and took a steady aim at his antagonist.

"What do you mean?" asked the astonished soldier; "have you brought weapons to assassinate me?"

"Perhaps; but that will depend upon yourself. Last night I played on the flute; this morning it is your turn to dance."

"I would die first; you have taken an unworthy advantage of this stratagem."

"As you did yesterday of the ladies' presence; but come, captain, you must begin your minuet."

"I shall do nothing of the kind, sir; your conduct is most ungentlemanly."

"No strong language here, captain; dance at once, or I will fire."

These words, which were uttered with much earnestness, and accompanied with a corresponding gesture, produced the effect desired. The officer, finding himself in a retired place, and at the mercy of a man whom he had grievously offended, and who seemed determined to exact reparation after his own fashion, did as he was desired, and stepped through the figure of a minuet, while Young whistled a slow and appropriate measure.

When it was finished, Young said—"Sir, you

have danced remarkably well; much better, in its way, than my flute-playing. We are now even; so, if you wish, we will begin another dance, in which I will be your *vis-à-vis*." Saying which, he drew his sword.

But the dancer very justly thought he had received a proper lesson, and more favourably appreciating the man he had so wantonly insulted, thought it would be better to have him for a friend than an enemy. He therefore held out his hand to Young, who shook it cordially; and in perfect harmony, and arm-in-arm, they quitted the spot which might have been fatal to one of them, but had, fortunately, only served to give and take a lesson in dancing. P.

From the Scottish Journal.

THE HA' BIBLE.

Chief of the Household Gods

Which hallow Scotland's lowly cottage homes!

While looking on thy signs

That speak, though dumb, deep thought upon me comes—

With glad yet solemn dreams my heart is stirr'd,
Like childhood's, when it hears the carol of a bird!

The mountains old and hoar—

The chainless winds—the streams so pure and free—

The God-enamell'd flowers—

The waving forest—the eternal sea—

The eagle floating o'er the mountain's brow—

Are teachers all; but O! they are not such as thou!

O! I could worship thee!

Thou art a gift a God of love might give;

For love and hope and joy

In thy Almighty-written pages live!

The slave who reads shall never crouch again;

For, mind-inspired by thee, he bursts his feeble chain!

God unto thee I kneel,

And thank thee! Thou unto my native land—

Yea to the outspread Earth—

Hast stretch'd in love thy everlasting hand,

And thou hast given earth, and sea, and air—

Yea all that heart can ask of good and pure and fair!

And, Father, thou hast spread

Before men's eyes this charter of the free,

That all thy book might read,

And justice, love, and truth and liberty,

The gift was unto men—the giver God!

Thou slave! it stamps thee man—go spurn thy weary load!

Thou doubly precious book!

Unto thy light what doth not Scotland owe?

Thou teachest age to die,

And youth in truth unsullied up to grow!

In lowly homes a comforter art thou—

A sunbeam sent from God—an everlasting bow!

O'er thy broad and ample page

How many dim and aged eyes have pored?

How many hearts o'er thee

In silence deep and holy have adored?

How many mothers, by their infants' bed,

Thy holy, blessed, pure, child-loving words have read!

And o'er thee soft young hands

Have oft in trothful plighted love been join'd,

And thou to wedded hearts

Hast been a bond—an altar of the mind!

Above all kingly power or kingly law!—

May Scotland reverence aye—the Bible of the Ha'!

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Beleké's German, and Sophocles's Greek Grammar.—On our table are grammars in three languages, French, German, and Greek, respectfully soliciting the public notice. As far as the two last are concerned, we are sure of doing the public a service by complying with the request.

It is a question whether the confusion of tongues at Babel may not have been—instead of a malediction—a kind dispensation of Providence, having the intent of multiplying human advantages and pleasures—opening new sources of mental cultivation, colloquial enjoyment, profit and reputation to makers and teachers of grammars, and, moreover, the improvement of public spirit and social affections. It is wonderful how saucy and patriotic men grow upon this subject of languages. Many a one will fight for his mother tongue as valiantly as for his natural mother. Father Bouhours, a Jesuit, and one of the French oracles in criticism, in a dialogue between two gentlemen of literary taste, discourses as follows about the French; deriding the Spanish for its pomp, the Italian for its finical effeminacy:—"The French," he says, (see Hallam, vol. iv. 290,) "has the secret of uniting brevity with clearness, and with purity and politeness. The Greek and Latin are obscure where they are concise; the Spanish is always diffuse. The Spanish is a turbid torrent, often overspreading the country with great noise. The Italian, a gentle rivulet, occasionally given to inundate its meadows; the French, a noble river, enriching the adjacent lands, but with an equal majestic course of waters that never quits its level. Spanish, again, he compares to an insolent beauty, that holds her head high, and takes pleasure in splendid dress; Italian, to a painted coquette, always attired to please; French, to a modest and agreeable lady, who, if you may call her a prude, has nothing uncivil or repulsive in her prudery. Latin is the common mother; but while Italian has the sort of likeness to the Latin, which an ape bears to a man, in French we have the dignity, politeness, purity, and good sense of the Augustan age. If we would speak the French well, he says, we should not try to speak it too well. It detests excess of ornament; it would almost desire that words should be, as it were, naked; their dress must not be more than necessity and decency require. Our pronunciation, he affirms, is the most natural and pleasing of any; the Chinese, and other Asiatics, sing; the Germans rattle (rallent); the Spaniards spout; the Italians sigh; the English whistle; the French alone can properly be said to speak; which arises, in fact, from our not accenting any syllable before the penultimate. The French language is best suited to express the tenderest sentiments of the heart; for which reason our songs are so impassioned and pathetic, while those of Italy and Spain are full of nonsense. Other languages may address the imagination, but ours alone speaks to the heart, which never understands what is said in them." These are pretty generally the French opinions of their own and the language of other nations. Nothing, unless the partridge and whip-poor-will speaks English in Paris. This is the Pere Bouhours, who institutes a serious enquiry in one of his chapters, under the following title: *Un Allemand, peut-il avoir de l'esprit?*

Mr. Beleké, who has been for several years Professor in Mount St. Mary's College, claims, notwithstanding Father Bouhours, a very high rank for his vernacular German. This language,

which till lately, was studied only to communicate with our Pennsylvania Dutch, is becoming a branch of polite education, and a grammar so recommended by all our best judges, as that of Mr. Beleké, must prove an acceptable offering to the public. We had long a foolish prejudice against this language, having heard it only on a hipsy-saw, or at the tail of a Lancaster wagon, and more frequently upon the lips of a Dutch *frau*, an acquaintance, hen-pecking her husband. We have seen him often subjected to this infliction for an hour together, and do not recollect that any softening vowel came ever to the relief of this worse than Russian cacophony—in her fiercer notes, more guttural than a gobling turkey, and in softer humours, argute and stridulous as the katy-did. But the same tune is not the same on different instruments—not the same quirring on the strings of Paganini, and ground upon the cat-gut of the hurdy-gurdy. We now hear German, daily, upon the tongue of a dark-browed maid of Vienna, and without knowing a word of its meanings, subscribe implicitly to the native sweetness of the German—we sing the *palinodia*, and hang out a white flag to Mr. Beleké.

A Greek Grammar by Sophocles—by Mr. Sophocles. (Πάσαι.) How that old Sophocles, of the buskins, would have stared at *Μιστρε Σοφοκλεις*—Mr. Sophocles, however, is a real live Greek, and has written one of the best Greek grammars extant, by the testimony of the North American Review, and of Dr. Woolsey, Professor of Greek in Yale College—of which, with all due respect we now cordially subjoin our confirmation.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE RUSTIC.—Anthony Collins, who has generally been considered a Freethinker, one day met a plain countryman going to church. "Where are you going?" said the philosopher. "To church, sir." "What to do there?" "To worship God, sir." "Pray is your God great or little?" "He is both, sir." "How can that be?" "He is so great that the heaven of heavens cannot contain him, and he is so little that he can dwell in my heart." Collins afterwards declared, that this simple observation of the countryman had more effect upon his mind than all the volumes he had perused, written by the learned doctors.

A resident on the banks of the Tees having lost his wife, a neighbour dropped in to condole with him, and, to his surprise, found him hard at work emptying a bowl of broth, little less capacious than a washhand basin. "Oh, Tommy Tommy!" exclaimed the comforter, "is this all thou cares for thy poor wife that's dead and gone?" Tommy dropped his spoon, and, looking up with tears in his eyes and broth on his beard, replied, "Ralph, Ralph! aw've been cryin' all t' marnin', and when aw've supped my broth aw'll be cryin' agyan—what maar would thou hev?"

AN AMOROUS PUN.—"Who is that lovely girl?" exclaimed the waggish Lord Norbury, riding in company with his long-eared friend, Counsellor Granarty. "Miss Glass," replied the knavish barrister. "Glass?" reiterated the facetious judge;—"by the love which man bears to woman, I should often become *intoxicated* could I place such a *glass* to my *lips*?" The counsellor fell from his horse in a fit of apoplexy, and did not completely recover till he had been thrice bled in the right arm.

HISTORICAL EXCERPTS.

When Queen Catharine (Henry the Eighth's wife) wanted a salad, she had to send all the way to Flanders for it.

Henry VIII. issued a proclamation that women should not meet together to babble and talk, and that all men should keep their wives in their houses.

Seventy-two thousand criminals were executed in Henry the Eighth's reign.

In 1546 a law was made for fixing the interest of money at ten per cent.; the first legal interest known in England, &c.

Henry VIII. founded Trinity College, in Cambridge; Wolsey founded Christ Church, in Oxford; Wolsey founded in Oxford the first chair for teaching Greek; and this novelty sent that university into violent factions, which frequently came to blows. The students divided themselves into parties, which bore the names of Greeks and Trojans, and sometimes fought with as great animosity as was formerly exercised by those hostile nations, &c.

Queen Elizabeth sent a message to the house of commons commanding them to avoid long speeches.

Sir Christopher Hutton, though no lawyer, was made chancellor.

Phillip II. invades, with the invincible armada, England, in 1588.

In 1589, Jaques Clement, a Dominican friar, assassinated Henry III. of France.

The Irish loudly complained that the English had introduced into their country the trial by jury.

It was in the reformation, and the rise of puritanism, the effect of the reformation, that the first stone of English liberty was laid. Had the English retained the Catholic religion, she then would, probably, have retained her slavery, &c. It is upon puritanical rigour that the free constitution of Britain is reared. To speak of a constitution in England in the time of Elizabeth, is to speak of a thing that did not exist, &c.

Take the courts of the star chamber, high commission, and the martial law, and add them together, and the result will be an inquisition worse than that of Spain.

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THE BIBLE.

"The English translation of the Bible had been several times revised, or remade since the first edition by Tyndal & Coverdale. It finally assumed the present form under James I. Forty-seven persons, in six companies, meeting at Westminster, Oxford, and Cambridge, distributed the labour among them; twenty-five being assigned to the Old Testament, fifteen to the New, seven to the Apocrypha. The rules imposed for their guidance by the king, were designed, as far as possible, to secure the text against any novel interpretation; the translation called the Bishop's Bible being established as the basis, as those still older had been in that; and the work of each person or company being subjected to the review of the rest. The translation, which was commenced in 1607, was published in 1611.

"The style of this translation is in general so enthusiastically praised, that no one is permitted either to qualify or even explain the grounds of his approbation. It is held to be the perfection of our English language. I shall not dispute this proposition; but one remark as to matter of fact cannot reasonably be censured, that in consequence of the principle of adherence to the original versions, which had been kept up ever since the time of Henry VIII. it is not the language of James I. It may, in the eyes of many, be a better English, but it is not the English of Daniel, or Raleigh, or Bacon, as any one may easily perceive. It abounds, in fact, especially in the Old Testament, with obsolete phraseology, and with single words long since abandoned, or retained only in provincial use. On the more important question, whether this translation is entirely, or with very trifling exceptions, conformable to the original text, it seems unfit to enter. It is one which is seldom discussed with all the temper and freedom from oblique views which the subject demands, and upon which, for this reason, it is not safe for those, who have not had leisure or means to examine it for themselves, to take upon trust the testimony of the learned. A translation of the Old Testament was published at Douay, in 1609, for the use of the English Catholics.

"The style of preaching before the reformation had been often little else than buffoonery, and seldom respectable. The German sermons of Tauler, in the fourteenth century, are alone remembered. For the most part, indeed, the clergy wrote in Latin what they delivered to the multitude in the mother tongue. A better tone began with Luther. His language was sometimes rude and low, but persuasive, artless,

powerful. He gave many useful precepts, as well as examples, for pulpit eloquence. Melancthon, and several others, both in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as well in the Lutheran as the reformed church, endeavoured, by systematic treatises to guide the composition of sermons. The former, however, could not withstand the formal, tasteless, and polemical spirit that overspread their theology. In the latter, a superior tone is perceived. The sermons of Donne have sometimes been praised in later times. They are undoubtedly the productions of a very ingenious and very learned man; and two folio volumes, by such a person, may be suspected to supply favourable specimens. In their general character they will not appear, I think, much worthy of being rescued from oblivion."

JEREMY TAYLOR.

"The sermons of Jeremy Taylor are of much higher reputation; far, indeed, above any that had preceded them in the English church. An imagination essentially poetical, and sparing none of the decorations which, by critical rules, are deemed almost peculiar to verse; a warm tone of piety, sweetness, and charity; an accumulation of circumstantial accessories whenever he reasons, or persuades, or describes; an erudition pouring itself forth in quotation, till his sermons become, in some places, almost a garland of flowers from all other writers, and especially from those of classical antiquity, never before so redundantly scattered from the pulpit, distinguish Taylor from his contemporaries by their degree, as they do from most of his successors by their kind. His sermons on the Marriage Ring, on the House of Feasting, on the Apples of Sodom, may be named, without disparagement to others which, perhaps, ought to stand in equal place. But they are not without considerable faults, some of which have just been hinted. The eloquence of Taylor is great, but it is not eloquence of the highest class; it is far too Asiatic, too much in the style of Chrysostom and other declaimers of the fourth century; by the study of whom he had probably vitiated his taste; his learning is ill placed, and his arguments often as much so; not to mention that he has the common defect of alledging nugatory proofs; his vehemence loses its effect by the circuitry of his pleonastic language; his sentences are of endless length, and hence, not altogether unmusical, but not always reducible to grammar. But he is still the greatest ornament to the English pulpit up to the middle of the seventeenth century; and we have no reason to believe, or rather much reason

to disbelieve, that he had any competitor in other languages.

"The devotional writings of Taylor, several of which belong to the first part of the century, are by no means of less celebrity or less value than his sermons. Such are the Life of Christ, the Holy Living and Dying, and the collection of meditations, called the Golden Grove. A writer as distinguished, in works of practical piety, was Hall. His Art of Divine Meditation, his Contemplations, and, indeed, many of his writings, remind us frequently of Taylor. Both had equally pious and devotional tempers; both were full of learning, both fertile of illustration; both may be said to have imagination and poetical genius, though Taylor let his predominate a little more. Taylor is also a little more subtle and argumentative; his copiousness has more variety. Hall keeps more closely to his subject, dilates upon it more tediously, but more appositely. In his Summons there is some excess of quotation and far-fetched illustration, but less than in those of Taylor. These two great divines resemble each other, on the whole, so much, that we might, for a short time, not discover which we were reading. I do not know that any third writer comes close to either. The Contemplations of Hall are among his most celebrated works. They are prolix, and without much of that vivacity or striking novelty we meet with in the devotional writings of his contemporary, but are perhaps more practical, and generally edifying."—Hallam.

LINES ON LEAVING EDINBURGH.

BY L. H. SISOURNEY.

The tinge is on thy brow, sweet land,
The tinge is on thy brow;
For Autumn rends away the crown
That summer gave but now.
I journey to a greener clime,
Where England's oaks appear;
Yet, oh! the tear is on my cheek,
For thee, Edina dear.
There may perchance be richer realms,
Where pride and splendour roll;
But thou hast aye the wealth of heart
That wins the stranger's soul.
There may perchance be those who say
That Scotia's hills are dear;
Yet still the tear is on my cheek,
For thee, Edina dear.
And when, my pilgrim wanderings o'er,
I seek my forest land;
And, by my ingleside once more,
Shall clasp the kindred hand,—
And tell my listening children tales
Of lands of foreign fame,
Their grateful tears with mine shall flow
At dear Edina's name.

FERGUSON.

In the "Scottish Journal," a paper published weekly in New York, by J. G. Cumming, there have appeared lately some "Recollections of Ferguson." Poor Ferguson! doomed to struggle against adverse circumstances, yet has left a name dear to his countrymen. We annex the last number of these recollections. To the emigrants from Scotland we with pleasure recommend the Journal, as a work which will afford them much gratification at a small price.

O Ferguson! thy glorious pars!
Ill suited law's dry, musty arts!
My curse upon your whunstone hearts!
Ye Embrugh gentry!
The tithr o' what ye waste at cartes
Wad stow'd his pantry!

BURNS.

I visited Edinburgh, for the first time, in the latter part of the autumn of 1773, about two months after I had sailed from Boston. It was on a fine calm morning—one of those clear sunshiny mornings of October, when the gossamer goes sailing about in long cottony threads, so light and fleecy, that they seem the skeleton remains of extinct cloudlets; and when the distant hills, with their covering of gray frost rime, seem, through the clear cold atmosphere, as if chiseled in marble. The sun was rising over the town through a deep blood-coloured haze—the smoke of a thousand fires; and the huge fantastic piles of masonry that stretched along the ridge, looked dim and spectral through the cloud, like the ghosts of an army of giants. I felt half a foot taller as I strode on towards the town. It was Edinburgh I was approaching—the scene of so many proud associations to a lover of Scotland; and I was going to meet, as an early friend, one of the first of Scottish poets. I entered the town. There was a book stall in one corner of the street; and I turned aside for half a minute to glance my eye over the books.

"Ferguson's Poems!" I exclaimed, taking up a little volume. "I was not aware they appeared in a separate form. How do you sell this?"

"Just like a' the ither booksellers," said the man who kept the stall—"that's nane o' the buiks that come down in a hurry:—just for the marked selling price." I threw down the money.

"Could you tell me any thing of the writer?" I said. "I have a letter for him from America."

"Oh, that'll be frae his brither Henry, I'll wad; a clever chield, too, but owre fond o' the drap drink, maybe, like Rob himsel. Baith o' them fine humane chields though, without a grain o' pride. Rob takes a stan' wi' me sometimes o' half an hour at a time, an' we clatter owre the buiks; an', if I'm no mista'en, yon's him just yonder—the thin pale slip o' a lad wi' the broad brow. Ay, an' he's just comin' this way."

"Anything new to-day, Thomas?" said the young man, coming up to the stall. "I want a cheap second-hand copy of Ramsay's 'Evergreen'; and like a good man as you are, you must just try and find it for me."

Though considerably altered, for he was taller and thinner than when at college, and his complexion had assumed a deep sallow hue—I recognised him at once, and presented him with the letter.

"Ah! from brother Henry," he said, breaking it open, and glancing his eye over the contents. "What!—old college chum, Mr. Lindsay!" he exclaimed, turning to me. "Yes, sure enough; how happy I am we should have met! Come this way—let us get out of the streets."

We passed hurriedly through the Canongate, and along the front of Holyrood-house, and were soon in the King's Park, which seemed, this morning, as if left to ourselves.

"Dear me, and this is you yourself!—and we have again met, Mr. Lindsay!" said Ferguson—"I thought we were never to meet more. Nothing, for a long time, has made me half so glad. And so you have been a sailor for the last four years. Do let us sit down here in the warm sunshine, beside St. Anthony's Well, and tell me all your story, and how you happened to meet with brother Henry."

We sat down, and I briefly related, at his bidding, all that had befallen me since we had parted at St. Andrew's, and how I was still a common sailor, but, in the main, perhaps, not less happy than many who commanded a fleet.

"Ah, you have been a fortunate fellow," he said; "you have seen much and enjoyed much; and I have been rusting in unhappiness at home. Would that I had gone to sea along with you!"

"Nay, now, that won't do," I replied. "But you are merely taking Bacon's method of blunting the edge of envy. You have scarcely yet attained the years of mature manhood, and yet your name has gone abroad over the whole length and breadth of the land, and over many other lands besides. I have cried over your poems three thousand miles away, and felt all the prouder of my country for the sake of my friend. And yet you would fain persuade me that you wish the charm reversed, and that you were just such an obscure salt-water man as myself!"

"You remember," said my companion, "the story of the half man, half marble prince of the Arabian tale. One part was a living creature, one part a stone; but the parts were incorporated, and the mixture was misery. I am just such a poor unhappy creature as the enchanted prince of the story."

"You surprise and distress me," I rejoined. "Have you not accomplished all you so fondly purposed—realised even your warmest wishes? And this, too, in early life. Your most sanguine hopes pointed to but a name, which you yourself, perhaps, was never to hear, but which was to dwell on men's tongues when the grave closed over you. And now the name is gained, and you live to enjoy it. I see the living part of your lot, it seems instinct with happiness; but in what does the dead, the stone part consist?"

He shook his head; and looked up mournfully in my face; there was a pause of a few seconds. "You, Mr. Lindsay," he at length replied, "you who are of an equable, steady temperament, can know little, from experience, of the unhappiness of the man who lives only in extremes; who is either madly gay or miserably depressed. Try and realise the feelings of one whose mind is like a broken harp—all the medium tones gone, and only the higher and lower left; of one, too, whose circumstances seem of a piece with his mind; who can enjoy the exercise of his better powers, and yet can only live by the monotonous drudgery of copying page after page in a clerk's office; of one who is continually groping his way amid a chill melancholy fog of nervous depression, or carried headlong, by a wild gaiety, to all which his better judgment would instruct him to avoid; of one who, when he indulges most in the pride of superior intellect, cannot away with the thought that that intellect is on the eve of breaking up, and that he must yet rate infinitely lower in the

scale of rationality than any of the nameless thousands who carry on the ordinary concerns of life around him."

I was grieved and astonished, and knew not what to answer. "You are in a gloomy mood to-day," I at length said; "you are immersed in one of the fogs you describe; and all the surrounding objects take a tinge of darkness from the medium through which you survey them. Come, now, you must make an exertion, and shake off your melancholy. I have told you all my story, as I best could, and you must tell me all yours in return."

"Well," he replied, "I shall, though it mayn't be the best way in the world of dissipating my melancholy. I think I must have told you, when at college, that I had a maternal uncle of considerable wealth and, as the world goes, respectability, who resided in Aberdeenshire. He was placed on what one may term the table-land of society; and my poor mother, whose recollections of him were limited to a period when there is warmth in the feelings of the most ordinary minds, had hoped that he would willingly exert his influence in my behalf. Much, doubtless, depends on one's setting out in life; and it would have been something to have been enabled to step into it from a level-like that was occupied by my relative. I paid him a visit shortly after leaving college, and met with apparent kindness. But I can see beyond the surface, Mr. Lindsay; and I soon saw that my uncle was entirely a different man from the brother whom my mother remembered. He had risen, by a course of slow industry, from comparative poverty, and his feelings had worn out in the process. The character was case-hardened all over; and the polish it bore—for I have rarely met a smoother man—seemed no improvement. He was, in brief, one of the class content to dwell for ever in mere decencies, with consciences made up of the conventional moralities, who think by precedent, bow to public opinion as their god, and estimate merit by its weight in guineas."

"And so your visit," I said, "was a very brief one?"

"You distress me," he replied. "It should have been so; but it was not. But what could I do? Ever since my father's death, I had been taught to consider this man as my natural guardian; and I was now unwilling to part with my last hope. But this is not all. Under much apparent activity, my friend, there is a substratum of apathetical indolence in my disposition; I move rapidly when in motion; but when at rest, there is a dull inertness in the character, which the will, when unassisted by passion, is too feeble to overcome. Poor, weak creature that I am! I had sitten down by my uncle's fireside, and felt unwilling to rise. Pity me, my friend—I deserve your pity—but, oh, do not despise me!"

"Forgive me, Mr. Ferguson," I said; "I have given you pain, but surely most unwittingly."

"I am ever a fool," he continued; "but my story lags; and, surely, there is little in it on which it were pleasure to dwell. I sat at this man's table for six months, and saw, day after day, his manner towards me becoming more constrained, and his politeness more cold; and yet I staid on till at last my clothes were worn threadbare, and he began to feel that the shabbiness of the nephew affected the respectability of the uncle. His friend, the soap-boiler, and his friend, the oil merchant, and his friend, the manager of

really magnificent.* The heart of the good Sir John Finnet, the master of the ceremonies, evidently warms, as he describes minutely the gorgeous dresses, and the "draughts of ippocras out of a great golden bowl." "The bravery," he adds, "and riches of that day were incomparable; gold and silver laid upon lords' ladies' and gentlewomen's backs, was the poorest burthen: pearls and costly embroideries being the commonest wear. The king's and queen's and prince's jewels only, were valued that day by his majesty himself at nine hundred thousand pounds sterling."†

The appearance of the bride has been minutely and fondly described by more than one writer of the period. She was arrayed in white, the emblem of innocence; her long hair, as the ornament of virginity, falling in full length down her back. On her head was a crown of pure gold, ornamented with pearls and diamonds; and supporting her train were twelve young ladies, also clothed in white, and so adorned with jewels, that we are told *her passage looked like a milky way*. During her progress to the chapel royal, she was supported by two single men, her brother, Prince Charles, on the right, and the Earl of Northampton on the left. On her return, she was escorted by two married noblemen, the Duke of Lennox and the Earl of Nottingham. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

They took leave of the king and queen at Rochester, in the middle of April, and attended by several of the nobility of both sexes, arrived at Flushing on the 27th of that month, from whence they passed in considerable magnificence to Heidelberg. The elector seems to have parted, not in the best humour with his father-in-law. At the instigation of his uncle, the Duke de Bouillon, he had solicited the enlargement of Lord

* It is said in a letter of the time,—“The Lady Wotton was reported to have a gown that cost fifty pound the yard the embroidering; and the Lord Montague bestowed fifteen hundred pound in apparel upon his daughters.”—*Winwood's Memorials*, vol. iii. p. 434.

† Finetti Philoxenis, p. 11. The marriage of his daughter must have cost the king nearly a hundred thousand pounds.

The following are given by Rapin as the items:—

For the palsegrave's diet at his standing house,	£6000
For his diet at his instalment of the garter,	4000
For diet at his marriage,	2000
For lodging for his servants,	830
To the wardrobe for apparel for the Princess Elizabeth,	6252
For furnishing her chamber,	3023
Apparel and necessities for her to my lord Harrington's,	1829
Jewels and apparels for her servants,	3914
For divers merchants for silk, &c.	995
The lords' mask at her marriage,	400
For the naval work of fireworks on the Thames at her marriage,	4800
More fireworks on the Thames at her marriage,	2880
To Sir Edward Cecil as Treasurer, for her journey from hence to Heidelbergh, and for her purse,	2000
For settling her jointure, and charges to some of the gentry to go thither, and to take the assurance;	800
The charges of her journey,	8000
For her transport to Flushing,	5555
Paid over to the palsegrave's agent for her portion,	40,000
Total,	£93,978

Grey from the tower. The king, apparently far from pleased, declined complying with this request. He told him that when he came to Germany, the elector might depend on his not interceding for any of his prisoners. The palsegrave complained to the Archbishop of Canterbury, that, instead of treating him as his son-in-law, the king “used him rather like a youngling, or childish youth, not to be regarded.”

James, it seems, was anxious that his son-in-law should receive an academical entertainment from the University of Cambridge, and accordingly we find them surfeiting him for a considerable period with pedantry, yet not without respect.

However unimportant in other respects, as a further illustration of the amiable character of Elizabeth, it may not be uninteresting to insert the following letter. It was addressed by her, on the eve of her quitting England, to the Lord Mayor and Wardens of the Merchant Tailors' Company, and shows how warmly she could interest herself in favour of an old retainer:—

My Lord,

I have not been forward to wring you with requests. As this is the first, so is it likely to be the last, especially in this kind.

That which I am to move you and your company is for this; I am given to understand that the cook belonging to your hall, being an old man, is not so well able as he hath been to do you service, but, by reason of his impotency, driven to commit the same to another: in regard whereof, for that I have known the bearer hereof, John Warde, to be sufficient for the operation of such a place, having had experience of his honesty and discreet consideration, doing me service in the house where I have lived since my coming into England, I am willing to commend him unto you for the cook of your hall, to be accepted when that old man shall leave his place by death or otherwise resign it. I presume my letter shall carry that respect with your lordship that to enlarge it with more inducements shall be needless. If I may hear before I leave this place, that John Warde doth rest assured of your favours in this behalf, it shall settle an affection in me to continue your friend,

ELIZABETH.

The manner in which the palsegrave eventually plunged his subjects in war, and risked his patrimonial dominions, for the sake of the mere empty title of king;—the circumstances under which his electoral title was transferred to the dukedom of Bavaria, and he himself became an expatriated wanderer, and a pensioner upon England, are too minutely detailed in history to require repetition.

These were the circumstances, however, which exhibited in a stronger light the more brilliant qualities of Elizabeth's character. When Count Thurm gallantly offered to prolong the defence of the citadel of Prague till she had reached a place of safety; “Never,” was her reply, “shall there be more devastation than is necessary for my sake: sooner would I die where I am, than be remembered by a curse.” Nothing could exceed the unrepining dignity with which she bore her misfortunes, and few have been more afflicted. Kirkton, in his history of the Church of Scotland, speaks of her existence as the “most unhappy of any woman in the world.” She had been driven from her husband's kingdom, and from the splendours and comforts to which she had been born, into exile and positive want. Neal dwells on her “starving condition,” and she is

even spoken of as “reduced to the utmost beggary,” and as “wandering frequently in disguise as a mere vagrant.” In one year she lost her father, who was also her benefactor, and her eldest son, Frederick; the latter by a miserable end. He was crossing Hærlæm-Mere with his father, in the common passage boat, (the penurious palsegrave having selected that conveyance in order to save a small sum,) when the vessel, which was overladen with goods, unfortunately overset. The palsegrave saved himself by swimming, but the young prince, clinging to the mast, became entangled in the rigging, and the next morning was found half drowned, half frozen to death. With the vulgar-minded, to be poor is to be contemptible. At Antwerp, in the true spirit of vulgarity, the most illustrious woman of her time was depicted as an Irish beggar, a child hanging behind her back, and the king, her father, carrying her cradle.

Still, however, there were those who were able to appreciate merit and feel for misfortune. In the low countries she was so beloved as to be styled “the Queen of Hearts.” In England she was not forgotten. There was the strongest feeling in favour of this unfortunate princess, and an ardent anxiety that James would take an active and decided part to procure the restitution of the palatinate. The forlorn situation of a princess of England was considered as a national disgrace; and mingling their anxiety for the protestant interests with their ardour in her cause, the people of England would have poured forth to a war with the empire as they would have gathered to a crusade. The following extract from a letter of the period will afford some idea of the enthusiasm which was excited by her character and distress:—“The lieutenant of the Middle Temple played a game this Christmas time, whereat his majesty was highly displeased. He made choice of the civilest and best-fashioned gentlemen of the house to sup with him: and being at supper, took a cup of wine in one hand, and held his sword drawn in the other, and so began a health to the distressed Lady Elizabeth, and having drunk, kissed the sword, and laying his hand upon it, took an oath to live and die in her service; then delivered the cup and sword to the next, and so the health and ceremony went round.

One of Elizabeth's most ardent admirers was the famous Sir Henry Wotton. The following exquisite verses are the more remarkable, as being written by a man whose fame rested so little on his poetical talent: they are addressed—“To his mistress, the Queen of Bohemia.”

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes,
More by your number than your light;
You common-people of the skies,
What are you when the sun shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your voices understood
By your weak accents; what's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own,
What are you when the rose is blown?

So, when my mistress shall be seen,
In form and beauty of her mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a queen;

Tell me if *she* were not design'd
The eclipse and glory of her kind.*

Elizabeth was herself a poetess, and is known to have been the author of a copy of verses, which will be found both in the *Nugæ Antiquæ* and Park's *Noble Authors*. The sentiments are those of an amiable and a graceful mind, and though the versification is indifferent, the whole is at least equal as a composition to any of the poetical effusions of her pedantic father. The three concluding stanzas have the most merit, and may be taken as a specimen of her muse.

O! my soul, of heavenly birth,
Do thou scorn this basest earth:
Place not here thy joy and mirth,
Where of bliss is greatest dearth.

From below thy mind remove,
And affect the things above;
Set thy heart and fix thy love
Where the truest joys shall prove.

To me grace, O Father! send,
On thee wholly to depend,
That all may to thy glory tend;
So let me live, so let me end.

The Elector Palatine died of a fever, while in exile at Mentz, November 29, 1632. From this period Elizabeth resided principally at the Hague, where she was eventually joined by the royal family of England, when the civil commotions had banished them from their country. Her adviser and supporter during her widowhood was William, the first Earl of Craven, who carefully watched over her affairs, and regarded her with an affection which almost amounted to enthusiasm. The world believed that they were married, and the suspicion appears to have been not unfounded. At all events, she could not have united herself to a kinder, a braver, or a better man.

Shortly after the Restoration she accepted an invitation from her nephew, Charles the Second, and returned to her native country on the 17th of May, 1661. She first took up her residence in Lord Craven's house in Drury Lane, an interesting mansion only recently demolished,† whence

* *Reliquæ Wottonianæ*, p. 379. There are other versions of this beautiful trifle, but the discrepancies are not material. It may be remarked, however, that Dr. Wright, in the *Parnassus Biceps*, inserts two additional stanzas, as the first and concluding one, of which the merit is indifferent and the authenticity doubtful. The disputed stanzas are as follows:—

Ye glorious trifles of the East,
Whose estimation fancies raise,
Pearls, rubies, sapphires, and the rest
Of precious gems; what is your praise
When as the diamond shows his rays?

The rose, the violet, and the whole spring
May to her breath for sweetness run,
The diamond's darkened in the ring,
When she appears the moon's undone,
As at the brightness of the sun.

See Walton's *Lives*: London, 1825, p. 472, note.

† It had formerly been called Drury House, having been the residence of the ancient family of the Druries, and was famous as the spot where the adherents of the ill-fated Essex plotted against Queen Elizabeth. The house was rebuilt by Lord Craven. Pennant tells us that in searching after it, he discovered a sign, the head of the Queen of Bohemia, "his admired mistress," which proved its identity. In Pennant's time it was an inn. The same writer remarks on the following curious coincidence: "It is singular that this lane, of later times so notorious

she removed on the 8th of February, 1662, to Leicester House, where she died only five days afterwards, February 13, 1662, in the sixty-sixth year of her age. Osborne, no great respecter of princes, has given her character in the brightest colours. He tells us that "her misfortunes were as singular evidences of the instability of fortune, as in prosperity she had herself afforded of civility and goodness." He informs us also that her conduct was so blameless throughout, that even the papists were at a loss where to search for blame. That character must be indeed exemplary, on which political, and even religious, rancour is unable to fix reproach.

Elizabeth delighted in the society of learned men, among whom we are pleased to find Sir Henry Wotton her friend, and Francis Quarles her cup-bearer. Indeed, the gallant Provost of Eaton is all enthusiasm when he speaks of her. He styles her, with no less poetry than justice, a "princess resplendent in the darkness of fortune."

The following letter to Lord Finch, which is for the first time printed, will afford some notion of Elizabeth's playful humour:—

My Lord,

I assure you your letter was very welcome to me, being glad to find you are still heart-whole, and that you are in better health, if your cough is gone. As for your appetite, I confess your outlandish meats are not so good as beef and mutton. I pray you remember how ill pickled herring did use you here, and brought you one of your one hundred and fifty fevers. As for the Countess, I can tell you heavy news of her, for she is turned Quaker, and preaches every day in a tub. Your nephew George can tell you of her quaking; but her tub-preaching is come since he went. I believe at last she will become an Adamite. I did not hear you were dead; wherefore I hope your promise not to die till you let me know it; but you must also stay till I give you leave to die, which will not be till we meet a shooting somewhere, but where that is God knows best. I can tell little other news here: my chief exercise being to jaunt betwixt this and Schieveling, where my niece has been all this winter. I am now in mourning for my brother-in-law the Duke of Simmeren's death. My Lady Stanhope and her husband are going, six weeks hence, into France to the waters of Bourbon, which is all I will say now, only that I am ever

Your most affectionate friend,

Hague, March 4.

ELIZABETH.

I pray you remember me to your lady and to my Lord of Winchelsea.

To the Lord Finch.

Elizabeth bequeathed her pictures, her books, and her papers to Lord Craven, who had ever been faithful and ever kind. That she was married to that nobleman, though it has been generally credited, has never been actually proved. He was thirteen years her junior; notwithstanding which disparity the feeling which actuated his attentions appears to have been something deeper than friendship. After her decease he is

for intrigue, should receive its title from a family name, which, in the language of Chaucer, had an amorous signification,—

Of bataille and of chevalrie,
Of ladies' love and Druerie,
Anon I wol you tell."

Pennant's *London*, p. 145.

said to have resided principally at Combe Abbey, from its having been the scene of his beloved mistress's childhood.

It would be improper to dismiss our notice of the Queen of Bohemia, without a brief account of her presumed husband, and faithful servant, Lord Craven. He was the son of Sir William Craven, Knight, Merchant Tailor, who served the office of Lord Mayor of London in 1611. Early in life he had achieved a reputation in arms under Gustavus Adolphus, and Henry prince of Orange, which probably led, 12th of March, 1626, to his being created Baron Craven. During the civil wars, having fought bravely and suffered severely in the royal cause, at the Restoration, he was raised by Charles II. 15th of March, 1663, to be Viscount and Earl Craven. In 1670, he succeeded the great Duke of Albe-marle as Colonel of the Coldstream Guards: he was also a member of the Privy Council to Charles II. and his brother James. To the last, his life was as useful to his fellow-creatures, as his character was brave, generous, and open. He voluntarily remained in London during the time of the great plague, and built a lazaretto for the sick, behind what is now called Golden Square, but which then consisted of open fields. Pennant says, "he braved the fury of the pestilence with the same coolness that he fought the battles of his beloved mistress, Elizabeth, or mounted the tremendous breach at Creutzenach:" and Dr. Gumble, his contemporary, informs us, that he "freely chose to venture his life upon a thousand occasions in this afflicted time, in the midst of the infected; provided nurses and physicians for them that were sick, and out of his own purse expended vast sums of money, to supply the necessities of such as were ready to perish: an honour beyond all his gallantries and brave exploits in Germany and elsewhere."

In the same spirit of philanthropy, whenever a fire broke out in London or its vicinity, so eager was he in his exertions, and so immediately was he ever on the spot, that it was said that, "his horse smelt a fire as soon as it happened." It is remarkable, considering the earl's well-known exertions on such occasions, that, in 1718, his splendid mansion at Hampstead-Marshall, should have been destroyed by fire.

Whether at home or abroad, no one was more generally loved or universally respected. Handsome and gallant in his youth, he was through life, agreeable, benevolent, and kind-hearted. If Elizabeth really accepted him as her husband, what more can be said, than that she showed her judgment and her taste. In his attachment there was something almost amounting to romance. A soldier in early life, he was in his heart a soldier to the last. When, at the accession of James II. it was proposed to take away his regiment from the old courtier, "They might as well," he said, "take away my life, for I have nothing else to divert myself with." Notwithstanding his military tastes, the researches of the Royal Society, and the decoration of his own garden, continued, to extreme old age, to be the sources of pleasure and improvement.

A character so amiable may bear to have a single weakness recorded. It is related of him, at the court of Charles the Second, that he had a failing of whispering in the ears of the principal politicians at court, as if to leave an impression among the bystanders that he was the depository of some state secret. It was on this account that Lord Keeper Guilford used to style him "Earwig." Charles II. was once much amused with

seeing the Earl of Dorset, whose high breeding made him a patient listener, undergoing the infliction of Lord Craven's whispering. When they parted, the king inquired of Dorset what he had been listening to. "My Lord Craven," said the earl, "did me the honour to whisper, but I did not think it good manners to listen." Lord Craven died 9th of April, 1697, at the age of eighty-eight.

LADY ARABELLA STUART.

Though nearly allied to the throne of England and an object of jealousy to its possessors, it is remarkable how little is really known of the character of this unfortunate lady. By one writer, she is said to have been as little remarkable for beauty as for the qualities of her mind. By others, her beauty and her genius have been highly extolled. Evelyn places her in his catalogue of learned women, and Philips among his modern poetesses. Lodge in particular speaks of "her good sense, refined education, elegance of manners, and kindness of disposition." Let us, however, draw our own inferences from these contradictory statements, and we shall, perhaps, arrive at the truth. Certain it is, that though she became the object on which ambition centered its views, she was too sensible to be caught in the golden net which was spread for her. That she was artless and feminine in her disposition;—that if she did not excel, she at least was not deficient in mental and personal accomplishments;—that her life was unhappy, and her end miserable; these are nearly all the particulars that can now be told of a character to which so much importance was once attached.

Lady Arabella was first cousin to James the First, being the daughter of Charles Stuart, fifth earl of Lennox, who was brother to Henry Lord Darnley, the king's father, by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Cavendish, of Hardwick. James derived his claims to the throne of England, from being the great-grandson of Margaret, daughter of Henry the Seventh. Lady Arabella was her great-granddaughter, by the queen's second marriage with Archibald Douglas, earl of Angus, whose daughter, lady Margaret Douglas, was married to Matthew earl of Lennox, grandfather to the subject of the present memoir. Lady Arabella was born about the year 1577, and was educated in London under the care of her grandmother, Margaret countess of Lennox, who was first cousin to Queen Elizabeth.

Lady Arabella was too closely allied to the throne for her own happiness. Through life she was little more than a prisoner at large, whose every movement was watched and suspected. She was undoubtedly a person of considerable importance in the political intrigues of the period. The papists, encouraged by the unsettled state of the English succession, were anxious to unite her to a foreign prince of their own persuasion. The pope had thoughts of marrying her to a prince of the house of Farnese, with a view, if possible, of afterwards raising her to the throne of England. The duke of Savoy was also mentioned as a suitable consort. The famous plot for which Broke and others suffered on the scaffold, and Raleigh, Grey, and Cobham, were sentenced to imprisonment, had for its object the elevation of Arabella to the throne, and her marriage with an English nobleman.

The jealousy of Queen Elizabeth prevented her relative from embracing several eligible op-

portunities of entering into the marriage state. James had been desirous of uniting her to her cousin the Duke of Lennox, but being opposed by Elizabeth, the project fell to the ground. The lady herself appears to have been extremely anxious to enter into the matrimonial state, and twice suffered imprisonment in the attempt. Previously to her clandestine match with Seymour, she had been on the eve of marriage with a son of the Earl of Northumberland; but the attempt becoming known to Elizabeth, she experienced a different kind of confinement to that which a married lady might have anticipated.

One of Elizabeth's methods of keeping James in proper subserviency, was by opposing the claims of Arabella Stuart to those of the Scottish monarch. When the latter was about twelve years of age, the queen pointed her out to the wife of the French ambassador:—"Do you see that little girl?" she said: "simple as she looks, she may one day sit in this chair of state and occupy my place." Elizabeth neglected her young relation, if she did not actually ill-treat her. When the queen died, Lady Arabella's near relationship caused her to be specially invited to the funeral. She declined the honour, observing that, as "her access to the queen had not been permitted in her life-time, she would not after her death be brought upon the stage for a public spectacle. Her affinity to the blood-royal rendered her no less an object of jealousy with James. He seems to have been in dread lest she should throw herself on the protection of Spain—a step which the existing state of politics might have rendered of unpleasant importance. It appears, however, by the letters of the time, that as long as the political horizon was tolerably clear, and while there was no suspicion of her entering into the marriage state, she was not unkindly treated at the court of James. At one time the king paid her debts, presented her with a service of plate of the value of two hundred pounds, and made an important addition to her income.

The lady Arabella's last and accepted lover was Sir William Seymour, afterwards earl and marquess of Hertford. The progress and catastrophe of their affection is not without a tincture of romance. We must remember that her lover was afterwards that same Hertford so distinguished for his gallantry and loyalty during the civil wars,—the same Hertford, who, when his royal master was condemned to the scaffold, with Lindsey, Southampton, and the duke of Richmond, accused himself, in his capacity of privy councillor, of being alone guilty of what was laid to the king's charge, and requested, with those noblemen that he might die in the place of his sovereign. After the bloody catastrophe was over, he was one of those who accompanied the dead body of Charles, when it was borne in silence and almost in secrecy, to its last home. He had been the governor of Charles the Second, was a knight of the garter, and chancellor of the University of Cambridge. At the restoration, Charles II. rewarded his services by restoring to him the dukedom of Somerset, which had been forfeited by the attainder of his great-grandfather, the magnificent protector. The manner in which Charles conferred the boon does honour to his heart. He spoke gratefully of Hertford's services in open parliament: "If," he said, "I have done an extraordinary act, it was done for an extraordinary person; one who has deserved so much both from my father and myself."

The love of such a man gives dignity to romance. The intercourse between Seymour and

lady Arabella was first discovered in 1609, on which they were summoned before the privy council and severely reprimanded. The lady's character having suffered by the disclosure, in order to retrieve it, they were privately married; this event having been allowed to transpire, Seymour was sent to the tower, and the lady Arabella confined in the house of Sir Thomas Parry at Lambeth, from whence she was afterwards removed to Highgate, under the charge of Sir James Croft. On Seymour's entering the tower, Melvin, who was a prisoner there on account of his religious prejudices, sent him the following distich. The trifle is not without its merit, but the play on the latin words renders its translation impracticable:—

Communis tecum mihi causa est carceris : Arabella tibi causa est,—Araque sacra mihi.

During their imprisonment the lovers found means to communicate; but their correspondence being discovered, it was determined to send the lady to Durham, a measure which would probably have effectually prevented any subsequent intercourse. Nothing now remained, therefore, but the hope of escape, to effect which every thing had been duly concerted, and on a certain day, a vessel appointed to be in readiness in the Thames. Seymour, leaving his servant in his bed to prevent suspicion, disguised himself in a black wig and a pair of black whiskers, and following a cart that had been directed to bring firewood to his apartments, walked unquestioned out of the western entrance to the tower. A boat was in waiting for him at the tower wharf, in which he rowed to the part of the river where he expected to meet his bride; but finding that she had sailed without him, he hired another vessel for forty pounds to convey him to Calais, where he eventually arrived in safety.

In the mean time, the lady Arabella, having disguised herself in male attire, "drawing over her petticoats a pair of large French-fashioned hose, putting on a man's doublet, a peruke which covered her hair, a hat, black cloak, russet boots with red tops, and a rapier by her side," managed to elude the vigilance of her keepers, and under the charge of a Mr. Markham, set out from Highgate on her perilous expedition. They walked some distance to a little inn, where a person attended with horses. She was, even at this early period, so overcome with fatigue and anxiety, that the ostler observed, as he held her stirrup, that the young gentleman would scarcely hold out till he arrived in London. Her spirits, however, revived with her increased prospects of escape. At Blackwall she found two female attendants with all the necessary conveniences of female apparel; and, having entered with them into a boat, proceeded to the part of the river where she expected to be joined by her husband. At Tilbury Fort the boatmen became so fatigued, as to be obliged to go on shore to refresh themselves, leaving the unfortunate fugitive in the greatest trepidation from the fear of being betrayed. About a mile beyond Lee they discovered and embarked on board the vessel which was waiting for them. Arabella herself was extremely anxious to run all risks, and to remain till the fate of her husband had been ascertained: but being overcome by the fears and importunities of her attendants, she eventually allowed the vessel to set sail without him.

The flight of Arabella was the first which was discovered, and orders were immediately sent to the tower to guard Seymour with increased

vigilance. On entering his lodging, however, the truth soon became apparent. The king was much disturbed by the event, and issued a proclamation for their arrest. A fast-sailing vessel, which lay in the Downs, was ordered to put to sea directly; first proceeding to the Dover roads, and then scouring the coast towards Dunkirk. Unfortunately, the pursuit was successful; and though the pinnace which conveyed lady Arabella fired thirteen shots before she would strike, she was eventually brought to and the fugitive reconducted to London. She expressed herself less afflicted at her own fate, than overjoyed at the escape of her husband.

Her examination and committal to the tower shortly followed. Here she wore out a miserable existence, and is even said to have ended her days in madness; an assertion, however, not sufficiently borne out by facts. Walpole observes, that her latest letters, though they "do not prove that she had parts, betray no appearance of madness." In one of them she subscribes herself "the most sorrowful creature living." Another supposition also existed, that her death was caused by poison; a conjecture as malicious as it was unfounded. Her body was examined after death, in the presence of several eminent physicians, who gave it as their unanimous opinion that she died of a chronic distemper; her end having been hastened, partly by her own neglect, and partly by her aversion to medicine. She died on the 27th of September, 1615, more than four years after her unfortunate attempt to escape.

It is difficult to credit that a man of Seymour's character should have been captivated by a woman, who possessed no accomplishments either of person or mind. Besides, Lady Arabella was a great favourite with her relation, the highly gifted Prince Henry, who, as Birch tells us, "took all occasions of obliging her." This fact alone might lead us to a favourable opinion of her intellectual powers. It is not impossible also but that she had some claim to personal advantages; at least, if we may argue from a copy of verses sent to her by William Fowler, secretary, and master of the requests to James's queen. This production, which is most ingeniously absurd, concludes with the following lines:—

O graces rare! which time from shame shall save,
Wherein thou breath'st (as in the sea doth fish,
In salt not saltish,) exempt from the grave
Of sad remorse, the lot of worldling's wish.
O ornament both of thyself and sex,
And mirror bright, where virtues doth reflex!"

Lady Arabella was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the same vault with Mary Queen of Scots and Henry Prince of Wales, but without any memorial of her resting-place. Camden says her funeral was conducted in the night, without pomp. An epitaph was written for her by Richard Corbet, Bishop of Norwich. The production is far from remarkable for poetical talent, and the third and last lines are obscure:

How do I thank thee, Death, and bless thy power,
That I have pass'd the guard, and 'scaped the Tower!
And now my pardon is my epitaph,
And a small coffin my poor carcass hath;
For at thy charge, both soul and body were
Enlarged at last, secured from hope and fear;
That amongst saints, this amongst kings is laid,
And what my birth did claim, my death has paid.

Ballard informs us that her coffin was at one time so shattered and broken, that her skull and body might be seen. Seymour appears to have regarded his wife's memory with affection. It

may be taken as an evidence of it, that he called one of his daughters by his second marriage with Frances, daughter of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, by the name of Arabella Seymour.

LODOWICK STUART,

DUKE OF RICHMOND.

A nobleman whose name is never mentioned without enology. James the First regarded him with personal affection, and seems fully to have appreciated in him those talents and that strong sense, of which, however, the monarch unfortunately neglected to avail himself. Had he invested him with half the power which he lavished on Somerset and Buckingham, it would have been far better for his own interests and the happiness of his realm.

The duke was related not very distantly to the sovereign. He was the younger son of Esme Stuart, Duke of Lennox, and great nephew to Matthew Earl of Lennox, the king's grandfather. James created him Duke of Richmond, and a Knight of the garter, and appointed him Lord Steward of the Household. He was three times married: first, to Sophia, daughter of William Earl of Ruthven; secondly, into the family of Campbell; and lastly, to Frances, daughter of Viscount Howard, of Bindon. In 1604, he was sent ambassador into France, where he appears to have been well received by the French court.

His death, which was singular and sudden, took place on the 12th of February, 1625. The duke was to have attended his majesty in state at the opening of a new parliament. The king missing him in his place, and making some inquiries as to the reason of his absence, a messenger was instantly despatched to the duke's residence, requiring his attendance. The duchess, who fancied that she had left him asleep, was induced to open the curtains of his bed, and was horror-struck to discover her husband a corpse. The king appears to have been much affected at the circumstance, and paid an unusual compliment to the duke's memory, by proroguing the parliament for a week. The duchess is said to have communicated to her intimate friends a private and remarkable reason, for believing the duke was in perfect health but a few hours previously to his death.

FRANCES HOWARD,

DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.

Beauty, folly, vanity, and eccentricity, appear to have constituted the character of this remarkable woman. It is singular that she was the granddaughter of two dukes, each of whom lost his life on the scaffold. Her father was Thomas, Viscount Howard, of Bindon, second son of Thomas Duke of Norfolk, the lover of Mary Queen of Scots. Her mother was the eldest daughter of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, who fell a victim to the malice of Wolsey and his own ambition. The lady herself was the third wife of the respectable Duke Lodowick, whose brief memoir has just been introduced.

The first husband of Frances Howard was one Prannell, the son of a wealthy vintner of London. Under what circumstances the loveliest and proudest women of her time, and the granddaughter of the two greatest subjects in England,

became the wife of a citizen, it has been found impossible to explain. Prannell, however, died in December, 1599, leaving her a young, childless, and beautiful widow. Sir George Rodney, a gentleman of the west of England, became shortly afterwards her professed and ardent admirer. She at first gave him encouragement, but the Earl of Hertford paying her his addresses, influenced perhaps by ambition, she jilted the unfortunate knight and married the earl. Rodney, unable to endure the pangs of love and jealousy, hastened to Amesbury, in Wiltshire, whither Hertford had carried his beautiful bride. Shutting himself up in a private room in the inn, according to Arthur Wilson, he wrote *with his own blood* some affecting verses descriptive of his misery and bereavement, after which he threw himself on his sword and died on the spot. The verses said to have been composed by Rodney on this occasion, are preserved in the British Museum, and may possibly be authentic. The singularity of the circumstances must be the apology for their insertion.

What shall I do that am undone!
Where shall I fly, myself to shun!
Ah me! myself myself must kill,
And yet I die against my will.
In starry letters I behold
My death in the heavens enroll'd.
There find I writ in skies above,
That I, poor I, must die for love.
'T was not my love deserved to die,
Oh no, it was unworthy I;
I for her love should not have died,
But that I had no worth beside.
Ah me! that love such woes procures,
For, without her, no love endures.
I for her virtues her do serve—
Doth such a love a death deserve?

Hertford does not appear to have repented of his choice, for he subsequently settled a jointure on his countess of five thousand pounds a year. In his lifetime, she was very fond of boasting of her high extraction, and of the two dukes her grandfathers. However, if the earl happened to enter the room, he used to give her pride a check, by asking—"Frank, Frank, how long is it since you were married to Prannell?"

Duke Lodowick fell in love with her while she was yet Countess of Hertford, and used to watch her motions in disguise; "sometimes in a blue coat and basket-hilt sword," as well as in other costumes. Scandal, however, appears to have taken no liberties with her name, and at Hertford's death, the duke gratified her ambition by making her his wife.

Her marriage with a near relation to the sovereign, excited her pride beyond all bounds; and becoming a third time a widow, she entertained a hope of captivating the old king, and filling the place of his deceased queen. The arrogant beauty actually announced her determination never to eat at the table of a subject, or to marry again beneath the rank of majesty; and though neither James, nor any other monarch, was gallant enough to tender her his hand, she persevered in her resolution to the last.

She delighted in state and notoriety, and endeavoured by every manner of artifice to obtain a character for splendour and generosity. At the christening of one of the Queen of Bohemia's children, she caused a report to be propagated that she had forwarded a magnificent present of plate to that princess. An inventory of the different articles was even handed about at the time, but the donation existed only in air. The duchess affected sanctity as well as state; and in

the letters of the time, there are frequent allusions to the ghostly conferences maintained at her house. On the 1st of March, 1634, Mr. Garrard writes to the Earl of Strafford,—“The Duchess of Richmond droops very much of late; she keeps her state of sermons and white staves, but hath been a good while not able to hear one sermon, or come amongst the company.” Archbishop Laud, in his crusade against Puritanism, was ungallant enough to interfere with her grace's establishment, and effectually put a stop to this private preaching.

Her vow never to sit at table with a subject, was turned to an ingenious use. Her house was always frequented by the principal persons of the court, on which occasions her hall was filled with menials, and her tables groaned with dishes. But these, it seems, were empty, and as soon as the visitors had departed, the duchess sat down alone to an extremely moderate repast.

From the probability that her early marriage with Prannell was a mere love-match, and from the eccentric manner in which the duke endeavoured to gain her affections, there is reason to believe that she had more romance in her composition than common sense. The death of the duchess is said to have taken place in 1679, from which there is every reason to believe that she must have attained the age of an hundred at the time of her demise.

MARY VILLIERS,

COUNTESS OF BUCKINGHAM.

The mother of the magnificent favourite whose history more properly belongs to the next reign;—a busy, intriguing, masculine, and dangerous person; not deficient in personal beauty, but rendered odious, from what we can learn of her character, by every possible irregularity of mind. She is principally remarkable as having been the mother of the great duke.

The peerages, ever complaisant, speak of her as having been “the daughter of Anthony Beaumont, of Glenfield, in the county of Leicester, Esq.” Her own importance at the court of James, and the grandeur which was achieved by her family, may render her actual origin a matter of interest. Roger Coke, in his “Detection of the Court of England,” informs us, on the authority of his aunt, who was connected by marriage with the Villiers family, that she was a kitchen-maid in old Sir George Villiers's establishment; that he became enamoured of her, and persuaded his lady to place her about her own person; and adds, that after the death of his wife, Sir George presented her twenty pounds to improve her dress, which appears to have produced so wonderful an effect, that shortly afterwards he married her. Weldon styles her, “A gentlewoman whom the old man fell in love with and married.”

Arthur Wilson's account is somewhat different. The old knight, he informs us, was on a visit to his kinswoman, Lady Beaumont, at Cole-horton, in Leicestershire, where he found a “young gentlewoman of that name, allied, and yet a servant to the family,” who caught his affections, and whom he afterwards took for his wife. Her name was undoubtedly Beaumont, and, however distantly, she was certainly connected with the Leicestershire family of that name. Her kinspeople do not appear to have been gifted with over much morality. One Coleman, a clerk to Sir Thomas Beaumont, had very liberal favours

conferred upon him both by Lady Beaumont and her daughters. He was mean enough to boast of his success, on hearing which, Sir Thomas brought him before the Star Chamber, where he was sentenced to be pilloried, whipped, and imprisoned for life. Forman, the celebrated astrologer, assured Coleman's friends that the culprit would manage to elude the punishment. The prediction proved correct. The sentence was directed to be carried into effect in Leicestershire, whither the culprit was attended by two keepers, who, as well as himself, journeyed on horseback. Coleman, who had induced the keepers to allow him to ride without shackles, seized a convenient opportunity, when he stabbed the horses of his companions, and escaped on his own. There are some amusing circumstances connected with Forman's insight into the affair, but they are scarcely fit for insertion.

Sir George Villiers died in 1606, leaving his young widow with an income of only two hundred pounds a year. She was twice married after his death, first to Sir William Rayner, of whom we know nothing, and secondly to Sir Thomas Compton, whom Coke styles a rich country grazier, adding, that she married him in order to make up her own deficiency of fortune. Of this Compton an amusing anecdote has been related. He is represented as an insignificant, mean-spirited man, who allowed himself to be generally laughed at and insulted, and more particularly by one Bird, “a roaring captain,” who seems to have been his arch-tormentor, and was incessant in his provocations. Compton's friends, however, eventually so wrought on his peaceful nature, (telling him that he had better die at once, than endure such a system of persecution,) that he was induced to send Bird a challenge. The latter, as the individual challenged, had the choice of place and weapons; accordingly, he selected swords and a saw-pit, intimating to Compton's second that his object in selecting the place, was to prevent the possibility of his principal running away. The combatants actually met in a saw-pit, when Bird, contemptuously flourishing his sword over his head, began to jeer at Compton, a much smaller man than himself, on the new light in which he was presenting himself. The latter, perceiving his adversary's weapon in the air, ran under it, and passing his own sword through Bird's body, killed him on the spot.

The unexampled rise of her son was a new era in her existence. It raised her from an impoverished country lady to be the proud manager of a court. On the 1st of July, 1618, she was created by letters patent Countess of Buckingham in her own person, an unusual kind of distinction, of which the last example was in the days of Queen Mary.

The countess did not leave her family in the background, and if beauty be deserving of rank, the honours which were conferred on them were not ill bestowed. Besides the splendid rise of her fortunate son, she lived to see her eldest son, Viscount Purbeck; her third, Earl of Anglesea; and her daughter, Countess of Denbigh. Of the two half brothers of the duke, the sons of Sir George Villiers by his first wife, Audrey Sanders, William was one of the first baronets, and from Sir Edward, President of Munster, are descended the Viscounts Grandison and the Earls of Clarendon and Jersey. “The king,” says Arthur Wilson, who never cared much for women, “had his court swarming with the marquis's kindred, so that the little ones would

dance up and down the private lodgings like fairies, and it was no small sap that would maintain all those suckers.” Bishop Goodman, also, in his Memoirs, alludes to the alteration in the king's habits and feelings: “The king,” he says, “did usually send for the nurse and the duke's children into his own bed-chamber, and there play with them many hours together. And the king being once with the children, news was brought him that there was an ambassador come to speak with him, whereupon he willed the nurse to stay there with the children, and when he had spoken with the ambassador, he would come again to her. This the nurse herself told me.”

This change in the customs and appearance of James's court, appears to have amused others besides Goodman and Wilson. Weldon says: “Little children did run up and down the king's lodgings like rabbits started about their burrows. Here was a strange change, that the king who formerly would not endure his queen and children in his lodgings, now you would have judged that none but women frequented them; nay, that was not all, but the kindred had all the houses about Whitehall, as if they had been bulwarks and flankers to that citadel.” By the author of the *Aulicus Coquinariae*, they are styled “a race handsome and beautiful,” an hereditary advantage, if we may judge by many a fair face of later times.

About the year 1622, the countess was banished the court, as was supposed, for her attachment to the Roman Catholic religion. It appears, however, by a letter of the time, that she owed her dismissal to a far different cause. A chain, valued at 3000*l.*, which had belonged to Anne of Denmark, had been presented by the king, at the instigation of Prince Charles, to the Duchess of Lennox, and by the prince himself placed round the lady's neck. The Countess of Buckingham was not a little annoyed at so great an honour, and so valuable a present, having been conferred on another. The next day she actually sent a messenger to the duchess, affirming that the king had especial reasons for wishing to regain possession of the chain, which he would replace by some other article no less valuable, and desiring that it might be returned accordingly. “The messenger,” writes Dr. Meade, “who went in the king's name, and not hers, being sounded by the amazed duchess, whether himself had heard that order from the king, or not, at last confessed he was sent by the countess, who had it from his majesty. Whereupon the duchess bid him tell the countess, that she would not so much dishonour the prince who brought it, as to suffer it to be carried back by any hand but his, or her own; for if his majesty would have it, she would carry it herself; which the next day she performed, desiring to know wherein she had offended his majesty. The king, understanding the business, swore he was abused; and the prince told him that he took it for so great an affront on his part, that he would leave the court if she stayed in it; with no small expression of indignation. My author for this was Sir William Bourser, of Uppingham.”

The countess, undoubtedly, had great influence over her all-powerful son, and is reported to have been the actual dispenser of the immense patronage which ostensibly flowed from his hands. She had no objection to a bribe. Henry Montague, Earl of Manchester, is said to have obtained the office of Lord Privy Seal at her hands, for a large sum. The *White Staff* had been

conferred on him at Newmarket, where there is a great scarcity of timber. A friend, alluding to these circumstances, pleasantly inquired of the earl, "if wood were not extremely dear at Newmarket." She had a hand in all transactions both of church and state, and the suppliants for her son's favour in the first instance addressed themselves to her. In allusion to this influence, as well as to her being a Roman Catholic, Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, with more wit than reverence, thus expresses himself in one of his despatches to his own court:—"There was never more hope of England's conversion to the Romish faith than now; for here there are more prayers offered to the mother than the son." Lord Keeper Williams, also, then Dean of Westminster, is said to have been indebted to her influence for the Bishopric of Durham and the custody of the Great Seal. Indeed, there rests a suspicion that the existence of a tender familiarity between them was the secret of his rise.

Her belief in the tenets of the church of Rome was considered of some importance in her lifetime, since on this foundation rested the hopes of the papists of converting the duke her son. Previous, however, to her open and dangerous confession of being a proselyte, Buckingham, aware of the odium which such a disclosure would entail upon himself, exerted his utmost influence to bring her back to her original principles. James, moreover, never averse to polemical controversies, entered warmly into this laudable endeavour. One Fisher, a Jesuit, had already brought her to the eve of an open declaration. In opposition, therefore, to the arguments of the zealous father, the duke brought forward Dr. Francis Wright, Divinity Lecturer at St. Paul's, and celebrated for his controversial dexterity, who consented to encounter the Jesuit in the lady's presence, and overthrow his arguments against the Protestant Church. One or two conferences accordingly took place, at one of which the king was himself present. Dr. White's arguments appear to have produced but slight influence on the countess. In Buckingham, however, they were remarkable as having adventitiously excited an interest in his own spiritual welfare. He took the doctor into his favour, and on the Sunday following the last conference, received the sacrament at Greenwich.

The countess is accused of having tampered with the life of her sovereign. We have nothing to add to what has already been adduced in the *Memoir of King James*.

Buckingham was attached to his mother with all her faults, and could not endure that she should be treated with disrespect. Henrietta Maria, in the ensuing reign, had promised on some occasion to visit the countess in her apartments, but from some unavoidable cause was prevented from keeping her appointment. The arrogant favourite entered the chamber of his queen; and after some expostulation, told her in plain terms, that "she should repent it." Henrietta naturally retorting with some indignation, the duke reminded her "that there had been queens in England *who had lost their heads*." In all probability the quarrel had a deeper origin than a mere neglect in the payment of a visit.

The countess died on the 19th of April, 1632, at her apartments in the Gate-house, Whitehall, which opened into King Street, Westminster. She was buried with considerable pomp in St. Edmund's chapel, situated in the south aisle of Westminster Abbey.

THOMAS SACKVILLE,

EARL OF DORSET.

The Earl of Dorset was more remarkable from his literary accomplishments than his political talent. He was distinguished, however, for a strong sense, an unimpeachable integrity, and a cautious prudence, which perhaps are more to be coveted than genius itself. These qualities, added to the antiquity of his family, and the large fortune he inherited from his father, not only procured his elevation to the peerage, but caused him to be employed in several delicate transactions, wherein none but a very sensible and loyal man would have been trusted. It is singular that he sat among the peers who condemned Thomas Duke of Norfolk to the scaffold: that he was Lord High Steward at the trial of the unfortunate Essex; and that he was not only one of the commissioners appointed to try Mary Queen of Scots, but was selected to communicate to that princess the fatal intelligence that her days were numbered.

The earl was the eldest son of Sir Richard Sackville, who had been in some degree a favourite with Elizabeth, and was indeed related to the queen through the Boleyns. His son was born at Buckhurst, in Sussex, in 1536, received his education at the Universities both of Oxford and Cambridge; was afterwards entered at the Inner Temple, and was elected for the county of Sussex in the first parliament of Elizabeth. On the 8th of June, 1567, he was created Lord Buckhurst by Elizabeth, and on the 13th of March, 1604, Earl of Dorset, by James the First. Besides having been employed successively as ambassador to France and the United Provinces, and having been joined in several important commissions, he was Lord High Treasurer, a Knight of the Garter, and Chancellor of the University of Oxford.

He wrote several poems, besides being, with Thomas Norton, the joint author of "*Gorboduc*," the first respectable tragedy in the English language. It was acted by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple, before the queen at Whitehall on the 18th January, 1561. This play, notwithstanding its acknowledged merit, was singularly scarce, within the century after it was written; Shakspeare's glorious plays and Johnson's exquisite masques having annihilated common genius. Dryden and Oldham, in the succeeding age, amused themselves with ridiculing Dorset's dramatic effort; which, however, it has been proved they could never have read, for each of them speaks of *Gorboduc as a woman*; this tragedy is reprinted in the last edition of Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays. Pope was a great admirer of Lord Dorset's muse, and does credit to the purity of his style, and that freedom from bombast, which was the great fault of our early tragic writers. He styles him the best poet between Chaucer and Spencer.

Dorset, in his younger days, had been remarkable as a man of pleasure and a spendthrift. His vast hereditary fortune had at one time nearly passed through his hands; and in his appointment to the treasurership, he afforded a by no means solitary instance of an individual who had wantonly squandered his own fortune, being entrusted with the purse of the public. This is not mentioned as a matter of reproach; since, whatever may have been his early faults, no man ever administered the public revenues with more credit to himself, or advantage to his country. The incident which occasioned the earl's reformation

is curious. His necessities obliging him to borrow a sum of money, he applied to a wealthy alderman for his assistance. Happening one day to call at the citizen's house, he was allowed to remain a considerable time unnoticed and alone. This indignity, to which his misconduct compelled him to submit, so wrought upon his feelings, that he resolved from that moment to alter his mode of life. It may be added that he conscientiously adhered to his resolution.

The earl died suddenly at the council board, on the 19th of April, 1608. In the heat of argument he rose from his seat; and as he drew some papers from his bosom, exclaimed vehemently, "I have that here which will strike you dead." He fell down at the moment, and died almost immediately. The queen was present when he expired. His funeral took place in Westminster Abbey, where he was buried with great solemnity, the Archbishop of Canterbury preaching his funeral sermon on the occasion. His body is said to have been afterwards removed, according to a request in his last will, to the parish church of Withiam, in Sussex.

ROBERT CECIL,

EARL OF SALISBURY.

The minister of two sovereigns, and the founder of Theobalds and Hatfield. With a genius almost equal to that of his father, the great Lord Burleigh, he possessed a wonderful knowledge of human character, and that insinuating art, which, while it worms out the secrets of others, preserves its own object in the dark. Artifice and dissimulation are unpopular qualities: and when practised by the statesman in his public capacity, are too apt to affect his character in private life. Such was the lot of Salisbury. Party feeling has added its withering curse, and the name of the greatest politician of his time is seldom mentioned without obloquy. Still, however, it would be difficult to discover a single instance where the wisdom of his administration can justly be called in question. The appointments which he made were admirable; as high treasurer he gave vigour to an exhausted exchequer, and in a corrupt age afforded proof that he was incorruptible. Temptations which even the great Bacon was unable to resist, were by him disregarded. There have been many worse men, and few wiser ministers, than Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury.

He was born on the 1st of June, 1563, and was early initiated into public life. Lloyd, in his *Worthies*, styles him a "courtier from his cradle." In June, 1591, he was knighted by Elizabeth, and on the 13th of May, 1603, was created by James, Lord Cecil of Essingden; and on the 20th of August, 1604, Viscount Cranbourne. He was the first viscount who ever wore a coronet. On the 4th of May, 1605, he was raised to the earldom of Salisbury. It would be out of place to enter here into the details of his political history. Besides his state appointments, he was a Knight of the Garter, and Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. He was married to Elizabeth, daughter of William Brook, Lord Cobham, who died in child-bed, in 1591.

The earl was deformed in his body, but his face is described as handsome. Lloyd says, "for his person he was not much beholden to nature, though somewhat for his face, which was the best part of his outside." He was cheerful and

good-humoured: he delighted in all mirthful meetings, and had a laudable taste for magnificence. Gallantry, in the courtly cabinet of Elizabeth, was almost considered as a kind of duty, and the young secretary was not unmindful of his part. The following passage is from a letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury, dated 18th September, 1592:—"I send your lordship here inclosed some verses, compounded by Mr. Secretary, who got Hales to frame a ditty unto it. The occasion was, as I hear, that the young Lady Derby, wearing about her neck in her bosom a picture which was in a dainty tablet, the queen espying it, asked what fine jewel that was. The Lady Derby was curious to excuse the showing of it; but the queen would have it; and opening it and finding it to be Mr. Secretary's, snatched it away, and tied it up in her shoe, and walked long with it there; then she took it thence and pinned it to her elbow, and wore it some time there also, which Mr. Secretary being told of, made these verses, and had Hales to sing them in his chamber. It was told her majesty, that Mr. Secretary had rare music and songs; she would needs hear them; and so this ditty was sung, which you see first written. More verses there be likewise, whereof some or all were likewise sung. I do boldly send these things to your lordship, which I would not do to any one else; for I hear they are very secret. Some of the verses argue that he repines not, though her majesty please to grace others, and content himself with the favour he hath." The poetry has escaped the industry both of Park and Walpole.

His admiration of women was excessive, and carried to unfortunate lengths. It is frequently alluded to in the lampoons of the day. Sir Symonds D'Ewes speaks of him as a "good statesman and no ill member of the commonwealth, though an ill Christian in respect of his unparalleled lust, and hunting after strange flesh." Bishop Goodman, also, evidently admits the accusation to be deserved. This taste has been occasionally supposed to be connected with the cause of his death.

No one understood better the character of King James, or availed himself of that knowledge with greater dexterity. "Knowing the king to be fearful," says Bishop Goodman, "he did often possess him with jealousies and dangers, and then he in his wisdom would prevent them, and so ingratiate himself with the king." In the same spirit was his transfer of Theobalds to his sovereign: though he received in exchange lands far exceeding it in value, he had the ingenuity to persuade his master that he was obliging him by the act.

The system of acquiring information through the means of spies was practised by him to a great extent. He employed them at all the principal courts in Europe, and paid large sums for the intelligence which he received. His subtlety and sagacity were fully appreciated by his master King James, with whose notions of king-craft they fully coincided. With that monarch these were the qualities of a master mind. He used to style Salisbury, and even commenced his letters to him as "his little beagle." Antonio Perez, secretary to the King of Spain, used to style him Robertus Diabolus, Robert the Devil.

The earl had wisely anticipated the favour of James in the lifetime of Elizabeth, and had long corresponded with that prince as to the best means of securing his accession to the English throne. Had the circumstance become known

to the queen, it would undoubtedly have ended in his utter ruin. On one occasion she was on the very verge of being enlightened on the subject. She happened to be taking the air on Blackheath, when a state courier passed by the carriage with despatches. Ascertaining that he came from Scotland, she demanded his papers, which were delivered to Cecil, who was in his coach at the time. The secretary trembled for his secrets, but his admirable presence of mind preserved him. He did not hesitate a moment in breaking open the despatches, for delay might have awakened suspicion; but having done so, he told the queen that they looked and "smelt ill-favourably," a circumstance which, from his knowledge of her character, he was well aware would effectually arrest her curiosity.* Sir Henry Wotton relates the above story, adding that Cecil gained a considerable time by inquiring among the bystanders for a knife. Sir Henry mentions incidentally that the bearer of the despatches blew a horn to announce his approach. It is singular perhaps that this custom should have continued to the present day. Salisbury, it may be remarked, draws no very agreeable picture of his situation either as a minister or a favourite. He passed his time, he tells us, "in trouble, hurrying, feigning, suing, and such like matters, knowing not where the winds and waves of the court might bear him." There is an instructive moral in this unvarnished sentence, proceeding as it does from the envied minion of two successive monarchs.

A kind of mystery has always hung over the painful circumstances of Salisbury's end. The scandalous chroniclers of the period have invested it with peculiar degradation. Weldon remarks,—"With all his great honours and possessions, and stately houses, he found no place but the top of a mole-hill, near Marlborough, to end his miserable life; so that it may be said of him and truly, he died of a most loathsome disease, and remarkable, without house, without pity, without the favour of that master who had raised him to so high an estate." Osborne echoes the story as told by Weldon, asserting that the earl died on Salisbury plain in his coach, and that his death was caused by a loathsome disease. The doctor, he adds, who attended him, was an empiric, and only famous for the cure of such disorders.

A great part of this story it is not very difficult

* Wilson, p. ii. The story is somewhat differently related by Bishop Goodman, in his Memoirs:—"The correspondency," he says, "held with the King of the Scots was ever sent by the French post and not by Berwick, for he knew that the queen being most wise, was ever jealous and suspicious of such correspondency; and no doubt but she had her spies to discover it. And her majesty one day walking in Greenwich Park, heard the post blow his horn; whereupon she caused the post to be brought unto her, and willed him to lay down his packet of letters, for that she would peruse them. The news was brought to the secretary, who instantly hastens and kneels before the queen, and humbly beseecheth her majesty not to disgrace him in that manner, for that all men would conceive it to be out of a jealousy and suspicion of him, which would much tend to his dishonour and disgrace, whereby he should be disabled to do her majesty that good service which otherwise he might; and seeing that never any prince did the like, and that it might be a warning and discouragement to other servants. Whereupon the queen was over-entreated to desist, and no doubt but by the entreaty of the ladies and others there present."—*Bishop Goodman's Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 32.

to disprove. As far, however, as regards the particular disease alluded to, it is right to add that it is hinted at by more than one writer, and in several pasquinades, of the period. The following seem to be the true circumstances of Salisbury's last illness and death:—His laborious attention to state affairs had brought on a consumption of the lungs, which, added to a scorbutic affection, had continued to waste and afflict him for many years. To these we may add an immoderate passion for fruit. "Being crooked in body," says Bishop Goodman, "the veins have not that current passage, and, therefore, such bodies are usually neither healthful nor long-lived: hereunto I may add that he was given to eating of fruits, especially grapes, and that very immoderately; if some shall further add the fruits of wantonness, I take no notice thereof." His physicians had recommended a journey to Bath, but finding his residence there productive of no advantage, he expressed a wish to return and die in his own home. On his way to London he was taken so ill, that having fainted in his litter, it was thought most expedient to place him in his coach, and convey him to Marlborough. He died at the house of a Mr. Daniel in that town. His son, Lord Cranbourne, Lord Clifford, his son-in-law, and several of his friends were with him at the last, and so far was he from having forfeited the king's favour, that James had visited the earl's sick bed more than once before his departure for Bath, and had given minute directions that he should be attended with unremitting care. A report coming from Bath that the minister was in a likely way to recover, James despatched Lord Hay to him with a diamond ring, to which he added a message, "that the favour and affection he bore him, was, and should be ever, as the form and matter of that ring, endless, pure, and most perfect."

A very interesting account of the earl's last sickness was drawn up by his chaplain, the Rev. John Bowles, of which the following are the most remarkable passages:—"On Saturday, May 23, we went to Marlborough, where my lord was very ill and ready to faint. In the chamber we had prayers. Afterwards my lord was undressed, went to bed, and slept ill.

"On Sunday, May 24, the lords commanded me to preach at the church. After sermon we came into his chamber, where we found him very weak, and no posture could give him ease. We went to prayer. And though my lord's weakness was very much, yet with a devout gesture standing up on his crutches, he with affection, repeated the material parts and passages of the prayer. And all the rest of the time till we went to dinner, all his speech was nothing but, O Jesus! O sweet Jesus! and such short ejaculations as the weakness of his body did give him leave.

"After dinner Dr. Poe did rise, and I came unto him. My lord's head lay upon two pillows upon Master Townsend's lap. Ralph Jackson was mending the swing that supported him. 'So,' saith he, 'let me up but this once.' Then he called to Dr. Poe for his hand, which having, he gripped somewhat hard, and his eyes began to settle, when he cried, 'O Lord,' and so sank down without groan, or sigh, or struggling. At the same instant I joined in prayer with him, that God would receive his soul and spirit, which short words being suddenly spoken by me, he was clean gone, and no breath nor motion in him." The same story is related of Salisbury after his death, as has been reported of Oliver Cromwell,

that from some singular process of decomposition, his body "purged" through the leaden coffin in which it was confined. By some writers his death is said to have been caused by that most horrible of visitations, the Herodian disease.

His memory was generally regarded with detestation. This feeling is easily accounted for by the immense fortune which he had amassed; his enclosures of Hatfield chase; some unfounded reports of oppression, and his unaccountable treatment of Raleigh; besides, the death of Essex had been neither forgotten nor forgiven by the people. Yet even his enemies speak warmly of his incorruptible honesty. Osborne gives him credit for superior probity, and Sir Symonds D'Ewes speaks of him, as having supplied the expenses of the crown without impoverishing the subject:—what can a lord treasurer do more? Thomas, Earl of Dorset, one of those men whose good word is valuable, mentions Salisbury with the highest encomiums in his will. He bequeaths him his "rich chain of gold, with a George set with rubies and diamonds: likewise a garter of purple velvet, with two chains of gold on each side, set with twelve diamonds, and one great diamond in the middle of the buckle; and several other jewels."

The death of the earl took place on the 24th of May, 1612. His remains were conveyed to Hatfield, where they were interred with considerable magnificence.

ROBERT CARR,

EARL OF SOMERSET.

It was a strange infatuation which induced James the First to select his ministers for the beauty of their persons, and the fashion of their clothes. But this weakness amounted to criminality, when he entrusted the honour of his country, and the welfare and happiness of his people, to a grasping, illiterate, and heartless minion. Buckingham, it is true, had many faults; but Somerset appears to have been deficient even of a single virtue.

The instances are not few, where men have been raised by mere accident to unbounded power. In the first rank of these stands Robert Carr. He was descended from a respectable Scottish family, and had spent some years in France acquiring the necessary qualifications of a courtier. Some writers have asserted, that he had been a favourite of James, in Scotland, and at the coronation was made a knight of the bath. This is not the fact. Carr had certainly been a royal page before the accession of James to the throne of England: he was, however, a mere child at the time, and many years must have elapsed before his re-introduction at court, in 1609. Harris says, that he was dismissed from his post of page, but this appears solely to rest on the authority of that party writer. "He then," continues the same authority, "went into France, from whence, returning, through accident, he was taken notice of by James." This memorable accident occurred under the following circumstances:—At a splendid tilting match at Whitehall, Carr had been selected by his countryman, Lord Hay, to present his shield and device to the king. As he rode up the lists, in the execution of this duty, his horse became unmanageable, and threw him before the king's face. James, struck with the beauty of his person, and concerned at the severity of the accident, for his leg had been broken by the fall, gave directions that he should be conveyed to the

palace, and carefully attended by the royal surgeons. As soon as the tilting was over, the king paid him a visit. He returned the next day, and, indeed, as long as the confinement lasted, was daily in the habit of passing an hour or two in the chamber of the unfortunate invalid. On his recovery, for which James was exceedingly impatient, he was made a knight, and a gentleman of the bed-chamber. The king even turned school-master on the occasion, for he endeavoured to instil into his new favourite the rudiments of government, and a knowledge of the Latin tongue. Probably Carr was not an apt scholar. When made a privy councillor, Peyton says, that "he furnished his library only with twenty play-books and wanton romances, and that he had no other in his study."

The rising of the new star was watched with the utmost anxiety. The harpies of the court had flocked in such numbers to his sick chamber, that a restraint was obliged to be laid on their visits, lest his recovery should be retarded by their attentions. He shortly became the disposer of all the important places about the court, as has been said of a greater man, Cardinal Wolsey:—

To him the church, the realm, their powers consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine;
Still to new heights his restless wishes tower;
Claim leads to claim, and power advances power;
Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
And rights submitted, left him none to seize.

The last line it is hardly fair to apply to Carr. Unlike his successor, Buckingham, however, we are told that he did not actually expel those who were in office, but had the decency to wait for the common course of events, before he conferred their places upon his own creatures.

In 1612 he was created Lord Carr, of Bransprath, and Viscount Rochester, and advanced to be lord high treasurer of Scotland. Shortly afterwards he was made a knight of the garter. In 1614 he was created Earl of Somerset, and appointed lord chamberlain of the household, and at the death of Salisbury he became first minister.

Somerset has, at least, the negative merit of being fully aware of his own inexperience and incapacity. He selected for his adviser the famous Sir Thomas Overbury, a man of a strong mind and considerable genius, but irascible in his nature, and afterwards rendered insolent by success. They had previously lived on terms of affection with each other. "Such," we are told, "was the warmth of their friendship, that they were inseparable. Carr could enter into no scheme, nor pursue any measure without the advice and concurrence of Overbury, nor could Overbury enjoy any felicity but in the company of him he loved; their friendship was the subject of court conversation, and their genius seemed so much alike, that it was reasonable to suppose no breach could ever be produced between them." As long as Overbury continued in favour, and his advice was followed, the king's affairs were not ill managed, and the favourite remained tolerably free from obloquy. Indeed, the incessant calls of pleasure left Somerset but little leisure for the transaction of state affairs.

The conduct of the favourite at this period was certainly discreet and even praiseworthy. He agreeably disappointed the English courtiers by exhibiting no partiality for his Scottish connections. We are told that he had but one friend and one servant of that nation. His manners also were

invariably flattering and conciliating. He was civil to the scholar and liberal to the soldier. Such a line of conduct naturally rendered him popular, for mankind are easily enslaved by the attentions of the great.

Had Somerset been half as prudent in the choice of his mistress, as he had been in the selection of his friend, his lot would have been happier, and his name brighter with posterity. On the 5th of January, 1606, were married Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the son of Elizabeth's favourite, and Frances Howard, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Suffolk; a bridegroom of fourteen to a bride of thirteen. In a letter of the period we have a curious account of the nuptial rejoicing on the occasion. "The bridegroom," says the writer, "carried himself as gravely and gracefully as if he were of his father's age. He had greater gifts given him than my lord of Montgomery had, his plate being valued at 3000*l.*, his jewels, money, and other gifts at 1000*l.* more. But to return to the mask. Both Inigo, Ben and the actors, men and women, did their parts with great commendation. The conceit, or soul of the mask, was Hymen bringing in a bride, and Juno Pronuba's priest, a bridegroom, proclaiming that those two should be sacrificed to nuptial union; and here the poet made an apostrophe to the union of the kingdoms; but before the sacrifice could be performed, Ben Jonson turned the globe of the earth, standing behind the altar, and within the concave sat the eight men maskers, representing the four humours and the four affections, who leaped forth and disturbed the sacrifice to union. But amidst their fury, Reason, that sat above them all, crowned with burning tapers, came down and silenced them. These eight, together with Reason, their moderator, mounted above their heads, sat somewhat like the ladies in the scallop-shell, the last year. About the globe of earth hovered a middle region of clouds, in the centre of which stood a grand concert of musicians, and upon the canton, or horns, sat the ladies, four at one corner and four at another, who descended upon the stage, downright perpendicular fashion, like a bucket into a well, but came gently slipping down. These eight, after the sacrifice was ended, represented the eight nuptial powers of *Juno Pronuba*, who came down to confirm the union. The men were clad in crimson and the women in white; they had every one a white plume of the richest herons' feathers, and were so rich in jewels upon their heads, as was most glorious. I think they hired and borrowed all the principal jewels and ropes of pearl, both in court and city. The Spanish ambassador seemed but poor to the meanest of them. They danced all variety of dances, both severally and *promiscue*; and then the women took in men, as namely, the prince, who danced with as great perfection, and as settled a majesty, as could be devised; the Spanish ambassador, the archduke's ambassador, the duke, &c. And the men, gleaned of the queen, the bride, and the greatest of the ladies."

After the ceremony it was thought proper to separate the youthful pair till they had arrived at riper years. The young earl was sent on his travels, while the bride remained at court with her mother, a lady whose indifferent morals rendered her totally unfit for such a charge. After an absence of nearly four years, Essex returned to England, full of natural eagerness to behold the young and beautiful creature whom he was to claim as his wife. Beautiful indeed she was, but so far was she from sharing his anxiety, that she had engaged her affections to another, and regarded

with the utmost horror the prospect of passing her days with the homely Essex. Among her admirers she reckoned the favourite Somerset, and Henry the heir to the throne. The prince had been from the beginning extremely jealous of the favours which his father had heaped upon his pampered minion, and his antipathy was not diminished, when, on their becoming candidates for the favours of the same lady, his rival proved successful. Essex, discovering that his person and matrimonial claims were treated with disdain, applied to the father of his bride to prevail on her to consummate the marriage. The consequence was, that she was obliged to accompany her husband into the country, where the manner in which she nightly exhibited her disgust must have been far from flattering to her unhappy lord. Somerset had intimated to her that she would forfeit his affections, should she ever admit Essex to the privileges of a husband. The foul means which she made use of to destroy her husband's physical powers are fully detailed by Arthur Wilson. That writer's evidence is supported by the extraordinary proofs and circumstances which were afterwards adduced at her trial.

The object of the young countess was to procure a divorce, in order that she might unite herself to the idol of her affections. In 1613, her uncle, the Earl of Northampton, applied to the king to this effect, alleging a natural infirmity on the part of Essex. The cause was heard, and having been decided in the lady's favour, Somerset lost no time in making her his bride. It was while these matters were in the course of agitation, that Overbury solemnly and affectionately forewarned his friend against the ruinous course which he was so blindly pursuing. He represented the impolicy of the action, the ridicule of the world, and that when he had made her his wife the shame which was attached to her character would reflect upon himself. He spoke of the criminal intercourse which had already taken place between them, and added, that as she had already deserted a husband for his sake, she might hereafter be induced to grant the same favours to another. He even went so far as to call her a "strumpet, and her mother and brother, bawds," and to threaten that he would separate himself for ever from Somerset and his interests, should he disgrace their friendship by prosecuting so shameful an affair. Overbury was well qualified to give his advice on the occasion. He had a perfect knowledge of the lady's character, and had been employed throughout the intrigue; indeed, he had composed many exquisite letters and love-poems for Somerset, which had gone far in raising that excess of passion which afterwards led to murder and disgrace.

Somerset was weak enough to repeat to his paramour the conversation which had taken place. Her anger exceeded all bounds, and the unhappy Overbury was already devoted to destruction. After her marriage with Somerset, she easily induced her infatuated husband to sacrifice his former friend.

About this period of our history, it was almost compulsory to accept any office offered by the crown. By this means, the grossest oppression was frequently inflicted under the mask of kindness, and many a dangerous subject got rid of, under the semblance of an honourable appointment. In 1621, four of the most obnoxious members of parliament were joined in a commission, and despatched to Ireland, on the plea of important business; and two years afterwards, we find a citizen of London, who had refused

to contribute to a benevolence, ordered with the charge of letters ostensibly to proceed to the same country; this person was glad to make his peace for a hundred pounds. Under similar circumstances, an embassy to Russia was offered to the devoted Overbury. Somerset, who still maintained the appearance of friendship, advised him by all means to decline the honour, promising at the same time to justify his refusal to the king. Overbury was caught in the snare, and humbly petitioned his majesty to select another representative, which Somerset interpreted to the king into gross disobedience and contempt of the royal authority; and Overbury was in consequence committed to the Tower, under directions to be more closely confined than was usual with prisoners of state.* Not only were his friends denied admittance to him, but he was even refused the attendance of one of his own servants.

Some days previously, Somerset had procured the appointment of one of his own creatures, Sir Jervis Elways, to be Lieutenant of the Tower; and now, leaguely with his abandoned wife and her uncle, the Earl of Northampton, he entered into the atrocious project of poisoning his former friend. The principal agents in this horrible transaction were Sir Thomas Monson and a man of the name of Weston, whom the former had successfully recommended to Sir Jervis Elways.

The necessary poisons were provided by the famous Mrs. Turner, and inserted by Weston in the several dishes which were conveyed to the table of their victim. A suspicion, however, of these infamous proceedings at length entered the mind of the lieutenant, who sent for Weston into his study, and so wrought upon his conscience, that he agreed to deceive his employers, and to deliver the poison into the lieutenant's hands.† Sometimes particular dishes were sent by Somerset himself: these were occasionally

* This was not the first time that Overbury had paid a visit to the Tower. The circumstances of his previous commitment are related by Goodman:—"The queen," he says, "was looking out of her window into the garden, where Somerset and Overbury were walking; and when the queen saw them, she said, 'There goes Somerset and his governor,' and a little after Overbury did laugh. The queen conceiving that he had overheard her, thought that they had laughed at her, whereupon she complained, and Overbury was committed. But when it did appear unto the queen that they did not hear her, and that their laughter did proceed from a jest which the king was pleased to use that day at dinner, then the queen was well satisfied, and he was released." It is evident, however, that Anne of Denmark had conceived a particular aversion towards Overbury's person. To the Earl of Salisbury she writes:—

My Lord,

The king hath told me that he will advise with you, and some other four or five of the Council, of that fellow. I can say no more, either to make you understand the matter or my mind, than I said the other day. Only I recommend to your care how public the matter is now, both in court and city, and how far I have reason in that respect. I refer the rest to this bearer, and myself to your love.

ANNA R.

Bishop Goodman's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 145.

Other particulars might be inserted, which denote antipathy on the one side and insolence on the other.

† There is a somewhat different account of this interview in the "Five Years of King James," supposed to have been written by Lord Brooke. According to this authority, Sir Jervis Elways was eventually wrought upon by the arguments and entreaties of Northampton to be an active agent in Overbury's murder.—*Harl. Misc.* vol. v. p. 376.

given to animals, which invariably died after having devoured them. The catastrophe being thus unaccountably delayed, a suspicion was excited in the minds of his employers, that Weston was playing a double part. The countess sent for him; reviled him for his treachery; and joining one Franklin with him in the horrid work, used such arguments as induced him to enter more vigorously on his task. On this occasion, the lieutenant is said to have been kept in the dark, though, in fact, he must have been well aware of his prisoner's sickness, and ought to have been fully aware of the cause. The two ruffians cautiously administered their deadly mixtures; and at last, finding him still hold out, applied a poisoned clyster, which eventually carried him off. According to other accounts, perceiving an irruption breaking out over his body, and fearing lest the symptoms might lead to detection, they released him from his agonies by smothering him in his bed. His interment quickly followed; it being given out that he died of a loathsome disease, the nature of which prevented his body from being kept longer.

From the time of Overbury's death, Somerset became a changed man. The beauty of person, the lightness of his heart, and the conciliating civility which had formerly distinguished him, were now no longer discoverable. Amid the glare and the splendour that surrounded him, he was a sullen and melancholy being. The still small voice of conscience was ever whispering in his ear; and though possessed of the wife whom he had chosen, though the sole favourite of the sovereign, and the master of unbounded wealth, the envied Somerset became a burden to himself, and an object of dislike to a master he no longer was able to amuse.

All that James required, was a decent excuse for deserting and destroying the man whom he had once loved. They were indeed a worthy pair. The appearance of George Villiers at court, in 1614, proved the most fatal blow to the fortunes of Somerset. His enemies, among the foremost of whom was the queen herself, watched with extreme anxiety the rapid transfer of the royal affections: they saw that Somerset's reign was at an end, and began already to speculate on the character and disposition of his successor. James, naturally desirous of preserving some appearance of consistency, attempted the impracticable task of placing his old and new favourite upon a friendly footing. Sir Humphrey May, a follower of Somerset's, was entrusted by James with the conduct of this delicate affair. He could not have fixed on a more proper person. A splendid act of friendship and generosity which he afterwards performed for Sir Thomas Monson, when a prisoner and in distress, is a sufficient guarantee for his kindness of heart, and qualifications as a peace-maker. May, having introduced himself into Somerset's presence, commenced by informing him that his rival was about to visit him with proffers of service and friendship. He used what arguments he could think of to reconcile the proud earl, adding, "Your lordship, though not the sole favourite, will still be a great man." Somerset exhibited an extreme aversion to this singular arrangement. May then thought it right to acquaint him that he had come to make the overture by the king's express command. Somerset was silent, and shortly afterwards Villiers himself entered. A meeting between two such men, and under such circumstances, must indeed have been remarkable. Villiers, far different from the proud

Buckingham of after life, was humility itself:—he came, he said, to be Somerset's creature and his dependent, and to gain preferment at court under his auspices: adding that he should always find him a faithful and obedient servant. The earl's reply was brief and startling,—"Sir," he said, "I require none of your services, and I shall give you none of my favour;" adding, in the most undisguised manner, that he would ruin him if it ever lay in his power.

Somerset was fully aware of his declining favour, and took his measures accordingly. Although, with the exception of an accusation that he had embezzled some of the crown jewels, nothing had openly been laid to his charge, it is probable that he had received some hint that his share in Overbury's murder was about to transpire. He therefore made the best use of his remaining influence with the king, and obtained a full and ample pardon for any and all offences which he might heretofore have committed. It is curious that the most important clause in the instrument was borrowed from a similar indulgence granted by the Pope to Cardinal Wolsey. The pardon was signed by James without hesitation; but the queen, who detested Somerset, had sufficient influence to prevent its passing the great seal until the return of the king, who was then absent in the west.

In the mean time, an apothecary's boy, who had been employed in composing the poisoned clyster, fell sick at Flushing, whither he had retired, and his conscience beginning to accuse him, he revealed all the circumstances connected with the destruction of Overbury which had come within his knowledge. James was at Royston, when Sir Ralph Winwood was despatched to him with the tale of his favourite's guilt. He instantly sent a messenger to the Lord Chief Justice, Sir Edward Coke, directing him to take measures for arresting the earl, who was that day to set out from London to join the royal party. When the officer of justice arrived at Royston, he found James with his arms round the neck of Somerset, who had arrived in the mean time, affecting to inquire anxiously, as he pressed him to his heart, how long it would be before he saw him again. Somerset was indignant at the idea of a peer being arrested in the presence of his sovereign: "Nay, man," said James, "if Coke sends for me, I must go." As soon as the earl had departed, "Now the devil go with thee," said the king, "for I will never see thy face any more." That very morning Somerset had conversed with Sir Henry Wotton respecting the prosperity of his affairs, and the brilliant course which he was still apparently destined to run: before night he was in the Tower.

The king's detestable hypocrisy and dissimulation are apparent throughout the whole of this transaction. Sir Edward Coke arriving the same day at Royston, James expressed the strongest determination to discover and punish the crime, without any respect of persons: he added, that if he pardoned any one of them, he *hoped God's curse might light on him and his posterity*. How far he respected this solemn imprecation, is well known; nor is it the only instance in which he provoked the wrath of Heaven by his horrible contempt of truth. On one occasion, when a report was alluded to in the Star Chamber, that he was about to grant some immunities to the papists, he protested to the lords, "that he would spend the last drop of his blood before he would do so;" and prayed that, before any

of his issue should maintain any other religion than that which they truly professed, God would take them out of the world.

Somerset, on his arrival in London, was sent to the Tower, the countess having shared the same fate during his progress from Royston. Their accomplices in the murder, Sir Jervis Elways, Weston, Franklin, and Mrs. Turner, were shortly condemned and executed. Sir Thomas Monson escaped punishment under circumstances which will be presently mentioned. Another of the party, Simon Mason, a servant of Monson's, was also brought into court, on the charge of having conveyed a poisoned tart to Overbury. The judge said to him, "Simon, you had a hand in this business?"—"No, my lord," was the ready answer, "I had only a finger in it, which nearly cost me my life." In his way to the Tower, he had licked some of the syrup of the tart from his fingers, a circumstance which eventually saved him from hanging: it was argued, that he would scarcely have tasted what he knew to be poisoned.

In the meantime, Somerset remained in the Tower, his enemies satisfying themselves of his guilt and condemnation long before they had been decided by the law. By a letter dated 19th November, 1615, about six months previous to his trial, a return was ordered to be made of his effects, with a view probably to their subsequent distribution among the hungry crew, who were anxiously awaiting the final catastrophe. A selection from the inventory has been recently published among the Loseley MSS. and evinces, by the splendour of the articles, what immense sums must have been lavished on this unworthy favourite. Whether from constitutional indifference, a confidence in the king's remaining affection, or from a consciousness of his own innocence, it is certain that Somerset endured with becoming dignity the strange vicissitude in his fortunes. "The earl," writes a contemporary, "seems little to care for this aspersion, and shows no manner of change in his countenance; which is strange, seeing that by manifest proofs it is otherwise, which was delivered in public courts: but he knoweth not what is said or done abroad, being a close prisoner."

The murder of Overbury has generally been traced to the sole circumstance of his having impugned the virtue of Lady Somerset. Admitting, however, that female indignation could proceed to such lengths as murder, is it probable that Somerset would have entered so warmly into his wife's feelings, as to sacrifice for some intemperate expressions a once-loved friend, more especially when those very expressions originated solely in a regard for himself? A momentary and violent irritation may perhaps be allowed as natural; but would he have pursued his victim to the grave by a slow and merciless process of vengeance, scarcely equaled in the annals of crime? Moreover, is it probable, is it indeed possible, that Northampton, whose share in this detestable transaction is undoubted, and who was one of the coldest and most calculating men of his time, should have been influenced in the same unaccountable manner by his profligate niece? In a word, will common sense allow us to suppose, that such a man would have mixed himself up in a fearful crime, and have risked life, fortune, and reputation, merely because some unguarded words had been uttered, which he well knew to be true?

To what then, will naturally be asked, did Overbury owe his melancholy end? This needs

an explanation which it is not so easy to afford, and the most that can be adduced, are some obscure and unsatisfactory conjectures. Certain it is, that Overbury was the depository of some important secrets, the discovery of which might have been fatal to the favourite, and that he was even foolish enough to threaten Somerset with a disclosure. Many a dark rumour has floated down to us respecting the mysterious death of Prince Henry, in which the names of Somerset, Northampton, and Overbury, are not omitted. Undoubtedly it was of the most vital importance, both to Somerset and Northampton, that the prince should not survive his father. Preferment was sure to cease, and ruin certain to follow. The abhorrence with which Henry regarded the Suffolk and Northampton branches of the Howards, was scarcely exceeded even by his detestation of Somerset. Besides, the mere fact of these two noblemen being capable of committing one murder, renders it less unlikely that they would have been guilty of the other. At all events, it appears far more probable that they put Overbury out of the way, to insure their own safety, than to avenge themselves on the detractor of a wife or a niece. The conduct, too, of the countess appears less infamous, if we can suppose that, to the indignation of her sex, she added a redeeming anxiety to rescue her husband from approaching ruin. With regard to the general circumstances which threw suspicion over the death of Henry, they have already been introduced in the memoir of that lamented young prince.

Unfortunately it is impossible to investigate this embarrassing affair, without, in some degree, implicating the king himself. The late Charles Fox entertained a project of inquiring into the circumstances of Somerset's crime: in a letter to Lord Lauderdale, he writes,—"I recollect that the impression upon my mind was, that there was more reason than is generally allowed for suspecting that Prince Henry was poisoned by Somerset, and that *the king knew of it after the fact*." This impression originated, without doubt, in Somerset's arrogance previous to his trial, as well as in the king's undisguised fear lest the earl should enter into some unpleasant details when brought before his judges. Certain it is that Somerset had a secret in his keeping, which apparently saved his own life, and kept James in an unpleasant state of trepidation. Whether, however, it was connected with the death of the prince, or whether, as Harris supposes, it was "the revealing that vice to which James seems to have been addicted," is not so easy to determine. There is a letter extant, addressed by Somerset to the king, in which he professes to pray for mercy; but it conveys less of penitence than of expostulation and defiance. Somerset throughout affected to talk as if the king *dared* not sentence him to death; and it is even said, that he sent a message to James by the lieutenant of the Tower, in which he threatened to reveal their secret should his pardon not be granted. Hume, in his ingenious palliation of the king's conduct, speaks confidently of "his great remains of tenderness for Somerset." This remark is so far from being borne out by facts, that James appears extremely anxious to get rid of his former favourite. Lord Bacon, who was then attorney-general, and who must have been perfectly well aware of the king's feelings with respect to Somerset, in preparing his majesty with arguments as to the probable results of the approaching trial, thus writes on the subject. "The

fourth case is that *which I should be very sorry should happen*, but it is a future contingent; that is, *if the peers should acquit him*, and find him not guilty." In this case, Lord Bacon recommends that Somerset should be remanded a close prisoner to the Tower, "there being," he adds, "many high and heinous offences (*though not capital*) for which he may be questioned in the Star Chamber." If these "great remains of tenderness" really existed, is it likely that the politic Bacon would have expressed his hope of seeing Somerset hanged, and even recommended an unnecessary persecution in the event of his being acquitted?

According to Weldon, the criminal himself went so far, the day before the trial, as to express his determination not to appear in court, unless they dragged him there by force, and in his bed; adding, "that the king durst not bring him to trial." This menace, and the fear of disclosure, had such an effect with James, that he sent privately to Somerset, assuring him that if he behaved quietly and without insolence at his examination, his life should be spared. This promise, however, was protracted to the last moment, the king being desirous of ascertaining privately the mode of defence which it was Somerset's intention to adopt at the trial. Not only were examining commissioners appointed, who constantly interrogated the prisoner, but James was mean enough, under the mask of affection, to employ other individuals, who used their utmost endeavours to entice Somerset to a confession of his plans. Had they succeeded, Somerset, in all probability, would have died on the gallows: he had, however, either received a hint on the subject, or was cunning enough to penetrate their design. So anxious was James to discover his intended plan of defence, that he employed Lord Bacon to anticipate every possible line of conduct which the criminal might adopt. Bacon writes to Sir George Villiers:—"I have received my letter from his majesty wish his marginal notes, which shall be my directions, being glad to perceive I understand his majesty so well. That same little charm, which may be secretly infused into Somerset's ear some few hours before his trial, was excellently well thought of by his majesty, and I do approve it, both in matter and time; only, if it seem good to his majesty, I would wish it a little enlarged: for, if it be no more than to spare his blood, he hath a kind of proud humour, which may overwork the medicine. Therefore, I could wish it were made a little stronger, by giving him some hope that his majesty will be good to his lady and child; and that time (when justice, and his majesty's honour, is once saved, and satisfied) may produce further proof of his majesty's compassion."

The king's next step was to endeavour to entice Somerset to a confession, asserting that it would afford him a more favourable opportunity of exercising the royal prerogative of mercy: Somerset, however, was too guarded to be caught in the snare. The examining commissioners, who were fully aware of the king's anxiety on this point, thus report to his majesty:—"Not to trouble your majesty with circumstances of his answers, the sequel was no other, but that we found him still, not to come any degree further on to confess; only his behaviour was very sober, and modest, and mild, (*differing apparently from other times*;) but yet, as it seemed, resolved to expect his trial." The commissioners afterwards proceed:—"We have done our best endeavours to perform your majesty's commission both in

matter and manner, for the examination of my lord of Somerset, wherein that which passed (for the general) was to this effect, that he was to know his own case, for that his day of trial could not be far off; but that this day's work was that which would conduce to your majesty's injustice little or nothing, but to your mercy much, if he did lay hold upon it, and therefore might do him good, but could do him no hurt; for as to your justice, there had been taken great and grave opinion, not only of such judges as he may think violent, but of the saddest and most temperate in the kingdom, who ought to understand the state of the proofs, that the evidence was full to convict him, so as there needed neither confession, nor supply of examination. But for your majesty's mercy, (although he were not to expect we should make any promise,) we did assure him that your majesty was compassionate of him, if he gave you some ground whereon to work; that as long as he stood upon his innocency and trial, your majesty was tied in honour to proceed according to justice, and that he little understood (being a close prisoner) how much the expectation of the world, besides your love to justice itself, engaged your majesty, whatsoever your inclination were; but nevertheless, that a frank and clear confession might open the gate of mercy, and help to satisfy the point of honour."

But that which has tended to throw a great additional light on these mysterious circumstances, is the existence of some remarkably curious letters, which have recently been published in a collection of the Loseley MSS. The editor informs us that they were discovered carefully preserved in an envelope, on which, in a handwriting of the period, was a long note, part of which is as follows:—"These four letters were all of King James his own hand wryghtinge, sent to Sir John More, Liftennant of the Tower (being put in to that place by his own apoyntment, without the privitie of any man) concerning my Lorde of Somersett, whoe beinge in the Tower, and heringe that he should come to his arrayngment, *began to speak big wordes touching on the king's reputation and honour*. The king, therefore, desired, as much as he could, to make him confess the poysoninge of Sir Thomas Overberry, and so not to his arrayngment, but to cast himself on his mercy. But being a courtiour, and beaten to these courses, would not; fully imagining that the king durst not, or would not bryng him to his tryall," &c. And in another part of the envelope were added these words,—"Sir George More's my ffather in lawe's legacie, who in his lifetime made much account of these letters, being every word King James his own wryghtinge."

Sir George More, besides having been honoured with these confidential letters, had certainly one personal communication, if not more, with the king; and appears to have been not a little instrumental in dissuading Somerset from breaking out into invectives, or disclosing any unpleasant secrets, at his trial; it is asserted, moreover, that Sir George obtained 1500*l.* a year for his management of this mysterious affair. What renders these letters principally curious, is the manner in which they confirm the supposition that Somerset was really the master of secrets, which it was most important to James should be kept at all hazards from the public. To prevent the possibility of such a catastrophe, it appears that James adopted the nicest precautions, and used every exertion in his power. He appoints one of his own confidants to be Somerset's keeper;

he will not even employ a secretary in the correspondence which takes place between the lieutenant and himself; he first endeavours to inveigle Somerset into a confession, and to induce him, by throwing himself on the royal mercy, to avoid a trial; and then, finding this manœuvre fail, he attempts to persuade the world that the earl is a lunatic. The first two letters, above alluded to, have reference principally to the king's most ardent wish, that Somerset should anticipate his trial by an admission of his offence. They evince also his great anxiety that Sir George should preserve their correspondence a profound secret. "Without the knowledge of any," writes James, "I have put you in that place of trust which you now possess, so must I now use your trust and secrecy in a thing greatly concerning my honour and service." And in the next letter he adds, "You must not let him know that I have written unto you, but only that I sent you private word to deliver him this message:—*Let none living know of this.*" The two last and most remarkable letters are as follow:

"Goode Sir George,

"I am extremely sorry that your unfortunate prisoner turns all the great care I have for him, *not only against himself, but against me also, as far as he can. I cannot blame you, that you cannot conjecture what this may be, for God knows it is only a trikke of his idle braine, hopping thairby to shift his tryall*; but it is easie to be seen that he wolde threatin me with laying an aspersion upon me of being in some sort accessorie to his crime, I can do no more (since God so abstracts his grace from him), than repeat the substance of that letter which Lord Haye sent you yesternighte, which is this: if he wolde write or send me any message concerning this poisoning, it needs not be private; if it be of any other business, that which I cannot now with honoure receive privately, I may do it after his tryall, and serve the turne as well, for except either his tryall or confession precede, I cannot have a private message from him, without laying an aspersion on myselfe of being an accessorie to his cryme, and I praye you to urge him by reason, that I refuse him no favoure which I can graunte him, without taking upon me the suspicion of being guiltie of that cryme whereof he is accused, and so farewell,

"JAMES R."

"Good Sir George,

"For answers to your straunge newis, I am first to tell you, that I expecte the Lord Haye and Sir Robert Carr have been with you before this tyme, which if thaye have not yett bene doe ye sende for them in haste that they may first heare him, before ye saye any thing unto him, and when that is done, if he shall still refuse to goe, [to trial], ye must do your office, *except he be either apparently sick or distracted of his wittes*, in any of which cacies ye may acquaint the Chancellaire with it, that he may adorne the day till Mondaye nexte, betwene and which time, if his sicknesse or madnesse be counterfitted, it will manifestlie appeare. In the mean tyme, I doubt not but that ye have acquainted the Chancellair with this strange fitte of his, and if upon these occasions ye bring him a little laiter than the houre appointed, the Chancellaire may in the mean tyme protracte the tyme the best he maye, whom I praye you to acquaint like wayes with this my ansoure, as well as with the accident, if he have saide any thinge of moment to the Lord Haye, I expecte to hear of it with all speed; if

other way, let me not be troubled with it till the tryall be past. Fairwell.

"JAMES R."

Subscribed in another hand,

"To o' trustie and weel beloved Sir George More, knight, o' levetenant of o' Towre of London."

It was very doubtful, before the trial, whether the crown had sufficient evidence to insure Somerset's conviction; indeed he was merely found guilty on the ground of some expressions which were discovered in a letter of his to Northampton; and yet James would not only force him to confess a crime, of which he might possibly have been guiltless, but proceeds to such lengths to obtain this object, as to endeavour to induce Sir George More to be guilty of something very like a falsehood on the occasion. In one of his letters, the king writes to the lieutenant,—"*Ye will doe well of yourselfe to caste out unto him, that ye feare his wyfe shall plead weaklie for his innocence; and that ye find the commissioners have, ye know not how, some secrete assurance that in the ende she will confesse of him;* but this must onlie be as from yourselfe;" surely this has every appearance of invention. It may be remarked that Lord Bacon, in embracing the different accidents which might occur at the trial, thus writes to the king:—"The second case is, if that fall out, (which is likest as things stand, and as we expect), which is that *the lady confess*, and that Somerset plead not guilty, and be found guilty." Lord Bacon was right in both conjectures; the countess, however, though she confessed her own crime, in no way implicated her husband.

Another circumstance, which throws suspicion on James, was the liberation of Sir Thomas Monson, who was to have been tried as an accomplice in Overbury's murder, but escaped after his arraignment. Coke, the lord chief justice, was rash enough to observe, "That more would come out at his trial than the death of a private individual." He is even said to have exclaimed on the bench, "God knows what became of that sweet babe Prince Henry, but I know somewhat." Certain it is that James took fright; that Monson obtained his liberty, and that Coke was disgraced.

Somerset was brought to trial in Westminster Hall, May 25, 1616. During the whole of the day James is described as being in a painful state of agitation,—"*sending to every boat he perceived landing at Whitehall, and cursing all that came without tidings.*" When word was at length brought him that the earl was condemned, his agitation ceased. "This," Weldon says, "he had from Sir George More's own mouth." Somerset is described as being dressed on the occasion in "a plain black satin suit, his hair curled, his face pale, his beard long, and his eyes sunk in his head." He was also decorated with the George and Garter. Weldon asserts, that two persons were placed behind him at his trial, whose instructions were to throw a cloak over his face, and carry him off, should he exhibit the slightest intention of implicating the king. He pleaded innocent; but the peers finding him guilty, he was sentenced to be carried to the Tower, and from thence to the place of execution, where he was to be hanged like a common criminal.

Somerset, with his countess, received at different periods several reprieves. By an order in council, dated 18th January, 1622, they were finally liberated from confinement, though their lives were merely respited at the king's pleasure:

it was also stipulated that they should reside in the country; one of Lord Wallingford's two seats in Oxfordshire (Grays and Caversham) being allowed them for choice. The order for their release is as follows:—

Anno Dom. 1621. An. Reg. Jac. 19. An Order of the Privy Council, Whitehall, 18th January, 1622.

Present.—Lord Keeper, Lord Treasurer, Lord President, L. M. Hamilton, Earl Marshal, L. Visc. Falkland, Lord Digby, Lord Brook, Mr. Treasurer, Mr. Sec. Calvert, Mr. Chanc. Excheq., Master of the Rolls.

Whereas, his majesty is graciously pleased to enlarge and set at liberty the Earl of Somerset and his lady, now prisoners in the Tower of London; and that, nevertheless, it is thought fit that both the said earl and his lady be confined to some convenient place: It is therefore, according to his majesty's gracious pleasure and command, ordered, that the Earl of Somerset and his lady do repair either to Grays or Cowsham [Caversham], Lord Wallingford's houses in the county of Oxon, and remain confined to one or either of the said houses, and within three miles' compass of the same, until further order be given by his majesty.

At last, in 1624, about four months previous to the king's death, notwithstanding his majesty's former solemn asseveration, they received a full pardon for their crime. In the reign of Charles the First, Somerset petitioned, though unsuccessfully, for the restoration of his estates. The guilty pair resided together in a private and almost obscure condition. Their former passionate love was converted into abhorrence; and though inmates of the same house, they lived entirely separate and estranged.

James, whether from pity or some other cause, allowed his former favourite 4000*l.* a year. Somerset was compelled, however, till he received his pardon, to hold the rents, which produced this income, in his servant's name; the law excluding him, as a condemned person, from being the ostensible possessor.

Somerset is said to have been assured by a fortune-teller, that if he should ever see the king's face again, he would certainly be reinstated in his former greatness. According to Arthur Wilson, James, in the latter part of his life, occasionally paid him a visit in his retreat. Bishop Burnet inform us, that when the king grew weary of Buckingham's insolence and contemptuous manner, he had serious intentions of supplying his place with his old favourite. He adds, that their first meeting was in the gardens at Theobalds, where the king embraced Somerset tenderly, and shed many tears. "Somerset," adds Burnet, "told this to some from whom I had it."

It is remarkable that the great and virtuous Lord Russell was the grandson of Somerset and his abandoned countess. The result of their ill-timed union was an only daughter, Anne, who became the wife of William Russell, Earl of Bedford, created a duke in 1694. There is something interesting in her history. The union took place in the lifetime of the old Earl of Bedford, who had been in the habit of saying to his son, "Marry whom you will but a daughter of Somerset." Unfortunately, however, they met at court, and the son falling passionately in love with her, expressed his determination never to marry another. The earl professed the greatest abhorrence at the idea of the match, and probably might never have relented but for the interference

of Charles the First in favour of the lovers. The king's share in overcoming his prejudices, is alluded to in a letter of the period. Mr. Garrard writes to the Earl of Strafford, 5th April, 1636, "The king lately sent the Duke of Lennox to my lord of Bedford, to move him to give way to the marriage between my Lord Russell and the Lady Anne Carr, daughter to the Earl of Somerset, which he should take well at his hands. The love between them hath been long taken notice of, though discreetly and closely carried for his father gave him, as I take it, leave and liberty to choose in any family but in that: but marriages are made in heaven."

The old earl at length gave a reluctant consent; and in 1637 they were married. He had no reason to regret his having relented. Some time afterwards he was seized with the small-pox; and though deserted by his own children, the lady Anne remained with him and nursed him like a daughter. She caught the disorder and lost her beauty. It is said, that after she grew up, she discovered the account of her parents' infamy in a book; but that she was happily so ignorant of the facts, as to look upon them as mere calumnies.* She died in 1684, aged sixty-three.

This account of his daughter enables us to relate a redeeming trait in the character of Somerset. Among other expedients which had been adopted by the old Lord Bedford to prevent his son's marriage, he had insisted on the sum of twelve thousand pounds being deposited as the marriage portion of Anne Carr. It was an immense sum to Somerset, who possessed little except his residence at Chiswick. However, he sold house, plate, and jewels, in order to make up the amount. "Since her affections are settled," he said, "I would ruin myself rather than make her unhappy." Such an action goes far to redeem the name of Somerset from utter obliquy, and for the credit of human nature should not remain untold. How truly has it been said by the poet,—

None are all evil,—quickenings round the heart,
Some softer feeling will not quite depart!

The curse of Somerset was his choice of a wife. We are assured that by nature he was of a "mild and affable disposition," and might have been a good man if he had not met with such a woman. Wilson says of his person that he was "rather compact than tall; his features and favour comely and handsome rather than beautiful; the hair of his head flaxen; that of his face tinged with yellow of the Sycambrian colour." Weldon speaks of him as "handsome and well-bred;" and even asserts that, previously to his elevation, he had passed his time in study, and in the society of eminent men. He must have been nearly sixty at the time of his death,† which took place in July, 1645. His remains were interred in the parish church of St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

* There is, however, another account, that when she met with the passage respecting the guilt of her parents, she fell down in a fit, and was discovered senseless, with the book before her. There is a half-length picture of her at Woburn, by Vandyke, in which she is painted dressed in blue, drawing on her gloves. Pennant's Journey from Chester to London, p. 494.

† His birth is commonly fixed in 1588, which would make him in his fifty-eighth year at the time of his decease, and only twenty-one at his first appearance at court.

Saturday, 26th August.

the hemp manufactory, with their wives and daughters—all people of high standing in the world—occasionally honoured his table with their presence; and how could he be other than ashamed of mine? It vexes me that I cannot even yet be cool on the subject; it vexes me that a creature so sordid, should have the power so much to move me; but I cannot—I cannot master my feelings. He—he told me—and with whom should the blame rest, but with the weak, spiritless thing who lingered out in mean, bitter dependence, to hear what he had to tell?—he told me that all his friends were respectable, and that my appearance was no longer that of a person whom he could wish to see at his table, or introduce to any one as his nephew. And I had staid to hear all this!

“I can hardly tell you how I got home. I traveled stage after stage, along the rough dusty roads, with a weak and feverish body, and almost despairing mind. On meeting with my mother, I could have laid my head on her bosom and cried like a child. I took to my bed in a high fever, and trusted that all my troubles were soon to terminate; but, when the die was cast, it turned up life. I resumed my old miserable employments—for what could I else?—and, that I might be less unhappy in the prosecution of them, my old amusements too. I copied, during the day, in a clerk’s office, that I might live, and wrote, during the night, that I might be known. And I have, in part, perhaps, attained my object. I have pursued and caught hold of the shadow on which my heart had been so long set; and if it prove empty, and untangible, and unsatisfactory, like every other shadow, the blame surely must rest with the pursuer, not with the thing pursued. I weary you, Mr. Lindsay; but one word more. There are hours when the mind, weakened by exertion, or by the teasing monotony of an employment which tasks without exercising it, can no longer exert its powers, and when, feeling that sociality is a law of our nature, we seek the society of our fellow men. With a creature so much the sport of impulse as I am, it is of these hours of weakness that conscience takes most note. God help me! I have been told that life is short; but it stretches on, and on, and on before me; and I know not how it is to be passed through.”

My spirits had so sunk during this singular conversation, that I had no heart to reply.

“You are silent, Mr. Lindsay,” said the poet; “I have made you as melancholy as myself; but look round you, and say if you have ever seen a lovelier spot. See how richly the yellow sunshine slants along the green sides of Arthur’s Seat, and how the thin blue smoke, that has come floating from the town, fills the bottom of yonder grassy dell, as if it were a little lake. Mark, too, how boldly the cliffs stand out along its sides, each with its little patch of shadow. And here, beside us, is St. Anthony’s Well, so famous in song, coming gushing out to the sunshine, and then gliding away through the grass, like a snake. Had the Deity purposed that man should be miserable, he would surely never have placed him in so fair a world. Perhaps much of our unhappiness originates in our mistaking our proper scope, and thus setting out, from the first, with a false aim.”

“Unquestionably,” I replied, “there is no man who has not some part to perform; and, if it be a great and uncommon part, and the powers which fit him for it proportionably great and uncommon, nature would be in error could he slight

it with impunity. See, there is a wild bee bending the flower beside you. Even that little creature has a capacity of happiness and misery; it derives its sense of pleasure from whatever runs in the line of its instincts—its experience of unhappiness, from whatever thwarts and opposes them; and can it be supposed that so wise a law should regulate the instincts of only inferior creatures? No, my friend, it is surely a law of our nature also.”

“And have you not something else to infer?” said the poet.

“Yes,” I replied, “that you are occupied differently from what the scope and constitution of your mind demand; differently both in your hours of employment and of relaxation. But do take heart—you will yet find your proper place, and all shall be well.”

“Alas! no, my friend,” said he, rising from the sward. “I could once entertain such a hope; but I cannot now. My mind is no longer what it was to me in my happier days—a sort of *terra incognita*, without bounds or limits. I can see over and beyond it, and have fallen from all my hopes regarding it. It is not so much the gloom of present circumstances that disheartens me, as a depressing knowledge of myself—an abiding conviction that I am a weak dreamer, unfitted for every occupation of life—and not less for the greater employments of literature than for any of the others. I feel that I am a little man, and a little poet, with barely vigour enough to make one half effort at a time; but wholly devoid of the sustaining will—that highest faculty of the highest order of minds—which can direct a thousand vigorous efforts to the accomplishment of one important object. Would that I could exchange my half celebrity—and it can never be other than a half celebrity—for a temper as equable, and a fortitude as unshrinking as yours! But I weary you with my complaints: I am a very coward; and you will deem me as selfish as I am weak.”

We parted. The poet, sadly and unwillingly, went to copy deeds in the office of the commissary clerk; and I, almost reconciled to obscurity and hard labour, to assist in unlading a Baltic trader in the harbour of Leith.

JAMES SMITH.

Carey & Hart have just published “Memoirs, Letters, and Comic Miscellanies, in Prose and Verse, of the late James Smith, Esq., edited by his brother, Horace Smith, Esq., 2 vols.”

James Smith has been known as a writer of small but clever pieces, in prose and verse, for the last forty years; and, with his brother, Horace, has filled a considerable place in the light and fugitive English literature. Besides the “Rejected Addresses,” he wrote, better than any one else, addresses to “Mummies” and “Old Clocks,” and clever nonsense for Mathews. He did not dull the edge of his wit by too much use, and seems to have lived and died every one’s favourite. There are pretty praises of him by Lord Byron and other cotemporaries. The present “Collection” has several poetical pieces which we do not remember having seen before. The prose sketches are comic, but not of great merit. His letters are by far the best of the book. The following is a good enough specimen of his epistolary manner, and interesting on account of the persons of whom it speaks.

My dear Mrs. Holme,

The interest that I take in the welfare of you and yours has caused me to receive the communication in your last letter with sincere pleasure. The philosophical book on the mind by Combe I have sent to Lady —, but will bring it you on Friday se’night, the 6th of September. Turn minutes to seconds, as some lyric poet requests of Time, that the period may sooner arrive. I dined yesterday at — House, where the Countess Guiccioli is on a visit. She is much improved in her English. When we rejoined the ladies in the drawing-room, coffee was introduced, and several little tottering daddy long-legs tables were set out whereon to deposit our cups. I and Madame G. had a table between us. I then ventured to touch upon Lord Byron. The subject evidently interested her. I repeated several passages from his “Childe Harold,” with which she seemed quite familiar. She then asked me to give her some of my imitations of him from the “Rejected Addresses.” These she did not seem quite so well to comprehend. I told her all I knew of him before he went abroad, to which, like Desdemona, “she did seriously incline.” Bysshe Shelley she denominates a good man. Leigh Hunt’s name she pronounces *Leg Hunte*. With tears in her eyes she then despatched upon the merits and failings of the departed. When any sudden pause took place in the conversation at the other tables, she, evidently not wishing to be overheard, said “Bai an bai,” (by-and-by), and when the general buzz recommenced, she resumed the thread of her narrative. Shelley “disliked his Don Juan,” said I, “and begged him to leave it off, calling it a Grub street poem.” “A what?—what you mean by Grub street?” I then explained to her the locality of that venerable haunt of the muses in the days of Pope and Swift, by a quotation from myself,—

“A spot near Cripplegate extends,

Grub street ’tis called, (the modern Pindus),

Where (but that bards are never friends)

Bards might shake hands from adverse windows.”

“When he dined with me,” the countess continued, “he ate no meat. Still haunted by a dread of growing fat, he very much injured his own health; yet his figure, notwithstanding, grew larger. Oh! he was very handsome! Beautiful eyes and eyelashes!—and such a spiritual expression of countenance! I had occasion to go to Ravenna on some family business. We settled that he should not accompany me. At that time several people were plaguing him to go to Greece. ‘Ah,’ he said, in his sportive manner, ‘let fourteen captains come and ask me to go, and go I will.’ Well, fourteen captains came to him and said, ‘Here we are, will you now go?’ He was ashamed to say he had only been joking, (you know how fond he was of saying things in that light, joking sort of a way,) so it ended in his undertaking to go. He said to me, ‘While you are at Ravenna, I will go to Greece, and we shall meet again when we both return.’ God, however, disposed of it otherwise. He was not well when he set out. In Greece they wanted to bleed him; he would not be bled, and so he died.” The countess paused, evidently much affected. I said nothing for a minute or two. I then observed that I had read and heard much upon the subject she had been discussing, but that I did not know how she and Lord Byron first became acquainted. She looked at me a

moment, as if wondering at my audacity, and then said, with a good-humoured smile, "Well, I will tell you. I was one day—" But here the drawing-room door opened, and some Frenchman with a foreign order was announced. The lady repeated her "Bai an bai" sotto voce, but unfortunately that bai an bai never arrived. The foreigner, unluckily, knew the countess; he, therefore, planted himself in a chair behind the countess, and held her ever and anon in a commonplace kind of conversation during the remainder of the evening.

Count D'Orsay set me down in Craven street. "What was all that Madame Guiccioli was saying to you just now?" he inquired. She was telling me her apartments are in the Rue de Rivoli, and that if I visited the French capital, she hoped I would not forget her address." "What, it took her all that time to say that? Ah, Smeeth, you old humbug! that won't do."

Believe me to remain,
Sincerely yours,
JAMES SMITH.

EIGHTEEN AND GRAY HAIR?

OR, LOVE'S LABOUR LOST!—A PETITE HISTOIRE.

After an absence of two years spent in travelling, I saw her again at the theatre. She was the attraction of the whole house; all eyes in the pit were fixed upon her; and I, after one, could scarcely venture on a second glance: at length I summoned resolution; obtained a full view of of her; but how was I horror-struck. The reason of the general observation her entrance caused was now apparent; a cold shivering came over me; my knees trembled.

Poor, unhappy Henrietta! I sighed, as I convulsively bit my lips. One of my neighbours, perceiving my emotion, touched me with his elbow, and said, "Do you observe that young lady in the centre box—the first row. Is it not surprising that so young a creature should have white hair?" "And with such sparkling black eyes, too!" remarked another; "what a thousand pities!" "If a writer of romance were here," said a third, "this beautiful monster would furnish materials for an excellent ballad, something *à la Heine*, at which we know not whether to laugh or cry. Black eyes and white locks; our attraction and abhorrence; a true and lively picture of the literature of the day!" I could have annihilated the impertinent puppies.

At last the curtain rose; what was acted God knows. The audience laughed. I ground my teeth in agony. I several times thought of making a bolt for the door; but an irresistible power chained me to the spot where my devoted victim presented herself. Cold drops stood upon my brow; but I remained. The play was over, and my tormentors commenced talking of the young girl with the gray hair.

"For my part," said one, "I think it not unlikely that this poor thing in some lonely walk at night stumbled upon a ghost. Have you read the 'Scherin von Prevorst,' by Korner—"

"He is a poet and a Swabian," interrupted a person at my back. "Trust me, there are no such creations as ghosts and seeresses; I am a physician, and can explain to you how it happens that nature produces on certain qualities of the hair certain effects."

"Ah! you are a doctor, are you?" remarked a new speaker; "come, come, expound it all to

us *ex cathedra*. The hair of a young girl cannot change its colour without some very extraordinary cause. She must have been subject to some terrible calamity, some shock. Perhaps her husband was murdered in her arms; or she dropped her child as she was dancing it at a window and dashed its brains out on the pavement."

"Excuse me, gentlemen, your conjectures all fall to the ground," said the doctor, in an authoritative tone; "can't you at once perceive that this charming creature is not a mother; perhaps unmarried."

"How old may the poor thing be?" inquired one.

"Sixteen," replied another.

"Eighteen!" exclaimed I, scarce knowing what I was saying.

"What! you are acquainted with her, then?" exclaimed all in a breath.

I made no reply.

"He surely must be able to tell us something about her," doggedly remarked one of the party. "I shrewdly guess that this young maiden owes her white hair to some cross in love, some—"

In a paroxysm of despair I seized the hand of the last speaker. "Hold, sir; spare me; I am a wretch—a perjured villain."

What effect this outburst of my anguish, this involuntary confession of my wrongs to Henrietta—wrong from me by a guilty conscience—produced on my auditors, may well be imagined; but luckily for me, at this moment, the orchestra let loose its thunder; all that noise and fury signifying nothing, that characterises modern music; and the curtain rose again. But what fictitious sorrows; what love, treachery, despair, could vie with mine? My remorseless memory pictured, in colours too true and faithful, how she had vowed to me her innocent, weak heart, and its dawning affections; how I had sworn to be eternally hers; to adore her whom I had so shamefully forgotten and forsaken. Alas! I now, too late, perceived that I had poisoned all the springs of life and happiness: that the Henrietta whom I had left so blooming, so confiding and happy, was now, with white hair and a broken heart, sinking fast into the grave. "Miserable wretch!" I ejaculated, "is it too late to redeem the past?" A thought flashed across the darkness of my mind—too late—no, perhaps your repentance may make all well again. The mighty power of love—I will throw myself at her feet—will—

My resolve was made—the performance was nearly at an end—I rushed out of the pit. Some one seized me by the hand; "Gustavus!"

"Felix! you here! Have you seen her," I abruptly inquired.

"Her! who?"

"Henrietta."

"I left her only a few minutes ago. You find her much altered, eh?"

"Felix, I am a monster of iniquity!"

"What!" said he laughing, "were you the sly rogue, the charlatan?"

"Charlatan! what mean you?"

"You must know that Henrietta, scarcely a month since, bought of an itinerant vender of pomatum, a substance for making the hair grow. She had scarcely used it twice before her hair became as gray as you now see it."

"Pomatum; it was not love then,"—the word died on my lips.

"Love!" replied Felix, with surprise, "God be praised, no. We have been married eighteen months, and are the happiest couple in the uni-

verse. Whether my wife's hair be black or gray is to me a matter of indifference."

"Eighteen months!—your wife!—and I—"
Alas! 'twas but the penalty that my inconsistency so well merited. Take heed, ye of both sexes who possess that inestimable gift—another's love. Never trifle with it as I have done!

HISTORICAL EXCERPTS.

The current specie of England in the end of Elizabeth's reign was computed at four million.

Queen Elizabeth translated and wrote several books,—she translated Boethius.

Sir Walter Raleigh was a freethinker.

A maxim of James I., "No bishop, no king."

The plague broke out about the year 1603; 30,000 died in one year.

Hume, speaking of a speech of James I. to parliament, says, "It wants that majestic brevity and reserve which becomes a king in his addresses to the great council of the nation."

In the first part of the reign of James I. the house of commons claimed the right of judging for themselves in matters of election.

The Gunpowder Plot was conceived in 1605, by Catesby, Piercy, Winter, &c. &c.

In 1607, on motion of Sir Edwin Sandys, the house entered, for the first time, an order for the regular keeping of their journals.

The title of baronet was invented by Cecil, Earl of Salisbury.

The practice of levying wages for members of parliament has been long discontinued.

"It is a sharp remedy," said Sir W. Raleigh, "but a sure one for all ills," when he felt the edge of the axe with which he was to be beheaded.

The great patriots under Charles I. were Sir Francis Seymour, Sir Robert Phillips, Sir Thomas Wentworth, Sir Edwin Sandys, Sir Dudley Digges, Sir John Elliot, Selden, Pym, Sir Thomas Durnal, Sir John Corbit, Sir Walter Earle, Sir John Heveringham, Sir Edmond Hamden.

The Petition of Right passed in 1628.

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JOHN HAMBLEN.

He was a gentleman of a good family in Buckinghamshire, and born to a fair fortune, and of a most civil and affable deportment. In his entrance into the world, he indulged to himself all the licence in sports and exercises, and company, which were usual by men of the most jolly conversation. Afterwards, he retired to a more reserved and melancholy society, yet preserving his own natural cheerfulness and vivacity, and above all a flowing courtesy to all men; though they who conversed nearly with him, found him growing into a dislike of the ecclesiastical government of the church, yet most believed it rather a dislike of some churchmen, and of some introductions of theirs, which he apprehended might disquiet the public peace. He was rather of reputation in his own country, than of public discourse, or fame in the kingdom, before the business of ship-money; but then he grew the argument of all tongues, every man enquiring who and what he was, that durst, at his own charge, support the liberty and property of the kingdom; and rescue his country, as he thought, from being made a prey to the court. His carriage throughout this agitation, was with that rare temper and modesty, that they who watched him narrowly to find some advantage against his person, to make him less resolute in his cause, were compelled to give him a just testimony. And the judgment that was given against him, infinitely more advanced him than the service for which it was given. When this Parliament begun (being returned Knight of the Shire for the county in which he lived,) the eyes of all men were fixed upon him, as their *Patrie Pater*, and the pilot that must steer the vessel through the tempests and rocks which threatened it. And, I am persuaded, his power and interest at that time, was greater to do good or hurt, than any man's in the kingdom, or than any man of his rank hath had in any time; for his reputation of honesty was universal, and his affections seemed so publicly guided, that no corrupt or private ends could bias them.

He was of that rare affability and temper in debate, and of that seeming humility and submission of judgment, as if he brought no opinion of his own with him, but a desire of information and instruction; yet he had so subtle a way of interrogating, and under the notion of doubts, insinuating his objections, that he infused his own opinions into those from whom he pretended to learn and receive them. And even with them who were able to preserve themselves from his insinuations, and discerned those opinions to be fixed in him, with which they could not

comply, he always left the character of an ingenuous and conscientious person. He was indeed a very wise man, and of great parts, and possessed with the most absolute spirit of popularity, and the most absolute faculties to govern the people, of any man I ever knew. For the first year of the Parliament, he seemed rather to moderate and soften the violent and distempered humours than to inflame them. But wise and dispassioned men plainly discerned that that moderation proceeded from prudence and observation that the season was not ripe, rather than that he approved of the moderation; and that he begot many opinions and motions, the education whereof he committed to other men; so far disguising his own designs, that he seemed seldom to wish more than was concluded; and in many gross conclusions, which would hereafter contribute to designs not yet set on foot, when he found them sufficiently backed by a majority of voices, he would withdraw himself before the question, that he might seem not to consent to so much visible unreasonableness; which produced a great doubt in some, as it did approbation in others, of his integrity. What combination soever had been originally with the Scots for the invasion of England, and what further was entered into afterwards in favor of them, and to advance any alteration of the government, in Parliament, no man doubts was at least with the privacy of this gentleman.

After he was among those members accused by the king of high treason, he was much altered, his nature and carriage seeming much fiercer than it did before. And without question, when he first drew his sword, he threw away the scabbard; for he passionately opposed the overtures made by the king, for a treaty from Nottingham, and as eminently all expedients that might have produced any accommodation in this that was at Oxford; and was principally relied on to prevent any infusions which might be made into the Earl of Essex toward peace, or to render them ineffectual, if they were made; and was indeed much more relied on by that party, than the general himself. In the first entrance into the troubles he undertook the command of a regiment of foot, and performed the duty of a colonel, upon all occasions, most punctually. He was very temperate in diet, and a supreme governor over all his passions and affections, and had thereby a great power over other men. He was of an industry and vigilance not to be tired out, or wearied by the most labourous; and of parts not to be imposed upon by the most subtle or sharp; and of a personal courage equal to his best parts; so that he was an enemy not to be wished whenever he might have been made a

friend; and as much to be apprehended where he was so, as any man could deserve to be. And therefore his death was no less pleasing to one party, than it was condoled in the other. In a word, what was said of Cinna, might well be applied to him; "he had a head to contrive, and a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any mischief."—*Clarendon*.

TURENNE.

The great Turenne was killed, July 27, 1675, by a cannon shot, near the village of Saltzbuch, in going to choose a place whereon to erect a battery. "No one," says Voltaire, "is ignorant of the circumstances of his death; but we cannot here refrain a review of the principal of them, for the same reason that they are still talked of every day. It seems as if one could not too often repeat, that the same bullet which killed him, having shot off the arm of St. Hilaire, lieutenant general of the artillery, his son came and bewailed his misfortune with many tears; but the father, looking towards Turenne, said, 'It is not I, but that great man who should be lamented.' The words may be compared to the most heroic sayings recorded in all history, and are the best eulogy that can be bestowed upon Turenne. It is uncommon, under a despotic government, where people are actuated only by their private interests, for those who have served their country to die regretted by the public. Nevertheless, Turenne was lamented both by the soldiers and people; and Louvois was the only one who rejoiced at his death. The honours which the king ordered to be paid to his memory are known to every one; and that he was interred at St. Iyres, in the same manner as the Constable du Guesclin, above whom he was elevated by the voice of the public, as much as the age of Turenne was superior to the age of the constable."—*De Grammont*.

CONDE.

Of the great Prince of Condé, Cardinal de Retz says, "He was born a general, which never happened but to Cæsar, to Spinola, and to himself. He has equaled the first; he has surpassed the second. Intrepidity is one of the least shining strokes in his character. Nature had formed him with a mind as great as his courage. Fortune, in setting him out in a time of wars, has given this last a full extent to work in. His birth, or rather his education, in a family devoted and enslaved to the court, has kept the first within too strait bounds. He was not taught time enough the

great and general maxims which alone are able to form men to think consistently. He never had time to learn them of himself, because he was promoted from his youth, by the great affairs that fell unexpectedly to his share, and by the continual success he met with. This defect in him was the cause, that with the soul in the world the least inclined to evil, he has committed injuries; that, with the heart of an Alexander, he has, like him, had his failings; that with a wonderful understanding, he has acted imprudently; that, having all the qualities of the Duke Henry of Guise, he has not carried faction so far as he might. He could not come up to the height of his merit; which, though it be a defect, must yet be owned to be very uncommon, and only to be found in persons of the greatest abilities."—*Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 248.

He passed the remainder of his days, tormented with the gout, relieving the severity of his pains, and employing the leisure of his retreat in the conversation of men of genius of all kinds, with which France then abounded. He was worthy of their conversation, as he was not unacquainted with any of those arts and sciences in which they shone. He continued to be admired in his retreat; but, at last, that devouring fire which, in his youth, had made him a hero, impetuous, and full of passions, having consumed the strength of his body, which was naturally rather agile than robust, he declined before his time. The strength of his mind decaying with that of his body, there remained nothing of the great Condé during the last two years of his life. He died in 1686.—*Voltaire*.

FERGUSON.

O thou, my elder brother in misfortune,
By far my elder brother in the moon,
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!—*Bruna*.

I returned to the vessel with a heavy heart; and it was nearly three months from this time, ere I again set foot in Edinburgh. Alas! for my unfortunate friend! He was now an inmate of the asylum, and on the verge of dissolution.

The asylum in which my unfortunate friend was confined, at this time the only one in Edinburgh, was situated in an angle of the city wall. It was a dismal-looking mansion, shut in on every side, by the neighbouring houses, from the view of the surrounding country; and so effectually covered up from the nearer street, by a large building in front, that it seemed possible enough to pass a lifetime in Edinburgh without coming to the knowledge of its existence. I shuddered as I looked up to its blackened walls, thinly sprinkled with miserable looking windows, barred with iron, and thought of it as a sort of burial-place of dead minds. But it was a Golgotha, which, with more than the horrors of the grave, had neither its rest nor its silence. I was startled, as I entered the cell of the hapless poet, by a shout of laughter from a neighbouring room, which was answered from a dark recess behind me, by a fearfully prolonged shriek, and the clanking of chains. The mother and sister of Ferguson were sitting beside his pallet, on a sort of stone settle, which stood out from the wall; and the poet himself, weak, and exhausted, and worn to a shadow, but apparently in his right mind, lay extended on the straw. He made an attempt to rise as I entered; but the effort was above his strength, and, again laying down, he extended his hand.

"This is kind, Mr. Lindsay," he said; "it is

ill for me to be alone in these days; and yet I have few visitors, save my poor old mother and Margaret. But who cares for the unhappy?"

I sat down on the settle beside him, still retaining his hand. "I have been at sea, and in foreign countries," I said, "since I last saw you, Mr. Ferguson, and it was only this morning I returned; but believe me there are many, many of your countrymen, who sympathise sincerely in your affliction, and take a warm interest in your recovery."

He sighed deeply: "Ah," he replied, "I know too well the nature of that sympathy. You never find it at the bedside of the sufferer—it evaporates in a few barren expressions of idle pity; and yet, after all, it is but a paying the poet in kind. He calls so often on the world to sympathise over fictitious misfortune, that the feeling wears out, and becomes a mere mood of the imagination; and, with this light, attenuated pity of his own weaving, it regards his own real sorrows. Dearest mother, the evening is damp and chill—do gather the bed-clothes round me, and sit on my feet; they are so very cold and so dead, that they cannot be colder a week hence."

"O Robert, why do you speak so?" said the poor woman, as she gathered the clothes round him, and sat on his feet. "You know you are coming home to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" he said—"if I see to-morrow, I shall have completed my twenty-fourth year—a small part, surely, of the three score and ten; but what matters it when 'tis past?"

"You were ever, my friend, of a melancholy temperament," I said, "and too little disposed to hope. Indulge in brighter views of the future, and all shall yet be well."

"I can now hope that it shall," he said. "Yes, all shall be well with me—and that very soon. But, oh! how this nature of ours shrinks from dissolution!—yes, and all the lower natures too. You remember, mother, the poor starling that was killed in the room beside us? Oh, how it struggled with its ruthless enemy, and filled the whole place with its shrieks of terror and agony. And yet, poor little thing! it had been true, all life long, to the laws of its nature, and had no sins to account for, and no judge to meet. There is a shrinking of heart as I look before me, and yet I can hope that all shall yet be well with me—and that very soon. Would that I had been wise in time! Would that I had thought more and earlier of the things which pertain to my eternal peace! more of a living soul, and less of a dying name! But, oh! 'tis a glorious provision, through which a way of return is opened up even at the eleventh hour!"

We sat round him in silence; an indescribable feeling of awe pervaded my whole mind, and his sister was affected to tears.

"Margaret," he said, in a feeble voice—"Margaret, you will find my Bible in yonder little recess; 'tis all I have to leave you; but keep it, dearest sister, and use it, and, in times of sorrow and suffering, that come to all, you will know how to prize the legacy of your poor brother. Many, many books do well enough for life; but there is only one of any value when we come to die."

"You have been a voyager of late, Mr. Lindsay," he continued, "and I have been a voyager, too. I have been journeying in darkness and discomfort, amid strange unearthly shapes of dread and horror, with no reason to direct, and no will to govern. Oh, the unspeakable unhappiness of these wanderings!—these dreams of

suspicion, and fear, and hatred, in which shadow and substance, the true and the false, were so wrought up and mingled together, that they formed but one fantastic and miserable whole. And, oh! the unutterable horror of every momentary return to a recollection of what I have been once, and a sense of what I had become! Oh, when I awoke amid the terrors of the night—when I turned me on the rustling straw, and heard the wild wail and yet wilder laugh—when I heard and shuddered, and then felt the demon in all his might coming over me, till I laughed and wailed with the others—oh, the misery! the utter misery! But 'tis over, my friend—'tis all over; a few, few tedious days, a few, few weary nights, and all my sufferings shall be over."

I had covered my face with my hands, but the tears came bursting through my fingers; the mother and sister of the poet sobbed aloud.

"Why sorrow for me, sirs?" he said; "why grieve for me? I am well, quite well, and want nothing. But 'tis cold, oh, 'tis very cold, and the blood seems freezing at my heart. Ah! but there is neither pain nor cold where I am going, and I trust it shall be well with my soul. Dearest, dearest mother, I always told you it would come to this at last."

The keeper had entered to intimate to us that the hour for locking up the cells was already past, and we now rose to leave the place. I stretched out my hand to my unfortunate friend; he took it in silence, and his thin attenuated fingers felt cold within my grasp, like those of a corpse. His mother stooped down to embrace him.

"Oh, do not go yet, mother," he said—"do not go yet—do not leave me; but it must be so, and I only distress you. Pray for me, dearest mother, and, oh! forgive me; I have been a grief and a burden to you all life long; but I ever loved you, mother; and, oh! you have been kind, kind and forgiving—and now your task is over. May God bless and reward you! Margaret, dearest Margaret, farewell."

We parted, and, as it proved, for ever. Robert Ferguson expired during the night; and when the keeper entered the cell next morning, to prepare him for quitting the asylum, all that remained of this most hapless of the children of genius, was a pallid and wasted corpse, that lay stiffened on the straw. I am now a very old man, and the feelings wear out; but I find that my heart is even yet susceptible of emotion, and that the source of tears is not yet dried up.

MARY STUART.

But malice, envy, cruelty, and spleen,
To death doom'd Scotia's dear, devoted Queen.

The interest excited by the production of the new tragedy of *Mary Queen of Scots* has induced me to advert to the subject, which, although by no means new, may prove interesting to some of your numerous readers. I intend, therefore, to give a brief sketch of the principal incidents in the chequered life of the most unfortunate princess of the most unfortunate family that ever swayed a sceptre.

"Truth is strange—stranger than fiction," and the saying is fully verified in the eventful career of Mary of Scotland. Her whole life is a romance. What a theme has it afforded for minstrels, poets, and romance-writers, and in what a variety of ways has it been treated; each period from her departure from her beloved France to her execution at Fotheringay having afforded

FRANCES HOWARD,

COUNTESS OF SOMERSET.

There is something fearful and revolting in the history of this titled murderess. Man, from his sterner nature, and by a long communion with vice and crime, may at last become so callous to all better feelings, as to be induced to shed the blood of a fellow-creature. Women, also, among the low and uneducated, impelled by the pinching of poverty or the rankling of revenge, may be hurried forward to commit violence against nature, and to heap infamy on their sex. But that the young, the beautiful, and delicately nurtured Frances Howard, to whom the world had been all smiles, and success, and kindness, should have set herself deliberately and mercilessly to take away the life of another, is a fact so unparalleled and unnatural, that, were it not proved beyond all doubt, it could only be regarded as an improbable fiction.

Frances Howard was the eldest daughter of Thomas, Earl of Suffolk, a man of indifferent character and moderate talent. The earl was chancellor of the University of Cambridge: when the orator of the university, at his inauguration, addressed him, as was usual, in a Latin speech, he informed the senate that he did not understand what was said; however, he added, as he concluded they meant to welcome him, he begged to assure them in return, that he would advance their interests as much as lay in his power.

As his daughter, the Lady Frances, was only thirteen years of age at the time of her marriage with the Earl of Essex, in January, 1606, she must have been born about the year 1593. Sir Symonds d'Ewes was assured by one Captain Field, a "faithful votary of her father, the Earl of Suffolk, that he had known her from her childhood, and had ever observed her to be of the best nature and sweetest disposition of all her father's children, exceeding them all also in the delicacy and comeliness of her person." This individual attributed to the advice and influence of her uncle, Northampton, the wretched course of life into which she afterwards fell. There can be no doubt that she was eminently beautiful. Arthur Wilson, who speaks of her character with abhorrence, almost appears to relent when he tells us of her sweet and bewitching countenance.

It may be doubted whether it was in the nature of Essex to insure the happiness of any woman. He was a cold and unbending republican, and, probably, like most of that cast, a tyrant in domestic life. He possessed neither elegance of mind nor manners, and his features were as rough as his disposition: a strange contrast to his unfortunate father. It is remarkable that both his wives transferred their affections to other men. His second lady, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Pawlet, fixed her regards on a Mr. Udall or Uvedale, and Essex separated from her in consequence. Wilson was resident in the house at the period of the earl's marriage with Elizabeth Pawlet. "I must confess," he says, in his memoir of himself, "she appeared to the eye a beauty, full of harmless sweetness; and her conversation was affable and gentle." Wilson did not always find her so very affable; for she afterwards refused to quit her chamber unless he was dismissed from her husband's establishment. He thus alludes to her frailty,—“Within two years this malicious piece of vanity, unworthy of so noble a husband, was separated from him, to her eternal reproach and infamy.”

Such a man as Essex was certainly ill suited to the beautiful, flattered, and passionate Frances Howard. Previously, however, to the earl's return from abroad, whither he had been sent after their youthful marriage, she had met and fallen violently in love with the favourite Somerset. The guilty pair were accustomed to meet at the house of Mrs. Turner, either at Hammersmith, or Paternoster Row. Occasionally also their appointments were at the residence of one Coppinger, a person remarkable only for the indifference of his character.

The exertions of the young countess to procure a divorce from her husband were at least as unwearying as her expedients were ingenious. The account which Arthur Wilson gives of this part of her history is too singular to be altogether omitted, though a considerable portion is unfit for detail:—"The Countess of Essex," he says, "having her heart alienated from her husband, and set upon the viscount, had a double task to undertake for accomplishing her ends. One was to repulse her husband; the other to make the viscount sure. Her husband she looked upon as a private person; and to be carried by him into the country, out of her element (being ambitious of glory, and a beauty covetous of applause,) were to close, as she thought, with an insufferable torment; though he was a man that did not only every way merit her love, but he loved her with an extraordinary affection, having a gentle, mild, and courteous disposition, specially to women, such as might win upon the roughest natures.* But this fiery heat of his wife's, mounted upon the wings of lust, or love (call it what you will), carried her after so much mischief, that those that saw her face might challenge nature of too much hypocrisy, for harbouring so wicked a heart under so sweet and bewitching a countenance.

"To strengthen her designs, she finds out one of her own stamp, Mrs. Turner, a doctor of physic's widow, a woman whom prodigality and looseness had brought low; yet her pride would make her fly any pitch, rather than fall into the jaws of want. These two consult together how they might stop the current of the earl's affection towards his wife, and make a clear passage for the viscount in his place. To effect which, one Dr. Forman, a reputed conjuror (living at Lambeth), is found out: the women declare to him their grievances: he promises sudden help: and, to amuse them, frames many little pictures of brass and wax; some like the viscount and countess, whom he must unite and strengthen; others like the Earl of Essex, whom he must debilitate and weaken; and then with philtrous powders, and such drugs, he works upon their persons. And to practise what effects his art would produce, Mrs. Turner, that loved Sir Arthur Manwaring (a gentleman then attending the prince), and willing to keep him to her, gave him some of the powder, which wrought so violently with him, that through a storm of rain and thunder he rode fifteen miles one dark night to her house, scarce knowing where he was till he was there.

"The good earl, finding his wife nouseled in the court, and seeing no possibility to reduce her to reason till she were estranged from the relish and delights she sucked in there, made his condition again known to her father. The old man being troubled with his daughter's disobedience,

* This high praise must be attributed to the zeal of Wilson for the honour of his patron. He was the faithful follower and intimate acquaintance of the earl.

embittered her being near him with wearisome and continual chidings, to wean her from the sweets she doated upon, and with much ado forced her into the country. But how harsh was the parting, being sent away from the place where she grew and flourished! Yet she left all her engines and imps behind her: the old doctor, and his confederate, Mrs. Turner, must be her two supporters. She blazons all her miseries to them at her depart, and moistens the way with her tears. Chartley was an hundred miles from her happiness; and a little time thus lost is her eternity. When she came thither, though in the pleasantest part of the summer, she shut herself up in her chamber, not suffering a beam of light to peep upon her dark thoughts. If she stirred out of her chamber, it was in the dead of the night, when sleep had taken possession of all others, but those about her. In this implacable, sad, and discontented humour she continued some months, always murmuring against but never giving the least civil respect to her husband, which the good man suffered patiently, being loth to be the divulger of his own misery; yet, having a manly courage, he would, sometimes break into a little passion, to see himself slighted and neglected by himself; but having never found better from her, it was the easier to bear with her."

Forman, the wizard or astrologer, who is here mentioned, though undoubtedly a rogue, was far superior in learning and ingenuity to the common mountebanks of his time. He was an excellent chemist, possessed considerable skill in astronomy and mathematics, and was indefatigable in his thirst after knowledge. He was born 30th of December, 1552, and at six years old is said to have been troubled with strange dreams and visions. When he arrived at fourteen, his father being dead, he bound himself apprentice to a grocer and apothecary at Salisbury, where he first obtained an insight into the nature of drugs. He endeavoured to improve his mind by reading; but his master, imagining, perhaps, that it interfered with his duties, deprived him of his books; however, Forman's bed-fellow was a boy who daily received instruction at a school in Salisbury, and from him he nightly elicited what the other had learnt during the day. At the age of eighteen he established a small school for himself; and having by this means realised a paltry sum of money, he set out for Oxford, where he entered himself a poor scholar of Magdalene College. After a residence of two years he again turned school-master, and began to study magic, astronomy, and physic. He now thought it necessary to travel, and having visited Portugal and the East, set up as a physician in Philpot lane, London; however, not having properly graduated, he was much annoyed by the legitimate practisers, and was four times imprisoned and once fined. On the 27th of June, 1603, having been some time resident in Jesus College, Cambridge, he obtained his degree of doctor of physic and astronomy from that university. From this period he settled himself at Lambeth, where he practised his profession unmolested; pretending, moreover, to the hidden art, and duping his fellow-creatures with all the paraphernalia of horoscopes, amulets, nativities, and the philosopher's stone. "He was a person," says Anthony Wood, "that in horary questions, especially theft, was very judicious and fortunate; so, also, in sickness, which was indeed his master-piece; and had good success in resolving questions about marriage, and in other questions very intricate. He professed to his wife that there would be much trouble

about Sir Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, and the Lady Frances, his wife, who frequently resorted to him, and from whose company he would sometimes lock himself in his study one whole day. He had compounded things upon the desire of Mrs. Anne Turner, to make the said Sir Robert Carr, calid *quo ad hanc*, and Robert, Earl of Essex, frigid *quo ad hanc*, that is, to his wife, the Lady Frances, who had a mind to get rid of him, and be wedded to the said Sir Robert. He had also certain pictures in wax, representing Sir Robert and the said lady, to cause a love between each other, with other such like things." It may be here remarked that these waxen images, as well as the countess's indelicate letters to Forman, were produced in open court at her trial. There was also exhibited a written parchment, drawn up by Forman, "signifying what ladies loved what lords at court;" but this the lord chief justice would not allow to be read. It appeared that his own wife was among the number.

The death of the astrologer is curious. Wood says, "I have been informed by a certain author, that the Sunday night before Dr. Forman died, he, the said Forman, and his wife being at supper in their garden-house, she told him in a pleasant humour, that she had been informed that he could resolve whether man or wife should die first, and asked him, 'whether I shall bury you or no?'—'Oh!' said he, 'you shall bury me, but thou wilt much repent it.' Then said she: 'How long will that be?' to which he made answer, 'I shall die before next Thursday night be over.' The next day, being Monday, all was well; Tuesday came, and he was not sick; Wednesday came, and still he was well; and then his impertinent wife did twit him in the teeth what he had said on Sunday. Thursday came, and dinner being ended, he was well, went down to the water side, and took a pair of oars to go to some buildings he was in hand with at Puddle Dock; and being in the middle of the Thames, he presently fell down, and only said, 'an impost, an impost,' and so died; *whereupon a most sad storm of wind immediately followed.*" In the Life of Lilly, the astrologer, there is an interesting account of this memorable cheat. He is said to have been extremely kind to the poor. According to Lilly, the following entry was found in one of Forman's books:—"This I made the devil write with his own hands, in Lambeth Fields, 1596."

Anne Turner, another agent of the countess in her detestable practices, as has been already mentioned, was the widow of a physician, and had seen better times; but, considering crime preferable to poverty, was easily enlisted in the dark designs of her mistress. She was a woman of great beauty, and remarkable in the world of fashion as having introduced yellow starch in ruffs. When Coke, the lord chief justice, sentenced her to death for her share in the murder of Overbury, he added the strange order, that "as she was the person who had brought yellow starched ruffs into vogue, she should be hanged in that dress, that the same might end in shame and detestation." He told her also that she was a sorcerer, a witch, a papist, a felon, and a murderer. Sir Symonds D'Ewes informs us that she appeared at her trial in the fashion which she had introduced, which may account for the order issued by the judge. Even the hangman who executed this wretched woman was decorated with yellow ruffs on the occasion: no wonder, therefore, that the fashion shortly grew to be generally detested and disused, which Sir

Symonds informs us was the case. There is a wood cut of Mrs. Turner attached to her dying speech and confession, preserved in the Library of the Antiquarian Society. She was executed at Tyburn, 15th November, 1615, and according to Camden, in his Annals, died a "true penitent." Indeed, we have evidence that her demeanour on the scaffold excited the commiseration of the bystanders. A Mr. John Castle writes to Mr. James Milles, 28th November, 1615,—"Since I saw you, I saw Mrs. Turner die. If detestation of painted pride, lust, malice, powdered hair, yellow bands, and the rest of the wardrobe of court vanities—if deep sighs, tears, confessions, ejaculations of the soul, admonitions of all sorts of people to make God and an unspotted conscience always our friends—if the protestation of faith, and hope to be washed by the same Saviour, and the like mercies that Mary Magdalene was, be signs and demonstrations of a blessed penitent, then I will tell you that this poor broken woman went a *cruce ad gloriam*, and now enjoys the presence of her and our Redeemer. Her body being taken down by her brother, one Norton, servant to the prince, was, in a coach, conveyed to St. Martin's of the Fields, where, in the evening of the same day, she had an honest and a decent burial." In a poem of the period, entitled Overbury's Vision, Mrs. Turner is eulogised in some verses, of which the poetry is as beautiful as the sentiment is misplaced:—

"The roses on her lovely cheeks were dead,
The earth's pale colour had all overspread
Her sometime lively look; and cruel Death,
Coming untimely with his wintry breath,
Blasted the fruit, which, cherry-like, in show,
Upon her dainty lips did whilom grow.
O how the cruel cord did misbecome
Her comely neck! and yet by law's just doom
Had been her death. Those locks, like golden thread,
That used in youth to enshrine her globe-like head,
Hung careless down; and that delightful limb,
Her snow-white nimble hand, that used to trim
Those tresses up, now spitefully did tear
And rend the same; nor did she now forbear
To beat that breast of more than lily white,
Which sometime was the bed of sweet delight.
From those two springs where joy did whilom dwell,
Grief's pearly drops upon her pale cheek fell."

A rather remarkable story is told respecting Sir Jervis Elways, who also died on the gallows for his share in Overbury's death. He had been a fellow-commoner of St. John's College, Cambridge, and had presented a silver bowl to that community. On the day, and, as it is said, on the very hour of his execution, the bowl fell down and broke asunder. Sir Symonds D'Ewes, who was afterwards a fellow-commoner of St. John's, assures us that he was credibly informed of the fact. Elways had at one period of his life been a great gambler; but having lost a large sum of money at a sitting, he made a solemn vow to his Maker that he would never commit the vice again; adding a hope, that if he did so he might come to be hanged. He neglected his vow, and recalled the circumstance at the last. "Now, God," he said, "hath paid my imprecation home."

To return to the countess. Essex, wearied with the perpetual proofs of hatred and disgust which she exhibited towards him, and perhaps somewhat suspecting the anti-philtroous regimen to which he had been long insensibly subjected, at length fell in with her views for the procurement of a divorce. Bishop Goodman throws some curious light on this particular passage in the annals of crime. "I may herein," he says,

"speak my certain knowledge concerning the nullity of the marriage between the Earl of Essex and his lady. About a year or two before the marriage was questioned, I did hear from a gentleman belonging to the Earl of Huntingdon, but very well known, and a great servant to the Earl of Essex, that the Earl of Essex was fully resolved to question the marriage, and to prove a nullity; and I am confident that if the countess had not then at that instant done it, the Earl of Essex himself would have been the plaintiff; so then, I hereby conclude that both parties were agreed and were alike interested in the business."

A written answer to the objections against the divorce was drawn up by the king himself, who took a deep interest in the proceedings.

This trial is not a little remarkable, when we consider that a cause which was more fit to be discussed in a brothel, was argued before the dignitaries of the church;—that a king was the supporter of one side, and an archbishop of the other;—and, moreover, that the verdict hung upon a particular objection, the validity of which, considering the personal charms of the plaintiff, none but a very cold or a very ignorant man could possibly have acknowledged.

Essex, in order to pay the marriage portion of five thousand pounds, was forced to cut down timber at his seat at Adderston, and would even have been compelled to sell land, had not his grandmother, the Countess of Leicester, come forward and assisted him. He retired to his venerable castle of Chartley, in Staffordshire, where he endeavoured to forget the ridicule of the world in the sports of the field. His mode of living at Chartley is fully described by Arthur Wilson in his life of himself.

The marriage of the lady and her paramour was solemnised at Whitehall, on the 26th December, 1613, and was an exhibition of greater magnificence than had ever been witnessed in England at the espousals of a subject. The king, the queen, and the principal persons of the court, were present at the ceremony; but it did not tend to silence the whisperings of scandal, when it was seen that the bride had the effrontery to stand at the altar in the dress of a virgin. Previously to the ceremony, Somerset, who had been hitherto merely Viscount Rochester, was created an earl, in order that the countess might not lose rank in the transfer of her hand.

"Whitehall," says Coke, "was too narrow to contain the triumphs of this marriage, and they must be extended into the city. Accordingly, on the 4th of January, the bride and bridegroom, attended by the Duke of Lennox, the lord privy seal, the lord chamberlain, and a numerous train of the nobility, proceeded in great state to the city. A magnificent entertainment was prepared for them in Merchant Tailors' Hall. The music struck up as they entered. Speeches of congratulation were delivered, and the mayor and aldermen came forward in their scarlet gowns to do honour to the favourite and his bride. At the sumptuous banquet which followed, they were waited on by the choicest citizens from the twelve companies. After supper, there were plays, masks, and dancing, and, late at night, the rejoicings were concluded with a second feast. At three o'clock in the morning, the bride and bridegroom returned to Whitehall." Thus does the world worship the rising sun. Within a little more than two years, these two envied and glittering beings were the inmates of a prison; deprived of fortune, flattery, and circumstance,

and narrowly escaping a death of infamy by the hands of the common executioner.

In perusing the history of the Countess of Somerset, it is necessary to bear in mind one important fact. At the period of her marriage with Somerset, and of the subsequent death of Overbury—comprising the most atrocious murder, and the most disgraceful narrative of infamy, that has been recorded in modern times—this unhappy creature could not possibly have exceeded her twenty-first year. That Overbury disliked her character, and defamed it to others besides Somerset, is very possible. Weldon says, that “if one of her brothers, or any of her kindred, had challenged and killed him in fair combat, the world would readily have exonerated them.” But the expedients to which she had recourse, would have been atrocious in a savage. Sir Symonds D'Ewes relates, that “on one occasion she offered a thousand pounds to Sir Daniel Wood, a follower of Anne of Denmark, and an enemy of Overbury's, if, either by duel or assassination, he would put her detractor out of the way.” Wood told her, that “he had no objection to bastinado him, but that he was unwilling to be sent to Tyburn for any lady's pleasure.” While in prison, she is described as “very pensive and silent, and much grieved.”

She was tried for the murder of Overbury, 24th May, 1616, in Westminster Hall. On entering the hall, the ceremony of carrying the axe before her was omitted. First came the chancellor, who acted as lord high steward, upon horseback. He was followed by his attendants and several peers. Then came six sergeants-at-law, the clerk of the crown in chancery, the seal-bearers, and the white staff. Two barons (Russell and Norris), and two knights, terminated the procession. She stood pale and trembling at the bar, and during the reading of the indictment, covered her face with her fan. She pleaded guilty to the crime; but beseeched the peers to intercede for her with the king, with so many tears, and in such extreme anguish, that the bystanders were unable to refrain from commiseration. The sentence was, that she should be conveyed to the Tower, and from thence to the place of execution, where she was to be hung by the neck &c.

The wretched existence which she eventually passed with her husband, has been already alluded to in the memoir of the earl. The estrangement between them, though widened by mutual hatred, was rendered even necessary by an injury which she had sustained in giving birth to her only daughter. The disease of which she died, was as horrible as her crime, but the details are too loathsome for insertion. Walpole informs us, in his *Anecdotes of Painting*, that in 1762 her escutcheons still remained entire in the beautiful parish church of Walden. She died in 1632, at the age of thirty-nine.

HENRY HOWARD,

EARL OF NORTHAMPTON.

This unamiable personage was born at Shotisham, in Norfolk, about the year 1539. He was the brother of that Duke of Norfolk who lost his head in the cause of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, and the second son of the lamented Earl of Surrey, the darling of poetry, of learning, and romance. He was educated at

King's College, and afterwards at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. During the reign of Elizabeth, he had met with little favour, but at the accession of James, had no reason to complain of neglect. In May, 1603, he was made a privy councillor; in January following, lord warden of the Cinque Ports; in March, Baron of Marnhill and Earl of Northampton; and in April, 1606, lord privy seal, and was honoured with the Garter. In 1609, he was made high steward of the University of Oxford, and in 1612, chancellor of Cambridge. James had not forgotten the misfortunes of the Howards in the cause of his mother.

Northampton related a curious story to his secretary, one George Penny. When a mere infant, it had been predicted to his father, by an Italian astrologer, that in middle life his son would be reduced to such a state of poverty as to be in want of a meal, but that in his old age his wealth would be abundant. When the prediction was made, that a Howard should ever be poor appeared at least to be extremely improbable; but the fact, nevertheless, came to pass. By the execution of the Duke of Norfolk, and the forfeiture of his estate, his family became so impoverished, that the earl, to use the phrase of his biographer, was often fain to dine with Duke Humphrey; those hours, during which others were enjoying the luxury of the table, were frequently employed by the hungry earl in poring over the contents of the booksellers' stalls in St. Paul's Churchyard.* The unmeasured favours which were afterwards heaped upon him by James, abundantly fulfilled the prophecy.

The earl was one of those mistaken dreamers, who are ever fancying that the world is their dupe, while in reality they deceive no one but themselves. The delusion lasted through a long life of contemptible cunning and clumsy intrigue. Flattery and dissimulation were his tools, but they must have been awkwardly handled; for his motives and his character were seen through by all. Lady Bacon, the mother of Sir Francis, anxiously forewarns her sons against keeping his society: “He is,” she says, “a dangerous intelligencing man; no doubt a subtle papist, inwardly, and lieth in wait.” Again, she adds: “Avoid his familiarity, as you love truth and yourself. Pretending courtesy, he worketh mischief perilously. I have long known him and observed him. His workings have been stark naught.” Rowland White, also, thus writes to Sir Robert Sydney: “Lord Harry is held a ranter; and I pray you take heed of him, if you have not already gone too far.” In the *Five Years of King James*, he is spoken of as “famous for secret insinuation and for cunning flatteries;” and Weldon tells us, that “though not a wise man, he was the greatest flatterer in the world.” If ever he was surpassed in this despicable art, it was by one of his own adulators, when he said of him, “that he was the most learned amongst the noble, and the most noble amongst the learned.” Unfortunately this fulsome compliment was paid to him by a bishop, who, for sixteen years was kept in the indifferent see of Llandaff, and who, without doubt, had an eye to translation.

A long career of folly and artifice was followed by an old age of infamy and crime. He had actually completed his seventieth year, when he

* During the reign of James, the neighbourhood of St. Paul's, and especially the body of the church itself, were the resort of all the idlers and scandal-mongers of the day. The latter place was styled Paul's Walk, and its frequenters Paul-walkers.

became a pander to the dishonour of his own niece in her adulterous intrigue with Somerset. After a lapse of threescore years and ten, the hope of further aggrandisement, and an innate love of intrigue, continued to be the main-spring and the curse of his existence. Of his subsequent share in Overbury's murder not the remotest doubt can exist. He is even said to have been the author of the infamous plot, by which Overbury was offered and induced to refuse the embassy to Russia, and thus fell under the king's displeasure. But the following letters, the originals of which are preserved in the Cotton Library, will be considered sufficient to establish his guilt.

They are addressed to Sir Jervis Elways, the lieutenant of the Tower:—

“Worthy Mr. Lieutenant,

“My Lord of Rochester desiring to do the last honour to his deceased friend, requires me to desire you to deliver the body of Sir Thomas Overbury to any friend of his that desires it, to do him honour at his funeral. Herein my lord declares the constancy of his affection for the dead, and the meaning that he had in my knowledge, to have given his strongest strain at this time of the king's being at Theobald's, for his delivery. I fear no impediment to this honourable desire of my lord's but the unsweetness of the body, because it was reported that he had some issues, and in that case the keeping of him must needs give more offence than it can do honour. My fear is also, that the body is already buried upon that cause whereof I write; which being so, it is too late to set out solemnity.

“Thus, with my kindest commendations, I end, and rest, your affectionate and assured friend,

“II. NORTHAMPTON.

Postscript.—“You see my lord's earnest desire with my concurring care, that all respect be had to him that may be for the credit of his memory; but yet I wish withal that you do very discreetly inform yourself whether this grace hath been afforded formerly to close prisoners, or whether you may grant my request in this case, who speak out of the sense of my lord's affection, though I be a councillor, without offence, or prejudice. For I would be loth to draw either you or myself into censure, now I have well thought of the matter, though it be a work of charity.”

This letter is endorsed by Sir Jervis Elways, as follows;

“So soon as Sir Thomas Overbury was departed, I writ unto my lord of Northampton; and because my experience could not direct me, I desired to know what I should do with the body, acquainting his lordship with his issues, as Weston had informed me, and other foulness of his body, which was then accounted the —. My lord writ unto me, that I should first have his body viewed by a jury: and I well remember, his lordship advised me to send for Sir John Sidcote to see the body, and to suffer as many else of his friends to see it as would, and presently to bury it in the body of the quire, for the body would not keep. Notwithstanding Sir Thomas Overbury dying about five in the morning, I kept his body unburied until three or four of the clock in the afternoon. The next day Sir John Sidcote came thither; I could not get him to bestow a coffin, nor a winding-sheet upon him. The coffin I bestowed; but who did wind him, I know not. For, indeed, the body was very noisome; so that, notwithstanding my lord's directions, we kept it over long, as we all felt.

“JER. HELWINE.”

To the next letter, the earl, for obvious reasons, omitted to sign his name.

"Worthy Mr. Lieutenant,

"Let me entreat you to call Sidcote, and three or four of his friends, if so many come, to view the body; if they have not already done it; and so soon as it is viewed, without staying the coming of a messenger from the court; in any case, see it interred in the body of the chapel within the Tower instantly.

"If they have viewed, then bury it by and by; for it is time, considering the humours of that damned crew, that only desire means to move pity and raise scandals. Let no man's instance move you to make stay in any case, and bring me these letters when I next see you.

"Fail not a jot herein, as you love your friends: nor after Sidcote and his friends have viewed, stay one minute, but let the priest be ready; and if Sidcote be not there, send for him speedily, pretending that the body will not tarry.

"Yours ever."

"In poste haste at 12."

How strange are the anomalies of human nature! The same wretched old man, the cold-blooded murderer, and the corrupter of his own niece, was a munificent patron of public charities. At Greenwich he built two colleges, one for decayed gentlemen, and the other for twelve poor men and a governor. At Rise, in Norfolk, he erected an hospital for twelve poor women; and at Clun, in Shropshire, another charitable retreat for twelve poor men and a governor. He was also a writer on theological subjects.

Northampton was the author of several works, which are now either forgotten, or only casually recorded. He is included in Walpole's *Royal and Noble Authors*, where there is a longer, but scarcely a more flattering, notice than he deserves.

The same man who made little ado about crime, made a great deal about religion. He was bred a Roman Catholic, in which faith, after changing his religion four times, he died. At heart, however, there is little doubt of his having been a papist throughout; indeed, he confessed as much in his will. The appointment which he held as Warden of the Cinque Ports enabled him to give free ingress to the priests. Of this advantage he availed himself to such an extent, that the people began to murmur, and the king himself exhibited symptoms of strong displeasure. Flattering himself, however, that actual proofs were wanting, Northampton commenced a prosecution of several persons who had accused him of the connivance. An inquiry took place in the Star Chamber. The subtle earl appeared to be carrying all before him, when the Archbishop of Canterbury rose from his seat. After a short premise, he produced a letter in court written in Northampton's own hand

* Winwood's Memorials, vol. iii. p. 481. See Ath. Oxon. and Cotton MSS. and Titus, b. vii. fol. 465. In addition to these, there is extant a third letter, written by Northampton to Sir Jervis Elways previous to Overbury's death. As Lodge, I think, is the only writer who has remarked it, and as it tends to throw some question over the mysterious strictness with which Overbury was supposed to have been immured, it is but fair that the following important extract should be inserted:—"In compliance," says the earl, "with old Mr. Overbury's petition, it is the king's pleasure that Dr. Craig, this bearer, should presently be admitted to Sir Thomas Overbury; that during the time of his infirmity he may take care of him, and as often as, in his judgment, to this end he shall find reason."—*Lodge, Portraits of Illustrious Personages.*

to Cardinal Bellarmine. In this epistle the earl not only expressed himself a firm believer in the tenets of the Church of Rome, but assured the cardinal, that though the features of the times, and the solicitations of his sovereign, had compelled him to wear the mask of Protestantism, he was nevertheless prepared to enter into any attempt, which might be agreed upon for the advancement of their mutual faith. The defamers were in consequence liberated, and Northampton retired in disgust to his house at Greenwich. He survived the disclosure but a few months; breathing his last on the 15th of June, 1614, in the 75th year of his age. Sir Henry Wotton writes, in a letter to Sir Edmund Bacon:—"The Earl of Northampton, having, after a lingering fever, spent more spirits than a younger body could well have borne, by the incision of a wenish tumour grown on his thigh, yesternight, between eleven and twelve of the clock, departed out of this world; where, as he had proved much variety and vicissitude of fortune in the course of his life, so peradventure he hath prevented another change thereof by the opportunity of his end." A curious letter is extant, addressed by the earl to his friend Somerset, written in the last hours of life and in the full consciousness that he was dying. He seems to have regarded his approaching dissolution without fear, and to have interested himself entirely for those friends whom he would leave unprovided behind him. After preferring a few requests in their behalf,—"*Assurance from your lordship,*" he says, "*that you will effect those final requests, shall send my spirit out of this transitory tabernacle with as much comfort and content as the bird flies to the mountain;*" and he concludes: "*Farewell, noble lord; and the last farewell in the last letter that ever I look to write to any man. I presume confidently of your favour in these poor suits, and will be, both living and dying, your affectionate friend and servant,*"

"H. NORTHAMPTON."

The earl was buried at his own request, in the chapel belonging to Dover Castle.

He built Northampton, or, as it is now called, Northumberland House, in the Strand, and, according to Lloyd, gave the design of the famous structure of Audley End. He was never married: one writer says of him, that "he was more wedded to his book than his bed, for he died a bachelor." His hatred was as deadly as his conduct was treacherous. He said of the gallant Robert Mansel, "that he would be content to be perpetually damned in hell to be revenged of that proud Welshman." In his will, Northampton inserted the following bequest: "I most humbly beseech his excellent majesty to accept, as a poor remembrance from his faithful servant, an ewer of gold, of one hundred pounds value, with one hundred jacobine pieces of twenty-two shillings apiece therein; on which ewer my desire is there should be this inscription—*Detur dignissimo.*"

MARY, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

Although the character and pursuits of this illustrious lady, render a notice of her somewhat foreign to the character of this work, it may not be uninteresting to say a few words respecting the mother of Earl William and Earl Philip; moreover, it is refreshing to turn a moment from

the glare of folly and vice, to unpretending piety and intellectual refinement.

Mary, Countess of Pembroke, was the daughter of Sir Henry Sidney, a Knight of the Garter, and one of the stately courtiers of Queen Elizabeth. She was the wife of Henry, second Earl of Pembroke, and the beloved sister of the memorable Sir Philip Sidney. Their tastes and habits were congenial: there was the same high sense of honour, the same elegance of mind, the same charitable regard for human suffering. Sir Philip dedicated his *Arcadia* to his sister, the being who best loved the author, and who was the most competent to appreciate the work.

She spent a long life and a splendid fortune in doing good to her fellow creatures. She patronised men of learning, and embellished herself; indeed, her wit and mental endowments appear only to have been exceeded by her piety. Dr. Donne said of her, that "she could converse well on all subjects, from predestination to slave silk;" and Spenser eulogizes her as—

The gentlest shepherdess that lived that day:
And most resembling, both in shape and spirit,
Her brother dear.

In her old age the cowardice and misconduct of her son Philip nearly broke her heart, and she is even said to have torn her hair with anguish when she heard the tale of his dishonour.

The countess was herself an authoress. She translated from the French, Mornay's "*Discourse of Life and Death,*" and the tragedy of "*Antoine;*" the former printed in 1590, and the latter in 1600. Wood informs us, in a notice of William Bradbridge, who was chaplain at Wilton, that with the assistance of that divine, she completed a translation of the *Psalms*. He contradicts himself, however, in another place, and mentions her brother, Sir Philip, as the translator; adding that the MSS. curiously bound in crimson velvet, was bequeathed by the countess to the library at Wilton. Some agreeable specimens of her epistolary style will be found in Park's *Noble Authors*.

She died at an advanced age, in her house in Aldersgate street, 25th of September, 1621. Her remains were interred in Salisbury Cathedral, in the vault of the Herberts. Ben Jonson's admirable epitaph, though somewhat hackneyed, will, perhaps, bear repetition:—

Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse—
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Wise, and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.
Marble piles let no man raise
To her name; for after days
Some kind woman born as she,
Reading this, like Niobe,
Shall turn marble, and become
Both her mourner and her tomb.

WILLIAM HERBERT,

EARL OF PEMBROKE.

The life of Earl William is invariably a panegyric. Wit, gallantry, integrity, and refined taste, the highest breeding and the kindest nature have rendered him one of the most delightful characters of his time. Though too high-minded and independent to make his fortune as a courtier he was ever respected by his sovereign, was admired by all parties, and beloved by all ranks

He was neither subservient to Elizabeth, who was partial to him, nor to James, who stood in awe of him. He was liked by the courtiers because he asked for nothing, and admired by the country because he was indebted for nothing. He stood a superior being among the buffoons and sycophants of the court of James; among them, but not of them. He was loyal to his king, he loved his country and supported its institutions, he lived magnificently without impoverishing his heir, and possessed genius himself and distinguished it in others. In a word, he was the patron of Shakspeare and of Inigo Jones.

With all these virtues and accomplishments, the earl was not altogether exempt from the weaknesses of human nature. He was a staunch votary of pleasure, and too ardent in his admiration of women, for whom he sacrificed too much both of his fortune and his time. If these indulgences somewhat out-lasted the period of life, when alone they can be at all venial, they may be attributed, perhaps, to some unpleasant circumstances which embittered his domestic life.

William, third Earl of Pembroke, was born at Wilton, April 8, 1580. In 1592, at the age of thirteen, he was entered at New College, Oxford, where he remained two years. He succeeded his father in the family honours, January 19, 1601. In 1603, he was made a Knight of the Garter by James the First, and in 1609 Governor of Portsmouth. In the fifteenth year of King James he was made Lord Chamberlain, and in 1626 was unanimously elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford. Charles the First, at his accession, made him Lord Steward of the Household, and in the fifth year of his reign, Warden of the Stannaries.

We learn from the Sydney Papers that the earl, then Lord Herbert, made his first appearance at the court of Elizabeth, about August, 1599; his father allowing him a retinue of two hundred horse to attend her majesty's person. The old queen received him graciously: her admiration of manly beauty still remained, but her favours were slighted by Lord Herbert. Rowland White complains bitterly of this circumstance in his letters to Herbert's uncle, Sir Philip Sidney. On the 8th of September, 1599, he writes,—“My Lord Herbert is a continual courtier, but doth not follow his business with that care as is fit, he is so cold a courtier in a matter of such greatness.” On the 12th of the same month, he renews the subject:—“Now that my Lord Herbert is gone, he is much blamed for his cold and weak manner of pursuing her majesty's favour, having had so good steps to lead him unto it. There is a want of spirit and courage laid to his charge, and that he is a melancholy young man. Young Carey follows it with more care and boldness.” According to the dates of these letters, his stay at court must have been extremely brief. At his farewell visit, the queen detained him in private conversation for an hour; no wonder, therefore, that his friends complained of his coldness.

He married, about the year 1604, Mary, daughter of Gilbert, seventh Earl of Shrewsbury. She brought him a large fortune, but the advantage was negated by a disagreeable person and an unenviable temper, and Lord Clarendon speaks of their union as “most unhappy.”

At the council table of James, the earl's conduct was manly in the extreme. Wherever the king's interests were really concerned, he not only opposed the flimsy flatterers of the court, but even thwarted the king himself in some of his

more objectionable measures. When the Spanish match was under discussion, notwithstanding it was the darling offspring of the king's brain, he opposed it so violently, that James is described as actually terrified at his vehemence. Nevertheless, the king had sense enough to value his fidelity and open dealing, and though Lord Clarendon says, “He rather esteemed Pembroke than loved him;” yet his credit remained unimpaired. The earl was an especial favourite with Anne of Denmark.

Pembroke is said to have entertained a singular dislike to frogs. James, aware of the prejudice, and delighting to a childish degree in any practical joke, took an opportunity of thrusting one of these creatures down the earl's neck. The manner in which the latter revenged himself, though certainly pardonable, would have been attempted by few others about the court. James, as is well known, had the utmost abhorrence of a pig; one of these animals was therefore obtained, and lodged, by Pembroke's orders, under a particular article of furniture in the king's apartment. His majesty was extremely annoyed when he made the discovery, and the more so as the joke was played in the earl's own house at Wilton.

The quarrel which occurred in 1608 between the earl and Sir George Wharton, is too curious to be omitted. The particulars are thus related in a letter from Thomas Coke to the Countess of Shrewsbury:—

“I do not doubt but your ladyship hath heard before this what honour my lord of Pembroke hath got by his discreet and punctual proceeding in the question betwixt Sir George Wharton and him, yet for that, I have understood it by Mr. Morgan and others, particularly least your ladyship may have heard it but in general, I adventure to advertise your ladyship; on Friday was seven-night, my lord and Sir George, with others, played cards, where Sir George showed such choler, as my lord of Pembroke told him, ‘Sir George, I have loved you long, and desire still to do so; but, by your manner in playing, you lay it upon me, either to leave to love you, or to leave to play with you; wherefore, choosing to love you still, I will never play with you more.’ The next day, they hunted with the king, and my lord of Pembroke's page galloping after his lord, Sir George came up to him and lashed him over the face with his rod. The boy told his lordship, who finding, by strict examination, that the boy had not deserved it, demanded of Sir George why he did strike his boy? Sir George answered, he meant nothing towards his lordship. My lord said, he asked not that, but what the cause was why he did strike the boy? ‘I did not strike him,’ answered Sir George. ‘Then I am satisfied,’ said the earl. ‘God's blood!’ said Sir George, ‘I say it not to satisfy you.’ ‘But, sir,’ said the earl, ‘whose striketh my boy without cause, shall give me an account of it, and, therefore, I tell you, it was foolishly done of you.’ ‘You are a fool,’ said Sir George. ‘You lie in your throat,’ said the earl. And thus the Duke of Lennox, Marr, and others, coming in, this rested, and every one began to gallop away on hunting, and the earl being gone about six or eight minutes, Sir George spurred his horse with all speed up to him, which was observed by the Earl of Montgomery, who, crying, ‘Brother, take heed, you will be stricken,’ (neither party having weapon,) the earl instantly received him with a sound backward blow over the face, which drove him almost upon his horse

croup. But the company being present, they galloped again, till in the end the stag died in Bagshot farm, where Sir George, taking opportunity to wait, came afterwards to the earl, and offered him a paper, protesting there was nothing in it unfit for his lordship to read. The earl said, ‘Sir George, give me no papers here, where all they see us who know what hath passed, if you mean to do yourself right; but tell me, is not the purport of it a challenge to me?’ ‘Yes,’ said Sir George. ‘Well,’ said the earl, ‘this night you shall have an answer, now let us talk of the —;’ and after calling Sir John Lee unto him, willed him to tell Sir George, that that night he should bring him the length of my lord's sword. After being come home, and divers coming to his chamber, and Sir John (amongst the rest) only private to his lordship's intent, ‘O, Sir John,’ said his lordship, ‘you are coming for the sword which I promised you,’ and commanded his page to deliver unto him the sword which my Lord of Devonshire gave him, which he receiving as given, went, according to his former direction, to Sir George, [and] told him that was the earl's sword; the next morning being Sunday, the time when they would fight, and, therefore, willed him to withdraw himself, and take measure of the sword. ‘No,’ said Sir George, ‘it shall not need; I will have no other sword than this at my side.’ ‘Advise yourself,’ said Sir John; ‘that is shorter than this, and do not think that the earl will take one hair's breadth of advantage at your hands.’

“Upon this, Sir George was first sent for, and after, the earl, and the king's commandment laid upon them not to stir; after which Sir George came to Sir John Lee, and told him that if my lord would break the king's commandment, he would do the like. Sir John said, he knew the earl was very scrupulous of breaking any of the king's commandments, but yet he would undertake upon his life to bring Sir George to where the earl should be, all alone, with that sword by his side; where, if Sir George would draw upon him, his lordship should either defend himself, or abide the hazard; but soon after, Sir George came to Sir John Lee, and told him, he had received another commandment from his majesty, and resolved to observe the same. After, they were both convened before the lords, and last before the king, and it was, as I hear, required that my lord should give him satisfaction, which his lordship said he should do thus: If Sir George would confess that he did not intend to have offended him at that time, he would acknowledge that he was sorry that he had stricken him, and thus it ended.”

Sir George Wharton was killed in a duel, the following year, by his intimate friend, Sir James Stuart, who also died of his wounds.

According to Anthony Wood, Earl William was in person “rather majestic than elegant, and his presence, whether quiet or in motion, was full of stately gravity.” He speaks of him as the “very picture and *viva effigies* of nobility.” The earl, among his other accomplishments, was a poet, and the author of some “amorous and not inelegant airs,” which were set to music by his contemporaries. The following graceful trifle affords an agreeable specimen of his muse:

“Dry those fair, those crystal eyes,
Which like growing fountains rise
To draw those banks; grief's sullen brooks
Would better flow from furrowed looks;
Thy lovely face was never meant
To be the seat of discontent.”

Then clear those watery eyes again,
That else portend a lasting rain,
Lest the clouds which settle there
Prolong my winter all the year;
And thy example others make
In love with sorrow for thy sake."

The goddess of his idolatry was Christian, daughter of Edward, Lord Bruce, who afterwards became the wife of William Cavendish, second Earl of Devonshire.

Some remarkable circumstances attended the earl's decease. It had been foretold by his tutor, Sandford, and afterwards by the mad prophetess, Lady Davies, that he would either not complete, or would die on the anniversary of, his fiftieth birthday. That these predictions were actually fulfilled, appears by the following curious passage in Clarendon's *Rebellion*. "A short story may not be unfily inserted; it being frequently mentioned by a person of known integrity, whose character is here undertaken to be set down, who at that time being on his way to London, met, at Maidenhead, some persons of quality, of relation or dependence upon the Earl of Pembroke, Sir Charles Morgan, commonly called General Morgan, who had commanded an army in Germany, and defended Stoad; Dr. Feild, then Bishop of St. David's; and Dr. Chafin, the earl's then chaplain in his house, and much in his favour. At supper, one of them drank a health to the lord steward; upon which another of them said, that he believed his lord was at that time very merry, for he had now outlived the day which his tutor, Sandford, had prognosticated, upon his nativity, he would not outlive; but he had done it now, for that was his birthday, which had completed his age to fifty years. The next morning, by the time they came to Colebrook, they met with the news of his death."

On the fatal day, the earl had engaged himself to sup with the Countess of Bedford. During the meal, he appeared unusually well, and remarked that he would never trust a woman's prophecy again. A few hours afterwards, he was attacked by apoplexy, and died during the night. Granger, to make the story more remarkable, relates that when the earl's body was opened, in order to be embalmed, the incision was no sooner made, than the corpse lifted its hand. The anecdote, he adds, was told by a descendant of the Pembroke family, who had often heard it related. The earl died at his house in London, called Baynard's Castle, on the 10th of April, 1630,* and was buried near his father in Salisbury Cathedral.

The portrait of Earl William has been painted by Vandyke, and his character drawn by Lord Clarendon. The latter should be his epitaph: it is one of the most beautiful delineations of that illustrious historian.

PHILIP HERBERT,

EARL OF PEMBROKE AND MONTGOMERY.

The "memorable simpleton" of Walpole, who dimmed the lustre of a proud name by his cowardice, arrogance, and folly. Were we to believe but one half that has been said against him, his character would appear sufficiently odious. A

* Ath. Oxon. vol. i. p. 546; Collins's *Peerage*, vol. iii. p. 123. As the earl was born on the eighth of April, 1580, unless the dates are wrongly given, this discrepancy would tend to throw some doubt on Lord Clarendon's remarkable anecdote.

favourite and a rebel can have no friends, and Montgomery, who was both, has had no admirers.

The earl was the second son of the celebrated Mary, Countess of Pembroke, nephew of Sir Philip Sidney, and younger brother of Earl William. He was born about the year 1582.

He was the first acknowledged favourite of King James, after his accession to the English throne. His handsome face, his love of dogs and horses, and especially his taste for hunting, rendered him peculiarly acceptable to that monarch. His influence remained unimpaired till the appearance of Robert Carr at court, an event which quickly turned the current of royal favour. However, as Montgomery neither remonstrated with James, nor showed any bitterness at his altered position, the king, who, above all things loved his ease and quiet, so far appreciated his forbearance, as to regard him ever after as his second favourite, whoever might chance to be the first. On his death-bed James gave the greatest proof of his confidence in the earl. When the suspicion broke on the dying monarch, that Buckingham and his mother were tampering with his life, it was to Montgomery that he exclaimed trustingly, "For God's sake look that I have fair play!"

The earl had received his education at New College, Oxford. On the 4th of June, 1605, he was created Earl of Montgomery, and on the 10th of May, 1608, was made a Knight of the Garter. The favours which he obtained from James, were not substantial, for during this reign he rose no higher than to be a lord of the bed-chamber. In the reign of Charles the First, however, he became lord chamberlain, and, to the disgrace of the University, Chancellor of Oxford. He succeeded his brother as Earl of Pembroke, 10th April, 1630.

His first appearance at court had been in the lifetime of Elizabeth, where, though a mere boy at the time, he appears to have rendered himself conspicuous for that want of modesty, which afterwards formed so prominent a trait in his character, and became so distasteful to his contemporaries. Rowland White, in a letter dated 26th April, 1600, thus writes to Sir Philip Sidney:—"Mr. Philip Herbert is here (at court), and one of the forwardest courtiers that ever I saw in my time; for he had not been here two hours, but he grew as bold as the best. Upon Thursday he goes back again, full sore against his will." He seems to have shared the success of his brother in the tournaments and other sports of the period. We find,—

The Herberts every cockpit-day,
Do carry away
The gold and glory of the day.

He was privately contracted in October, 1604, without the knowledge of the friends of either party, to Lady Susan Vere, daughter of Edward, 17th Earl of Oxford. The family of the young lady exhibited some aversion to the match, but the king interposed and softened their prejudices. On St. John's Day, 1604, they were married with great magnificence at Whitehall. The bride was led to church by Prince Henry and the Duke of Holstein, and the king himself gave her away. She looked so lovely in her tresses and jewels, that the king observed, "were he unmarried, he would keep her himself." After the ceremony there was a splendid banquet, succeeded by as gorgeous a mask. The following picture of the entertainments, as well as of the manners

of the times, can scarcely need a comment:—"There was no small loss that night of chains and jewels, and many great ladies were made shorter by the skirts, and were very well served that they could keep out no better. The presents of plate and other things given by the noblemen were valued at 2,500*l.*; but that which made it a good marriage was a gift of the king's, of 500*l.* land, for the bride's jointure. They were lodged in the council chamber, where the king, in his *shirt and night-gown*, gave them a *reveille matin* before they were up, and *spent a good time in or upon the bed*; chuse which you will believe. No ceremony was omitted of bride-cakes, points, garters, and gloves, which have been ever since the livery of the court; and at night there was sewing into the sheet, casting off the bride's left hose, and many other petty sorceries." By Lady Susan the earl had several children, who outlived him.

Lord Clarendon says of Montgomery,—"there were very few great persons in authority, who were not frequently offended by him by sharp and scandalous discourses, and invectives against them, behind their backs; for which they found it best to receive satisfaction by submissions, and professions, and protestations, which was a coin he was plentifully supplied with for the payment of all those debts." The fact is, he was one of the most brutal, cowardly, and choleric persons that ever disgraced a court. He appears to have been constantly engaged in some unbecoming quarrel. In 1610, a dispute with the Earl of Southampton proceeded to such lengths, that the rackets flew about each other's ears, though the king eventually made up the matter without bloodshed. After he had become lord chamberlain, Anthony Wood observes quaintly, that he broke many wiser heads than his own. This remark refers principally to his unjustifiable attack upon May, the translator of Lucan. The poet, (who was also a gentleman of some consideration in his time,) while a mask was being performed in the Banqueting House at Whitehall, happening to push accidentally against the chamberlain, the latter instantly lifted his staff, and broke it over May's shoulders. Wood says, that had it not been for the earl's office, and the place they were in, "it might have been a question whether the earl would ever have struck again." An account of the fracas is related by Mr. Garrard in one of his gossiping letters to the Earl of Strafford, dated 27th February, 1633:—"Mr. May of Gray's Inn, a fine poet, he who translated Lucan, came athwart my lord chamberlain in the Banqueting House, who broke his staff over his shoulders, not knowing who he was, the king present, who knew him, for he calls him his poet, and told the chamberlain of it, who sent for him the next morning, and fairly excused himself to him, and gave him fifty pounds in pieces: I believe he was thus indulgent for the name's sake." At the time of his well-known quarrel with Lord Mowbray, which took place in the House of Lords in 1641, he must have been nearly in his sixtieth year. Lord Clarendon says, that "from angry and disdainful words, an offer or attempt at blows was made." Probably a blow was really struck, for it is certain that Mowbray threw an inkstand at the thick head of his antagonist. They were both sent to the Tower by order of the lords, and Montgomery was in consequence deprived by the king of his post of chamberlain.

Early in life, Montgomery had himself received a lesson, which should have deterred him from assaulting others. In 1607, he had been

publicly horse-whipped, on the race-course at Croydon, by Ramsey, a Scottish gentleman, afterwards created Earl of Holderness. 'This was the same Ramsey from whose hands, some years previously, the young Earl of Gowrie had met his death. The affray caused so much excitement at the time, that the English assembled together, resolving to make it a national quarrel: but Montgomery not offering to strike again, "nothing," says Osborne, "was spilt but the reputation of a gentleman; in lieu of which, if I am not mistaken, the king made him a knight, a baron, a viscount, and an earl in one day." Fortunately the truth of this story does not rest upon Osborne's statement, for, as the earl was never a viscount, and as he was knighted in 1604, and made an earl in 1605, long previous to this disgraceful affray, we might have been inclined to discredit the whole account, had it not been confidently related by other authors. Butler, in one of his amusing burlesques of the earl's parliamentary speeches, makes him, at a later period of his life, thus allude to the disgrace of his youth. "For my part, I'll have nothing to do with them. I cannot abide a Scot, for a Scot switched me once, and cracked my crown with my own staff, the virge of my lord chamberlainship, and now they are all coming to switch you too."

It is reported of Montgomery that he was so illiterate that he could scarcely write his own name, and yet he constantly gave his opinion on matters of taste, and insulted genius by patronising it. We must remember, however, that to be a patron of literature was formerly a requisite ingredient in the fashionable world. The titled coxcomb sauntered into his levee, at which the wretched author presented his work, and for a false and fulsome panegyric received a donation of a few pounds: the latter obtained a dinner, and the former a character for taste and benevolence. Such is the degree of credit which we may fairly allow to Montgomery, of which Osborne says, that "he was only 'fit for his own society, and such books as were dedicated to him.'" Heminge and Condell, however, dedicated to Montgomery, and to his brother Earl William, the first folio edition of Shakspeare's plays: speaking of them as "the most noble and incomparable pair of brothers, who, having prosecuted these trifles, and their author living with so much favour, would use a like indulgence towards them which they had done unto their parent." This is such high praise, and so dear to an Englishman is any thing connected with the name of Shakspeare, that we should be inclined to forgive many faults in a friend and patron of the immortal dramatist. Some importance, however, must be attached to the earl's well-known character for vanity, and very little indeed to the suspicious encomiums of a dedication.

Montgomery was twice married. In 1630, after the death of his first wife Lady Susan Vere, he united himself to Anne, widow of Richard Sackville, Earl of Dorset, and heiress of the Cliffords, Earls of Cumberland. Under what circumstances this religious, munificent, and high-spirited lady, united herself to an absurd and profligate bully, we are not informed. It is certain, however, that their marriage was not a happy one; and as the earl became more profligate with increase of years, she was eventually compelled to insist on a separation. The countess, who survived him many years, is probably best known by her famous letter to Sir Joseph Williamson, secretary of state to Charles II. when

he applied to her to nominate a member for the borough of Appleby:

"I have been bullied by a usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject: your man sha'n't stand.

"ANN DORSET,

"PEMBROKE AND MONTGOMERY."

Had Montgomery contented himself with being a profligate, a gambler, a fool, or a coward; had he been satisfied with tyrannising over his wife, or with cudgeling, or being cudgelled, he would have avoided in a great degree the contempt and obloquy with which his name has been burdened. But when we find him turning rebel, and becoming an ungrateful apostate to the prince who had raised him, words are scarcely sufficient to express our indignation and contempt. In 1649, though a peer of England, he sat as a member, for Berkshire, in the republican House of Commons, and was subsequently one of the council of state after the beheading of King Charles. Butler celebrates the earl's apostasy with his usual humour.

"Pembroke's a covenanting lord,
That ne'er with God or man kept word;
One day he'd swear he'd serve the king,
The next 'twas quite another thing;
Still changing with the wind and tide,
'That he might keep the stronger side;
His hawks and hounds were all his care,
For them he made his daily care,
And scarce would lose a hunting season,
Even for the sake of darling treason.
Had you but heard what thunderclaps,
Broke out of his and Oldsworth's chaps,
Of oaths and horrid execration,
Oft with, but oftener without passion.
You'd think these senators were sent
From hell to sit in parliament."

This Goth was actually selected by the parliament to reform the University of Oxford. The speech which he made to the senate of the university on this occasion, was admirably ridiculed in a pasquinade of the period, of which we cannot refrain from giving an extract. It is just the sort of composition which one would have expected from so silly a man, while it particularly reflects on an inveterate habit of swearing, which is known to have formed another offensive trait in his character.

"My Visitors,

"I am glad to see this day; I hope it will never end, for I am your chancellor. Some say I am not your chancellor, but dam me, they lye, for my brother was so before me, and none but rascals would rob me of my birthright. They think the Marquis of Hertford is Chancellor of Oxford, because, forsooth, the university chose him. 'Sdeath, I set here by ordinance of Parliament, and judge ye, gentlemen, whether he or I look like a chancellor. I'll prove he is a party, for he himself is a scholar; he has Greek and Latin, but all the world knows I can scarce write or read; dam me, this writing and reading has caused all this blood. I thank God, and I thank you; I thank God I am come at last, and I thank you for giving me a gilded bible; you could not give me a better book, dam me, I think so: I love the bible, though I seldom use it; I say I love it, and a man's affection is the best member about him; I can love it though I cannot read it, as you, Dr. Wilkinson, love preaching, though you never preach."

If this extract be not sufficient, the reader may turn to the posthumous works of Samuel Butler,

the author of Hudibras, who has made himself very merry with the earl's fantastic oratory. Indeed, so absurd were his speeches, both in the House of Lords and elsewhere, that they became a common joke at the period, and agreeably employed the wits in turning them into lampoons and ridicule.

Instead of reforming others, the time was approaching when the earl might, with more propriety, have thought of reforming himself. He died on the 23d of January, 1690; not quite a year after the master whom he had deserted. He is said to have indulged in a pursuit almost as ridiculous as himself: he collected a vast number of portraits with a view to the study of physiognomy, in which he is stated to have made so great a proficiency, that James, placing an absurd faith in his discrimination, was believed to have employed him to discover the characters of foreign ambassadors on their first appearance at court.

In a scarce lampoon of the period, the following lines are recommended for Montgomery's epitaph:

"Here lies the mirror of our age for treason,
Who, in his life, was void of sense and reason,
The Commons' fool, a knave in every thing;
A traitor to his master, lord, and king:
A man whose virtues were to whore and swear,
God damn him was his constant daily prayer."

JAMES HAY,

EARL OF CARLISLE.

This magnificent personage, who shared so largely both the royal favour and the public purse, was the son of a private gentleman in Scotland. He was educated in France, and is said to have belonged to the famous Scottish guard, which was formerly maintained by the French monarch. At the accession of James he hastened over to England, trusting that his showy person and foreign accomplishments would obtain for him these substantial favours, which most of his countrymen expected, and many obtained. He is said to have been introduced to James by the French ambassador.

His rise was rapid, and not altogether undeserved. The elegance of his manners, his taste for dress and splendour, and a natural sweetness of temper, quickly rendered him a favourite as well with the king as with his courtiers. Few have had wealth and honours more quickly showered upon them; and, with the exception of profuse expenditure, few have borne the smiles of fortune with more modesty and discretion. He shunned politics, which would have made him enemies; and, by his unaffected courtesy and extensive hospitality, obtained the good will of those who might otherwise have been his rivals. Though positive talent must be denied him, he possessed a strong sense and natural tact, which to a courtier are far more valuable than genius itself. He understood the king's character more thoroughly than any other man, and had sufficient shrewdness to perform, at least with credit, the various embassies with which he was afterwards entrusted. Wilson says of him: "He was a gentleman every way complete. His bounty was adorned with courtesy not affected, but resulting from a natural civility in him. His humbleness set him below the envy of most, and his bounty brought him into esteem with many."

He was raised to the peerage in June, 1616, by the title of Lord Hay of Sawley; but without the issue of letters-patent, or a seat in the house of lords or Scottish parliament; he was also merely allowed precedence after the barons of Scotland. This singular kind of elevation would almost appear to have originated in a freak of King James; for the creation, we are informed, took place in the presence of witnesses, at nine o'clock at night at Greenwich. In 1617, he was created Viscount Doncaster; and in 1622, Earl of Carlisle. He also obtained a grant of the island of Barbadoes, and became a knight of the Garter.

According to an old writer, King James, in his advancement of this favourite, merely repaid a debt which the royal family of Scotland had long owed to the Hays. "One Hay, his ancestor," writes Lloyd, "saved Scotland from an army of Danes, at Longcarty, with a yoke in his hand. James Hay, six hundred years after, saved the king of that country from the Gowries at their house, with a cutter in his hand: the first had as much ground assigned him by King Kenneth as a falcon could fly over at one flight, and the other as much land as he could ride round in two days." Lloyd also informs us, that the whole family fell, in former days, before Dublin Castle; and that the race would have been extinct for ever, but for a successful Cæsarian operation, which preserved the heir. To this circumstance, if it be true, the present Earl of Kinnoul, whose ancestor was the cousin and heir of James Hay, must be indebted for his existence and honours.

In the splendour of his embassies, the magnificence of his entertainment, and the excessive costliness of his dress, and other personal luxuries, the earl, at least in this country, has never been surpassed. In 1616, he was sent to Paris, to congratulate the King of France on his marriage with the Infanta of Spain; being furnished, at the same time, with some private instructions regarding the feasibility and advantages of a match between Prince Charles and a daughter of France. Nothing could exceed the magnificence of this celebrated mission, and consequently, on the first day of its appearance at court, the whole of Paris turned forth, as the spectators of English splendour. The heart of old Wilson warms as he describes the scene:—"Six trumpeters," he says, "and two marshals (in tawny velvet liveries, completely suited, laced all over with gold, rich and closely laid,) led the way; the ambassador followed with a great train of pages; and footmen, in the same rich livery, including his horse and the rest of his retinue, according to their qualities and degrees, in as much bravery as they could desire or procure, followed in couples, to the wonderment of the beholders. And some said (how truly I cannot assert,) the ambassador's horse was shod with silver shoes, lightly tacked on; and when he came to a place where persons or beauties of eminence were, his very horse, prancing and curvetting, in humble reverence flung his shoes away, which the greedy bystanders scrambled for, and he was content to be gazed on and admired, till a farrier, or rather the *argentier*, in one of his rich liveries, among his train of footmen, out of a tawny velvet bag took others and tacked them on, which lasted till he came to the next troop of grantees; and thus, with much ado, he reached the Louvre."

In 1619, he was sent ambassador to Germany, with a view of mediating between the emperor and the Bohemians. His progress to the northern court, in which he was attended by the choicest of the young nobility of England, was

scarcely less magnificent than his former mission to the French king. The expenses of his two first meals, on landing at Rotterdam, amounted to a thousand guilders, about a hundred pounds sterling, while his carriages are said to have cost no less than sixty pounds a day. A singular instance of his munificence is recorded during this mission. An innkeeper of Dort, having calculated that the ambassador must pass through that town, had made sumptuous preparations for his entertainment. The earl, however, had chosen Utrecht for his route, and the zealous innkeeper was disappointed. The latter followed the embassy, introduced himself to the ambassador, and complained of the loss which he had sustained. The earl immediately gave him an order on his steward for thirty pounds.

Wilson informs us that the king was ashamed to tell the parliament how much money this embassy had cost, and therefore "minced the sum into a small proportion." James, it may be remarked, in his speech to parliament, in 1620, observes, that "my lord of Doncaster's journey had cost him three thousand five hundred pounds;" when it would appear from Wilson that the expenses could not have amounted to less than fifty or sixty thousand.

The earl's magnificence, however, failed at least on one occasion in exciting all the admiration he desired. In his progress to Germany, the vicinity of the Hague to Rotterdam (at which latter place he had landed,) rendered it necessary that he should pay a visit of ceremony to the Prince of Orange. It was no less imperative on the prince to invite him to dinner, and accordingly it was hinted to his highness, that for the entertainment of so splendid a guest, some addition to the usual fare would be requisite and proper. The prince, whose homely habits led him to despise the costly refinements of his expected guest, was perhaps not unwilling to have an opportunity of exhibiting his contempt. Accordingly, he called for the bill of fare, and observing that *only one pig was nominated in the bill*, commanded the steward to put down another,—the only addition which he could be prevailed upon to make. Besides the general homeliness of such an entertainment, it is necessary, in order to give point to the story, to include a remark of Wilson's, "that this dish is not very pleasing to the Scottish nation for the most part;" an antipathy which, it seems, is still partially prevalent in Scotland.

In 1621, the earl was again sent to France, in order to mediate between Louis XIII. and the French Protestants; he was also at Madrid during the matrimonial visit of Prince Charles, and corresponded with King James; but that he was employed officially is not probable. It may be here remarked, that, notwithstanding the earl's talents for diplomacy were at least respectable, not one of his three missions was attended with success.

His splendid folly with regard to costume even Lord Clarendon has condescended to mention. "He was surely," says his lordship, "a man of the greatest expense in his own person of any in the age he lived, and introduced more of that expense in the excess of clothes and diet than any other man; and was, indeed, the original of all those inventions, from which others did but transcribe copies." Arthur Wilson tells us, that "one of the meanest of his suits was so fine as to look like romance." This particular dress the historian saw, and thus describes:—"The cloak and hose were made of very fine white beaver,

embroidered richly all over with gold and silver; the cloak, almost to the cape, within and without, having no lining but embroidery; the doublet was cloth of gold, embroidered so thick that it could not be discerned; and a white beaver hat suitable, brimful of embroidery, both above and below."

But it was in his feasts and entertainments that his extravagant prodigality shone most conspicuously. Like the emperor Heliogabalus, he seems to have thought that what was cheaply obtained was scarcely worth eating. Since the days when that purpled profligate smothered his guests in rooms filled with roses, more fantastic hospitality can hardly be recorded. Osborne's account of one of the earl's banquets is too curious not to be inserted in his own words:—"The Earl of Carlisle was one of the quorum that brought in the vanity of ante-suppers, not heard of in our forefathers' time, and, for aught I have read, or at least remember, unpractised by the most luxurious tyrants. The manner of which was to have the board covered, at the first entrance of the guests, with dishes as high as a tall man could well reach, and dearest viands sea or land could afford: and all this once seen, and having feasted the eyes of the invited, was in a manner thrown away, and fresh set on the same height, having only this advantage of the other, *that it was hot*. I cannot forget one of the attendants of the king, that, at a feast made by this monster of excess, eat to his single share a whole pye, reckoned to my lord at ten pounds, being composed of ambergrease, magesterial of pearl, musk, &c.; yet was so far (as he told me) from being sweet in the morning, that he almost poisoned his whole family. And yet, after such suppers, huge banquets no less profuse, a waiter returning his servant home with a cloak-bag full of dried sweetmeats and comfits, valued to his lordship at more than ten shillings the pound. I am cloyed with the repetition of this excess, no less than scandalised at the continuance of it."

Weldon mentions another banquet which was given by the earl in honour of the French ambassador, "in which," he says, "was such plenty, and fish of that immensity brought out of Muscovy, that dishes were made to contain them, (no dishes before in all England could near hold them,) after that a costly voyde, and after that a masque of choice noblemen and gentlemen, and after that a most costly and magnificent banquet, the king, lords, and all the prime gentlemen then about London being invited thither." The immense fish were probably sturgeon. The necessity of waiting for the manufacture of the dishes could scarcely have improved their flavour.

James, not satisfied with heaping on his favourite unbounded wealth, secured for him, by especial mediation, one of the most wealthy heiresses of the period. This lady was Honora, sole daughter of Edward Lord Denny, subsequently created, in 1626, Earl of Norwich, by Charles the First.

After the decease of his countess, of whom little or nothing has been recorded, the earl remarried, 6th November, 1617, Lucy, daughter of Henry, eighth Earl of Northumberland, a beautiful coquette, whose memoir more properly belongs to the succeeding reign. This Northumberland was the "stout old earl," who had been fined 30,000*l.* and committed to the Tower for life, on account of his suspected share in the Gunpowder Treason. He was still a prisoner at the period of his daughter's marriage, to which he not only withheld his consent, but

afterwards refused to aid them with his purse: nothing, he said, should induce him to give his daughter to "a beggarly Scot," or supply them with a groat. They were married in the presence of the king. The bridegroom shortly afterwards obtained the release of his father-in-law from prison, but even then it was with the greatest difficulty that the independent old earl could be induced to consent to a meeting.

After the death of James the First, we know little of the history of his gorgeous favourite. That he was not, however, entirely overlooked, is evident from his having been made first *gentleman* of the bed-chamber to Charles the First, in 1633.* He died on the 25th of April, 1636, the ruling passion of his life still strong even in death. "When the most able physicians," says Osborne, "and his own weakness had passed a judgment that he could not live many days, he did not forbear his entertainments, but made divers brave clothes, as he said, to outface naked and despicable death withal." The workings of the human mind are often fantastic and bewildering; but how strange must have been the conceptions of that man, who, in such a moment, could connect velvets and embroideries with skeletons and the grave! The progress of the earl's last illness is more than once referred to by Garrard, in his letters to Lord Strafford. On the 15th of March he writes, "Sunday night last, the 13th of this month, my lord of Carlisle was dying, his speech gone, his eyes dark: he knew none about him, but in two or three hours he came out of this trance, and came to his senses again. Now he thinks he shall die, which before he did not, and is well prepared for it, having assistances from the best divines in town. His debts are great, above 80,000*l*. He has left his lady well near 5,000*l*. a year, the import of the wines in Ireland, for which they say she may have 20,000*l*. ready money, and 2,000*l*. pension, newly confirmed to her by the king: little or nothing comes to his son. The physicians keep him alive with cordials, but they are of opinion that he cannot last many days." His funeral, probably according to his own directions, was magnificent.

Lodge remarks, that "notwithstanding his expensive absurdities, the earl left a very large fortune, partly derived from his marriage with the heiress of the Lords Denny, but more from the king's unlimited bounty." The fact, though not of much importance, scarcely appears to be corroborated by contemporary writers. Lord Clarendon says especially, that he left neither "a house nor an acre of land to be remembered by;" and yet both Clarendon and Weldon estimate the sums heaped on him by James as amounting to *four hundred thousand pounds*.

With all his faults,—with all his folly and boundless expenditure, the spendthrift earl has still some claims to be a favourite. Civility and common sense preserved him from the fate of Somerset and of Buckingham. He was modest, generous, and hospitable; neither depressed by adversity, nor elated by prosperity. Sir William Davenant says of him, in a copy of verses addressed to his widow,—

* Clarendon, vol. iii. p. 140. It appears strange at first sight that Carlisle, who was a peer, should have been made a *gentleman* of the bed-chamber. We find, however, that as late as George I. the Duke of Hamilton was merely styled first gentleman, as was also the Duke of Lauderdale in the reign of Charles the Second. Formerly the title of gentleman implied, in its strictest sense, nobility.

Cheerful his age, not tedious or severe,
Like those, who being dull, would grave appear.

If he was not generally beloved, he was at least generally popular. If he spent largely, it was agreeably with the tastes and wishes of his sovereign; and if we are compelled to look upon him as a voluptuary, he was a sensualist without being selfish, and a courtier without being insolent.

FRANCIS LORD BACON,

EARL OF ST. ALBANS.

To enter into any lengthened details respecting the life of Lord Bacon might be considered a reflection on the reader; still it may not be inexpedient to introduce some scattered anecdotes relating to an extraordinary man, over whose mighty mind and corrupt heart the Christian lingers with sorrow, the moralist with wonder, and the world at large with regret:—a man whom it is now difficult to praise, yet whom, but for some lamentable weaknesses, it would have been almost as difficult not to idolise:—

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.

Lord Bacon was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Keeper of the Great Seal to Queen Elizabeth, and of Anne, daughter of Sir Anthony Cook, tutor to King Edward the Sixth: this lady has been extolled by her contemporaries for her piety and mental accomplishments. Bacon was born, January 22, 1561, at York House in the Strand, formerly the residence of the Bishops of Norwich, and afterwards of the Villiers, Dukes of Buckingham.

Lloyd says, that "he was a courtier from his cradle to his grave, sucking in experience with his milk, being inured to policy as early as to his grammar." When a boy, Queen Elizabeth took much notice of him, admired his ingenious answers, and, alluding to the post held by his father, used to style him familiarly *her young Lord Keeper*. She once inquired the age of the gifted boy, to which he replied readily, that "he was two years younger than her majesty's happy reign."

It was remarked by the famous Earl of Salisbury: that Raleigh was a good orator though a bad writer;—Northampton a good writer, though a bad orator:—but that Bacon excelled in both. Howell, who must have often listened to his oratory, speaks of him as "the eloquentest that was born in this isle."

He had the art of leading a man to the subject in which he was the most conversant. His memory was astonishing, yet he argued, said Lloyd, rather from observation and his own reasonings than from books. He spent four hours every morning in study, during which period he never allowed himself to be interrupted.

Ben Jonson and Richard Earl of Dorset were among the number of his friends. The latter was so great an admirer of his genius, that, according to Aubrey, he employed Sir Thomas Billingsley (the celebrated horseman) to write down whatever fell from the lips of the great philosopher in his social discourse. He liked to compose in his garden, accompanied either by a friend or amanuensis, who instantly committed his thoughts to paper. Among others whom he thus employed was Thomas Hobbes, of Malmesbury. Aubrey informs us that this person was so beloved by his lord, that he "was wont to

have him walk with him in his delicate groves when he did meditate, and when a notion darted into his mind, Mr. Hobbes was presently to write it down: and his lord was wont to say that he did it better than any one else about him, for that many times, when he read their notes, he scarce understood what they writ, because they understood it not clearly themselves."

His information on all subjects was astonishing. "I have heard him," says Osborne, in his advice to his son, "entertain a country lord in the proper terms relating to hawks and dogs; and at another time out-cant a London surgeon." Of money, he said, it was like manure, of no use till it was spread.

Sometimes he would have music in the room adjoining that in which he composed. He was also accustomed to drink strong beer before going to bed; in order, we are told, "to lay his working fancy asleep, which otherwise would keep him waking a great part of the night." Sir Edward Coke, though he affected to undervalue him as a lawyer, appears to have been envious of his talent.

We are assured by Lloyd that Bacon always fainted at an eclipse of the moon.

His manner of living was superb in the extreme, especially when he was left regent of the kingdom during the progress of King James into Scotland, when he gave audience to the foreign ambassadors, in the Banqueting House at Whitehall, almost with regal splendour. An eye said: "The aviary at York House was built by his lordship, and cost 300*l*. Every meal, according to the season of the year, he had his table strewn with sweet herbs and flowers, which he said did refresh his spirits and memory. When he was at his country-house at Gorhambury, St. Albans seemed as if the court had been there, so nobly did he live. His servants had liveries with his crest; his watermen were more employed by gentlemen than even the king's. King James sent a buck to him, and he gave the keeper 50*l*." Howell, in his letters, mentions a similar instance of his liberality, on his receiving a buck from one of the royal domains. He sent for the under-keeper who had brought the present, and "having drunk the king's health unto him in a great silver gilt bowl," gave it to him as his fee.

Lord Bacon was not satisfied with common venality, but occasionally sold his decisions to *both parties*. Sir Symonds D'Ewes, however, says, that if he was the instrument of mischief, it was *rather from those about him* than his own nature, "which his very countenance promised to be affable and gentle." There is no doubt that this great dispenser of justice was duped in the grossest manner by his own servants: these people, we are told, robbed him at the bottom of the table, while he himself sat immersed in philosophical reveries at the upper end. Three of his servants kept their coaches, and more than one maintained race-horses in their establishments. A splendid casket of jewels, presented to him by the East India merchants, was embezzled, without his discovering it, by his own page. When the fact was mentioned to him, that his servants had actually purloined money from his closet: "Ah! poor men," he said, "that is their portion." When he returned home, after the knowledge of his disgrace, his servants, rising, as usual, in the hall to receive him: "Ah!" he said, "your rise has been my fall." When they shortly afterwards deserted him, he compared them to vermin which quit a house when their instinct tells them it is about to fall.

How extraordinary and how humiliating to human nature must have been that scene, when the great philosopher stood a cringing suppliant to his peers, "prostrating himself and sins;" craving pardon of God and his fellows, and promising to amend that life which apparently, but for such exposure, would have been transmitted to posterity as proud and faultless as his genius. When he delivered the great seal to the four peers who had been commissioned to receive it:—"It was the king's favour," he said, "that gave me this: and it is through my own fault that he has taken it away." When the instrument was delivered to James, he muttered some words respecting his difficulty in selecting a successor—"As to my lawyers," he said, "they are all knaves."

Bacon was apparently little distressed by his fall. Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, happening to encounter him immediately after that event, with equal bad taste and bad feeling, wished him, ironically, a merry Easter!—"And to you, signior," replied Bacon, "I wish a merry Pass-over!" The reply not only comprehended a wish that the ambassador were well out of the kingdom, but alluded to his supposed Jewish origin, the greatest insult which could have been offered to a Spaniard.

Charles, at that time Prince of Wales, chanced to meet Bacon in his coach shortly after his fall. The disgraced chancellor was retiring to the seclusion of his own house at Gorhambury, but accompanied with a train of horsemen, such as would have done honour to him in his prouder days. "Do all we can," remarked the prince, "this man scorns to go out like the snuff of a candle."

We should be far more inclined to forgive the gross corruption of this eminent man, but for his infamous ingratitude to his kindest, stanchest, and most disinterested friend, the unfortunate Earl of Essex: his treatment of that unhappy nobleman would have been disgraceful in a savage. It may be here remarked, that a far more detestable crime, even than ingratitude, has been laid to the charge of Lord Bacon; the details of which are given so minutely by Sir Symonds D'Ewes, that it is impossible not to attach some credit to the accusation.

Many false aspersions, however, have undoubtedly been cast on his name. Among others may be mentioned a story of Sir Anthony Weldon's, whose remarks are as scurrilous as his tale is undoubtedly untrue. A misunderstanding, he informs us, happening to exist between the chancellor and the Duke of Buckingham, the former, being desirous of obtaining an interview with the favourite, was kept waiting, during two successive days, in an apartment appropriated to the lowest menials in the duke's household. Weldon affirms, that he himself saw him in this situation, seated on a wooden chest, with the chancellor's purse and seal lying beside him; and that he subsequently discovered from one of the servants that this indignity was imposed by the express orders of the duke. He adds, that when the chancellor was at length admitted into the presence of Buckingham, he threw himself prostrate on the ground and kissed the duke's feet. Judging from what we know of Lord Bacon's character, and especially from his letters to Buckingham, there is certainly no circumstance which tends in any way to support the charge of Weldon, either of such gross subserviency on the one hand, or so much insolence on the other. Bacon's manly and beautiful letter of advice to Bucking-

ham, on his first coming into power, is certainly alone sufficient to rescue him from the absurd aspersions of a prejudiced scandal-monger.

Although the loss of power and place reduced him to a state of comparative poverty, the stories which are related of his being actually in distress and want are no doubt considerably exaggerated. Wilson informs us that after his disgrace, he lived in obscurity in his house in Gray's Inn, and was in want to the last. The same writer embellishes his narrative with a curious tale. The beer he informs us, in Lord Bacon's house being of a very bad quality, he occasionally sent to Sir Fulk Greville, (Lord Brook,) who resided in the neighbourhood, for a bottle of his lordship's beer. This boon, after considerable grumbling, the butler had at last positive orders to deny: "so sordid," adds Wilson, "was the man who had advanced himself to be called the friend of Sir Philip Sidney, and so friendless was the other after he had fallen from his high estate!"*

The degradation of this wonderful genius, while it distressed the good and gratified the evil, could even afford merriment to the wretched punsters of the age. Alluding alike to his misconduct and his poverty, his new titles of Verulam and St. Albans were easily converted into Very-lame and St. All-bones. In the height of his distress, his neighbours in the country good-naturedly came forward, and offered to purchase an oak wood on his property. "No," said Lord Bacon, "I will not sell my feathers."

Park has rescued from obscurity a copy of verses of no slight merit, the production of some philosophical poet of former days, who thus laments over the downfall of a great man:—

Dazzled thus with height of place,
While our hopes our wits beguile,
No man marks the narrow space
Twixt a prison and a smile.

Then since Fortune's favours fade,
You that in her arms do sleep,
Learn to swim and not to wade,
For the hearts of kings are deep.

But if greatness be so blind
As to trust in towers of air;
Let it be with goodness lined,
That at least the fall be fair.

Then though darken'd, you shall say
When friends fall off, and princes frown;
Virtue is the roughest way,
But proves at night a bed of down.

Lord Bacon was himself a poet. Those who may be curious to see him in this light, will find some specimens of his muse in Park's "Noble Authors," and also in Aubrey's "Letters of Eminent Men."

Wilson describes Lord Bacon as of a middling stature, his "presence grave and comely;" but adds that he early wore the appearance of old age. Aubrey says, "he had a delicate, lively, hazel eye: Dr. Harvey told me it was like the eye of a viper." The same writer relates one or two characteristic anecdotes of this extraordinary man. He was once watching some fishermen from the garden at York House, and offered them a certain sum for the results of their draught, which they refused, considering it insufficient. On drawing up their net, they found that it only contained two or three small fish. Lord Bacon

* Wilson, p. 160. It was Lord Brook's chief ambition to be regarded as the friend of Sir Philip Sidney; indeed he directed the circumstance to be recorded on his tombstone.

told them they had better have accepted his offer. The men replied that they had hoped for better success. "Hope," said his lordship, "is a good breakfast, but a bad supper." According to Aubrey, none of his servants dared to appear before him except in boots of Spanish leather:—he could always detect common leather, which was extremely offensive to his nerves.

When the Bishop of London cut down some fine trees at the Episcopal Palace at Fulham, Bacon told him that he was a good expounder of dark places.

When some person hinted to him that it was time to look about him, "Sir," was his reply, "I do not look about me; I look above me."

Queen Elizabeth, when on a visit to Lord Bacon at Redgrave, happened to make an observation on the small size of his house:—"Madam," he replied, "my house is small; but it is you who have made me too great for it."

King James, says Howell, once asked his opinion of a French ambassador who had recently arrived. Bacon replied that he thought him a tall well-looking man.—"But what do you think of his head-piece?" asked the king. "Sir," said Bacon, "tall men are like houses of four or five stories, wherein, commonly, the uppermost room is worst furnished." I do not know whether this was the same French ambassador, who told Lord Bacon, on their first introduction, that he had always compared him to an angel, of whom he had heard and read much, but had never seen. Bacon replied modestly, that "if the charity of others compared him to an angel, his own infirmities told him that he was a man." If Bacon can at all be compared to an angel, it must certainly be to a fallen one.

In January, 1620, being then in the commencement of his sixtieth year, we find him keeping his birth-day with some magnificence at York House, the scene of his early life, and the favourite residence of his age. His old friend, Ben Jonson, celebrated the occasion with his vigorous muse. It was a kind, and at that period, a valuable mark of respect, to the disgraced minister. Though the lines are occasionally harsh, the compliment is felicitously introduced.

Hail, happy genius of this ancient pile!
How comes it all things so about thee smile?
The fire, the wine, the men! and in the midst
Thou stand'st, as if some mystery thou didst!
Pardon, I read it in thy face, the day
For whose returns, and many, all these pray:
And so do I. This is the sixtieth year
Since Bacon and thy lord, was born, and here;
Son to the grave, wise keeper of the seal,
Fame and foundation of the English weal.
What then his father was, that since is he,
Now with a little more to the degree.
England's high chancellor, the destined heir
In his soft cradle to his father's chair,
Whose even thread the Fates spin round and full,
Out of their choicest and their whitest wool.
'Tis a brave cause of joy, let it be known,
For 'twere a narrow gladness, kept thine own.
Give me a deep-crown'd bowl, that I may sing,
In raising him, the wisdom of my king.

Aubrey informs us, on the authority of Thomas Hobbes, that Bacon owed his death to his indiscreet eagerness in pursuing a philosophical experiment. He happened to be taking the air in his coach near Highgate, when an idea came into his head that flesh might be preserved in snow as well as in salt. The snow at the time lying thick on the ground, he resolved to make the experiment; but "staid so long in doing it," that he was seized with a shivering fit, and was

obliged to be carried to Lord Arundel's house at Highgate. Unfortunately he was placed in a damp bed, by which his disorder was so much aggravated that he died in a few days.

His death took place on the 9th of April, 1626. Conformably with his own wishes, he was buried near the remains of his mother, in St. Michael's Church, St. Albans, the only place of worship in the ancient Verulam. His secretary, Thomas Meauty, erected over him a monument of white marble, to which Sir Henry Wotton supplied the inscription. Howell writes to Dr. Prichard, "My Lord Chancellor Bacon is lately dead of a languishing weakness; he died so poor, that he scarce left money to bury him; which though he had a great wit, did argue no great wisdom, it being one of the essential properties of a wise man to provide for the main chance. I have read, that it hath been the fortune of all poets commonly to die beggars; but for an orator, a lawyer, and a philosopher, as he was, to die so, is rare. It seems the same fate befel him that attended Demosthenes, Seneca, and Cicero, (all great men,) of whom the two first fell by corruption. The fairest diamond may have a flaw in it; but I believe he died poor out of a contempt of the pelf of fortune, as also out of an excess of generosity." It may be remarked that the number and value of the legacies which he bequeathed by his last will, has led to a disbelief of Bacon's poverty. Dr. Lingard, however, justly observes, that "as his executors refused to act, it may induce a suspicion that he left not wherewith to pay them."

Not many years after the death of Bacon his grave was opened, and one King, a physician, became possessed of his skull. Fuller tells us that this remarkable relic was treated by King with "derision and scorn;" but the man, he adds, who "then derided the dead, is since become the laughing-stock of the living."

Lord Bacon is described as having borne adversity with as little moderation as he had done prosperity; and as having exhibited a pitiful and mean-spirited subserviency in his intercourse with the great. To this accusation, his letters to King James, after his fall, certainly attach some weight. In an appeal which he addressed to Prince Charles, there was a passage which had more wit than reverence,—he said that, "as the father had been his creator, he hoped the son would be his redeemer." The name of Verulam Buildings, Gray's Inn Lane, still points out the spot where one of the residences of Bacon once stood.

EDWARD LORD HERBERT,

OF CHERBURY.

The life of Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, written by himself, is one of the most curious works of the kind that has ever issued from the press. Who can read without delight a narrative, and such a narrative, too, of the private foibles and most secret thoughts of the soldier, the statesman, the wit, and the philosopher? That he was truth itself, is undoubted; and if his vanity sometimes occasions a smile, we must bear in mind the peculiar features of the period in which he lived. We must remember that chivalry was not then extinct, and that the smiles of beauty, and the honours of battle, were considered as indispensable in conferring not only reputation, but respect. Gifted by nature with wit, beauty, and

talent, and possessing courage almost amounting to a fault, can we wonder that, in a martial and romantic age, Lord Herbert should have engaged the hearts of women, almost as universally as he won for himself the respect of men. If he speaks somewhat ostentatiously of his own merits, at least with equal candour he lays open to us his faults. His literary reputation is so well established, that comment would be tiresome, and praise superfluous.

Lord Herbert was born in 1581. According to Anthony Wood, his birth-place was a "most pleasant and romantic spot in Wales, called Montgomery Castle, the seat of his father, Richard Herbert." But this is a mistake. Lord Herbert himself informs us that he was born at Eyton, in Shropshire, the residence of his mother's family, the Newports. At the age of fourteen, he went to University College, Oxford, from whence he proceeded on his travels. At the coronation of James the First, he was made a Knight of the Bath, and in 1616, was sent ambassador to Paris to intercede for the French Protestants. He held this important post for five years, when his famous quarrel with the constable Luines procured his recall. In 1625, he was created by James I. Baron Herbert, of Castle Island, in Ireland; and in 1629, Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, in Shropshire, by Charles the First. On the 28th of February, 1598, when only seventeen, he was married to a daughter of Sir William Herbert, of St. Gillian's. The match seems to have been one of convenience; the lady, among other circumstances, being six years older than himself.

Lord Herbert made his first appearance in London in his nineteenth year. "Curiosity," he says, "rather than ambition, brought me to court; and as it was the manner of those times for all men to kneel down before the great Queen Elizabeth, who then reigned, I was likewise upon my knees in the presence chamber, when she passed by to the chapel at Whitehall. As soon as she saw me, she stopped; and swearing her usual oath, demanded, who is this? Every body there present looked upon me, but no man knew me, till Sir James Croft, a pensioner, finding the queen stayed, returned back and told who I was, and that I had married Sir William Herbert of St. Gillian's daughter: the queen hereupon looked attentively upon me; and swearing again her ordinary oath, said, it is a pity he was married so young; and thereupon gave her hand to kiss twice, both times gently clapping me on the cheek."

Lord Herbert's account of his being invested with the Order of the Bath, throws a curious light on the manners of the time. The placing the spur upon the right heel, was then an important part of the ceremony. His esquire, he informs us, was standing near him, prepared to perform the office, when the Earl of Shrewsbury himself kindly approached him: "Cousin," he said, "I believe you will be a good knight, and therefore I will put on your spur;" whereupon, after my most humble thanks for so great a favour, I held up my leg against the wall, and he put on my spur.

He then proceeds to describe the nature of the oath which he was called upon to take,— "Never," he says, "to sit in a place where injustice shall be done, without righting it to the utmost of my power, and particularly ladies and gentlemen that shall be wronged in their honour, if they demand assistance, and many other points not unlike the romances of knight-errant."

"The second day to wear robes of crimson taffeta, and so ride from St. James's to Whitehall, with our esquires before us; and the third day to wear a gown of purple satin, upon the left sleeve whereof is fastened certain strings, weaved of white silk and gold, tied in a knot, and tassels of the same,* which all the knights are obliged to wear until they have done something famous in arms, or till some lady of honour take it off, and fasten it on her sleeve, saying, 'I will answer he shall prove a good knight.' I had not long worn this string, but a principal lady of the court, and certainly in most men's opinions the handsomest, took mine off, and said she would pledge her honour for mine. I do not name this lady; because some passages happened afterwards which oblige me to silence, though nothing could be justly said to her prejudice or wrong."

It is curious to discover to how late a period of our history the spirit of knight-errantry descended. A Knight of the Bath at the present day may have achieved the insignia of his order at Waterloo or Trafalgar: he has won them, perhaps, by good and brave deeds, but little more is allotted to him than the merit of preserving them unstained. But, even as late as the days of James, there still existed that Quixotic enthusiasm, and that high standard of honour, which, however we may be disposed to regard them as fantastic, were once practised by the wisest and the best, and threw an undefinable interest over the social relations of former times. Let us see by what obligations a philosopher and historian, such as Lord Herbert, considered himself bound. The following circumstance occurred during one of his visits to the castle of Merlon, the residence of the Constable de Montmorency, whither he had been invited by the constable's daughter, the Duchess de Vantadour. "Passing," he says, "two or three days here, it happened one evening that a daughter of the dukes, of about ten or eleven years of age, going one evening from the castle to walk in the meadows, myself, with divers French gentlemen, attended her, and some gentlemen that were with her: this young lady wearing a knot of riband on her head, a French cavalier took it suddenly and fastened it to his hat-band; the young lady offended herewith, demands her riband, but he refusing to restore it, the young lady, addressing herself to me, said, 'Monsieur, I pray get my riband from that gentleman.' Hereupon, going towards him, I courteously, with my hat in my hand, desired him to do me the honour that I may deliver the lady her riband or bouquet again; but he roughly answering me, 'Do you think I will give it to you, when I have refused it to her?' I replied, 'Nay then, sir, I will make you restore it by force,' whereupon also, putting on my hat, and reaching at his, he, to save himself, ran away,

* This custom of fastening a knot or riband of white silk to the left shoulder of the knight, is as old as the time of Henry the Fourth, the supposed founder of the order. Froissart says, that at his coronation, that monarch created forty-six knights, to whom he gave "long green coats, the sleeves whereof were cut straight, and furred with minever, and with great hoods or chaperons furred in the same manner, and after the fashion used by prelates; and every one of these knights on his left shoulder had a double cordon, or string of white silk, to which white tassels were pendent." The Appendix to Anstie's "Observations on the Knighthood of the Bath," affords a curious picture of the ceremonies of investiture, in the reign of James the First.

and after a long course in the meadow, finding that I had almost overtaken him, he turned short, and running to the young lady, was about to put the riband in her hand, when I, seizing upon his arm, said to the young lady, 'It was I that gave it.' 'Pardon me,' quoth she, 'it is he that gives it me.' I then said, 'Madam, I will not contradict you; but if he dare to say that I did not constrain him to give it, I will fight with him.' The French gentleman answered nothing thereunto for the present, and so conducted the young lady again to the castle. The next day, I desired Mr. Aurelian Townsend to tell the French cavalier that either he must confess that I constrained him to restore the riband, or fight with me; but the gentleman seeing him unwilling to accept of this challenge, went out from the place, whereupon I followed him, some of the gentlemen that belonged to the constable taking notice hereof, acquainted him therewith, who sending for the French cavalier, checked him well for his sauciness in taking the riband away from his grandchild, and afterwards bid him depart his house; and this was all that I ever heard of the gentleman with whom I proceeded in that manner, because I thought myself obliged thereunto by the oath taken when I was made Knight of the Bath, as I formerly related upon this occasion."

Lord Herbert afterwards mentions another instance of similar gallantry on his part, which occurred in the apartments of Anne of Denmark. A Scottish gentleman had snatched a riband from Miss Middlemore, a maid of honour, who begged Lord Herbert to procure its restitution. The delinquent refusing to part with it, Lord Herbert seized him by the throat, and had almost succeeded in throwing him down, when they were separated by the bystanders. Their subsequent meeting in Hyde Park was prevented by an injunction of the lords of the council.

Lord Orford says of Lord Herbert, that "he returned the insolence of the great Constable Luines with the spirit of a gentleman, without committing his dignity of ambassador." This quarrel is a memorable one. The French king, Louis the Thirteenth, was preparing vigorous measures against his protestant subjects, in whose favour Lord Herbert had been sent to mediate. His instructions were to obtain his end, if possible, by peaceable persuasions, or, should that appear impracticable, to enforce his arguments by threats. Having obtained an interview with the constable, he explained to him calmly the great interest which the court of England took in this religious warfare. De Luines inquired rudely by what right the king, his master, interfered in their affairs. "The king, my master," replied the ambassador, "oweth an account of his reasons to no man; and for myself, it is sufficient that I obey him." He added, however, "that if the question were asked in more courteous terms, he was willing to satisfy him on the subject." "We will have none of your advices," replied the constable. "That," said Lord Herbert, "is a sufficient answer; and I am now charged to inform you, that we know very well what to do." "We do not fear you," said De Luines. "If you had said that you did not love us, I should have believed you," said the ambassador. "By G—," retorted the constable, "if you were not an ambassador I would treat you after another fashion." "If I am an ambassador," said Lord Herbert, "I am also a gentleman, and this," laying his hand upon his sword, "shall be my answer." He then rose from his

chair and went towards the door, to which De Luines, with a show of civility, offered to accompany him; but Lord Herbert told him, that after such language there was no need of ceremony.

He remained some days in the town, expecting to hear from the constable; but instead of a hostile message, he was informed by the Mareschal de St. Geran, that having mortally offended the minister, he was in no place of security. "As long as my sword is by my side," said Lord Herbert, "I am in a place of safety." The constable, in order to lay a formal complaint against Lord Herbert, eventually procured his own brother to be sent ambassador extraordinary into England, and Lord Herbert was in consequence recalled. On his return to England, he obtained an audience of King James; and having cleared himself of the charges which had been brought against him, requested his majesty's permission to send a trumpeter to the constable, challenging him to single combat. The king told him that he would consider of it; but the constable shortly afterwards died, and the gallant philosopher returned to Paris.

The strictest respecter of truth may unconsciously give too fair a colouring to a narrative of his own conduct. Perhaps De Luines was not altogether to blame. Certainly Lord Herbert was a hot-headed man, and Camden even goes so far as to make him the party most to blame, observing pointedly that he treated the constable with irreverence.

Lord Herbert is generally described as a very handsome man: Aubrey alone, who had been frequently in his society, speaks of him as a "black man:" the whole-length engraving of him, from the original by Oliver, which forms the frontispiece of Dodsley's edition of his life, affords the same idea of his swarthinness.

It may not be generally known, that among his other accomplishments, Lord Herbert was no indifferent poet. There is an elegant copy of verses by him, entitled—

AN ODE

UPON THE QUESTION MOVED, WHETHER LOVE SHOULD CONTINUE FOR EVER!

'The two opening stanzas are very pleasing:

Having interr'd her infant birth,
The watery Ground, that late did mourn,
Was atrew'd with flowers, for the return
Of the wish'd bridegroom of the Earth.

The well-accorded birds did sing
Their hymns unto the pleasant time;
And, in a sweet consorted chime,
Did welcome in the cheerful Spring.

They conclude:

Oh! no, beloved! I am most sure
Those virtuous habits we acquire,
As being with the soul entire,
Must with it evermore endure.

Else should our souls in vain elect;
And vainer yet were Heaven's laws,
When to an everlasting cause
They give a perishing effect.

Nor here on earth, then, nor above,
Our good affection can impair;
For, where God doth admit the fair,
Think you that he excludeth Love?

These eyes again thine eyes shall see,
These hands again thine hands infold;
And all chaste pleasures can be told,
Shall with us everlasting be:

For if no use of sense remain,
When bodies once this life forsake,

Or they could no delight partake,
Why should they ever rise again?
Let then no doubt, Celinda, touch,
Much less your fairest mind invade;
Were not our souls immortal made,
Our equal loves can make them such.

There were many contradictions in Lord Herbert's character. "The same man," observes Granger, "was wise and capricious; redressed wrongs, and quarreled for punctilios; hated bigotry in religion, and was himself a bigot to philosophy. He exposed himself to such dangers as other men of courage would have carefully declined; and called in question the fundamentals of a religion which none had the hardiness to dispute besides himself." His famous philosophical work, *De Veritate*, was expressly written against revealed religion. With the publication of this work is connected an extraordinary instance of human vanity and human inconsistency. The same man who had just been arguing against the possible existence of miracles, could nevertheless believe that the Divine intentions had been communicated in a miraculous manner to himself: in a word, he could easily discredit a revelation which comprehended the happiness of the whole human race, and yet was fully convinced of it when merely applying to himself and to his own insignificant pursuits. Entertaining considerable apprehension as to the manner in which his work would be received; and "being doubtful," he says, "in my chamber, one fair day in summer, my casement being opened towards the south, the sun shining clear, and no wind stirring, I took my book *De Veritate* in my hand, and kneeling on my knees, devoutly said these words,—O thou eternal God, Author of the light which now shines upon me, and Giver of all inward illuminations, I do beseech thee, of thy infinite goodness, to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make. I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book *De Veritate*; if it be for thy glory, I beseech thee to give me some sign from heaven; if not, I shall suppress it."

"I had no sooner spoken these words, but a loud though yet gentle noise came from the heavens (for it was like nothing on earth), which did so comfort and cheer me, that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign I demanded, whereupon also I resolved to print my book. This (how strange soever it may seem) I profess before the eternal God is true: neither am I any way superstitiously deceived herein; since I did not only hear the noise, but in the serenest sky that ever I saw, being without all cloud, did to my thinking see the place from whence it came."

Certainly Lord Herbert was a most conscientious deist. According to Aubrey, twice a day he had prayers in his house, and on Sundays a sermon was preached by his chaplain.

In his last illness, when he knew himself to be dying, he expressed a wish that Archbishop Usher might be sent for. When it was proposed to him to receive the sacrament, he said, indifferently, that if there was good in any thing it was in that, and at all events it could do him no harm. Under the circumstances the primate refused to administer it, for which he was afterwards much blamed. Lord Herbert died serenely. Shortly before he breathed his last, he inquired the hour, and on receiving a reply, "an hour hence," he said, "I shall depart;" he then turned his face to the opposite side, and shortly afterwards expired.

abundant matter for serious opera, melodrama, romance, and tragedy.

It is not my intention in the present hasty sketch to be a partisan of a Buchanan, Robertson, Hume, Tytler, or others who have treated on the subject, leaving the views of sober-minded historians to be discussed as your readers may think most proper.

The daughter of James V. and Mary of Guise was born a few days before the death of her father, and at the age of six years was conveyed to France, whither she was sent for her education, by the same fleet that had brought over the French auxiliaries under Monsieur Desse. This exercised a powerful influence over her future destiny, and was the cause of all her misfortunes. Educated in France, and brought up at the most polished court in Europe, she insensibly acquired those manners which disqualified her from reigning over her ancient subjects, the Scots, among whom the government of a queen was unknown, and of too feeble a character to rule over a rude and semi-barbarous people, torn by intestine commotions, and struggling for the maintenance of the reformed religion. She was married, April 24, 1558, at a very early age, to Francis, the Dauphin of France, afterwards Francis II., a prince of feeble constitution and a weak understanding, who dying, left her a widow at the age of nineteen. After a short time, Mary with a sad heart, took leave of that kingdom, the brief, but only scene of her life in which fortune had smiled upon her. As long as her eyes could distinguish the coast, she continued to feed her melancholy with the prospect, and to utter, "Farewell, France; farewell, beloved country, which I shall never more behold!"

"To Scotia's Queen, as slowly dawned the day,
Rose on her couch, and gazed her soul away.
Her eyes had blessed the beacon's glimmering height,
That faintly tip the feathery surge with light;
But now the moon with orient hues portrayed
Each castled cliff and brown monastic shade;
All touched the talisman's resistless spring,
And, lo! what busy tribes were instant on the wing!"

After an absence of nearly thirteen years, she landed safely in her native kingdom. At this period commenced her trials and misfortunes, all following each other in quick succession; and whatever might have been her faults, bitter and grievous was the expiation.

We are informed by Dufresnoy, who came over to Scotland in her suite, that she lodged on the night of her arrival in the "Abbaye of Holyrood," which, says he, "is really a fine building." He proceeds:—"We landed at Leith, and went from thence to Edinburgh, which is but a short league distant.—The queen went there on horseback, and the lords and ladies, who accompanied her upon the little wretched hackneys of the country, as wretchedly caparisoned, at sight of which the queen began to weep, and to compare them with the pomp and superb palfreys of France; but there was no remedy but patience. What was worst of all, being arrived at Edinburgh, and restored to rest in the Abbaye, there came under her window, in the court, a crew of five hundred or six hundred scoundrels from the city, who gave her a serenade with wretched violins and little rebecks, of which there are enough in that country, and began to sing psalms, &c., so miserably mistimed and mistuned, that nothing could be worse. Alas! what music, and what a night's rest!" On this celebrated serenade, that true son of genius, the Ettrick Shep-

herd, founded his beautiful legend, "The Queen's Wake," from which I beg leave to quote the following lines:—

"Queen Mary lighted in the court,
Queen Mary joined the evening sport;
Yet though at table all were seen
To wonder at her air and mien,
Though courtiers fawned and ladies sung,
Still on her ears the accents rung.
'Watch thy young bosom and maiden eye,
For the shower must fall, and the flower must die;
And much she wished to prove ere long
The wondrous powers of Scottish song."

Passing over her ill-assorted marriage with the imbecile Darnley, which was celebrated with all due pomp and festivity, I come to that dreadful tragedy—that frightful episode in Scottish history—the murder of David Rizzio, which Mr. Haines has selected as the subject of his new historical tragedy. What heart is there that does not throb at the mention of the name of this celebrated Italian musician, coupled with that of Mary Queen of Scots? The names are inseparable. Whatever may have been Mary's culpability in this unhappy partiality and undue preference of Rizzio, it is now almost universally admitted that there was no criminality existed, although appearances seemed to favour such a supposition; certain it is that he was admitted into her confidence, and grew not only to be considered as a favourite, but as a minister. Hence the jealousy with which Darnley was inspired. Some writers represent Rizzio as servile, haughty, arrogant, and insolent; others, that he was shrewd and sensible, with education above his rank. But he was a foreigner, and his destruction was therefore resolved on by Darnley, Morton, Ruthven, Lindsay, and Maitland, in a manner nowise suitable to justice, to humanity, or to their own dignity. Accordingly, a plan was concerted between the above-mentioned nobles, and the place chosen was the queen's bedchamber; and on the 9th of March, 1566, Morton entered the court of the palace with 160 men, and seized the gates without resistance.

The queen was at supper with the Countess of Argyll, Rizzio, and a few domestics, in a closet off the bedchamber, about twelve feet square, the present north-west tower of Holyrood Palace, when Darnley suddenly entered her apartment by a private passage. Behind him was Ruthven, clad in complete armour, with three or four of his most trusty accomplices. Such an unusual appearance alarmed those who were present, and Rizzio, apprehending that he was the intended victim, instantly retired behind the queen. Numbers of armed men now rushed into the chamber. Mary in vain employed tears, threats, and entreaties to save her favourite, but it was all in vain: he was torn from her by violence, dragged out of the closet, through the bedchamber into the chamber of presence, and despatched with fifty-six wounds.

"In clattering hauberk clad, through night's still gloom,

Stern Ruthven fiercely stalks with haggard mien;
With thundering tone proclaims the victim's doom,
And tears her minion from a doating queen:
Through the arch'd courts and storied chambers high
Loud shrieks of terror ring, and death's expiring cry!"

Towards the outer door of the apartment, on the floor of a passage which was formerly part of the room, there are large dusky spots, said to have been occasioned by Rizzio's blood staining the floor, which no washing of the boards has

been able to efface. The armour of Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, and of James VI. is shown in the room from which Rizzio was dragged out to be murdered. The queen's dressing-box is also shown; the roof of the queen's bed-room is divided into compartments, charged with the armorial device of some one of the blood royal of Scotland, and the walls are hung round with tapestry, and ornamented with subjects taken from "Ovid's Metamorphoses." To conclude this tragical event, I beg to observe that in the middle of the passage leading to the interior of the abbey, is shown a flat, square stone, under which the unfortunate Rizzio is said to have been buried, "in order that the queen might regularly be indulged with the sight of the tomb of her lamented favourite, as she passed to and from her private devotions." This conveys a bitter sarcasm, and speaks volumes. It is, however, merely conjectural, as no historian has pointed out the precise spot where this Italian musician is entombed—at least, so far as I am aware of.

I find, sir, that I have occupied more space than I originally intended, and must for the present conclude with her second truly unfortunate marriage with one whose plausible manners and graceful person were his only accomplishments; so that Mary, whose levity of manners contributed no little to alienate his affections, soon became disgusted with this painted sepulchre. These circumstances, joined to her partiality for the Italian minstrel, were the forerunners of all her woes. I will, with your permission, send you another sketch, concluding with her death at Fotheringay, and a slight glance at the fortunes and misfortunes of the Stuart family.

C. P. J.

LITERARY STATISTICS.

In the library of Mr. Rogers, the poet, at his house in St. James' Place, London, is the original agreement between Milton and his publisher, Samuel Symons, in 1666, for the copyright of "Paradise Lost." It is written on one page of foolscap, signed by the contracting parties, and witnessed by "John Fisher" and "Benjamin Greene, servant to Mr. Milton." The autograph of the great poet, notwithstanding his blindness, is remarkably regular and distinct. This interesting relic, we need hardly say, is carefully preserved by its distinguished owner; it is framed and glazed, and occupies a prominent place on the walls of the classical and hospitable mansion of the Poet of Memory. Mr. Rogers, we believe, gave seventy guineas for this relic! For the poem itself, Milton received ten pounds, five being paid in advance, and the other five at the expiration of two years, when 1300 copies had been sold. For each edition, not exceeding 1500 copies, five pounds were to be paid; but in seven years the poet died, and the widow disposed of all her "right, title, and interest" in the work for an additional sum of seven pounds. Thus the whole copyright of "Paradise Lost" brought to the author and his family seventeen pounds, and the bit of paper on which the agreement was written, was sold and eagerly purchased for seventy guineas! Milton was more than fifty years of age, blind, infirm, and solitary, when he began the composition of his great epic. At a similar advanced period of life, Sir Walter Scott, struck with misfortune, entered into an engagement to liquidate, by his literary exertions, a debt of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. Milton rested his long-cherished hopes of lasting

fame upon the work thus late begun : Scott staked his character and his reputation upon the fulfilment of his vast engagement. Both entered with characteristic ardour upon their tasks, and, amidst the pressure of increasing age and infirmity, never lost sight of their anticipated reward. In seven years Milton had completed his divine poem, and held in his hand his passport to immortality. In seven years Scott had paid all but one sixth of his enormous load of debt. The prize was within view, independence seemed almost within his grasp, but he had over-taxed his strength, and disease, soon to be followed by death, came, like an armed man, and closed the superhuman struggle. When will the annals of literature record again two such instances of heroic determination under such adverse circumstances, united to the highest creative genius, and crowned with such marvellous results?—*Inverness Courier*.

DOCTOR GALL.

I sing of the organs and fibres
That ramble about in the brains;
Avant! ye irreverent jibbers,
Or stay and be wise for your pains.
All heads were of yore on a level,
One could not tell clever from dull,
Till I, like Le Sage's lame devil,
Unroof'd with a touch every skull.
Oh, I am the mental dissector,
I fathom the wits of you all,
Then come in a crowd to the lecture
Of craniological Gall.

The passions, or active or passive,
Exposed by my magical spells,
As busy as bees in a glass hive,
Are seen in their separate cells.
Old Momus, who wanted a casement
Whence all in the heart might be read,
Were he living, would stare with amazement
To find what he wants in the head.

There's an organ for strains amoroso,
Just under the edge of the wig,
An organ for writing but so-so,
For driving a tilbury gig;
An organ for boxers, for stoics,
For giving booksellers a lift,
For marching the zigzag heroics,
And editing Jonathan Swift.

I raise in match-making a rumpus,
And Cupid his fame must impart,
Henceforth with a rule and a compass,
Instead of a bow and a dart.
"Dear madam, your eyebrow is horrid;
And, captain, too broad is your pate;
I see by that bump on your forehead,
You're shockingly dull tête-à-tête."

When practice has made my book plainer,
To manhood, to age, and to youth,
I'll build, like the genius, Phanor,
In London, a palace of truth.
Then fibs, ah, beware how you tell 'em,
Reflect how pellucid the skull,
Whose downright sincere cerebellum,
Must render all flattery null.

Your friend brings a play out at Drury,
'Tis hooted and damn'd in the pit;
Your organ of friendship's all fury,
But what says your organ of wit?
Our laughter next time, prithee, stir, man,
We do'nt pay our money to weep,
Your play must have come from the German,
It set all the boxes asleep."

At first all will be in a hustle;
The eye will from ignorance swerve,
And some will abuse the wrong muscle,
And some will adore the wrong nerve.

In love should your hearts then be sporting,
Your heads on one level to bring,
You must go in your night caps a courting,
As if you are going to swing.

Yet some happy mortals, all virtue,
Have sentiment just as they should,
Their occiput nought can do hurt to,
Each organ's an organ of good.
Such couples angelic, when mated,
To bid all concealment retire,
Should seek Hymen's altar bald pated,
And throw both their wigs in his fire.

My system, from great A to izzard,
You now, my good friends, may descry.
Not Shakespeare's Bermudian wizard,
Was half so enchanting as I.
His magic a Tempest could smother,
But mine the soul's hurricane clears,
By exposing your heads to each other,
And setting those heads by the ears.
Oh, I am the mental dissector,
I fathom the wits of you all,
So here is the end to the lecture
Of craniological Gall.

James Smith.

SCRAPS.

One day when Charles Second dined in state, he made De Grammont remark that he was served upon the knee, a mark of respect not common at other courts.—"I thank your majesty for the explanation," answered De Grammont, "I thought they were begging pardon for giving you so bad a dinner."

James I. told his nurse he could make her son a nobleman, but could not make him a gentleman. It was a title not in the gift of kings.

Holinshed states that 72,000 persons died by the hand of the executioner, during the reign of Henry VIII., being at the rate of 2,000 every year. Under Elizabeth 400 were executed yearly.

It was said of Justices of the Peace, in the time of Elizabeth, that for half a dozen chickens they would dispense with a dozen penal statutes.

In 1600 Queen Elizabeth granted the first patent to the East India Company—its stock was seventy-two thousand pounds—and they fitted out four ships under the command of James Lancaster, for this new trade, which was successful, &c. The trade with Turkey commenced about the year 1583—that with Muscovy about 1569.

Sir Edward Coke said in the House of Commons that he was employed, with Popham, C. J., to take a survey of all the people in England and that they found them to be 900,000 of all sorts.

Sir Thomas Gresham built the Royal Exchange at his own charge in the reign of Elizabeth.

About 1577, pocket watches were first brought into England from Germany. About 1580, coaches were introduced by the Earl of Arundal.

In the 5th Elizabeth was enacted the first law for the relief of the poor.

It appears that fifteenths formerly corresponded to the name. But a valuation having been made in the reign of Edward Third, which was always adhered to, and each town paid unalterably a particular sum, which the inhabitants themselves assessed upon their fellow citizens. The same tax on corporate towns was called a tenth. The subsidy became so unequal that it was changed for a land tax.

A Tod was 28 pounds.

Prynne wrote an enormous quarto of a thousand pages, called *Histrio-Mastyx*, against plays, dancing, music, &c.

SIMPLICITY OF WRITING.—The endeavour to please by novelty leads men aside of simplicity and nature, and fills their writings with affectation and conceit. It was thus the age of Claudius and Nero became so much inferior to that of Augustus, in taste and genius; and perhaps there are, at present, symptoms of a like degeneracy of taste, in France, as well as in England. There is something surprising in a blaze of

wit and conceit; ordinary readers are mightily struck with it, and falsely imagine it to be the most difficult as well as the most excellent way of writing. Seneca abounds with pleasing faults, says Quintilian, and for that reason is the more dangerous, and the more apt to pervert the taste of the young and inconsiderate.—*Hume*.

MASCULINE AND FEMININE.

In England rivers all are males—
For instance, Father Thames—
Whoever in Columbia sails,
Finds them ma'am'selles or 'dames.

Yes, there the softer sex presides,
Aquatic, I assure ye,
And Missis Sippy rolls her tides,
Responsive to Miss Souri.

James Smith.

One of the most sincere lamentations upon the death of a great man is that of Bensérade, the poet, over Cardinal Richelieu.

"Cy gist, ouy gist par la mort bleu
Le Cardinal de Richelieu,
Et ce qui cause mon ennuuy
Ma pension avec lui."

"Here lies—egad 'tis very true
The illustrious Cardinal Richelieu,
My grief is genuine—void of whim,
Alas my pension lies with him."

What an array of men of genius deficient in ordinary talk. Corneille, Addison, Virgil, Lafontaine, Labruere, Goldsmith, Chaucer, and Rochefaucauld, Isocrates, and Cowper, were so timid as to be almost unable to speak in company, and Vauconson was silent as one of his own automata. But not all are fools who talk well, or all geniuses who are mute. "Your wife says nothing," remarked some one to a Frenchman. "Ah, Monsieur, elle n'en pense pas plus."

Cardinal de Richelieu used, for exercise, to jump against a wall with a servant, and showed great ambition, even so unmatched, to excel; which De Grammont observing, offered to jump with him, and took care with great seeming effort to let himself be surpassed. He is said to have ingratiated himself with the minister by this political jumping.

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DR. SOUTH.

Dr. South was chaplain to Lord Clarendon, and afterwards Dean of Westminster. He wrote six volumes of sermons and memoirs of his own life. He is one of those who had genius whipped into them by Dr. Busby. The English pulpit is fruitful beyond that of other countries in the production of wits. South, Swift, Sterne, and the present Dean of St. Paul's, Sydney Smith, are not easily matched from any other of the learned professions.

South's sermons begin, in order of date, before the restoration, and come down to near the end of the century. They were much celebrated at the time, and retain a portion of their renown. This is by no means surprising. South had great qualifications for that popularity which attends the pulpit, and his manner was at that time original. Not diffuse, not learned, not formal in argument like Barrow, with a more natural structure of sentences, a more pointed, though by no means a more fair and satisfactory turn of reasoning, with a style clear and English, free from all pedantry, but abounding with those colloquial novelties of idiom which, though now become vulgar and offensive, the age of Charles II. affected, sparing no personal or temporary sarcasm, but if he seems for a moment to tread on the verge of buffoonery, recovering himself by some stroke of vigorous sense and language; such was the worthy Dr. South, whom the courtiers delighted to hear. His sermons want all that is called unction, and sometimes even earnestness; which is owing, in a great measure, to a perpetual tone of gibing at rebels and fanatics; but there is a masculine spirit about them which, combined with their peculiar characteristics, would naturally fill the churches where he might be heard. South seems to bend towards the Armenian theology, without adopting so much of it as some of his contemporaries. He was irascible in temper, and the best description of this part of his character is perhaps given in the following paragraph from one of his sermons.

"There are some persons that, like so many salamanders, cannot live but in the fire; cannot enjoy themselves but in the heats and sharpness of contention; the very breath they draw does not so much enliven them, as kindle and inflame them; they have so much bitterness in their nature, that they must be now and then discharging it upon somebody; they must have vent, and sometimes breathe themselves in an invective or a quarrel; or perhaps their health requires it; should they be quiet a week, they would need a purge, and be forced to take physic."—*Sermons*, vol. vii. p. 4.

As the doctor's books are rare, we will venture a few further extracts. After speaking against the custom of dueling, he shows in the following beautiful passage that it is no sacrifice of real honour to refuse a challenge.

"Besides that, which is here supposed, which is loss of honour, is indeed no such thing; the measure of honour is the judgment of the knowing, and the pious, and the virtuous, who will value and applaud the passive magnanimity of such an one, that durst look a duty in the face, in spite of scorn, and conquer the scoffs of the world, of which the most reputed for valour are afraid. All that he loses in the opinion of those who rate honour by a false rule, and measure glory by the standard of their own ignorance, vanity, and rashness; and the same persons who condemn him for this, would slight him as much for not talking obscenely, not scoffing at religion and whatsoever is sacred, and for not drinking himself to the condition of a barrel or a sponge; or not rapping out such hideous oaths, as might even provoke divine justice to revenge the impiety of them upon a place or a nation. Those, indeed, who look upon the not doing of these things as pedantry, would, no question, account all refusal of a duel, poorness and pusillanimity."—p. 56, vol. vii.

And again:—

"But he that has not the courage to puff at all popular surmises, and to esteem himself superior to the riots and mistakes of hectors; but by a foolish facility appears and ventures his life at the word and challenge of a furious sot, whose life is not worth the keeping, falls ingloriously, and descends to his grave with the burial of an ass; shame is his winding sheet, and the solemnity of his funeral the reprehension of the wise, the pity of the good, and the laughter of his companions; who can make sport at the loss of a soul and the miseries of damnation."

SUSCEPTIBLE PEOPLE.

BY MRS. GORE.

The incomparable Charles Lamb used to fancy he could detect a schoolmaster by his grammatical scrupulosities in the use of the subjunctive mood. But for the fear of the said schoolmaster before our eyes, we should have headed this article "Touchy People," according to the popular phrase. Pedantically speaking, the word should be "Tetchy;" and to steer clear between plain English and pure English, we have taken leave to Anglicise the French designation of those self-tormentors, who are ever suspecting or resenting

affronts;—thin-skinned martyrs, "tremblingly alive all o'er" to ideal injuries, or wincing, like other galled jades, under imaginary lashes.

There is no stronger symptom of insignificance than to be touchy! The moment a person's position is definite, he ceases to be anxious concerning the slights of society: while those by birthright placed above the little impertinences of the little, are incapable of surmising the possibility of affront:—susceptibility on such points is an almost unfailing symptom of a *raton*. There is some reason that we know not of, why Lady Manly should resent her visit not being returned with sufficient celerity; there is some latent motive for the flush that overspreads poor Mor-daunt's brow, when unable to catch Lord Cecil's eye for a bow, at the theatre. We should not have set ourselves to the task of inquiring why the notice of such people was important to them,—but for their resentment of an offence, after all, perhaps, imaginary. It is like a man scudding along a wall in the consciousness that his coat is out at elbows.

"Ne faut pas parler de corde dans la maison d'un pendu!" says a French adage; and when we see a man resent an allusion to Tyburn, we have a right to suppose that the rope has acted its part in the family history. Be this a hint to susceptible people, lest their infirmity of temper expose them to unjust suspicions. "I am certain he was talking at me"—"That show-up was at my expense!" are phrases serving as notes explanatory to their secret infirmities. How should we know that Mrs. Dove was overbearing in her *ménage*, but for her insisting that she was caricatured in the heroine of some shrew-contemning novel? How conjecture that Colonel Lawless had exhibited the better part of valour in the Burmese war, but for his calling out some lawyer's clerk for jesting in his presence upon the white feather?

Some people consider this sort of susceptibility an amiable weakness; and apologise for having been cold or ungracious without a cause, on the score of their "foolish sensitiveness." Foolish indeed—worse than foolish! Touchiness is one of the most paltry phases of egotism and vanity. It is only those with whom self is ever uppermost, who dream of being touchy. There are some persons so singularly constituted that, go where they may, do what they will, their own shadow, grown gigantic, seems ever projected before them, as if to convict them of a perpetual attempt to eclipse the sun. They can see nothing in nature but themselves. Every thing said, thought, written by the rest of the world, must have reference to them. The result is, that

the rest of the world becomes unanimous in thinking them insupportable.

Conscious of unpopularity, they live in terror of slight. As it is impossible that others should appreciate them at the inordinate value they have set upon themselves, they *must* find themselves disparaged. They *must* experience the affront of seeing precedence given to the Duke of Wellington for valour, and Sydney Smith for wit. Try to get at the origin of some author's animosity towards you, and you will learn that you took the liberty of doing justice to Bulwer in his presence, when you must have known that such exaggerated praise of a rival could not be agreeable. Or inquire the motive of Lady Riddlemaree's omitting you from her last ball—you will be told that you inflicted a cruel injury upon her daughter by giving due praise to the serene loveliness of Lady Fanny. Wounded vanity is the true origin of all touchiness.

To public men, this infirmity is a serious disqualification. Susceptibility in a public man amounts to an admission of vulnerability; it is the act of publishing by sound of trumpet the exact measure of his strength, or rather of his weakness. A touchy man, in the house of commons, sets himself up as a target. The young members delight in taking a rise out of him. It is a sort of badger-bait for the lovers of illegitimate sport. Such men are always starting up, or launching out, under the influence of whips and stings from invisible hands, like Caliban capering under the impish inflictions of Prospero. Their bodies, like that of the son of Sycorax, are filled with pains and aches; but where is the enemy?—Every where!—They see their tormentors in the smooth face that smiles upon them, and expect a gripe from the friendly hand extended towards their own!—

Public men have died—ay! actually died, and the worms have eaten them,—from the influence of this morbid susceptibility; not merely by bringing quarrels upon themselves to be decided at the rapier's point, but under the agonising influence of slights attributed by their touchiness to the sovereign; or ingratitude to the nation. The perpetual hair-shirt of wounded self-love has eventually worn out their constitution. Touchiness sends great men to the tomb, just as it sends lesser ones to Coventry.

If the foolish and vulgar enjoyed a monopoly of this painful frailty, we might say, "let them fancy that the windmills are making war upon them—no matter?"—But unluckily touchiness is also one of the follies of the wise. Read Pope's correspondence; consult the memoirs of Swift; turn over the pages of Scaliger; listen to the howlings of Warburton; reflect upon the miseries of Shenstone, touchy not only for himself, but for his Leasowes. Above all, Rousseau!—Rousseau's life was a never-ending warfare against imaginary insults. From the pope, down to the gentle duchesses, on whose knees, like a spoiled child, he was cherished, all were aggressors. The eloquent and enlightened Jean Jacques, in his bursts of irritability and touchiness, betrayed himself as of the class described by one of the most impassioned of writers, as "*n'ayant pas en elles ce fonds de tendresse qui fait accepter l'imperfection de l'être humain, —ces personnes qui sont bonnes et affectueuses seulement quand elles révent.*" In his writings he was a philosopher; in real life, a petulant child!—

Nothing appears more troublesome to individuals who, on their own side, are possessed of this *fonds de tendresse*—this generous disposi-

tion,—this forbearance,—this tendency to live and let live,—than to find themselves in contact with those less lavishly endowed, who are continually imagining causes for dissension, and displaying wounds to be salved over. People so thin skinned that every little rub produces a gangrene, cease at length to excite commiseration. Let their qualities be what they may, others, of inferior merit, who are more *facile à vivre*, will be preferred as companions. However promising the sport to fish in troubled waters becomes, in the long run, tedious. We like to know when about to meet an old friend, whether he is likely to fold us in his arms or run us through the body. We grow tired of even the most favoured correspondent, who is always signing himself "the madly-used Malvolio." We prefer stars of inferior magnitude, if less liable to conceal themselves by fits and starts in the clouds. We choose our friends to be what the French call *d'un commerce sur*. Equality of humour, the equality proceeding from a fair estimate of our own claims and a generous estimate of those of others, is in social life an indispensable qualification.

The offence, however, carries its own penalty. The man who is always fancying that you "bite your thumb at him,"—the man who, to borrow Hood's most piquant simile.

—to his own sharp fancies a prey,
Lies like a hedgehog, roll'd up the wrong way
Tormenting himself with his prickles,

is more to be pitied than if those prickles were the spears of an enemy. His enemy could not *always* be a-tilt for single combat; but at what hour of the twenty-four is the monomaniac safe from his own antagonism?—He is like Harpagon, seizing himself by the arm as the robber who has despoiled him of his hidden treasure!—

And then the mortification to a touchy person of having it proved to him that he has been fencing with a shadow;—the vexation of having to own himself in the wrong!—And how easy to deceive ourselves concerning the attacks made upon our self love. Many years ago, the writer of these sketches produced, at Drury Lane Theatre, a comedy, entitled "Lords and Commons," in which that excellent comedian, William Farren, enacted the part of an old nabob; admirably costumed, according to his conception of the part. Immediately on his entrance, a murmur of disapprobation arose, for which, at the moment, it was difficult to assign a motive. The following day, several newspaper critics noticed with regret that the part should have been dressed at a well-known individual, noted for his harmless eccentricities, &c. &c. while more familiar friends exclaimed, "A shameful show-up of JEREMY BENTHAM!—An abominable caricature of the worthy Jeremy Bentham!—The wig especially was a facsimile!"

The comedy and the wig were soon afterwards laid on the shelf together; but, to this day, a warm devotee of old Jeremy's continues to reproach us with the treachery of our attack upon "an eminent old man, who ought to have been an object of respect to a young writer."

Mr. Bunn's "Memoirs of the Stage" have thrown a new light upon the matter. The wig in question was fated to become as much an object of contention as the lock of Mrs. Arabella Fermor's hair, the origin of Pope's charming poem. On the appearance of Scribe's clever comedy of "Bertrand et Raton," under the name of "The Minister and the Mercer," general indignation was excited in the royal and ministerial circles,

by the appearance of Farren in the part of the ambitious intrigant, in a wig, said to be a facsimile of the one worn by Talleyrand at the Congress of Vienna!—The king signified his displeasure to the lord chamberlain—the lord chamberlain to the manager—the manager to the imprudent histrión. It was by no means certain that a rupture between England and France might not be the result of this insult offered to the French ambassador. Lord Grey, then at the head of the administration, attended the theatre to verify the delinquency.

The offending wig, thus resented by his majesty's government as an offence to good order, and sworn to by hundreds as a deliberate copy from the peculiar and well-known head-dress of Talleyrand, was the identical one worn in the part of Sir Caleb Cabob, and also sworn to by scores as a caricature of Jeremy Bentham!—

So much for the accuracy of people's impressions on such points. So much for the folly of taking to oneself a random shot!

There is a man who would be clever and agreeable but for the solitary foible of touchiness, who "dies daily" from the self-appropriation of random shots. He fancies himself the object of every whisper—every smile—every caricature—every joke going on in the circle of his acquaintance!—Sir John Sensitive once gained a contested election,—and kept his bed for six weeks afterwards, from the severe wounds inflicted by the ordinary squibs of the hustings. Sir John Sensitive once paid his court to the prettiest woman in his county,—and was on the eve of his acceptance, when her ladyship happening to say, in his presence, that she disliked lawyers, he drew off and took affront, because his great grandfather happened to have been Master of the Rolls. Sir John Sensitive has fought three duels;—one with his bosom friend for joking with him about a grammatical fault in his pamphlet on Catholic Emancipation;—one with the member for his county on the strength of his allusion in parliament to certain landowners of intolerant principles in the large and populous county he had the honour to represent;—and the third, with a gentleman of distinguished merit and talent, whom he persisted in mistaking for H. B. just as he had persisted in mistaking himself for the original of one of the clever *croquis* of that successful caricaturist. Sweet Sir John! be warned. The last bullet of the Freischutz may await thee.

Three have proved true—
The fourth thou mayst rue!

Take patience!—The world is wide enough to allow even so great a man to pass unnoticed. Conquer thy perilous irritabilities, and rise superior to the weakness of those pigmies on stilts, whom we have designated as SUSCEPTIBLE PEOPLE.

THE LUNGS OF LONDON.

"Moreover he hath left you all his walks,
His private harbours, and new planted orchards
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you
And so your heirs for ever; common pleasures
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves."

JULIUS CÆSAR.

The preservation of public health in great cities is an object no less of paramount importance to the citizen, than of curious inquiry to the philosopher; and it is truly surprising to reflect, that in our own country we should have given to this subject so little serious consideration. Abroad, the means of conserving the public health, of disarming the malignity of epidemic diseases, and

His death took place at his house in Queen street, St. Giles's in the Fields, 1648. In his will, he gave directions that a white horse, to which he was much attached, should be carefully fed and attended to during its life. He also bequeathed a large collection of books to Jesus' College, Oxford. On the 5th of August he was buried in the chancel of St. Giles's church in the Fields. "As a soldier," says Horace Walpole, "he won the esteem of those great captains the Prince of Orange and the Constable de Montmorency; as a knight, his chivalry was drawn from the purest founts of the 'Faerie Queene.' Had he been ambitious, the beauty of his person would have carried him as far as any gentle knight can aspire to go. As a public minister, he supported the dignity of his country, even when its prince disgraced it; and that he was qualified to write its annals, as well as to ennoble them, the history I have mentioned proves, and must make us lament that he did not complete, or that we have lost, the account he purposed to give of his embassy. These busy scenes were blended with and terminated by meditation and philosophic inquiries. Strip each period of its excesses and errors, and it will not be easy to trace out, or dispose the life of a man of quality into a succession of employments which would better become him. Valour and military activity in youth; business of state in middle age; contemplation and labours for the information of posterity in the calmer scenes of closing life." Such is the outline of Lord Herbert's character, as it is sketched for him by the pen of another. He has himself completed the picture by his own curious delineation of his private thoughts and secret motives for action; forming, if not the most perfect, at least one of the most remarkable characters in the gallery of human portraits.

ARCHEE, THE COURT FOOL.

In days when the blessings of literature were unknown, and when the sovereign could scarcely read or write, the royal fool, or jester, was a person of no slight importance in dissipating the dullness of a barbarous court. In the long nights and rainy days he must have been invaluable. At the insipid banquets of royalty, formality and state-likeness disappeared before him: he enlivened illiterate boorishness, and gave spirit to flagging conviviality. The guests made him their butt, and he repaid their ridicule with impunity and applause. To the sovereign his society was almost indispensable. In the presence of his fool the monarch could unbend and be perfectly at his ease. He could either amuse himself with his buffoonery, or he could vent on him his spleen. Sometimes this singular familiarity appears to have produced a real attachment on the part of the jester. We find him taking advantage of his peculiar license, and, under the mask and in the language of folly, communicating wholesome and important truths, to which the most powerful noble would scarcely have ventured an allusion.

The character of the court fool of former days is commonly somewhat undervalued. Generally speaking, he was a compound of humour, tact, and impudence; and obtained his title less from being, than from *playing*, the fool. In many instances, the man who wore a cap and bells, had quite as much sense as the man who was decorated with a coronet. Archibald Armstrong (for such was Archeon's real name) was as shrewd,

sensible, witty, and good-humoured an individual as ever adorned the high station to which he was called. In our times he would have probably been famous for conversational pleasantry, or as a writer of facetious fiction. Unfortunately his good sayings are now almost entirely lost to the world; the book of "Jests," which bears his name, is too wretched a production to be genuine. The man, who bearded and ridiculed the proudest prelate since the days of Wolsey, could never have uttered such indifferent nonsense.

His conversation with King James, when the latter was weak enough to trust his heir in the Spanish dominions, is quite admirable:—"I must change caps with your majesty," said Archeon. "Why?" inquired the king.—"Why, who," replied Archeon, "sent the prince into Spain?"—"But, supposing," returned James, "that the prince should come safely back again?"—"Why, in that case," said Archeon, "I will take my cap from my head, and send it to the King of Spain." Archeon, however tender of the prince's safety, had no objection to trust his own person among the pleasures of the Spanish capital. Probably he followed in the train of some of the young courtiers, who hastened to join the prince in his romantic expedition. His wit and his impudence made him as much at home at Madrid as he had formerly been in London. While the prince could with difficulty interchange a syllable with his beloved Infanta, Archeon was not only admitted into her presence, but became a familiar favourite with the Spanish ladies. "Our cousin, Archeon," says Howell, in one of his curious letters from Madrid, "hath more privilege than any, for he often goes with his fool's coat, where the Infanta is with her *meninas*, and ladies of honour, and keeps a blowing and blustering amongst them, and flirts out what he lists." One day, the subject of conversation was the gallantry of the Duke of Bavaria, who at the head of an inconsiderable force, had routed a large army of the palsgrave. The latter being son-in-law to King James, rendered the topic a displeasing one to an Englishman. "I will tell you a stranger circumstance," said Archeon; "is it not more singular that one hundred and forty ships should have sailed from Spain, to attack England, and that not ten of them should have returned to tell what became of the rest?"

Archeon's famous feud with Archbishop Laud must have been productive of considerable amusement to the more mischievous courtiers. He once asked permission to say grace, at a dinner where that dignified prelate was present. On his request being granted. "Great praise," he said, "be to God, and little Laud to the devil." Osborne says, in his *Advice to a Son*,—"He was not only able to continue the dispute for diverse years, but received such encouragements from the standers by, as he hath oft, in my hearing, belched in his face such miscarriages as he was really guilty of, and might, but for this foul-mouthed Scot, have been forgotten." There is a pamphlet in the British Museum, curious from its scarcity, entitled *Archeon's Dream*. Unfortunately it contains no particulars respecting the history of this remarkable humourist, and is, in fact little more than a malicious tirade against Laud, during whose imprisonment it was published. There is a poetical postscript, which concludes as follows:—

His fool's coat now is in far better case,
Than he who yesterday had so much grace.
Changes of time surely cannot be small,
When jesters rise, and archbishops fall.

The discomfiture of the archbishop, when he attempted to introduce the English Liturgy into the Scottish Church, appears to have been highly gratifying to Archeon. A stool had been thrown at the clergyman's head who first attempted to read it in St. Giles's Church, Edinburgh: Archeon facetiously called it *the stool of repentance*. The religious commotions which followed excited considerable uneasiness at court; in the midst of them, Archeon happened to encounter the archbishop on his way to the council chamber. "Ah," said he, "who's the fool now?" For this and other insolences Laud immediately laid a complaint before the king, who was present in council at the time. When brought before the council he pleaded the *privilege of his coat*, but buffoonery was now out of place, and he was sentenced to be dismissed from his post. The order, dated Whitehall, 11th of March, 1637, is still preserved and runs as follows:

"It is this day ordered by his majesty, with the advice of the board, that Archibald Armstrong, the king's fool, for certain scandalous words of a high nature, spoken by him against the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, his grace, and proved to be uttered by him by two witnesses, shall have his coat pulled over his head, and be discharged of the king's service, and banished the court; for which the lord chamberlaine of the king's household is prayed and required to give order to be executed. And immediately the same was put in execution."

The circumstances of Archeon's dismissal are more fully described by Mr. Garrard, in a letter to the Earl of Strafford. He writes, 20th March, 1637, "Archeon is fallen into a great misfortune; a fool he would be, but a foul-mouthed knave he has proved himself. Being in a tavern in Westminster drunk, (he says himself he was speaking of the Scottish business,) he fell a railing on my Lord of Canterbury, said he was a monk, a rogue and a traitor. Of this his grace complained at council, the king being present: it was ordered he should be carried to the porter's lodge, his coat pulled over his ears, and kicked out of the court, never to enter within the gates, and to be called into the star chamber. The first part is done, but my Lord of Canterbury hath interceded to the king, that there it should end. There is a new fool in his place, Muckle John, but he will ne'er be so rich, for he cannot abide money."

The writer of the *Scout's Discovery*, printed in 1642, mentions his falling in with the discarded mountebank about a week after his dismissal. "I met Archeon," he says, "at the Abbey all in black. Alas! poor fool, thought I, he mourns for his country. I asked him about his coat. O, quoth he, my Lord of Canterbury hath taken it from me, because either he, or some of the Scots bishops may have the use of it themselves; but he hath given me a black coat for it; and now I may speak what I please, so it be not against the prelates, for this coat hath a greater privilege than the other had."

Archeon, after his disgrace, retired to the scene of his birth, Arthuret, in Cumberland, where he died at an advanced age in 1672. Whether the fallen jester merely carried with him his court gallantry, or whether the ladies of this retired village entertained some oriental notions as to the physical qualities of a fool, certain it is that the parish register of Arthuret bears record to his regard for the fair sex. The following notices were extracted from it by Lysons:

"Francis, the base son of Archibald Armstrong, baptised December 17, 1643."

"Archibald Armstrong and Sybella Bell,
married June 4, 1646."

"Archibald Armstrong, buried April 1st, 1672."

It appears by the Strafford Papers, and also by the following lines attached to the portrait which is prefixed to his "Jests," that Arceus had contrived to make his fortune before he was disgraced:

Arceus, by kings and princes graced of late,
Jested himself into a fair estate;
And, in this book, doth to his friends commend,
His jeers, taunts, tales, which no man can offend.

He was buried in the churchyard of Arthuret, but there is no memorial of the burial-place of the jester.

CHARLES I. CHAP. I.

No monarch could be more disqualified to stem a great political torrent than was the unfortunate Charles. Had he been born in a private station he would have adorned it by the purity of his morals, and the refinement of his taste. Had he inherited unlimited power, he might have converted even despotism into a golden age; or, indeed, had he lived at any other period of our history, he would at least have been regarded as an amiable and accomplished, if not an illustrious prince. But it was his misfortune to live in troubled and extraordinary times. A people had been roused to a sense of their wrongs. The spirit of freedom was abroad, and a watchword was merely wanting to arm a nation in favour of those privileges, which, in times of darkness and slavery, had been wrested from it. Under such circumstances, the errors or oppressions of a long line of kings were easily associated with their reigning representative; and Charles became the sacrifice to a long established system of misrule, rather than to individual offence.

The hero and the martyr of one faction, and the reputed tyrant of another, few monarchs have been more exalted by their friends, or execrated by their enemies. Let us, however, in discussing the character of Charles, divest ourselves as much as possible from the curse of party prejudice. Let us separate the monarch from the man, the pious Christian from the wavering politician; ever bearing in mind that the faults of the prince were the dictates of conscience; that his failings were the result of education; but that all his virtues were his own.

On the one hand, then, we discover a weak and vacillating monarch, submitting to the narrow counsels of inferior minds, neither compromising with grace, nor refusing with dignity; enforcing religious intolerance; and contending with the energies of a great people, and the genius of a remarkable period, by unmeaning promises and paltry intrigues. Unfortunately in the political and most contemptible school of his father, he had early been initiated in kingcraft and insincerity; and the same prince whose high sense of honour was so remarkable in private life, proved himself the most deficient in political integrity. It was this great moral failing which rendered his war with his subjects a war to the knife. Where truth was made subservient to policy on the one hand, submission was rendered impracticable on the other; for how could his subjects restore to him a power, which they imagined, however solemn the compact, would be turned against themselves? Were any reliance to be placed in

the assurances of that arch-hypocrite Cromwell, it was this trait in the political character of his victim, which signed the death-warrant of Charles.

Notwithstanding the ingenious defence of Hume and other writers, such, it is to be feared, is the public character of Charles the First. It might be argued in his favour, that political dishonesty is not always inconsistent with private integrity; but would not such an apology be an insult to a virtuous monarch? Is it not more charitable,—more compatible with his acts of private goodness, and his high sense of religious duty, to suppose that he acted according to the dictates of his conscience; and that his errors were those of judgment, rather than of the heart! Surely his domestic virtues were at least equal to his public incapacity! Brave, chaste, temperate, and humane; a pious Christian, an affectionate husband, and an indulgent father; how few men are there whose secret thoughts and actions would bear the same scrutiny as those of the unhappy Charles! Let us follow him through his many misfortunes. Let us regard him through the gratings of his prison, or amidst the dark solemnity of the scaffold. Let us recall his many griefs; a king deprived of his inheritance; the husband torn from his wife, and the father from his children; reviled and spit upon by the meanest of his subjects; dragged to a public trial, and trusting only to a still more public execution for release from his miseries; he yet endured all with a meekness and a dignity so beautiful, as to be unequalled, perhaps, in the history of human suffering, or of human fortitude.

One word respecting the political features of the period. The true philosopher will regard the great contention between Charles and his subjects, as a justifiable struggle for liberty on the one hand; and, on the part of the king, as a conscientious defence of those prescriptive privileges which had descended to him from his forefathers, and which his education led him to regard as sacred. He will admit that on each side were exhibited many great and good qualities, on which the moralist may reflect with satisfaction, and an Englishman with pride. He will remember also, that in all political convulsions the faults on both sides have been generally equal; and he will conclude, that in the present instance such a deduction is not only the most charitable, but probably not far removed from the truth.

Charles the First was born at Dumfermling, in Scotland, the 19th of November, 1600. So weak was he at his birth, that it was hardly expected he could survive his infancy, and consequently, on the 23d of December following, he was hastily christened, without any of those ceremonies which usually attend the baptism of royal infants. When only four years old he was created Duke of York, as well as Knight of the Bath, with ridiculous solemnity: a sword was girded on his side, a coronet of gold placed on his head, and a golden verge in his hand.

A pageant, which followed the ceremony, is described by Sir Dudley Carleton in a letter to Mr. Winwood, dated January, 1604, and affords a very curious picture of the manners of the time. "There was a public dinner in the great chamber, where there was one table for the duke and his earls assistants, another for his fellow knights of the Bath. At night we had the Queen's Mask in the Banqueting House, or rather her pageant. There was a great engine at the lower end of the room which had motion, and in it were the images of sea-horses, with other terrible

fishes, which were ridden by Moors. The indecorum was, that there was all fish and no water. At the further end was a great shell, in the form of a scallop, wherein were four seats. In the lowest sat the queen with my Lady Bedford; in the rest were placed my Ladies Suffolk, Derby, Rich, Effingham, Ann Herbert, Susan Herbert, Elizabeth Howard, Walsingham, and Bevil. Their appearance was rich, but too light and courtesan-like for such great ones. Instead of vizards, their faces and arms, up to the elbows, were painted black, which was disguise sufficient, for they were hard to be known; but it became them nothing so well as their red and white, and you cannot imagine a more ugly sight than a troop of lean-cheeked Moors. The Spanish and Venitian ambassadors were both present, and sat by the king in state; at which Monsieur Beaumont quarrels so extremely, that he saith the whole court is Spanish. But, by his favour, he should fall out with none but himself, for they were all indifferently invited to come as private men to a private sport; which he refusing, the Spanish ambassador willingly accepted, and being there, seeing no cause to the contrary, he put off Don Taxis, and took upon him El Senor Embaxadour, wherein he outstripped our little Monsieur. He was privately at the first mask, and sat amongst his men disguised; at this he was taken out to dance, and footed it like a lusty old gallant, with his country woman. He took out the queen, and forgot not to kiss her hand, though there was danger it would have left a mark on his lips. The night's work was concluded with a banquet in the great chamber, which was so furiously assaulted, that down went table and tressels before one bit was touched. They say the Duke of Holst will come upon us with an after reckoning, and that we shall see him on Candlemas night in a mask, as he hath showed himself a lusty reveller all this Christmas."

Previous to the young prince having been brought from Scotland on the accession of his father to the English throne, many of the court ladies had been anxious suitors for the keeping of the child. No sooner, however, were they made acquainted with his sickly condition, and the apparent probability of his dying in their charge, than all this anxiety vanished. Charles was eventually intrusted to the lady of Sir Robert Cary, afterwards Earl of Monmouth; a man ever on the watch for preferment, and who, as appears by his own Memoirs, had eagerly solicited the honour notwithstanding the risk.

The chief infirmity of Charles was a weakness in his legs, by which, in his infancy, he was so much distressed, that till his seventh year he had been compelled to crawl upon his hands and knees. Cary himself informs us, that the prince was so weak in the ankles that he could not even stand alone, and that it was much feared there was a dislocation of the joints. The king was anxious to make the experiment of iron boots, but Lady Cary so strenuously protested against their being adopted, that his majesty eventually submitted to her judgment.

Charles had also remained so long a period before he acquired the faculty of speech, that it was more than apprehended he had been born dumb. James proposed that the string under his tongue should be cut, but this remedy was also successfully opposed by Lady Cary. Probably it was these infantine infirmities that rendered Charles the especial favourite of his mother, Anne of Denmark. She used to say, observes

Weldon, that she loved him as dearly as her own soul.

In his sixth year, one Thomas Murray, a layman, was appointed his tutor. Little more can be collected respecting this person than the brief notice of Perinchief, who describes him as well qualified for the office though a favourer of presbyterianism. Under the tuition of Murray he made a creditable progress in learning. Prince Henry often jested with his young brother on the diligence with which he applied himself to his studies. On one occasion, when they were waiting with the rest of the court for the king to make his appearance, Henry caught up the cap of Archbishop Abbott and put it on his brother's head. If he continued a good boy, he said, and attended to his book, he would one day make him Archbishop of Canterbury. Henry used to say at other times, that he would hereafter make his brother a bishop in order that he might wear a gown to *hide his legs*. This piece of pleasantry had of course allusion to Charles's weakness in those parts of his person, and is the least amiable trait which has been related of Henry. Osborne tells us that he would occasionally taunt his brother Charles till he wept; and yet, throughout the several childish epistles which passed between the duke and his elder brother, there is not the remotest trace of any unkindly feeling. The following juvenile letters are pleasing specimens of their good understanding, and especially of the affectionate disposition of Charles. They were severally addressed by Prince Charles to his brother Henry.

"Sweet, sweet brother,

"I thank you for your letter. I will keep it better than all my graith; and I will send my pistols by Master Newton. I will give any thing that I have to you; both my horses, and my books, and my pieces, and my cross-bows, or any thing that you would have. Good brother, love me, and I shall ever love and serve you.

"Your loving brother to be commanded,
"YORK."

"Good brother,

"I hope you are in good health and merry, as I am, God be thanked. In your absence I visit sometimes your stable, and ride your great horses, that at your return I may wait on you in that noble exercise. So committing you to God, I rest your loving and dutiful brother, "YORK.

"To my brother the prince."

"Sir,

"Please your highness: I do keep your hares in breath, and I have very good sport; I do wish the king and you might see it. So longing to see you, I kiss your hands, and rest. Yours to be commanded,
"YORK.

"My maid's service to you.

"To his highness."

Among the letters, addressed to King James by his family, which are preserved in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, are several juvenile compositions, in Latin, French, and English, from Prince Charles, then Duke of York. The following is a specimen:

"Sweete,

"Sweet father, I learn to decline substantives and adjectives, give me your blessing: I thank you for my best man. Your loving son,
"YORK.

"To my father the King."

In his eleventh year, Charles was made a

Knight of the Garter. At the death of his brother in 1612, he succeeded to the Dukedom of Cornwall, and in 1616 was created Prince of Wales. His progress in learning, and especially in theological knowledge, afforded great pleasure to his father King James. "Charles," said the king to his chaplains, "shall manage a point in controversy with the best studied divine of you all." Still, however, the prince neither despised, nor lost sight of, the amusements and elegances of life. "He was perfect," says Perinchief, "in vaulting, riding the great horse, running at the ring, shooting in cross-bows,* muskets, and sometimes great pieces of ordnance." This account of his accomplishments is borne out by the testimony of other writers. He is mentioned by Sir Symonds D'Ewes as a successful tilter; and at a tournament which took place in 1619, his prowess and activity are specially mentioned.

The Count de Brienne, also mentions his breaking some lances with laudable dexterity, and Howell writes from Madrid that the prince was fortunate enough to be successful at the ring, before the eyes of his mistress the Infanta. His taste for the fine arts was early displayed, and has never been disputed.

The match between Charles and Mary, second daughter of Philip the Third of Spain, was first set on foot in 1617, and was protracted, with various hopes of success, till 1622. The accomplishment of this matrimonial project was the darling object of King James. The immense fortune which it was expected would accompany the hand of the princess; the king's ambition to unite his son with a daughter of one of the great powers of France or Spain; and especially the restitution of the Palatinate to his son-in-law, which he hoped would attend a marriage with the Infanta, rendered the scheme, however obnoxious to his subjects, irresistibly tempting to himself.

A delay of five years, if it was displeasing to an old king, was no less so to a young and romantic prince; and Charles, naturally fond of adventure, and enamoured with charms he had never seen, was induced to enter eagerly into that chivalrous project of visiting the Spanish capital, which even in the annals of knight-errantry has hardly been overmatched.

* The cross-bow was made use of for purposes of sport to a much later period than is generally supposed. About this time, Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, when on a visit at Bramshall, the seat of Edward Lord Zouch, had the misfortune to shoot a keeper with this instrument, instead of striking the deer at which he had aimed. It is a curious fact, that by this mischance, it was rendered very doubtful whether the common law of England did not necessarily suspend the archbishop from all ecclesiastical function, and render the see vacant. The question was referred to sundry bishops, (rather interested judges) and others, among whom there arose a great diversity of opinion. The decision appears to have been principally influenced by the question, whether a bishop or archbishop could lawfully hunt in his own or any other park? This difficulty was cleared away by Sir Edward Coke, who produced a law by which it was enacted that at the demise of a bishop, the king had the disposal of his hounds; from whence it was inferred that the bishop could lawfully make use of the animals in his life-time. *Heylin, Life of Laud*, p. 80.—The method at this time, in sporting, was for the keeper to wound the deer with his cross-bow, when two or three well-disciplined dogs were let loose, and pursued him till he fell. *Life of Lord Keeper Guilford*, p. 29.—On the 28th July, 1620, Thomas Norreys, Earl of Berkshire, put a period to his existence with a cross-bow.

The journey of Charles to Madrid is believed to have been originally suggested by Buckingham. This fact, indeed, is not only asserted by more than one contemporary writer, but Buckingham himself imparted to his confidant, Gerbier, that he was the author of the project. The wily favourite, jealous lest the Earl of Bristol, the king's ambassador to Spain, should obtain all the credit of conducting the match, and anxious to effect an absorbing interest in the prince's affections, by associating himself with his most private feelings, made use of every argument in his power in order to engage the prince in his designs. He was not without supporters. Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, endeavoured to soften all difficulties, and Bristol himself wrote from Madrid, that the personal accomplishments of Charles would be sure to carry the day.

Every thing having been duly concerted between the prince and Buckingham, the next step was to obtain the consent of the king. This, however, was no easy matter, for though a very wild enterprise might appear extremely smooth to two chivalrous young men, the monarch who was anxious for his heir, and answerable to his subjects for his safety, was likely to think very differently on such a question. A moment, however, was selected when the king was in an excellent humour, and Charles taking advantage of it, threw himself on his knees before his father, and earnestly entreated him to give his consent to the expedition. Buckingham was the only bystander, and anxiously awaited the reply. James, after listening with great calmness to his son's proposition, turned imploringly towards Buckingham, as if desirous to ascertain his opinion in so grave a matter. The duke on his part, naturally made use of every persuasion in his power, and eventually enforced his arguments with so much vigour and ingenuity, that added to the warmth of the prince's entreaties, the king at length reluctantly consented to the undertaking, and promised to keep it a secret from the world.

James, however, was no sooner alone, than he began to reflect more seriously on the wild folly of the scheme. The many dangers which might befall his son, and the responsibility which would accrue to himself, presented themselves so forcibly to his mind, that when the adventurers came to him at the last moment for their despatches, he told them, with tears in his eyes, how deeply he had repented of his former consent, and added, that if they renewed the subject it would go far towards breaking his heart. Buckingham retorted with the greatest insolence, that after having broken a promise so solemnly pledged, nobody hereafter would believe a word he said. He told the old king, moreover, that he must already have been guilty of an untruth, for unquestionably he had communicated their project to some *rascal*, whose pitiful arguments had induced him to retract his promise, adding, that he had little doubt but that he should by some means discover who his counsellor had been, and that such an interference would neither be forgotten nor forgiven by the prince.

The haughty violence of Buckingham, and the renewed entreaties of Charles, had once more their desired effect. The weak monarch again yielded,—the day was named for their departure,—their two attendants were fixed upon, and Sir Francis Cottington, who was nominated as one of their train, and who had heretofore been long a resident in Spain, was even sent for before they parted. As Cottington entered the apartment, the duke whispered in the prince's ear, that the

new comer would show himself averse to the expedition: Charles retorted in the same low tone that he durst not.

The king commenced by informing Cottington, that he believed him to be an honest man, and would therefore entrust him with a secret which he must disclose to no person living: "Cottington," he added, "here is Baby Charles and Stenny, who have a great mind to go by post into Spain, and fetch home the Infanta, and will have but two in their company, and have chosen you for one;—what think you of the journey?" Cottington afterwards repeatedly mentioned, that when this important question was put to him, he trembled so violently, he could with difficulty give utterance to his words. But the king peremptorily demanding his reply, Cottington told him fairly and openly, that he believed such a step would be a deathblow to the completion of the match. He was convinced, he said, that when the Spaniards had the prince once in their hands, they would immediately make new overtures, and greatly increase their demands; and that, more especially as regarded the advancement of the Romish faith in England. On hearing this candid opinion, in the agony of his grief, James actually threw himself on his bed, and breaking out into the most pitiable lamentations, exclaimed passionately that he was undone, and that he should lose Baby Charles for ever.

The prince and Buckingham were both extremely disconcerted. The latter turned to Cottington, and told him, in an angry tone, that the king had merely asked his advice as to the best mode of traveling in Spain, of which he was competent to give some opinion, but that he had presumed to offer his advice on matters of state; adding, that he should repent the impertinence as long as he lived. "Nay, by God, Stenny," said the king, "you are very much to blame to use him so. He answered me directly to the question I asked him, and very honestly and wisely; and yet you know he said no more than I told you, before he was called in." On this occasion, however, notwithstanding Cottington's opposition, the king kept his word, and the journey was definitively settled.

CHAPTER II.

On the 17th of February, 1623, the prince retired privately from court, and came to Buckingham's house, at Newhall, in Essex. From thence they set out on the following day, (accompanied only by Sir Richard Graham, Master of the Horse to the duke,) and arrived though not without adventures, by way of Gravesend, at Dover. They had previously disguised themselves with false beards and adopted fictitious names; the prince passing as *Mr. John Smith*, and the duke as *Mr. Thomas Smith*.

The first accident which happened to them, was encountering the French ambassador, (who was, of course, well acquainted with their persons,) on the brow of the hill, beyond Rochester. Their horses, however, though merely hired at the last post, were fortunately able to leap the hedge by the roadside, and thus enabled them to escape observation. This circumstance was the more fortunate, as the ambassador, (as was then usual,) was traveling in one of the king's coaches; and their recognition by some of the royal servants would certainly have been the consequence of a personal encounter.

But a more important incident had nearly ar-

rested their progress. In crossing the river at Gravesend, for want of silver, they had given the ferryman a gold piece. The man was equally astonished and grateful for such liberality, and supposing that his benefactors were proceeding across the channel for the purpose of fighting a duel, he thought it the kindest step he could take, to hint his suspicions to the authorities of the nearest town. Accordingly information was instantly despatched to the Mayor of Canterbury; and just as the prince and Buckingham were about to mount fresh horses, they were summoned to the presence of that important personage. The duke, finding concealment impracticable, divested himself of his beard, and privately informed the mayor who he really was:—he was going, he said, in his capacity of lord high admiral, to acquaint himself secretly with the condition and discipline of the fleet. His identity was easily proved, and the adventurers were allowed to depart. A boy, who rode post with their baggage, had also recognised their persons, but the silence of this individual was not very difficult to be bought.

At Dover they were joined by Sir Francis Cottington and Endymion Porter, who had been despatched beforehand, to provide a vessel for their conveyance across the channel. Both of these persons, from their long residence in the country, were well acquainted with the Spanish language and customs. The party, which was now increased to five, arrived safely at Boulogne, whence they rode post to Paris. On their way they fell in with two German gentlemen, who had recently seen the prince at Newmarket, and who fancied they remembered his person. The improbability, however, of their being right in their conjectures, and the apparent astonishment, and cool denial of Sir Richard Graham, when they hinted to him their suspicion, had the effect of convincing them they were mistaken.

At Paris, where the travellers remained a whole day, the prince and Buckingham, in order to disguise their features still more, provided themselves with periwigs. Trusting to this further disfigurement, they contrived, through French politeness, and the fact of their being strangers, to obtain a sight of the queen-mother at dinner. The same evening they were spectators of a masked ball at court, where all the beauty of Paris was present, and at which Charles first beheld the princess whom he afterwards married: and Buckingham, that young and light-hearted queen whom at a later period he dared to address as a lover.

The famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury happened to be ambassador at the French court, during the short sojourn of Charles. The prince, however, fearing lest the visits or attention of the ambassador might draw upon him some suspicion of his real rank, neither communicated to Lord Herbert his arrival nor his intentions, at which the latter in his memoirs discovers some slight pique. Lord Herbert tells us, that the only person in Paris who recognised the features of Charles, was a maid-servant, who had formerly sold linen in London, and who insisted to every one that she had seen the Prince of Wales.

Nothing of importance occurred from this period, till the travellers had almost set foot on Spanish ground, when their progress was again on the point of being arrested. Howell writes from Madrid,—"The prince's journey was like to be spoiled in France, for if he had stayed but a little longer at Bayonne, the last town of that kingdom hitherwards, he had been discovered:

for Monsier Grammont, the governor, had notice of him not long after he had taken post." Charles was certainly subjected to an examination before he quitted Bayonne. Grammont, the governor, told Lord Herbert, that, till the adventurers had quitted the place, he was ignorant of the prince's rank. Charles and his suite are described at this period as wearing "fine riding coats, all of one colour and fashion, in a kind of noble simplicity."

Another escape was from the hospitality of the Duke D'Epemon, who, as strangers, kindly invited the party to his chateau. Cottington, however, informed him they were persons of such low degree as to be unfit for such splendid society, and thus eluded the invitation.

The arrival of Charles and Buckingham at Madrid was altogether a surprise, even to the English ambassador, the Earl of Bristol, who, on the 10th of March, 1623, thus announces their safety to King James: "Upon Friday, which was the 7th of this month, about eight of the clock at night, the prince and my lord of Buckingham, without any other company but their postilion, arrived at my house; where my lord marquis meeting at the door with Henry Jermyn, a son of Sir Thomas Jermyn's, told him that his name was Smith, and that he had met my servant Gresly by the way, who had fallen into thieves' hands, by whom he had been very ill-used, and had all his letters taken away; he said he had got a fall, and hurt one of his legs, so that he could not come up stairs but with great pain. Whilst Henry Jermyn was making this relation unto me, Sim. Digby went to see who it was, and knew my lord of Buckingham; but dissembled it so well, that before I could come to him, he had got him up to his chamber, and went presently down to the prince, (who stood all this while in the street with his postilion,) and brought him likewise so handsomely up to his chamber, that there I found them both together, and we carried the business so dexterously, that that night they were undiscovered by any, till the next morning, by the coming of Mr. Secretary Cottington and Endymion Porter, the secret was revealed."

"The prince," writes Howell, "and the Marquis of Buckingham arrived at this court on Friday last, upon the close of the evening: they alighted at my lord of Bristol's house, and, the marquis *Mr. Thomas Smith*, came in first, with a portmanteau under his arm; then *Mr. John Smith*, the prince, was sent for, who stayed awhile on t'other side of the street, in the dark." Having written to announce his arrival to his father, the prince retired to rest.

The next day Buckingham waited on the Spanish king, and formally acquainted him with the arrival of the prince. The duke was introduced through a secret passage to his majesty's private apartment. Bristol was present, and describes the interview. "I never," he says, "saw the Spanish gravity laid aside before, nor any man more overtaken with joy than the king was, for he secretly understood of the prince's being here." His majesty instantly despatched his prime minister Olivarez to do honour to his illustrious visiter. Olivarez threw himself on his knees to Charles, and in the course of the day the king himself waited on the prince. Nothing could be more cordial than their strange interview, and after many "salutations and divers embraces," it was not till a late hour that they separated.

From this period Madrid was a constant scene

of magnificence and rejoicing. Nothing was omitted that could make the prince's stay agreeable to himself, or that might banish from his mind any apprehension of being detained as a captive; a consummation, however, of this wild adventure, which was much dreaded at home, and which, to all appearance, was not unlikely to happen. In order fully to appreciate the generous forbearance of the Spanish court, we must advert to an inhospitable practice of former times; that of treating as a captive any prince who might set his foot uninvited in the dominions of another. Richard the First, of England, passing in disguise through the territories of the Archduke of Austria,—Philip the First of Spain, having been cast by a tempest on the coast of England,—James the First of Scotland, whose vessel was seized by the English;—and lastly, Mary Queen of Scots, trusting herself in the hands of Elizabeth,—were alike detained as prisoners. But this dishonourable practice, of which so many examples had been set by the English themselves, was so far from being followed by the high-minded Spaniards, that they refrained even from imposing a single fresh condition in the marriage treaty.

The people of Madrid were much struck with the romance and gallantry of the visit. The famous Lopez de Vega aroused his rapid muse on the occasion, and his verses were every where chanted in the streets.

Carlos Estuardo soy
Que, siendo Amor mi guía,
Al cielo d' España voy
Per ver mi estrella Maria.

Charles Stuart, I am,
Love has guided me far;
To the heaven of Spain
To Maria my star.

Only a short time before, the Spaniards are said to have pictured the English as a nation little removed from savages. This notion had been fostered by the priests, who even described Sir Francis Drake to their congregations as a monster, half dragon and half man. These ridiculous prejudices had been dissipated in a great degree by the recent embassy of the Earl of Nottingham; on which occasion the Spaniards had been much astonished at the splendour of his train, and the beauty of the heretical English. But when they beheld the heir of a great monarchy risking liberty and life in furtherance of a romantic enterprise;—when they became eye-witnesses of an act of gallantry, which, even in their own chivalrous annals, had scarcely been surpassed;—and when there arrived at Madrid that brilliant band of courtiers, who had hastened from England as soon as the prince's departure was publicly known, the astonishment and enthusiasm of the Spaniards knew no bounds.

But the conduct of the Spanish king, Philip the Fourth, is beyond all praise. He insisted on Charles taking precedence of himself; he set apart a principal quarter of the royal palace for his accommodation; he appointed a guard of one hundred men to attend his person; and he presented him with a golden key, which, at any hour, would give him access to the royal bed-chamber. The prisons, moreover, were every where opened; hundreds of captives were set at liberty, and a recent proclamation against excessive costliness in dress was suspended in honour of the occasion. A day was appointed for the ceremony of a public entrance into Madrid; on which occasion the prince was attended by Gondomar and the ministers of state to St. Jerome's

Monastery; the place from whence, on the days of their coronation, the Spanish monarchs make their entry into the capital. Here he was magnificently feasted, the officers of state waiting on him bareheaded. As soon as the banquet was over, the king came in person to escort him into Madrid. Placing the prince on his right hand, they rode together under a rich canopy, followed by a brilliant train; the houses hung with pictures and tapestry, and the people shouting enthusiastically as they passed. The reception of Charles by the queen was no less gratifying. She presented him with several rich presents, among which were perfumes and fine linen.*

Charles, for the first time, beheld the infanta on the Sunday after his arrival. The occasion was on the Prado at Madrid. "The king, (writes Howell from the spot,) with the queen, his two brothers, and the infanta, were all in one coach, but the infanta sat in the boot with a blue riband about her arm, on purpose that the prince might distinguish her; there were above twenty coaches besides of grantees, noblemen, and ladies, that attended them. As soon as the infanta saw the prince, her colour rose very high, which we hold to be an impression of love and affection, for the face is oftentimes the true index of the heart. The people here do mightily magnify the gallantry of the journey, and cry out that the prince deserved to have the infanta thrown into his arms the first night he came."

According to a curious tract, published at the period, the meeting on the Prado was a preconcerted measure. The prince being extremely anxious to obtain a sight of the mistresses † for whom he had adventured so much, and the strictness of Spanish etiquette unfortunately precluding a formal introduction till a dispensation had been received from the pope, the King of Spain kindly hit upon the expedient of the blue riband and the Prado. The following passage is from the little work above alluded to:—"In conformity to the prince's desire, his majesty being that night acquainted with it by the conde, resolved to give his highness all satisfaction. And so he went abroad next day, at the hour appointed, which was about three o'clock in the afternoon, and to the Prado, being the certain place agreed upon between them, his majesty conducting with him the queen, his sister the infanta, the infantes Don Carlos and the Cardinal Don Fernando, his brethren; the Conde de Olivarez, and the Conde

* Rushworth, vol. i. p. 76 and 77. "These presents consisted of a great basin of massy gold, which was borne by two men; a curiously embroidered nightgown was folded in it. Two trunks bound with bands of pure gold, and studded with nails of gold, with locks and keys of gold; the coverings and linings of amber leather, and filled with fine linen and perfumes. These were accompanied by a rich writing desk, every drawer of which was full of varieties and curiosities."—*D'Israeli's Commentaries on Charles I.* vol. i. p. 65.

† The fact is corroborated by the Earl of Bristol in a letter to King James. "My lord marquis," he says, "having intimated the great desire the prince had, as soon as might be, to see his mistress, they acquainted the king therewith, who was so forward therein, that, notwithstanding the next day was Sunday, and in Lent, yet he dispensed with his gravity so far as to go in a coach abroad, to a place called the Prado,—which is a hole without the town, where men do take the air,—with his sister with him, and all the court, where the prince was to stand disguised in a coach to see them."—*Dalrymple's Memorials*, p. 154.

de Gondomar, following him with much of the nobility of that court, both of ladies and lords. The prince, on the other side went disguised in the Duke of Cea's coach, and was attended in the same coach by the lord marquis, [Buckingham,] the Earl of Bristol, and the Conde de Gondomar, and Sir Walton Aston; and both the king and the prince made diverse turns and returns in their several coaches, and in several parts of the town and Prado, (which is a place of recreation where the nobility is often wont to take the air,) and every one of them saw each other in a clear light, not being able to sustain from saluting each other with the hat as they passed by, though they had agreed to take no notice of one another; and this was all they did for that time. The king and all the royal company returned by night by a world of torch-light, which made a most glorious show." Howell describes the infanta as a "very comely lady, rather of a Flemish complexion than Spanish, fair haired, and carries a most pure mixture of red and white in her face."

The personal appearance of Charles at Madrid produced, however, but little effect in hastening the marriage. He was constantly refused a private interview with the infanta; her family giving as their reason the non-arrival of the dispensation. Still a certain cold intercourse was subsequently allowed in public, on which occasion the Earl of Bristol acted as interpreter; the king, however, always took care to be at hand, in order that he might overhear the conversation. Charles really appears to have admired the infanta's person. Howell tells us that he has seen him in a thoughtful mood, with his eyes immovably fixed on his mistress for half an hour at a time; and that he has known him to remain an hour in a close coach, in a particular street, watching for the infanta to come abroad. Olivarez, the Spanish minister, remarked pointedly that the prince watched the infanta as a cat does a mouse.

It was not his own fault that Charles did not address his mistress with all the passion of nature and romance. The princess was in the habit of spending the summer mornings at a suburban residence of her brother, the *Casa de Campo*. Here she used to wander by the river side, gathering maydew, and perhaps musing on the gallantry and accomplishments of her chivalrous lover. Charles, hearing of these visits, rose purposely one morning very early, and with only one companion, found his way into the garden of the Casa. The infanta, however, was in the orchard, and the door between them was double locked. Charles, determined not to be baffled, climbed the wall, and though the height was considerable, sprang to the ground. The infanta was the first to perceive him, and gave a loud scream. An old marquis, who was her guardian, immediately approached the prince, and falling on his knees, conjured him to retire; adding that he should probably lose his head should he allow him to remain. The door consequently was unlocked and the prince reluctantly departed.

Jewels, the value of which is said to have amounted to one hundred thousand pounds, were forwarded from London to Madrid, and lavished by Charles and Buckingham on the Spanish ladies. "The prince," says Arthur Wilson, "presented his mistress with a necklace which all Spain could not parallel; pearls that had not been long plucked from their watery bed and had left there but few fellows." The infanta, however, declined receiving them for the present, and they were deposited in the hands of the minis-

ters of the crown till her marriage day. It was much to the honour of the Spanish court, that when the match was broken off, and a war threatened, these jewels were returned.

James was himself very desirous that the prince and Buckingham should appear with unusual splendour at the Spanish court. In a letter to Charles, dated 17th March, 1623, he writes:—"I send you the robes of the Order [of the Garter], which you must not forget to wear upon St. George's Day, and dine together in them, which I hope in Heaven you may; for it will be a goodly sight for the Spaniards to see my two boys dine in them. I send you also the jewels I promised, with some of mine, and such of yours, I mean both of you, as are worthy the sending, for my Baby's presenting his mistress." The king concludes,—“God bless you both, my sweet boys, and send you, after a successful journey, a joyful and happy return to the arms of your dear dad.”

“JAMES REX.”

Another extract from one of King James's letters (in reply to the requisition of the prince and Buckingham for fresh supplies of jewels) will show how ready he was to grace his son and favourite, and to gratify their exorbitant demands:—"For my Baby's presenting his mistress, I send him an old double cross of Lorraine, not so rich as ancient, and yet not contemptible for the value;—a good looking-glass, with my picture in it, to be hung at her girdle, which ye must tell her ye have caused so to be enchanted by art magic, as whenever she shall be pleased to look in it, she shall see the fairest lady that her brother or your father's dominions can afford: ye shall present her with two pair of long diamonds set like an anchor, and a fair pendant diamond hanging at them; ye shall give her a goodly rope of pearls; ye shall give her a carcanet or collar; thirteen great ball rubies, and thirteen knots or conques of pearls; and ye shall give her three goodly peak pendants diamonds, whereof the biggest to be worn at a needle on the midst of her forehead, and one in every ear. As for thee, my sweet gossip, I send thee a fair table diamond, which I would once have given thee before, if thou would have taken it, for wearing in thy hat, or where thou pleasest; and if my Baby will spare thee the two long diamonds in form of an anchor, with the pendant diamond, it were fit for an admiral to wear, and he hath enough better jewels for his mistress, though he has of thine own, thy good old jewel, thy three Pindars diamonds, thy picture-case I gave Kate, and the great diamond chain I gave her, who would have sent thee the last pin she had, if I had not staid her."

The Lord Treasurer Middlesex made great complaints of the prodigality of Charles and Buckingham. The following is a MS. note of Sir William Musgrave to one of the tracts in the British Museum respecting the prince's journey:—"It appears by the enrolment book in the office for auditing the public accounts (vol. iii. fol. 175), that the prince's expenses for his journey into Spain, during his abode there, and for his return from thence, amounted unto £50,027, which was paid in part out of the King's Exchequer, and in part out of the Prince's Treasury." It is even asserted in a letter from Mr. Meade to Sir Martin Stuteville, that £600,000 worth of jewels had been sent from the Tower into Spain, to be at the disposal of Charles and Buckingham.

That the Spaniards entertained strong hopes of the prince's conversion to the Romish faith, and of the consequent re-establishment of the

Pope's ascendancy in England, there can be but little doubt; indeed, it was generally believed by the Spanish court, that the prince had made up his mind to become a catholic before he left his own country, a fact acknowledged by Bristol himself. The Pope wrote to the Bishop of Couchen, conjuring him not to let slip so glorious an opportunity of advancing the interests of their church. He addressed letters of expostulation also to Charles and Buckingham. To the latter he writes on the 19th of May, 1623,—exhorting him not only to become a Roman Catholic himself, but to use his utmost endeavor to bring over the court and kingdom of England to that persuasion. His holiness's letter to Charles is dated the day following:—"We have commanded," he writes, "to make continually most humble prayers to the Father of Lights, that he would be pleased to put you as a fair flower of Christendom, and the only hope of Great Britain, in possession of that most noble heritage, that your ancestors have purchased for you, to defend the authority of the sovereign high priest, and to fight against the monsters of heresy." He speaks also of the projected marriage, as "having elevated him to the hope of an extraordinary advantage." Charles returned an answer which he should never have written, and in which, if he does not actually profess himself a papist, he at least intimates that he is well inclined to the Pope's authority, and that he may eventually become a proselyte to the Romish faith. Hume, alluding to this correspondence, merely observes, that the prince having received a very civil letter from the Pope, was induced to return a very civil answer.

The Court of Madrid was far from discovering any backwardness in supporting the views of the holy father. Olivarez, and others about the prince's person, were entrusted with arguments by the heads of the church, which they constantly and ingeniously enforced. It was intimated to Charles, how much his conversion would smooth the path to his marriage; and when this inducement appeared insufficient, Archbishop Spotswood says, that it was even hinted to him, that unless he embraced their religion, he could scarcely think of winning the infant. It was objected by the prince, among other arguments, that his apostacy would, in all probability, produce a rebellion in England. To this it was coolly replied by the Spanish court, that they would gladly assist him with an army *against such a rebellious people*.

Among other incentives to conversion, all the splendours of religious pageantry were brought into action. The architectural magnificence of their churches,—the inspiration of their music,—and the solemn sacrifice of the mass, would instil, it was hoped, into the heart of Charles an exalted notion of the catholic mode of worship, and an equal contempt of his own. The most pompous processions were exhibited before him; he was carried to such persons as were famous for pretended miracles; popish books were dedicated, and popish pictures presented to him: nor was any thing omitted that could either fire the imagination, or awe the heart into reverence. Nothing, however, could allure Charles from the religion of his country and his conscience. Indeed, his visit was very far from infecting him with a more favourable opinion of Romish tenets. On the 5th of April, 1623, the Earl of Carlisle writes to King James, from Madrid:—"I dare boldly assure your majesty, that his highness's well-grounded piety, and knowledge of the reli-

gion wherein he was bred, is infinitely confirmed and corroborated by the spectacles which he hath seen of their devotions here."

After the decease of Archbishop Usher, the following memorandum was discovered in the handwriting of that prelate:—"The King (Charles I.) once at Whitehall, in the presence of George Duke of Buckingham, of his own accord, said to me, that he never loved popery in all his life, but that he never detested it before his going into Spain.

The wishes of King James, and the prejudices of the people of England, were greatly at variance as regarded the Spanish match. The latter had been long murmuring at the increase of the Roman Catholics and the encouragement they received; but when the heir to the throne was actually engaged to a catholic princess; when articles were being drawn up, which permitted the children of the Prince of Wales to be educated among papists, and by which compact their being members of that faith would be no bar to their succession to the crown, we cannot wonder that the protestants were greatly incensed at the conduct of James. But the king was alike deaf to the murmurs of his people and the strong remonstrances of the house of commons. His only feeling was anger at their interference; and while the latter were drawing up their protest, he withdrew himself discontentedly to Newmarket, nominally on the plea of impaired health, though in reality to escape from their unwelcome importunities.

It would be impertinent to detail the many objections which preclude a union between the heir to the throne of England and a daughter of the Romish persuasion. The general fact of inexpediency is sufficiently proved by the misfortunes which the union of Charles and Henrietta Maria eventually entailed upon their posterity, and the people of England at large. Strange indeed as it may appear, no one better understood than James himself, the miseries that would probably result from such a step. In his Basilicon Doron, written expressly for the benefit of his son, Prince Henry, he had published, but a few years previously, the following sensible remarks on the subject,—"I would rather have you marry one that was fully of your own religion, her rank and other qualities being agreeable to your estate; for although to my great regret, the number of any princes of power and account, professing our religion, be but very small, and that therefore this advice seems to be the more strait and difficult; yet ye have deeply to weigh, and consider upon these doubts, how ye and your wife can be of one flesh, and keep unity betwixt you, being members of two opposite churches: disagreement in religion bringeth ever with it disagreement in manners; and the dissension betwixt your preacher and hers will breed and foster dissension among your subjects, taking their example from your family; besides the peril of the evil education of your children."

But the prospect of a splendid alliance, and a no less splendid marriage portion, was too tempting to be resisted. The articles of the Spanish treaty are still extant, and exhibit singular proofs of the indifference of James to the interests of the protestant religion. Indeed, when we discover the degrading terms which are there insisted upon; when we find the King of England, and the head of the Reformed Church, affixing his name and approval to a document, in which a sect so hostile to the interests of his people is styled officially the *Holy Roman Church*; when

it is approved that the infanta shall not only have a private chapel for the exercise of the Romish faith, but also a public church in the metropolis; when the King of England is content to be dictated to by the King of Spain, as to the manner in which he shall govern his own subjects; when a foreign prince is allowed to alter the laws of his country; and finally, when a protestant king consents that every separate stipulation shall be allowed and approved by the pope, we cannot view the conduct of James in any other light than that of wonder and disgust. As the treaty itself is a curious document, and as it may be useful to compare it hereafter with the no less disgraceful compact between Charles and Henrietta Maria, we will transcribe the most important of the articles.

"3d.—That the gracious Infanta shall take with her such servants and family as are convenient for her service; which family, and all her servants to her belonging, shall be chosen and nominated by the Catholic King, so as he nominate no servant which is vassal to the King of England without his will and consent."

"5th.—That she shall have an oratory and decent chapel at her palace, where, at the pleasure of the most gracious Infanta, masses may be celebrated; which oratory or chapel shall be adorned with such decency as shall seem convenient for the most gracious Infanta, with a public church in London," &c.

"6th.—That the men-servants and maid-servants of the most gracious Infanta, and their servants, children and descendants, and all their families, of what sort soever, serving her highness, may be freely catholics."

"9th.—That the chapel, church, and oratory, may be beautified with decent ornaments, of altar and other things necessary for divine service, which is to be celebrated in them according to the custom of the Holy Roman Church; and that it shall be lawful for the said servants, and others, to go to the said chapel and church at all hours, as to them shall seem expedient."

"11th.—That to the administration of the sacraments, and to serve in chapel and church aforesaid, there shall be so many priests, and assistants, as to the Infanta shall seem fit, and the election of them shall belong to the Lady Infanta, and the Catholic King her brother; provided that they be none of the vassals of the King of Great Britain; and if they be, his will and consent is to be first obtained."

"15th.—That the servants of the family of the Lady Infanta, who shall come into England, shall take the oath of allegiance to the King of Great Britain, provided that there be no clause therein which shall be contrary to their consciences and the Roman Catholic religion, and if they happen to be vassals of the King of Great Britain, they shall take the same oath that the Spaniard doth."

"17th.—That the laws made against catholics in England, or any other kingdom of the King of Great Britain, shall not extend to the children of this marriage, and though they be catholics, they shall not lose the right of succession to the kingdom and dominions of Great Britain."

18th.—That the nurse which shall give suck to the children of the Lady Infanta (whether they be of the kingdom of Great Britain or of any other nation whatsoever), shall be chosen by the Lady Infanta as she pleaseth, and shall be accounted of her family, and enjoy the privileges thereof."

"19th.—That the bishop, ecclesiastical persons, &c. of the family of the Lady Infanta, shall

wear the vestment and habit of his dignity, profession, and religion, after the custom of Rome."

"21st.—That the sons and daughters which shall be born of this marriage, shall be brought up in the company of the most excellent Infanta, at least until the age of ten years, and shall freely enjoy the right of succession as aforesaid."

"24th.—That conformable to this treaty, all these things proposed are to be allowed and approved of by the pope, that he may give an apostolical benediction, and a dispensation necessary to effect the marriage."

CHAPTER III.

It has been doubted whether the Spanish match could ever have been accomplished, even if Charles had become a convert to the church of Rome; or indeed whether the Spanish court ever sincerely intended its fulfilment. Certainly, in the early stages of its discussion, James was the mere dupe of Spanish policy.* But the negotiation was protracted during the reigns of two successive monarchs, whose opinions on the subject appear to have been widely different. Philip the Third, the father of the infanta, who died during the progress of the discussion, had certainly not the remotest intention that the treaty should ever terminate in marriage. This fact is sufficiently apparent from the following letter addressed by his son, Philip the Fourth, to his minister Olivarez: it is dated 5th November 1622.

"The king, my father, declared at his death that his intent never was to marry my sister, the Infanta Dona Maria, with the Prince of Wales, which your uncle Don Balhazer understood, and so treated this match, ever with intention to delay it, notwithstanding it is now so far advanced, that (considering all the averseness of the infanta to it), it is time to seek some means to divert the treaty, which I would have you find out, and I will make it good, whatsoever it be. But in all other things, procure the satisfaction of the King of Great Britain (who hath deserved much), and it shall content me, so it be not in the match."

It appears by this curious document, that Philip the Fourth was originally as much averse to the fulfilment of the treaty as had been his father, Philip the Third. The hope, however, of converting Charles from heresy; the latter's great popularity in Spain, and the personal interest which he had acquired in the heart of the infanta, probably turned the scale in his favour. Certainly, Bristol, the English ambassador, was fully satisfied with the sincerity of the court of Madrid. He writes to the Bishop of Lincoln,— "It may be, your lordship will hear many complaints, that the match never was, nor yet is intended; I beseech your lordship to give little belief in that kind, and the effects will now speedily declare the truth, if the fault be not on our side." Lord Herbert of Cherbury, a man of strong sense, and who, from his situation as ambassador at Paris, had much intercourse with the elder sister of the Infanta, the Queen of France, was fully

* Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, perfectly succeeded in convincing James of the sincerity of his court. In a letter to the Duke of Lerma, he boasts that he has lulled King James so fast asleep, that he flatters himself that neither the cries of his daughter, the Queen of Bohemia, nor of her children, nor the repeated solicitations of his parliament and his subjects in their behalf, will have the effect of arousing him from his lethargy.—*Acta Regia*, p. 549.

satisfied with the sincerity of the Spanish court at this period; the queen, moreover, candidly confessed to him, that her sister was very well inclined towards the prince.

At last, about six months after the arrival of Charles at Madrid, the dispensation was received from Rome. The affair, to all appearance, was now concluded, and all anxiety at an end. But whether this important document was accompanied by secret instructions from the pope, or whether the court of Spain was willing to take advantage of the prince's undisguised anxiety to make the infanta his bride, new difficulties unexpectedly arose. The Spaniards insisted on some fresh articles, as regarded religion, being inserted in the marriage treaty, and the correspondence between the courts of London and Madrid was again renewed.

Among other articles to be imposed, it was required, and eventually agreed to on the part of Charles, that he should be open at all times to the arguments and exhortations of such of the adversaries of his faith as might be inclined to enlighten him on the subject; while, on the other hand, no one should presume to tamper, either directly or indirectly, with the religious principles of his bride. An oath was also privately taken by James, that the papists should have free exercise of their religion throughout his dominions. These additional articles having been at length duly subscribed to, so satisfied was James once more of the successful termination of the treaty, that he was heard to exclaim in the fulness of his satisfaction,— "Now all the devils in hell cannot hinder it." A bystander wittily observed, that there were no devils left in hell, for they had all gone to Spain to assist in the match.

But again new difficulties arose. When apparently on the eve of fulfilment, the demise of Pope Gregory the Fifteenth proved the final hindrance to the marriage. The Spaniards insisted that a fresh dispensation was necessary from the new pope; Charles naturally became annoyed by the frequent delays, and Buckingham, having quarreled with Olivarez, was no less disgusted with the Spanish court, and made use of every argument to persuade the prince to return to his own country. Even James himself, sanguine as he had so lately been, began to entertain doubts of the sincerity of the Spaniards. He wrote to Buckingham, that the court of Madrid could hardly entertain any cordial intention to complete the treaty, and conjured him to bring back the prince with all speed; or if the latter should be still unwise enough to remain, he charges his beloved favourite, on his allegiance, to come away, and to leave the prince to the prosecution of his own affairs.

On the 12th of September, 1623, after a magnificent audience with the queen and the infanta, Charles, leaving the marriage to be performed by proxy, at length turned his back upon Madrid. Some suspicions there certainly were, that the Spanish court intended to detain him, and it was even whispered that his departure would be a secret one. When Olivarez mentioned the latter suspicion to Buckingham, the reply of the duke did him great credit; he retorted haughtily, "That if love had induced the prince to steal out of his own country, fear should never make him run out of Spain; and that he would depart with an equipage such as became the Prince of Wales." The Earl of Rutland was at the time cruising along the Spanish coast ready to support the vaunt of Buckingham with a powerful fleet. The prince's attendants were overjoyed

at their expected departure. They had long complained that they had nothing to do but play at cards.

The king of Spain and his two brothers accompanied Charles as far as the Escorial, about twenty miles from Madrid, and would even have attended him to the place of embarkation, had not the queen been fast approaching the period of her confinement. At the spot where they parted, writes Howell, "there passed wonderful great endearments and embraces in divers postures between them a long time; and in that place there is a pillar to be erected as a monument to posterity. There are some *grandees*, and Count Gondomar, with a great train besides, gone with him to the Marine, to the sea-side, which will be many days' journey, and must needs put the King of Spain to a great expense, besides his seven months' entertainment here. We hear that when he passed through Valladolid, the Duke of Lerma was retired thence for a time by special command from the king, lest he might have discourse with the prince, whom he extremely desired to see: this sunk deep into the old duke, insomuch that he said, that of all the acts of malice which Olivarez had ever done him, he resented this more than any. He bears up yet under the cardinal's habit, which hath kept him from many a foul storm, that might have fallen upon him else from the temporal power." The name of this personage carries back our recollection to the part assigned to him in *Gil Blas*; and the narrative of the prince's visit to Valladolid is not rendered less interesting, from its having taken place during the period when Le Sage sketched the manners of the Spanish *grandees*. This same Duke of Lerma was in fact the patron of *Gil Blas*. It was for Philip the Fourth, the brother of the infanta, that *Gil Blas* is represented as procuring the frail Catalina, and as suffering his memorable imprisonment in the Tower of Segovia.

At St. Andero, where the English fleet awaited him, Charles narrowly escaped being drowned. He had been entertaining the Spanish *grandees* on board his own ship, and was courteously conducting them to the shore in his barge, when the wind suddenly arose. The darkness of the night, and the fury of the storm, prevented them alike from reaching the land, or regaining the ship. The rowers becoming faint from their exertion, nothing appeared left but to trust to the mercy of the ocean, when fortunately they observed a light from one of the vessels of the fleet. It was, however, with extreme difficulty and hazard that they fetched the ship, and were safely assisted on board, not without encountering some risk of being dashed to pieces in the attempt. Waller celebrated the prince's escape in a juvenile poem, remarkable to the curious in poetical anecdote as having been written only twenty-five years after the death of Spenser.

Now had his highness bid farewell to Spain,
And reached the sphere of his own power, the main;
With British bounty in his ship he feasts
The Hesperian princes his amazed guests,
To find that watery wilderness exceed
The entertainments of their great Madrid.

Charles was no sooner in safety on the bosom of that element upon which an Englishman seldom knows fear, than his first remark was on the "great weakness and folly of the Spaniards," in having allowed him to depart out of their dominions. It was the highest compliment he could have paid to their generosity. Charles arrived at Portsmouth on the 5th of October, 1626. The

event is recorded by a bust of the prince, which, with a suitable inscription, is affixed to the walls of that town, where it may still be seen. How this interesting memorial escaped the fury of the civil wars does not appear.

The return of Charles was hailed by the populace of London with a warmth of enthusiasm which has seldom been exceeded on similar occasions. Tables were spread in the streets, and wine and sack flowed every where abundantly: bonfires and the joyous peal of bells enlivened the night. In relation to his future destinies it might be likened to a scene in a *ballet* introduced into a tragedy; how different an appearance was presented by the streets of the capital, when Charles for the last time beheld them from the fatal scaffold! Having passed directly through London, Charles and Buckingham hastened to Royston to pay their respects to the king. Apprised of their arrival, James met them on the staircase, and throwing his arms around their necks, wept like a child.

The infanta is the person most to be pitied throughout the whole of this memorable affair, and we cannot but regret that she should have been rendered the victim of mere political expediency. She appears to have become really attached to Charles, and is said to have feelingly observed, that had he really loved her, he would never have quitted her. At his departure she caused mass to be sung daily for his prosperous voyage; she had applied herself to learn the English language; and even went down on her knees to the king to persuade him to the restitution of the Palatinate. Bristol, the English ambassador, dwells almost with enthusiasm on the infanta's feelings and her constancy. In a letter from Madrid dated 21st of September, 1623, after alluding to the prevalence of a report that Charles had no intention to fulfil his engagement, he thus writes to the prince: "I dare assure your highness, it hath not been possible for any to raise in her the least shadow of mistrust or doubt of want of your highness's affection, but she hath with show of displeasure reproved those that have presumed to speak that kind of language; and herself never speaketh of your highness, but with that respect and show of affection, that all about her tell me of it with a little wonder. There was of late in some a desire here, that, before your highness's embarking, the princess ought to have sent unto your highness some token, whereunto I assure your highness that the Countess of Olivarez was not backward, nor, as I am assured, the princess herself; but this was not to be done without the allowance of the Junta; and they for a main reason, alleged that, in case your highness should fail in what had been agreed, she would by these further engagements be made unfit for any other match; which coming to her knowledge, I hear that she was infinitely much offended, and said, that those of the Junta were *mazaderos*, to think her a woman for a second wooing, or to receive the *parabien* twice for several husbands. The truth is, that now, in your highness's absence, she much more avowedly declareth her affection to your highness, than ever she did at your being here; and your highness cannot believe how much the king, and she, and all the court, are taken with your highness's daily letters to the king and her."*

* Clarendon State Papers, Appendix, p. 19. Archbishop Spotswood writes, that the prince left Madrid because he saw nothing was really intended. He adds, that it was intimated to Charles, that "if the match should be further pressed the infanta, to es-

In the mean time, it was believed, both at London and Madrid, that the match was progressing in the most prosperous manner, and that the second dispensation was only wanting to render it definitive. At St. James's a catholic chapel was in the progress of being built, of which the Spanish ambassador had laid the foundation stone. The infanta's portrait was to be seen in every street in London, and her arrival was almost daily expected. At Madrid also, she was already styled the Princess of England; her suite had not only been selected, but had even provided themselves with their liveries; and the English ambassadors, the Earl of Bristol and Sir Walter Aston, refused, as Princess of England, to stand covered before her. "The infanta," writes Howell, "is providing divers suits of rich cloaths for his highness of perfumed amber leather; some embroidered with pearl, some with gold, some with silver. Her family is a settling apace, and most of her officers and ladies are known already: we want nothing now but one despatch more from Rome, and then the marriage will be solemnised, and all things consummated." The admiration which the prince's gallantry had excited in Madrid, by no means subsided after his departure, and even to this period is not quite forgotten. "Never," they said, "was princess so bravely wooed." In the collection of royal letters in the British Museum there is an interesting one in Spanish from the infanta to James. The neglected infanta afterwards formed a splendid alliance with the Emperor Ferdinand the Third. She died in 1646.

At last, the second dispensation actually arrived from Rome. A day was fixed by the Spanish court for the performance of the marriage by proxy; cannons were fired off as soon as the tidings became publicly known; a church was covered with tapestry for the occasion; and bonfires were lighted throughout the whole of Spain. But whether the sincerity of the Spaniards was still doubted, or whether, as is generally supposed, the arguments and personal prejudices of Buckingham induced Charles to secede from his engagement, it is now impossible to ascertain: certain it is, however, that from the court of England emanated the final interruption of the match. A message was despatched by James to Madrid, insisting that, unless the restitution of the Palatinate was positively conceded, the treaty must be considered as at an end. It was replied by the Spanish monarch, that the concession did not rest in himself, but that he was ready to assist England with an army. His word was either really doubted, or was affected to be disbelieved, and Philip, observing the English court to be determined on a breach, refused to admit the Earl of Bristol to any further audience. He insisted, also, that all correspondence with the infanta should instantly cease, and that she should no longer be regarded or addressed as Princess of England. Such was the termination of the famous Spanish match, in which the duplicity manifested by the court of Madrid at the commencement of the negotiations, was met, it would appear, by a similar line of conduct on the part of the court of England at their close.

chew the same, should presently into the house of *los Descalceados*, a monastery of barefooted nuns." The archbishop was certainly in a situation to acquire the best information, and his book is even dedicated to Charles, but his account is so different from that of other writers (some of whom were as likely to be as well informed as himself) that it is impossible to regard his version as correct.—*Spotswood*, p. 545.

CHAPTER IV.

On the 27th day of March, 1625, died King James. Within a quarter of an hour Charles was solemnly proclaimed at the court-gate of Theobald's, where his father had breathed his last. It was considered as rather ominous that Sir Edward Zouch, the Knight Marshal, instead of styling the new king the "rightful and indubitable heir," proclaimed him as the rightful and *dubitable* one: he was corrected in his error by the secretary.

Such is the malignity of human nature, that Charles was actually accused of having been a participator in the murder of his father. Peyton in his *Divine Catastrophe*, and Lilly, in his *Life of Charles*, speak openly of the charge; but Milton goes farther, and is base enough to lend the credit of his name to an infamous and otherwise contemptible slander, which he could not but have known to be false. Addressing Salmasius, he writes:—"I will let you see how like Charles was to Nero; Nero, you say, put to death his own mother; but Charles murdered both his prince and his father, by poison. For to omit other evidences, he that would not suffer a duke that was accused of it, to come to his trial, must needs have been guilty of it himself." Whatever the *other evidences*, alluded to by Milton may have been, they have certainly not descended to posterity: doubtless they owed their fanciful birth to the acrimonious republicanism of the great poet. The insinuations of Peyton and Lilly are scarcely worth recurring to, and appear solely to have originated in Charles having dissolved the parliament which accused Buckingham of having poisoned his father. Charles undoubtedly believed his favourite to be innocent, and though the line of conduct which he pursued on this occasion may be considered blameable, or at least unwise, yet the whole tenor of Charles's life must defend him from so iniquitous a charge. It must not be omitted, that, on the 24th of February, 1648, the absurd and wicked charge was revived, in the most impudent and cowardly manner, by the republican party in the house of commons. As the attack was idle, it fell harmless, and alone reflected discredit on the paltry maligners.

Notwithstanding that it was altogether in opposition to the practice of his predecessors, Charles affectionately insisted on presiding as chief mourner at the funeral of his father. Young as he was, it was the third time he had performed the same melancholy office, having previously attended his mother, and his brother Prince Henry, to their last home. The superstitious argued from the circumstance, that a career of sorrow was in store for the survivor.*

Many, indeed, were the circumstances on which, even when in the very height of his prosperity, his contemporaries founded a similar be-

lief; and when we remember the subsequent misfortunes which befel the unhappy Charles, we cannot but regard them as curious; at the same time they are instructive as showing the temper of the times. Senhouse, Bishop of Carlisle, who had been his chaplain when Prince of Wales, was selected to deliver his coronation sermon. The bishop took for his text: Rev. ii. 10, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of Life," &c.; a passage which was considered by the superstitious as far more suitable for his funeral sermon, than as adapted to the brilliant occasion on which it was delivered: moreover, during the ceremony it was discovered that the wing of the gold dove had been completely broken off.

Charles himself, contrary to the custom of his ancestors, probably to denote the purity of his intentions, had selected a robe of white, instead of purple, as his coronation dress. Purple having been ever considered the badge of sovereignty, as white was the emblem of innocence, it was inferred that hereafter he would have to rely upon his own virtues and integrity, rather than upon the greatness of regal power. His neglecting to ride through the city, attended with that state which had graced his forefathers on the days of their coronation, was also deemed equally portentous and ill-advised.

Even the melancholy expression of his countenance was held to be ominous of future ill. When his picture was conveyed to Rome, to afford the design of a bust, the artist turned to the gentleman who brought it:—he hoped, he said, it was not the face of a near relation, for it was one of the most unfortunate he had ever seen, and, "according to all the rules of art, the person whose it was must die a violent death."

Charles himself was singularly superstitious even for the age in which he lived. It was a strange infirmity in an otherwise strong mind and religious disposition. We are assured by Lilly the astrologer, that he sent, on more than one occasion, to consult him during his misfortunes, and the fact of his having done so is supported by other authority. Charles himself mentioned to the Bishop of London a remarkable shock which he experienced at his trial. As he was leaning on his staff, the gold head broke off and fell to the ground, which he considered, as it certainly was, a singular omen.

Another weakness of Charles was to bind himself to a particular line of conduct by secret obligations. On one occasion, when on a visit at Latimer, a seat of the Earl of Devonshire, he drew Dr. Sheldon aside, and placed in his hands a paper, which he desired him to copy, and having done so, to return it to him. This document detailed the measures which he proposed to adopt for the glory of God, and for the advancement of the church; and intimated that he had privately bound himself by the most awful vow, for the purpose of insuring their accomplishment. A particular obligation was to perform public penance for the injustice he had been guilty of to Lord Strafford in consenting to his death. In delivering this paper to Sheldon, Charles solemnly conjured him, (as if he feared the penalty would fall on his own soul,) to remind him of his contract, should he hereafter ever find him in a condition to perform any one of the articles which it contained.

A similar instance of moral infirmity is recorded in the king's own language, and bears the following attestation of Sheldon.

"This is a true copy of the king's vow, which

was preserved thirteen years underground, by me,
"GILB. SHELDON."

The document itself is dated Oxford, 13th April, 1646, and runs as follows:

"I do hereby promise and solemnly vow in the presence and for the service of Almighty God, that if it shall please the Divine Majesty, of his infinite goodness, to restore me to my just kingly rights, and to re-establish me in my throne, I will wholly give back to his church all those impropriations which are now held by the crown; and what lands soever I do now, or should now, or do enjoy, which have been taken either away from any episcopal see, or any cathedral or collegiate church, from any abbey, or other religious house. I likewise promise for hereafter to hold them for the church, under such reasonable fines and rents as shall be set down by some conscientious persons whom I propose to choose, with all uprightness of heart, to direct me in this particular. And I most humbly beseech God to accept of this my vow, and to bless me in the design I have now in hand, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

"CHARLES REX."

Charles was once sauntering with Lord Falkland in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, when a splendid copy of Virgil was brought, among other books, for his inspection. Lord Falkland proposed to his majesty to try his fortune by the *Sortes Virgilianæ*;—that is, to open the volume, and from the passage on which the eye first falls, to glean a fanciful prognostication of future events. Charles accordingly dipped into the book, and hit ominously enough on the following passage:—it forms part of the imprecation which Dido pours forth against Æneas, and is thus translated by Dryden:

Yet let a race untamed, and haughty foes,
His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose;
Oppressed with numbers in the unequal field,
His men discouraged, and himself expelled:
Let him for succour sue from place to place,
Torn from his subjects, and his son's embrace!
First let him see his friends in battle slain,
And their untimely fate lament in vain;
And when at length the cruel war shall cease,
On hard conditions may he buy his peace,
Nor let him then enjoy supreme command,
But fall untimely by some hostile hand,
And be unburied on the barren sand.

Lord Falkland, observing by the king's countenance that he was concerned at the circumstance, and imagining that, should he himself open the book, he might fall upon some indifferent passage, which would naturally rob the preceding incident of its importance, instantly proposed to try his own fortune. "The lines which he chanced to select were still more applicable to his future fate: It was the beautiful lament of Evander at the untimely death of his son Pallas:

O Pallas! thou hast failed thy plighted word;
To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword:
warned thee, but in vain; for well I knew
What perils youthful ardour will pursue:
That boiling blood would carry thee too far;
Young as thou wert to dangers, raw to war!
O curst assay of arms, disastrous doom,
Preludes of bloody fields, and fights to come.

In 1624, during the lifetime of King James, the Earl of Holland had been sent into France, to sound the feelings of the French court regarding a match between Charles and Henrietta Maria. This princess was the third daughter of

* *Heylin's Life of Laud*, p. 128. The fact that the plague was raging at the time of his accession, was considered to be a prognostic of future evil; the same disease, however, was committing its havoc when his father commenced his prosperous reign. It is said that these two plagues were both generated in one parish, Whitechapel; that they broke out in the same house, and on the same day of the month. *Kennett*, vol. iii. p. 4.—The story of the blood of a wounded falcon falling on the neck of the famous bust of Charles, by Bernini, when on its way to Whitehall, is a singular and well-known coincidence.

the deceased Henry the Great, and sister of Louis the Thirteenth, the reigning King of France. After a complicated and rather lengthy negotiation, a treaty of marriage was definitely signed at Paris, on the 10th of November, 1624. It consists of articles scarcely less disgraceful to the English court or disadvantageous to the English nation, than those of the celebrated Spanish treaty which had preceded it. Indeed so similar are the two instruments, as well in terms as in spirit, that the one would appear almost to be a transcript of the other. The only really important alteration is in the nineteenth article of the French treaty, in which it is provided that the children born of the marriage shall be brought up by their mother, not merely to the age of ten years, as had been agreed upon in the Spanish compact, but till they should attain their thirteenth year; a dangerous concession, considering the unwearying vigilance of the Romish priests, and that it comprehended a period of life when the heart is most open to impressions whether good or evil. Some secret articles were also sworn to by James and Louis. By these it was provided that, throughout England, all catholic prisoners should be set at liberty; that they should no longer be liable to be searched, or otherwise molested on account of their religion, and that the goods of which they had been despoiled should be restored.

The deed of dispensation, in which Louis the Thirteenth guaranteed to the See of Rome that the King of England should faithfully fulfil the articles of the treaty, is another curious document. D'Israeli, in his ingenious work, the "Curiosities of Literature," speaks of a "remarkable and unnoticed document," namely, "A most solemn obligation contracted with the Pope and the queen's brother, the King of France, to educate her children as catholics, and only choose catholics to attend them." "Had this been known," he adds, "either to Charles, or to the English nation, Henrietta could never have been permitted to ascend the English throne." It is a pity to disturb this justification of Charles, but unfortunately for that monarch, there can be little doubt but that he was perfectly well acquainted with all the circumstances of the affair; indeed, the articles mentioned by Mr. D'Israeli as most objectionable in the deed of dispensation, are inserted, at least in spirit, in the treaty itself; a document which, as a matter of course, had not only been seen, but had been solemnly sworn to, by Charles. The subject is rendered of considerable importance, when we remember that the two children of Henrietta Maria,—Charles the Second and his brother James,—who afterwards successively inherited the crown, lived and died Roman Catholics; and that it was owing to a defect in his education that the latter died an exile, and that England became the scene of revolution in 1688. With this view of the importance of the subject, it may not be uninteresting to transcribe the particular passages in the deed of dispensation, which have been referred to by D'Israeli, in order that we may compare them with the parallel ones in the actual treaty.

EXTRACT FROM THE DEED OF DISPENSATION.

"Art. 3.—*Convenient, ut serenissima Madama Henrietta Maria, omnesque ejus domestici, familiares, servi, necnon domi forisque ministri, et familia universa familiarum eidem pro tempore servientium, eorumque filii et descendentes, liberè profiteri et exercere possint religionem apostolicam Catholicam Romanam; ac propterea non solum Londini, sed etiam in omnibus locis et*

regnis ipsi Regi Magnæ Britannie subjectis, in cunctis regis ipsius palatiis, et ubicunque prædicta Madama habitaverit aut extiterit, habeat unam ecclesiam," &c.

"Art. 7.—*Convenient, ut liberorum qui, ex regio hoc matrimonio nascentur, cura et educatio, omni modo, ex eorum ortu usque ad annum ætatis decimum tertium completum, ad Madamam illorum matrem pertineant; ac omnes personæ proli ministerium quodcumque præstituræ usque ad annum tertium decimum completum, ut supra, a prædicta Madama liberè eligantur, atque ejusdem familiæ annumerentur, juribusque et privilegiis aliorum familiarium gaudeant et potiantur.*"

EXTRACT FROM THE MARRIAGE TREATY.

"Art. 7.—The free exercise of the Roman Catholic Apostolic religion shall be granted to Madame, as likewise to all the children that shall be born of this marriage."

"Art. 14.—All the domestics Madame shall bring into England shall be French Catholics, chosen by the Most Christian King; and in the room of those that shall die, she shall take other French Catholics, with the consent, however, of the King of Great Britain."

"Art. 19.—The children which shall be born of this marriage shall be brought up by Madame, their mother, till the age of thirteen years."

The marriage of Charles and Henrietta was solemnised at Paris with great splendour; the Duke de Chevreuse performing the office of proxy for Charles. The ceremony took place on a theatre, erected for the purpose before the Cathedral of Notre Dame. On the 12th of June, 1625, Henrietta arrived at Dover, and on the following night the marriage was consummated at Canterbury. The private account of these events I have deferred to the Memoir of the Queen.

Considerable pains have been taken to prove that Henrietta exercised an undue influence, both domestic and political, over her husband. One writer, without even hinting at his authority, speaks of her *peremptorily insisting* upon having charge of the Prince of Wales. Another writer, Horace Walpole, solely I believe, on the suspicious authority of Peyton, informs us that when Charles, on some jealousy, restrained the Earl of Holland to his house, Henrietta refused to cohabit with the king till the restraint was taken off. Such and similar instances are frequently brought forward as proofs of the uxoriousness of Charles, and many passages have been quoted, from his letters to his queen, as proofs of his spiritless submission. Certainly these memorials evince a very great respect both for her opinion and advice; but, after all, the utmost that can really be adduced is,—a too favourable opinion of her capacity, a strong attachment to a beautiful woman, and a proper gratitude for the many sufferings which she had undergone for his sake. It was Charles's great misfortune, that he was too easily wrought upon to follow the advice of others, and frequently of persons less gifted than himself. Milton says of him, in his panegyric on Cromwell,—“Whether with his enemies or his friends, in the court or in the camp, he was always in the hands of another; now of his wife, then of the bishops; now of the peers, then of the soldiery; and last, of his enemies; that for the most part he followed the worse counsels, and, almost always, of the worse men.” There is as much justice as acrimony in this remark.

But the private history of the dismissal of the queen's French servants is alone sufficient to re-

deem the character of Charles from all suspicion of connubial subserviency. The insufferable insolence of these people is scarcely to be conceived. Nothing could be more degrading, than that the Queen of England should have been compelled by a foreign priesthood, to walk barefooted to Tyburn; and that, not merely in the common exercise of her faith, but to glorify the memory of the detestable contrivers of the Gunpowder Conspiracy. But it appears by a letter of the period, that the indignity did not stop here. “Had they not also,” says a writer of the time, “made her dabble in the dirt in a foul morning from Somerset House to St. James's, her Luciferian confessor riding along by her in his coach! Yea, they have made her to go barefoot, to spin, to eat her meat out of tryne (wooden) dishes, to wait at the table and serve her servants, with many other ridiculous and absurd penances.”

The priests, French as well as English, had flocked in such numbers to the queen's private apartments, as to cause great disquietude to Charles. He told them, on one occasion, that he had already granted them so much liberty in public, that he had at least a right to expect exemption from domestic intrusion. But the following is the most remarkable instance of priestly interference. The king and queen were banqueting in public, and, as usual, the chaplain was proceeding to say grace, when the queen's confessor actually struck up with a Latin benediction. The king's chaplain, (of course a protestant,) naturally provoked at the interruption, gave the confessor a zealous push, and then continued the grace. On this the latter went over to the queen's side, and commenced with renewed energy his benediction. The king, however, very sensibly cut the matter short by drawing one of the dishes towards him, when the carvers instantly began their office. A soon as dinner was over, the confessor proceeded, in like manner, to return thanks; the chaplain, however, had obtained the start, when each endeavoured to drown the other by the loudness of his voice. Charles very properly took the queen by the hand, and hastily withdrew her from the disgraceful scene.

The queen's ecclesiastical retinue consisted of a young bishop, whose age was actually under thirty, and twenty-nine priests. Fifteen of these were scholars, and the remainder Theatines—an order of friars whose principal occupation was singing of psalms. Besides this promising party, there were a number of male and female attendants, who, it is asserted, swelled the French train from the original number of sixty, to as many as four hundred and forty persons. These people lost no opportunity of fomenting a quarrel between Charles and his queen; while the priests on their part, naturally enough, used every exertion to restore the Pope's authority in England. Seminaries were formed for educating children in the Romish faith; the houses of the French attendants became a rendezvous for the discontented Papists; the Catholic members of Parliament were secretly tampered with; and no opportunity was neglected of obtaining proselytes to the ancient faith. Fortunately, however, these persons overreached themselves, for they were totally mistaken in the character of Charles.

The perpetual discords and captious discontent of this foreign establishment, are alluded to in most of the letters of the period. Not satisfied with the numberless immunities which had been provided for by the marriage contract, and with putting the King of England to the charge of 240l. a day for their subsistence, they persisted in the

most frivolous and harrassing complaints of ill usage and discomfort. The French, observes a letter of the period,—“Seem to be discontented, because they have not allowance to keep themselves, their wives, and children; though they have more by 7000*l.* a year, than ever Queen Anne had.” Charles was not by nature inclined to be petulant, but his temper was at length entirely overcome by the continual broils of his wife's domestics, and the manner in which they insulted the prejudices of his people. When the priests sent to complain to him that the Chapel at St. James's, which had been provided for their use by the marriage treaty, was progressing but slowly towards completion, he answered, “That if the queen's closet, where they then said mass, were not large enough, they might use the great chamber; and if the great chamber were not wide enough, they might make use of the garden; and if the garden would not suit their purpose, they might go to the park, which was the fittest place of all.” This last remark, it would seem, did not so much apply to the number of the French catholics in general, as to the concourse of English priests, who seized every opportunity of attending the celebration of mass in the queen's apartments. This assemblage, illegal as far as the English ecclesiastics were concerned, became eventually so numerous, that even the queen herself, on one occasion, rose from her seat, and rebuking the latter for their indelicate zeal, commanded them peremptorily to retire. Their numbers, however, still increasing, the proper officers of the court were at length stationed at the entrance of the queen's chapel, in order forcibly to prevent their ingress. Some indecent scenes were the consequence, the French catholics drawing their swords in defence of their English brethren, and resisting the interference of the guard.

On one occasion, in the royal chapel, a popish nobleman is described as “prating on purpose louder when the chaplain prayed.” Charles sent him a message to be silent:—“Either,” he said, “let him come and do as we do, or else I will make him prate further off.” One of these squabbles nearly cost James the Second, then a baby, his life. His nurse, being a Roman Catholic, refused to take the oath of allegiance. The court endeavoured to convert her, but in their zeal they frightened the poor woman, and spoiled her milk, so that the health of the infant suffered. It was proposed to send her away, but the queen took her dismissal so much to heart, that the oath was dispensed with, and her milk probably recovered its virtue.

The anger of Charles and his subjects had been roused to its highest pitch by a long succession of insults, and the dismissal of the whole party, whether by pacific or forcible means, became at length the resolute determination of the king. Naturally willing, however, to obtain their departure, if possible, without resorting to violent measures, and anxious, also, to avert an unnecessary rupture with the court of France, he wrote to the Duke of Buckingham, who was then in Paris, desiring him to communicate with the queen-mother on the subject.

“You must advertise my mother-in-law,” writes Charles, “that I must remove all those instruments that are causes of unkindness between her daughter and me, few or none of her servants being free of this fault in one kind or other; therefore, I would be glad that she might find a means to make themselves suitors to be gone. If this be not, I hope there can be no ex-

ceptions taken at me to follow the example of Spain and Savoy in this particular. So requiring of thee a speedy answer of this business, (for the longer it is delayed the worse it will grow,) I rest,

“Your loving, faithful, constant friend,

“CHARLES REX.

“Hampton Court, the 20th November, 1625.”

In consequence of this and other remonstrances, as well as the domestic infelicity which continued to increase between Charles and his queen, and the distinct orders which had been issued by the king, that the French retinue should forthwith quit his dominions, the Marshal de Bassompierre (perhaps the fittest person in Europe to conduct so delicate a negotiation) was despatched to England by the court of France, with the object of effecting a compromise. It was not without difficulty that Charles could be persuaded to receive the ambassador, and consequently when the subject came actually to be discussed, the meeting, as might have been expected, proved a stormy one. The king, in the heat of argument, inquired of Bassompierre why he did not at once execute his commission, and declare war? “I am not a herald,” replied the other, “to declare war, but a marshal of France, to make it when declared.” Bassompierre has himself described the meeting: “The king,” he says, “put himself into a great passion, and I, without losing my respect to him, replied to him in such wise, that, at last, yielding something, he conceded a great deal to me.” He adds: “I witnessed there an instance of great boldness, not to say impudence, of the Duke of Buckingham, which was, that when he saw us the most warmed, he ran up suddenly, and threw himself between the king and me, saying, I am come to keep the peace between you two.” However, not all the art of the accomplished Bassompierre, not even the fear of incurring a war with France, nor the tears and entreaties of Henrietta, could induce Charles to grant any important concession, and the negotiation concluded by the foreigners receiving renewed orders to depart.

Not till the very last moment, however, when the carriages and vessels were in actual readiness for their removal, had the French been acquainted with the final determination of Charles. Having fully made up his mind, he unexpectedly entered the queen's apartments for the purpose of announcing it. There, to his great indignation, he beheld a number of the queen's domestics *irreverently dancing and curvetting* in her presence. Taking Henrietta by the hand, he led her to a private chamber, and locked himself up with her alone. In the mean time, Lord Conway had invited the French bishop, and others of the ecclesiastics, to accompany him into St. James's Park. Here, in a straight-forward manner, he laid before them the king's unquestionable causes for complaint, and told them plainly that every one of the party, priests as well as laymen, young and old, male and female, must instantly depart the kingdom. The bishop replied that, as regarded himself, he stood in the light of an ambassador, and therefore could not possibly think of quitting the English court, unless by express directions of the king his master. However, Lord Conway informed him openly, that if he did not make up his mind to depart peacefully, there would not be the least scruple in getting rid of him by force.

Having thus communicated with the priests, Lord Conway, attended by the treasurer and comptroller of the household, suddenly made his

appearance among the rest of the establishment. Acquainting them in like manner with the king's resolution, he told them that it was his majesty's pleasure that they should instantly depart for Somerset House, and there await his majesty's further instructions. The women, we are informed, commenced howling and lamenting as if they were going to execution; and, evincing the most dogged determination to remain where they were, were eventually thrust out by the yeomen of the guard, and the doors of their apartments locked behind them.

The same evening, when they were all assembled at Somerset House, the king appeared in person among them. He hoped, he said, that what he had done would not be taken amiss by his brother, the King of France;—that particular persons among them, for he would not mention names, had fostered discontent between the queen and himself, and had so embittered his domestic happiness, that further endurance would be impossible. He asked their pardon, he said, if, by thus seeking his own safety and peace of mind, he interfered with their views; and concluded by adding, that his treasurer had received orders to remunerate every one of them for their year's service.* Madame St. George, a handsome and flippant French lady, was spokeswoman on the occasion, and endeavoured to expostulate with Charles, but his reply was even more peremptory than at first. This lady was personally obnoxious to Charles, having bred more mischief between himself and the queen than all the rest of the colony put together. She had even had the impudence to intrude herself in the coach with the king and queen, at a period, too, when that honour was never on any occasion allowed to a subject.

But the bitterest task for Charles to perform, was to encounter the sobs and remonstrances of Henrietta. That she might not behold the departure of her favourites from Whitehall, Charles, when he parted from her, had locked the door of her apartment. Her furious conduct on this occasion exceeded all bounds; she actually tore the hair from her head, and cut her hands severely by dashing them through the glass windows in the violence of her rage.

These events took place in the early part of July, 1626; and yet, notwithstanding the king's firmness and extreme anxiety on the subject, we find the French still domiciled at Somerset House after more than a month had elapsed. The patience of Charles being now entirely worn out, he dictated the following note—evidently in hearty anger—to the Duke of Buckingham:—

“Steenie,

“I have received your letter by Dic Grème; this is my answer:—I command you to send all the French away to-morrow out of the town, if you can by fair means (but stick not long in disputing) otherwise force them away, driving them away like so many wild beasts until you have shipped them, and so the devil go with them.

* In a little work, published at this time, entitled “The Life and Death of that matchless mirror of magnanimity, Henrietta Maria de Bourbon,” the king's speech is as follows:—

“Gentlemen and Ladies,

“I am driven to that necessity as that I am personally come to acquaint you, that I very earnestly desire your departure into France. True it is, the deportment of some amongst you hath been very offensive to me, but others again have so dallied with my patience, and so highly affronted me, as I cannot, I will not, longer endure it.” p. 14.

Let me have no answer, but of the performance of my command. So I rest,

"Your faithful, constant, loving friend,

"CHARLES REX.

"Oaking, the 7th of August, 1626."

(Superscribed) "The Duke of Buckingham."

Four days afterwards, appears the following passage in a letter of the period, dated 11th August, 1626. "On Monday last was the peremptory day for the departure of the French; what time the king's officers attending with coaches, carts, and barges, they contumaciously refused to go, saying they would not depart till they had order from their king; and above all, the bishop stood upon his punctilios. 'This news being sent in post to the king, on Tuesday morning his majesty despatched away to London the captain of the guard, attended with a competent number of his yeomen, as likewise with heralds, messengers and trumpeters, first, to proclaim his majesty's pleasure at Somerset House gate; which, if it were not speedily obeyed, the yeomen of the guard were to put it in execution, by turning all the French out of Somerset House by head and shoulders, and shutting the gate after them. Which news, as soon as the French heard, their courage came down, and they yielded to be gone the next tide.'"

The appointed hour having arrived, Lord Conway, together with the treasurer and comptroller, proceeded to Somerset House, to witness the departure of the malcontents. Lord Conway, with his colleagues, first attended the bishop to the door of his coach, where this captious gentleman again made a stand, praying, as a last favour, that he might be allowed to wait for the midnight tide, and thus escape the observation and ridicule of the crowd. The request was a natural one, and was civilly granted.

It required four days, and nearly forty carriages, to transport the expelled catholics to Dover. At first they appeared extremely dogged and sullen, but the good fare, and kind entertainment, which every where awaited them on the road, and the natural vivacity of their country, gradually dispelled their feelings of disgust: still, the derision of the mob must have been any thing but agreeable. As Madame St. George was stepping into the boat at Dover, a bystander took an aim at her strange head-dress with a stone. An English gentleman, who was escorting her, instantly quitted her side, and running his sword through the offender's body, killed him on the spot.

CHAPTER V.

The liberality of Charles, when he found it imperative on him to dismiss the queen's French attendants, had been kindly and munificent in the extreme. The list of donations is preserved among the Harleian MSS., and amounts to 22,672*l*. Not content, however, with this profuse generosity, the women commenced such a disgraceful and sweeping attack on the queen's wardrobe, that they actually left but one gown and two "smocks to her back." Probably jewels and other articles of value were likewise purloined, for even the lords of the council interfered, and it was attempted to enforce a restitution: we are informed, however, that an old satin gown was all they could be prevailed on to return. The same roguery was also attempted in the queen's stables, her master of the horse, the Count de Scipieres, laying claim to all the horses and furniture under his charge.

But the most ingenious attempt was one of extortion, in which the queen herself, from a weak regard for her favourites, consented to be a party concerned. They drew up a long list of various sums, for which they asserted Henrietta to be their debtor, amounting in all to 19,000*l*. The queen at first took the debt upon her, but on being earnestly questioned by Charles, eventually acknowledged the imposture.

Surely there is no part of the foregoing narrative which does not tend to exonerate Charles from the sweeping accusation of matrimonial tameness, which has been so often and so sedulously brought against him. He has himself left us an account of what he endured at this period. Naturally anxious to justify his conduct to his brother-in-law, the French king, he despatched Lord Carlton as his ambassador to Paris, and, in his instructions to that nobleman, enters into a full detail of the queen's behaviour, and of his own feelings. This curious document was originally published, by order of the parliament, in the "King's Cabinet Opened," in which interesting collection it may be consulted by the curious.

That Charles, at this period, had frequent misunderstandings with his queen, there can be no question; the fault, however, was most decidedly on the part of Henrietta; indeed, if we are to consider as authentic the instrument just alluded to, and it certainly bears all the features of truth, there can be little doubt but that, at this period, she constantly behaved herself towards him with the most insufferable insolence. Their quarrels were doubtless fomented by Buckingham, who trembled lest the queen should obtain an undue influence over her husband. "The Queen of England," says Madame de Motteville, "related to me, that quickly after her marriage with King Charles the First, she had some dislike to the king, her husband, and that Buckingham fomented it; that gentleman saying to her face, that he would set her and her husband at variance, if he could." It is evident, from the account given by Bassompierre of his embassy into England, and also from the letters of the time, that Henrietta was almost daily either in tears or in a passion. Bassompierre mentions the circumstance of the king entering an apartment in which he was conversing with Henrietta, when, it appears, she instantly "picked a quarrel" with her husband;—"the king," he adds, "took me to his chamber, and talked a great deal with me, making me complaints of the queen, his wife." With the dismissal of the French train, peace and comfort seem for the first time to have visited the domestic privacy of Charles.

The accusation which has been brought against Charles, of having been unfaithful to his marriage, rests almost entirely on the assertions of the republican triumvirate, Milton, Peyton, and Lilly, whose charges are as vague as their minds were prejudiced.

But the most unfair attack is that of Milton. "Have you the impudence," he writes to Salmasius, "to commend his chastity and sobriety who is known to have committed all manner of lewdness in company with his confidant the Duke of Buckingham?" This the republican and "holy poet" must have well known to be false. It is to be observed that no authority whatever is adduced for any one of these charges; that the name of no lady is even so much as hinted at; and that the writers of this wretched scandal, especially Milton and Peyton, were rancorous and bigoted to the last degree, and we shall have lit-

tle difficulty in rescuing the character of Charles from their impudent and malignant aspersions.

So little ground is there, indeed, for accusing Charles of adultery, that it may be questioned whether any single instance can be brought forward of his having, even before marriage, been engaged in an intrigue. Peyton of course comes forward with one of his unsupported scandals, and informs us that, when unmarried, he "had for his mistress a great married lady by whom he had a boy," and that at the christening he presented the child with 8000*l*. There is, however, a letter extant from Charles, when he was Prince of Wales, addressed to the Duke of Buckingham, which may, perhaps, lead to a doubt of his immaculacy. It has certainly reference to some intrigue in which Charles was engaged, but whether that intrigue was of an amorous or of a political nature, the reader must judge for himself.

"Steenie,

"I have nothing now to write to you, but to give you thanks both for the good counsel you gave me, and for the event of it. The king gave me a good sharp position; but you took away the working of it, by the well-relished comfits ye sent after it. I have met with the party, that must not be named, once already; and the culler of writing this letter, shall make me meet with her on Saturday, although it is written to-day, being Thursday. So assuring you that the business goes safely on, I rest your constant friend,

CHARLES.

"I hope you will not show the king this letter; but put it in the safe custody of Mr. Vulcan."

With half a nation for his enemies, including numbers too willing to blacken his character, on little or no foundation, and filling an exalted situation, where the most unimportant action was eagerly watched and noted down, it is impossible not to believe, that if Charles had been an immoral character, it would have descended trumpet-tongued to posterity. The few clumsy charges which have been brought forward may be considered, perhaps, as the strongest evidence of his unsullied virtue.

Indeed, the unimpeachable morality of Charles procured for him from his contemporaries the expressive title of the *White King*. The name appears to have had some allusion to the dress which he wore at his coronation, and partly perhaps, to an absurd construction of an ancient prophecy, published by the astrologer, Lilly, with which he endeavoured to identify Charles. At the funeral of the king, the snow fell thick upon the black velvet pall which covered his coffin. "It was all white," says his faithful follower, Sir Thomas Herbert, "the colour of innocence. So went the *White King* to his grave." Osborne gives him the same title, but of course introduces it in derision.

The court of Charles was scarcely less strict than that of his puritanical successor, Oliver Cromwell. Every species of immorality was regarded with horror, and even levity was confined within proper bounds. The king set the example of decency, and his courtiers followed it. In the Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson, a valuable compliment is paid by his republican lady to the well-regulated propriety of the court of Charles. "The face of the court," she says, "was much changed in the change of the king; for King Charles was temperate, chaste, and serious, so that the fools and bawds, mimics and

of preventing their too frequent recurrence, are investigated by the philosophic physician, are carried into practical operation by a code of sanitary law, and are sedulously watched over, as one of their most sacred and important public duties, by the government of the country. At home, the health, which is the life of the great mass of the population, is not considered worth a thought, except at times of impending danger, when thought is vain—when the pestilence rages in the midst of us, we run wildly about in search of relief—when, having completed its ravages, it finally disappears from our towns and cities, we are too happy to dismiss it also from our thoughts, and to forget all inquiries as to the means of prevention for the future, in congratulation on our preservation for the present. Our boards of health, hastily and crudely organised in the hour of difficulty and danger, when the danger and difficulty, by the mercy of Divine Providence, have been got over, are immediately dispersed—the fast days and the thanksgiving days have had their day—the contests between the contagionists and the non-contagionists are contagious no longer—the advocates of tar water, and the advocates of hot water, lay down their arms—specifics and the people who recommended specifics are alike forgotten—cajepout oil is a drug in the market, and brandy is no longer consumed under false pretences!

The pestilence is over—but the danger is not; that which has been, may be again—and the best time to escape a danger is surely that, when our judgment is unclouded by the prospect of imminent risk, and we as yet contemplate the danger at a distance.

But the danger never is at a distance. There exists, in great cities, an under-current of pestilence at all times and in all seasons—typhus, for example, is ever at work among us—it is true, at work obscurely, because its ravages are among the obscure—among those who live precariously from day to day, in low, unventilated, and densely populated neighbourhoods, where bad drainage, bad air, bad water, and bad smells, perpetuate the epidemics they originate, and whose miserable inhabitants form the never-failing and ever-dying population of our fever hospitals. We know nothing of this—we see nothing of this; the progress of the sick poor from their miserable “rookeries” to the hospital, and from the hospital to the grave, is silent and unobserved. Let a brace of dukes, however, or a few members of the house of commons, or even an East India director, be carried off, and we begin to hear of the *epidemic*—it then begins to be “dreadful,” “shocking,” and so forth. “To think of the Duke of Doodle—so excellent a man, only seventy-six—being so suddenly cut off!”—and Viscount Noodle, too, in the prime of life—a man equal to two bottles of port a-day—“is dreadful to think of!” The epidemic, dreadful to think of as it is, runs its allotted course, and the popular alarm keeps pace with it—infectants yet unborn, and aged people yet alive, are reported to have died of it—topers are said to be dead, and have a narrow escape of being buried alive, who are discovered, on more minute examination, to have been only dead-drunk—and every soul, without exception, carried off during the epidemic, has been carried off, if you believe your ears, *by* the epidemic—physicians are “looking up,” chemists and druggists in full work—post-horses, moreover, are in demand, and the great world gallops off *en masse* to save itself in the country—while the trading, mercan-

tile, and middling classes, who are compelled to remain, bethink themselves of their unrepented sins, and liberally subscribe for white-wash!

It is impossible to calculate how much human life might be prolonged—not only prolonged, indeed, but, what is of still greater importance, how much the condition of humanity might be improved in great cities—by legislative interference. It is melancholy to reflect how little has, in this respect, been done. One of the first, one of the surest, one of the most practicable methods of ameliorating the condition of the poor, is the amelioration of the habitations of the poor. Take two men; put one into a comfortable cottage—not one of your gimcrack, rose-encircled cottages, constructed to exhibit the taste of the landlord more than to administer to the comfort of the tenant; but a clean, snug, and commodious habitation. Locate the other in a pig-stye: the one will degenerate into a hog, the other will “learn to venerate himself as man.” There is very little reasonable doubt, that if the design of Sir Christopher Wren for rebuilding the city of London, after the great fire, had been adopted, the value of human life in the metropolis would have improved; and it is equally certain that the plan for the regeneration of the city of Westminster, devised by the learned and talented Mr. Bardwell, if carried into effect, would be a good measure of morality as well as of architecture. An avenue carried from the east end of Oxford street through the “rookeries” of St. Giles’s into Holborn, would be a more effectual, safe, and permanent preventive of vice and crime, than if Meux’s Brewery were converted into an enormous penitentiary, and a couple of juvenile thieves were to be suspended *in terrorem* over the principal entrance every morning before breakfast. The making easy, safe, and accessible roads, is the very first element of civilisation, and is no less applicable to the wilderness of London, than to the wilderness of the Mississippi. We venture to hope that the legislature may spare a little time from the squabbles of contending factions, and petty personal triumphs in debate, to devote to carrying out the Report of the Metropolitan Improvements Committee, if it were only for the novelty of the thing. It would be worth a statesman’s while to give his best energies, for once, to objects practically philanthropic, than which nothing can be more so than an attempt to improve the habitations of the poorer classes of the inhabitants of the British Metropolis. We are far from having a desire to undervalue the benevolent exertions of those who labour to relieve the spiritual destitution of the London poor. Their task is a high and holy one, and their intentions must command the respect even of those who doubt the efficacy of their labours. The more we see, however, of human nature, whether in great cities or in the country, the more we are convinced that nothing can be done by the distribution of tracts, for instance, by preaching in the open air, by visiting the poor at their wretched habitations; in comparison with the *moral* predisposition that may be induced by the less direct, but far more efficacious system of improving *first* their temporal condition.

The prime essentials to human existence, in crowded cities, are pure water, pure air, thorough drainage, and thorough ventilation—which last are only applications of the water and the air—and last, though by no means least in importance, the facility of taking exercise within a convenient distance. Thus, every city has its public pulmonary organs—its instruments of popular respira-

tion—as essential to the mass of the citizens as is to individuals the air they breathe. Paris boasts her Boulevards, her gardens of the Tuilleries, her Champs Elysées, and her Bois du Boulogne—Madrid, her far-famed Prado, where the monarch and the meanest of the people assemble to take the air, “their custom always of an afternoon”—Rome, her spacious Corso—Naples, her Mola and Strada di Toledo—and, last, Vienna enjoys her *Glacis*, no longer bristling with artillery, no longer enlivened with the “pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,” but crowded with a peaceful, gay, and happy population. Within our own islands, Dublin recreates her sons in the Phoenix Park, a spot unrivaled in its display of the softer features of rural scenery—Edinburgh rejoices in her King’s Park, to which there is nothing equal for solitary grandeur and romantic seclusion within a like distance of a metropolitan city anywhere to be found—and the mighty modern Babylon pours her pent-up population through the various avenues of her parks. Well, indeed, and happily, have these been designated “THE LUNGS OF LONDON.”

There is not only much matter of historical importance connected with the several parks of London, scattered about in the various statistical books of surveys, but a good deal of material for picturesque description. Why it is that the historical records have not, by some curious inquirer, been collected and arranged, or why the natural and artificial advantages of these charming retreats from the coil and hum of men have not been thought worthy of description, must, I suppose be attributable to our habitual negligence of that which we see every day, and which, by being continually presented to our eyes, takes no hold upon the imagination or the memory, but is, as it were, of itself, a continual picture, and of itself a perpetual record. We are not to be deterred from our proposed feeble attempt at description, by any dread of the suspicion of cockneyism. Nature is beautiful exceedingly, whether in the parish of St. James’s or the parish of St. Kilda; and whatever contributes materially to the recreation and the health of numbers, is, by that circumstance alone, raised above the level of neglect, and has dignity sufficient to demand attention.

The Lungs of London, then, consist of several great divisions or lobes, embracing the west end of the town, and extending round to the northward, commencing, we may say, at the entrance to the Horse Guards, and extending through St. James’s Park, the Green Park, Hyde Park, and Kensington Gardens, forming a continued thoroughfare of several miles, in a direct line towards the northwest. To the north, the Regent’s Park extends from the upper end of that noble avenue, Portland Place, as far as the base of Primrose Hill, with a transverse diameter almost equal to its length, and containing within its circumference between five and six hundred acres of valuable land. This is the northern lobe of the Lungs of London. The eastern side of the city is lamentably destitute of breathing places for the pent-up citizens, as is also the borough of Southwark. Lambeth is somewhat more open; its Bishop’s Walk, affording a pleasing view of the river, and an agreeable promenade of a too limited extent.

The several divisions of the great respiratory organs we have noticed, are worth a distinct consideration; and, as we will understand them better by ocular demonstration, the curious reader

will take his hat and stick. I will be his humble cicerone, and tell him all I know of the history of the parks of our metropolis, as we go along.

(To be continued.)

THE LATE HUGH M'INTOSH,

THE GREAT RAILWAY CONTRACTOR.

The will of Hugh M'Intosh, Esq., late of Bloomsbury Square, in the county of Middlesex, the great railway contractor, whose name is familiar to most of our readers, has just been proved in the Prerogative Court of the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury in Doctors' Commons, by his son, David M'Intosh, and Timothy Tyrrel, Esqs., the executors. The personal property of the deceased is sworn to be under the value of £300,000, and a stamp duty of £3750 has been paid on the probate. The will is contained in one sheet of paper, and, singular to relate, without making any bequest of his property, so that the whole of the immense fortune will go to the widow and children, in the same manner as if he had died intestate, with the exception, that in the event of his having died without a will, the duty to government would have been £5625, consequently saving £1875. The deceased was originally of humble occupation, but by perseverance and industry accumulated the immense fortune which he died possessed of. The whole of the London and Greenwich Railway was built by him, and also the greater portion of the East India Docks. Mr. M'Intosh was a native of Nairnshire. He wrought for some time as a common labourer on the Caledonian canal, and afterwards removed to Lancashire, where he first took small contracts, by which he saved a little money. He then went to London, and was in a short time extensively engaged on the West India Docks. This established his reputation as a contractor of public works, and he soon became a leading man in that department; and by native talent, integrity, enterprise, and industry, he became possessed of the large fortune which he left behind him. His reputation as a public contractor rests on many useful and durable works, both in this country and on the continent; while his kindness of heart is attested in the grateful recollection of many young men whom he assisted by his advice, and in many instances more substantially befriended.

GENIUS WORSHIP.

By W. Thompson, B. A.

THE VESTIBULE.

Matur'd in sleep, its columns form'd of air.
I built a temple, and recalling oft
Its visionary chambers, made me there
A cell for warm heart-worship. Sweet and soft
Comes every thought, what time this fane aloft
Rears up its unsubstantial dome, to greet
The solemn hour of peace, and doubly sweet
In inward calm the tributary lay
To frame, and there, on bended knee, to pay
You homage, O ye Shades! that there united meet.

NICHE FIRST.—SPENCER.

We owe thee much, thou intellectual sire,
Whose offspring, nurtur'd on ambrosial food,
Were very giants. At thy fervent fire
Did many light their torches; what was rude
Became all smoothness; what was evil, good.

And though thy children overtop thine height,
Though their young fame makes pale the ancient light
Of glory that around thee plays, yet still
None seeks thy page without a rapture-thrill—
And still thy volumes old are monuments of might.

NICHE SECOND.—SHAKESPEARE.

Lord of the tear and laugh! how coldly tame
The hymn of one poor voice uprais'd to thee!
Thee, who the praise of all the earth may'st claim.
Nor unregarded Nile, with voice of glee,
Proclaims it to Hymettus constantly.
To the queen-city of the sister hills
In turn he pours it, whilst from her the rills
Of Italy take up the swelling lay,
Which speaking Hadriatic waves convey,
Till each fair scene thou knew'st, with thankful
music thrills.

NICHE THIRD.—MILTON.

To do thee homage worthily, thou bard
Of things above the earth, who dares aspire
To him must fall an union rare and hard,—
Hebrew sublimity and Grecian fire—
Lore of the closet and a silver lyre,
Swept by a hand that from the cope of heaven,
From earth beneath, and ocean wildly driven,
Hath gathered stores of beauty. Say to whom
Yet born, or still within the future's womb,
This combination strange shall e'er again be given.

NICHE FOURTH.—SCOTT.

The very essence of creative health
Breathes its full freshness on thy storied song:
Man—maiden—sprite grow wondrous in the wealth,
Of rapid thought and action: that belong
To all, the lored in good, the steel'd in wrong;
They are the gifts to make a poet's tome
A book of pictures, and to fasten home
The fancy, sick with unsubstantial shade,
With hints of beauty—from her wand'ring, made
Happy with scenes defined, where guided she may
roam.

NICHE FIFTH.—SHELLEY.

On Nature's acts of wonder thou didst gaze,
Ev'n as the full-orb'd infant watches still
A mother's motion; unto thee her ways
Were joy. Thy spirit from the Grecian rill,
Had of a holy madness drunk her fill,
And Plato—lov'd Athenian—lent the bowl
Its deepest treasur'd sweets. Benighted soul!
That so didst fail to learn one truth from him—
To seek, when thought's bewilder'd aisle grew
dim,
The guiding beams that clear round Israel's altar
roll!

NICHE SIXTH.—BYRON.

Least honour'd—yet how fair!—of this bright band!
Whom beckoning glory and the spurs of scorn
Goaded to speed; whom slander from thy land
Of birth, and hate, had mercilessly torn:
Nearest whose vengeful heart was ever worn
An amulet of scorpions, hind'ring still
Incoming kindness or departing ill!
Pierce eloquence, faint promise of amend,
And fiery fancy furnish claim to blend
Thine image with the shades that this calm shelter
fill.

NICHE SEVENTH.—HEMANS.

Sole sister in this constellated group
Of brothers! yet most worthy thou to share
Their stellar brightness, nor condemn'd to stoop
To them, like vision-stars of old. I bear
A scroll of pity from the dark despair
Of Silvio, prison'd in an Austrian cell,
Traced in thy tremulous hand—and oh! too well
It brings to dear remembrance all thy fate,
Thy spirit is the prisoner, and the grate
That girds it, is the world whose chillness none
dispel.

NICHE EIGHTH.—WORDSWORTH.

Thou stand'st, to give her mysteries a voice,
Before the oracle of Nature; thou,
Upon her tripod throned, may'st well rejoice,
And bear a thankful gladness on thy brow,
For loyally thou keep'st thy priestly vow,
And in the accents of simplicity,
When word to thought is link'd, and may not be
Dissever'd without loss, dost summon home
Those who in gewgaw temples straying roam
To Nature's smiling hearth, her roof of majesty.

SCRAPS.

The art of Mosaic work was very general in ancient Greece and this species of magnificence was so *recherche*, that it was used even to ornament ship! Hieron, King of Syracuse, built one, where all the story of the Iliad was represented in small stones! This vessel was the work of Archimedes, and was sent as a present to Ptolemy Philopater. Among other curiosities of this kind, was a grotto decorated with figures in Mosaic. This art came from Greece to Rome, before the war with the Cimbr, according to Pliny; but began to be in vogue only in the time of Sylla.

A NEW JURY.—The following lines are said to have been handed in court, to a beautiful young lady, who was attending a trial at Warwick Assizes:—

Whil'st petty offences and felonies smart,
Is there no jurisdiction for stealing one's heart!
You, fair one, will smile and cry, "Laws I defy
you,"
Assured that no peers can be summoned to try you;
But think not that paltry defence will secure ye,
For the Muses and Graces will just make a jury.

It is an observation suggested by all history—and by none more than by that of James and his successor,—that the religious spirit, when it mingles with faction, contains in it something supernatural and unaccountable; and that, in its operations upon society, effects correspond less to their known causes than is found in any other circumstance of Government—*Hume*, Jac. I. c. 47.

James I. granted licenses to ale houses, &c., by powers given to private patentees.
Bacon was impeached in 1621,—he was fined 40,000 pounds—which was afterwards remitted.

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EDITED BY JOHN SANDERSON, ESQ.

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GEORGE VILLIERS,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

"When this extraordinary man with the figure and genius of Alcibiades, could equally charm the presbyterian Fairfax, and the dissolute Charles; when he alike ridiculed that witty king and his solemn chancellor; when he plotted the ruin of his country with a cabal of bad ministers, or equally unprincipled, supported its cause with bad patriots,—one laments that such parts should have been devoid of every virtue; but when Alcibiades turns chemist; when he is a real bubble and a visionary miser; when ambition is but a frolic; when the worst designs are for the foolish ends, contempt extinguished all reflection on his character.

"The portrait of this duke has been drawn by four masterly hands. Burnet has hewn it out with his rough chisel; Count Hamilton touched it with that slight delicacy that finished while it seems but to sketch; Dryden caught the living likeness; Pope completed the historical resemblance."—*Walpole*.

"In these portraits there are so many traits of resemblance, we may infer they are all from good likenesses.

"He built the finest towers of cards imaginable, and had an agreeable voice. Miss Stuart had no aversion to scandal; and the duke was both the father and mother of scandal; he made songs and invented old women's stories with which she was delighted; but his peculiar talent consisted in turning into ridicule whatever was ridiculous in other people, and in taking them off even in their presence, without their perceiving it; in short he knew how to act all parts, with so much grace and pleasantry, that it was difficult to do without him, when he had a mind to make himself agreeable; and he made himself so necessary to Miss Stuart's amusement that she sent all over town to seek for him, when he did not attend the king to her apartments.

"He was extremely handsome, and still thought himself much more so than he really was; although he had a great deal of discernment, yet his vanity made him often mistake civilities as intended for his person, which were only bestowed on his wit and drollery."—*De Grammont*.

Bishop Burnet says, he "was a man of noble presence. He had a great liveliness of wit, and a peculiar faculty of turning all things into ridicule, with bold figures, and natural descriptions. He had no sort of literature, only that he was drawn for some years into chemistry and thought he was near finding the philosopher's stone. He had no principles of religion, virtue, or friend-

ship,—pleasure, frolic, or extravagant diversion was all that he laid to heart. He was true to nothing, for he was not true to himself. He had no steadiness nor conduct; he could keep no secret, nor execute any design without spoiling it. He could never fix his thoughts, nor govern his estate, though then the greatest in England. He was tied about the king, and for many years he had a great ascendant over him; but he spake of him to all persons with that contempt, that at last he drew a lasting disgrace upon himself. And at last he ruined both body and mind, fortune and reputation equally. The madness of vice appeared in his person in very eminent instances; since at last he became contemptible, and poor, and sickly, and sunk in his parts, as well as in all other respects, so that his conversation was as much avoided as even it had been courted."—*History of his own times*.

Dryden's well known character of him is in these lines.

"In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was every thing by starts and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon
Was chemist, fidler, statesman and buffoon.
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every house employ,
With something new to wish or to enjoy:
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both to show his judgment, in extremes;
So over violent or over civil,
That every man with him was god or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art,
Nothing went unrewarded but desert;
Beggard by fools, whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate;
He laugh'd himself from court, then sought relief,
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief.
Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left."

Absalom and Achitophel.

The last scene of this nobleman's life is thus described by Pope.

"In the worst inn's worst room,
The floors of plaster and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw;
The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies;—alas! how changed from him,
That life of pleasure and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Clieveden's proud alcove
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and Love;
Or just as gay at council, in a ring
Of mimic'd statesmen, and their merry king.

No wit to flatter left of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends."

Moral Essay.

PRINCE RUPERT.

Born with the taste of an uncle whom his sword was not fortunate in defending, Prince Rupert was fond of those sciences which soften and adorn a hero's private hours, and knew how to mix them with his minutes of amusement, without dedicating his life to their pursuit, as those who, wanting capacity for momentous views, make serious study of what is only the transitory occupation of a genius. Had the court of the first Charles been peaceful, how agreeably had the prince's congenial propensity flattered and confirmed the inclination of his uncle! How the muse of arts would have repaid the patronage of the monarch, when, for his first artist she would have presented him with his nephew! How different a figure did the same prince make in a reign of dissimilar complexion! The philosophic warrior who could relax himself into the ornament of a refined court, was thought a savage mechanic, when courtiers were only voluptuous wits. Let me transcribe a picture of Prince Rupert, drawn by a man who was far from having the least portion of wit in that age, who was superior to its indelicacy, and who yet was so overborne by its prejudices that he had the complaisance to ridicule virtue, merit, talents. "He was brave and courageous, even to rashness; but crossgrained and incorrigibly obstinate; his genius was fertile in mathematical experiments, and he possessed some knowledge of chemistry; he was polite even to excess, unseasonably; but haughty, and even brutal, when he ought to have been gentle and courteous; he was tall, and his manners were ungracious; he had a dry hard faced visage, and a stern look, even when he wished to please; but when he was out of humour, he was the true picture of reproof." What a pity that we, who wish to transmit this prince's resemblance to posterity on a fairer canvass, have none of these inimitable colours to efface the harsher likeness! We can but oppose facts to wit, truth to satire. How unequal the princes! yet what these lines cannot do, they may suggest—they may induce the reader to reflect, that if the prince was defective in the transient varnish of a court, he, at least, was adorned by the arts that polish, which can alone make a court attract the attention of subsequent ages.—*Horace Walpole—Catalogue of Engravers, p. 135.*

MUSIC.

The sovereigns of France always patronised the Grand Opera or Academie Royale. Under Napoleon and the Restoration, when its expenses were scarcely half of what they now amount to, the opera derived above 800,000 francs a year from the public treasury and civil list of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. The *matériel* of this opera is valued at 4,000,000 of francs. It is obliged to give 150 representations in the year.

The salary of one singer only now exceeds what the *whole* opera cost a hundred years ago, when the total expense of the *personel*, including singers, dancers, the orchestra, machinists, tailors and dress makers, amounted only to 67,050 livres. At that period a *premier chanteur* was paid 1500 livres per annum, a *premier danseur* 1,000, and a *premiere danseuse* 900—sums for which Taglioni would scorn to perform a *mazurka*, or Ellsler a *cachucha*. Times are indeed wonderfully altered, as regards dramatic emoluments, and foreign *artistes*, although at no period, perhaps, has there been a greater competition in these professions. At no place has the increase been more remarkable than at the Italian opera in London, where under the management of Handel, Lenosino, an Italian singer, had 1,500 guineas for a season, and another, Tassinelli, after a *short* stay in England amassed a fortune, purchased an estate in his native country, and proving at least grateful to the source of his opulence, erected and dedicated a temple in his realms to "English Folly." Yet Lenosino and Tassinelli would have marvelled if they had lived to witness the engagements of Catalani who, as an intelligent lessee of the opera tells us, "exactd terms unparalleled in the annals of foreign extortion." What those terms were we know not precisely, but have every reason to believe they have been much exceeded by those of her fair successors. Malibran in 1829, was engaged at the London Opera, at seventy-five guineas a night with a benefit, and at the Italian Opera at Paris in 1830, at 1,175 francs per night. After three seasons in Paris and two in London, as her biographer tells us, she had accumulated 24,000*l*. In 1833, she was engaged at Drury Lane at 150*l*. per night, and her next engagement at the same house, was at the rate of 3,775*l*. for thirty nights. At Milan, subsequently, her engagement with the Duke Visconte was 420,000 francs with a palace for her residence, a carriage, and a free table, for one hundred and eighty performances. Julia Grisi, as was lately proved before a French court of law, realises about 10,000*l*. a year by her performances and concerts in London and Paris. Rubini is stated by a French print, to have made an income of 4,000*l*. per annum, and it will be no fault of the British public, if his comrades do not thrive equally well after the memorable battle fought and won for one of them in the last season of her Majesty's Theatre. Madame Demoreau Cinti receives, we believe, some 60,000 francs from the Opera Comique, a sum however, not extravagant, when we compare that great singer with the more prosperous *prima donna* of the Italian Opera. Taglioni's receipts at St. Petersburg, Vienna, and London, would perhaps be deemed more extraordinary still, if they could be accurately stated, though they might prove reasonable enough when compared with what the New World is yielding to Fanny Ellsler, who is stated to have been engaged for Havana at the rate of 4000*l*. for one month of salutation. After these details the emoluments of the singers

now in vogue in Italy need not surprise. According to a statement just published on the continent, they are as follows:—Mariani (who lately demanded 6,000*l*. for a season at Paris, 24,000*l*.; Salvi, 2,000*l*.; Donzelli, 2,800*l*.; Riena, Poggi, and Pendazzi, from 1200*l*. to 1600*l*.; Rouconi and Marini, about 1800*l*.; Mesdames Straponi, Schoberlechner, and Rouzi, 2000*l*.; Madame Marini, 1400*l*.; Mademoiselle Francilla Pixis, 1600*l*.; and Madame Ungher, 2800*l*.

Composers have their due share in the golden patronage which the 19th century has extended to the lyric drama. Rosini leads a melancholy life at Bologna, with an income rated at 4000*l*.; Meyerbeer must have, by his compositions, added a large revenue to the one he has derived from a wealthy father. If Doniretti, with his prolific pen and present vogue, be not on the high road to fortune, it must be his own fault.—*Foreign Quarterly*.

TIME.

I saw a child whose youthful cheek
Glow'd with health's golden bloom,
And light did from his young eyes break,
And his sweet face illumine:
The song he sang was "Dance! prepare
To tread a measure light!"
And his hand held a mirror, where
The Sun was imaged bright:
On wings as swift as love's he flew,
Blushing like morning's prime;
And flowers across his path he threw,
And that child's name was Time.

I saw a man, whose ample brow
Was furrow'd deep with care;
And now despair, and rapture now,
By turns were pictured there:
The song he sang was "Heap and hoard,
And scale Ambition's height,"
And his hand grasp'd a keen-edged sword
Of majesty and might.
Around him throng'd a numerous train,
Wealth, Fame, and Power sublime:
While his breast swell'd with fancies vain,
And his name too was Time.

I saw an aged, shrivell'd form,
With hollow eyes and blind;
He crouch'd beneath the pelting storm,
And shook with every wind.
His song was "Life's fair tree is fell'd,
It yields before the blast;"
And his lean hand an hour-glass held,
Whose sands were ebbing fast.
Across his path dark phantoms roved,
Of Age, and Want, and Crime,
His wings seem'd clipt, yet swift he moved,
And still his name was Time.

Oh! how Time changes! and man too,
Doth with the Wizard change;
Borrow his every form and hue,
And in his footsteps range;
And now his mirror, now his sword,
And now his hour-glass seize:
Thou fool! why is thy mind still stored
With trifles such as these?
Spurn this world for a better home,
Where his wings cannot soar;
Where chance and change shall never come,
And Time shall be no more!

Rosini, who has been for two or three years in Italy, has expressed in a letter, his earnest desire to visit Paris, in order, says the great composer, "that I may once again hear an Italian Opera, which I despair of doing till I return to your city."—*Foreign Quarterly*.

THE LUNGS OF LONDON.

Follow me, if you please, sir, through this little gate—take care of the steps—there are exactly six—now, give me your arm—this is the Birdcage Walk—that classic structure to our left, the military chapel—to the right you see Storey's Gate—immediately in the rear are "our chambers," and exactly in front, half hidden by its own umbrageous foliage, is the charming enclosure—step this way—the charming enclosure of

ST. JAMES'S PARK.

When I enter this park, my notions of government, let me tell you, become highly monarchical. I touch my hat to the memory of our kings who devised and confirmed to us these places of harmless recreation, and am more and more established in my contempt for your close-fisted, shabby, commercial republicans, who, if they got their greasy paws upon this place once again, would cut down the timber, (as they did before,) steal the ducks, and sell the grounds by auction. Brother Jonathan, when he takes a stroll this way, forgets, for at least five minutes, to boast his "free and independent" citizenship, and begins to think that kings and queens, after all, are not quite so black as they are painted! For this park, and the pleasure it affords us, we are indebted to our monarchs—let us enjoy their munificent gift and be thankful. Let us remember that the citizens have never planted a shrub for our recreation—that they have never set apart an acre of their corporation lands to give us, our wives, and our children, a mouthful of fresh air; let us never forget that they have shut up the noble Thames,

"Deep and yet clear—though gentle yet not dull;
Strong without rage—without o'erflowing full;"

for the mere lucre of gain, although the sight of it, the lord mayor and aldermen know in their hearts, is light to a Londoner's eyes, and music to his ears. Let us never forget that the legislature treated Mr. Buckingham's bill, for the establishment of public walks near great towns, with almost silent contempt; and although they pass I know not how many enclosure bills every session, it was not without much unseemly debate that they were prevailed upon to grant, for the recreation of the commoners, thus dispossessed without compensation of their immemorial inheritance, as much of the land enclosed as you could whip a cat in. Then, again, as to private individuals, as little or less, if less were possible, is to be expected from them;—an attempt is fresh within our recollection of the lord of the manor of Hampstead to enclose the heath, which, owing to the vigilance of an honest independent member of parliament, was crushed in the bud. Primrose Hill, too, was marked out for enclosure by some of the joint-stock "sack-em-up" companies, for the purpose of being converted into a second-hand coffin manufactory, or something of that sort; this scheme went to the right-about, and a man may still forget his cares and troubles, as well as bring home a week's stock of unbought health, from a morning or evening stroll, to dear, delightful, rural Primrose Hill. No thanks, however, to lord mayors, aldermen, or citizens for this—no thanks to either house of parliament—no thanks to lords of manors, who would enclose the sun of heaven himself, if they could let out his rays at so much a year; such is the selfish love of lucre—natural, I had almost said, to man, in an artificial state of society like ours, at least a second nature, which makes his interest the

catamites, of the former court, grew out of fashion; and the nobility and courtiers, who did not quite abandon their debaucheries, had yet that reverence to the king, to retire into corners to practise them."

The amusements of Charles were such as conferred honour on genius, and gave encouragement to virtue and the arts. There is no writer of the period whose productions are not more decent than those of either the preceding or subsequent reigns. Walpole, who hated equally the king and his politics, in a passage not unworthy of the occasion, has at least done justice to his taste, and the high refinement of his court. "During the prosperous state of the king's affairs, the pleasures of the court were carried on with much taste and magnificence. Poetry, painting, music and architecture, were all called in to make them rational amusements; and I have no doubt but the celebrated festivals of Louis the Fourteenth, were copied from the shows exhibited at Whitehall, in its time the most polite court in Europe. Ben Jonson was the laureat; Inigo Jones, the inventor of the decorations; Laniere and Ferasbosco composed the symphonies; the king, the queen, and the young nobility danced in the interludes." To the names given by Walpole, we may add those of Milton and Selden. The "Masque of Comus," written by the former, and the scenic contrivances of the latter, may afford some conception of the rational amusements of the court of Charles. Marshal Bassompierre mentions his state introduction to Charles and Henrietta:—"I found the king," he says, "on a stage raised two steps, the queen and he in two chairs, who rose at the first bow I made them on coming in. *The company was magnificent, and the order exquisite.*" This was a high compliment from the most elegant man in Europe, and perhaps, the best judge of his time as to the merits of such a scene.

Among the Strafford Letters we find numerous allusions to the amusements of the court of Charles as described to the Earl of Strafford by his amusing correspondent Mr. Garrard. On the 9th of January, 1633, the latter writes: "I never knew a duller Christmas than we had at court this year, but one play all the time at Whitehall, and no dancing at all. The queen had some little infirmity, the bile, or some such thing, which made her keep in; only on Twelfth Night she feasted the king at Somerset House, and presented him with a play, newly studied, 'The Faithful Shepherdess,' which the king's players acted in the robes she and her ladies acted their pastoral in last year. I had almost forgot to tell your lordship, that the dicing night the king carried away in James Palmer's hat, 1650. The queen was his half, and brought him that luck; she shared presently 900*l.* There are two masques in hand, the first of the Inns of Court, which is to be presented on Candlemas day, the other the king presents the queen with on Shrove Tuesday, at night. High expenses; they speak of 20,000*l.* that it will cost the men of the law."

Again, Mr. Garrard writes to the earl on the 27th of February following:—"On Monday after Candlemas day, the gentlemen of the Inns of Court presented their masque at court: there were sixteen in number, who rode through the streets in four chariots, and two others to carry their pages and musicians, attended by an hundred gentlemen on great horses, as well clad as I ever saw any: they far exceeded in beauty any masque that had formerly been presented by those societies, and performed the dancing part

with much applause. In their company there was one Mr. Read, of Gray's Inn, whom all the women and some men cried up for as handsome a man as the Duke of Buckingham."

It may be interesting to insert the dramatic personæ of one of those celebrated masques, once the glory of Whitehall. The following is the court "play bill," at the performance of the Cæsum Britannicum, of which Carew, one of the most elegant of love poets, was the author, and Inigo Jones the inventor and director of the machinery.

The names of the Masques.

The King's Majesty; Duke of Lennox; Earl of Devonshire; Earl of Holland; Earl of Newport; Earl of Elgin; Viscount Grandison; Lord Rich; Lord Fielding; Lord Digby; Lord Dunbarvon; Lord Dunctus; Lord Wharton; Lord Paget; Lord Saltoun.

The names of the young Lords and Noblemen's Sons.

Lord Walden, Lord Cranborn, Lord Brackley, Lord Chandos, Mr. William Herbert, Mr. Thomas Howard, Mr. Thomas Egerton, Mr. Charles Cavendish, Mr. Robert Howard, Mr. Henry Spencer.

Even the political misfortunes, which began to press upon Charles, could not altogether destroy his interest in the fine arts; and though their splendour had certainly somewhat faded, his favourite masques continued still to be a source of enjoyment. Algernon, Earl of Northumberland, in a letter to his sister, the Countess of Leicester, dated 5th December, 1639, thus writes: "The king and queen have begun to practise their masque: a company of worse faces did I never see assembled than the queen hath gotten together upon this occasion, not one new woman amongst them. My Lady Carnarvon conditioned before she would promise to be of the masques, that it should not be danced upon a Sunday, for she is grown so devout by conversing with my Lord Powis and the Doctor, that now she will neither dance nor see a play upon the Sabbath. I assure you their majesties are not less busy now than formerly you have seen them at the like exercise."*

Charles was not only well informed in all matters of court etiquette, and in the particular duties of each individual of his household, but enjoined their performance with remarkable strictness. Ferdinando Masham, one of the esquires of his body, has recorded a curious anecdote relative to the king's nice exaction of such observances:—"I remember," he says, "that coming to the king's bedchamber door, which was bolted on

* Collins's Memorials, vol. ii. p. 621. In a letter of the time it is said, "The Masquing House is nearly ready, and 1400*l.* is appointed for the charge of a masque at Twelfth Night." *Collins's Memorials*, vol. ii. p. 531.—Mr. D'Israeli says, "The fullest account I have found of one of these entertainments, which at once show the curiosity of the scenical machinery and the fancy of the poet, the richness of the crimson habits of the gentlemen, and the white dresses, with white herons' plumes and jewelled head dresses, and ropes of pearls, of the ladies, was in a manuscript letter of the time, with which I supplied the editor of Jonson, who has preserved the narrative in his memoirs of that poet." "Such were the magnificent entertainments," says Mr. Gifford, in his introduction to Massinger, "which, though modern refinement may affect to despise them, modern splendour never reached, even in thought."—*Curr. of Lit.* vol. v. p. 923.

the inside, the late Earl of Bristol, then being in waiting and lying there, he unbolted the door upon my knocking, and asked me, 'What news?'—I told him I had a letter for the king. The earl then demanded the letter of me, which I told him I could deliver to none but the king himself: upon which the king said,—'The esquire is in the right; for he ought not to deliver any letter or message to any but myself, he being at this time the chief officer of my house; and if he had delivered the letter to any other, I should not have thought him fit for his place.'" It seems that, after a certain hour, when the guard was set, and the "All-night" served up, the royal household was considered under the sole command of the esquire in waiting.* "The king," says Lord Clarendon, "kept state to the full, which made his court very orderly, no man presuming to be seen in a place where he had no pretence to be."

Although Charles formed many friendships from among his own subjects, he never lost sight of the dignity of his own station, and was peculiarly tenacious of any undue familiarity when the license emanated not from himself. When in the west of England, during the civil troubles, Dr. Thomas Wykes, Dean of Burien in Cornwall, an inveterate punster, happening to be riding near him, extremely well mounted,—"Doctor," said the king, "you have a pretty nag under you; pray how old is he?" Wykes, unable to repress, even in the presence of majesty, the indifferent conceit which presented itself;—"If it please your majesty," he said, "he is in the second year of his reign" (rein). Charles discovered some displeasure at this unlicensed ribaldry. "Go," he replied, "you are a fool."

Though kind and considerate to those about him, the manners of Charles, unfortunately for himself, were by nature far from either graceful or conciliating; and considering the peculiar period in which he lived, and how influential is the well-timed civility of a king, the deficiency was a real misfortune. It was afterwards said of his son, Charles the Second, that he denied favours with more grace than his father bestowed them.

The unfavourable impression conveyed by the manners of Charles, was owing, in a great degree, to a natural impediment in his speech. At times he stammered so painfully that it was with difficulty he could bring out a word. This infirmity would seem to have been hereditary, for his father's tongue is described as being too large for his mouth, and Charles himself was unable to speak till he was four years old. It is remarkable that this imperfection left him at his trial, and that he addressed his inhuman judges on that memorable occasion with extraordinary fluency

* Pegges's Curialia, vol. i. part 1, p. 23. Charles was probably well aware, of what modern wisdom seems inclined to forget, that the vulgar are easily caught by appearances, and that the *trappings* of monarchy are in no slight degree its supporters. We naturally call to mind an anecdote, related by Walpole, of the conduct of a certain Spanish ambassador who abandoned a Congress because he was unable to obtain precedence over the French deputy. On his return to his own court, he waited on the king and explained his conduct. "What!" said the indignant monarch, "could you think of abandoning such an important business for the sake of a ceremony!" The ambassador piqued at the reflection, answered with great spirit: "A ceremony! What is your majesty yourself but a ceremony!" It may be remarked that Sir Henry Wotton used wittily to define an ambassador, as "a man sent abroad to tell lies for the good of his country."

and ease. Lilly, who heard him, authenticates the fact.

There was undoubtedly, however, in Charles, a want of tact in his general address, as well as an impediment in his speech. This defect of manner will, perhaps, be best exemplified by the following lively passage, which occurs in a letter from the Countess Leicester to her husband, when the latter was ambassador at Paris: it is dated 14th March, 1636:—"Since my coming to town, I have been twice at the court, because I did not see the king the first time, but from the queen I received then expectations of her favour to you: the elector also made me some compliments concerning you, much handsomer than I expected from him. In his majesty, I found an inclination to show me some kindness, but he could not find the way; at last he told me, that he perceived I was too kind to my husband when he was with me, which kept me lean, for he thought me much fatter than I used to be. This short speech was worse to me than an absolute silence, for I blushed, and was so extremely out of countenance, that all the company laughed at me."

The learning and accomplishments of Charles were of no ordinary kind. He was an excellent mathematician; well read in the history and laws of his country, and had studied divinity as deeply as any of his contemporaries. He perfectly understood the French, Spanish, and Italian languages, and was conversant with and appreciated the classics. He had studied carefully the arts and manufactures, and himself observed, that he believed he could earn his livelihood by any one of them except "weaving in tapestry." He said at another time, that, were he compelled to make choice of a profession, he would not be a lawyer:—"I could not," he added, "defend a bad cause, nor yield in a good one." His conference with Henderson, and especially his negotiation with the parliamentary commissioners, on which latter occasion he combated, unaided, the arguments of some of the wisest men in England, afford high proof of the vigour of his intellect and the depth of his scholastic knowledge. The highest compliment ever paid to the mental powers of Charles, proceeds from his adversary Henderson himself. This famous disputant and theologian,—this gifted presbyterian, on whose controversial genius the hopes of thousands of enthusiasts were fixed,—who was to have annihilated the arguments of his sovereign, and to have made him a convert to presbyterianism,—thus speaks of the illustrious antagonist, over whose arguments and principles he had anticipated an easy conquest:—"I do declare before God and the world, whether in relation to kirk or state, I found his majesty the most intelligent man that ever I spoke with; as far beyond my expression as expectation. I profess that I was oftentimes astonished with the solidity and quickness of his reasons and replies, wondered how he, spending his time in sports and recreations, could have attained to so great knowledge; and must confess, that I was convinced in conscience, and knew not how to give him any reasonable satisfaction; yet the sweetness of his disposition is such, that whatsoever I said was well taken. I must say that I never met with any disputant of that mild and calm temper, which convinced me that such resolution and moderation could not be without an extraordinary measure of the Divine grace. I dare say if his advice had been followed, all the blood that is shed, and all the rapine that is committed, should have been prevented." Charles, like his

father, held literature in great respect. On one occasion, when with the army at Oxford, he sent to the Bodleian library to borrow a book. He was told that by the rules of the institution, no book was permitted to be lent out of the library. Instead of persisting in his request, he went instantly to the Bodleian, and examined personally the volume he required.

Charles, among his other accomplishments, is said to have been a painter; and it has even been affirmed that Rubens corrected some of his drawings. That great artist, in one of his letters, mentions as one of his chief inducements to visit England, that he has been credibly informed the prince of that country is the best judge of art in Europe.

Few of our kings have had the least perception of the beautiful. Charles the First is undoubtedly the only monarch of this country to whom the arts may be considered as under an obligation. His collection of statues, paintings, models, and antiquities, must have been superb in the extreme; and but for the interruption of the civil troubles, and the tasteless devastation which followed, the cabinet of the court of England would still have been the envy of the polite world. Besides objects of taste, such as had descended to him from former monarchs, he had himself collected for many years with vast labour and expense. He had added to his gallery of pictures the entire cabinet of the Duke of Mantua, considered the most splendid in Europe. The price of paintings on the continent rose, it is affirmed, to double their value, in consequence of a competition between Charles and Philip the Fourth of Spain, another royal collector. It has even been asserted, that Charles was once on the point of an agreement with Vandyke, that, for the immense sum of eighty thousand pounds, he should adorn the walls of the banqueting house at Whitehall with the ceremonies of the order of the garter. Such a building, embellished by such an artist, would indeed have been the glory of Europe. The banqueting house, however, in the reign of Charles, was decorated with some of his choicest pictures; and we find him refusing to permit one of the queen's favourite masques to be performed in it, lest the lights should damage the collection: the incident, however trifling, is a proof of his care for the arts.

We have several other evidences of the taste and refinement of Charles. At Mortlake he patronised a manufacture of tapestry, which, but for the age of barbarism which followed, might have rivaled the boasted Gobelins of Paris. He delighted in the company of learned men, and in their society is said to have been more social and at his ease than on any other occasion. He loved and understood music, and was himself a pupil of Cooper's, and performed on the viol di gamba. He was a friend of the poets, especially of Ben Jonson, and of May, the translator of Lucan. Milton speaks of Shakspeare as the "closet companion of his solitudes."

To the patriots and avengers of 1648 we are indebted for the loss of the magnificent collection of Charles. It is to be regretted that the conductors of popular convulsions have been rarely men of refinement. The year before the death of Charles, his splendid effects, his unique cabinet, the delight of his leisure hours, were directed by the parliament to be sold. Some ignorant individuals, who styled themselves commissioners, were appointed the appraisers. The inventory took a year in drawing up, and the collection three years in selling. The catalogue is pre-

served among the Harleian MSS., and is entitled, "An Inventory of the Goods, Jewels, Plate, &c., belonging to King Charles I. sold by order of the Council of State from the year 1649 to 1652."

Each article or lot had its price previously fixed, and nothing could exceed the gross barbarity and want of taste in the valuation. This Gothic insensibility and ignorance, however, mattered little; for except a slight occasional competition, the price given seldom exceeded the appraisement. It is curious to discover what in those days was considered the value of pictures, which are now deservedly regarded as beyond price. The celebrated cartoons of Raphael were valued at only £300, and what is more remarkable were "knocked down" without a purchaser. The six following pictures alone brought a price which could be considered as equivalent to their worth.

A Sleeping Venus, by Corregio, sold for 1,000l.—A Madonna, by Raphael, 2,000l.—A Picture, by Julio Romano, 500l.—A Madonna and Christ, by Raphael, 800l.—A Venus and Pard, by Titian, 600l.

The following have been mentioned as remarkable for the insignificant sums at which they were purchased.

The Woman taken in adultery, by Rubens, 20l.—Peace and Plenty, by Rubens, 100l.—Venus attired by the Graces, by Guido, 200l.*

The Duke of Buckingham and his brother, one of the finest efforts of Vandyke, was valued at 30l. and sold for 50l. Christ, the Virgin, and "many Angels dancing," by Vandyke, was also only valued at 40l. Walpole informs us, that his father afterwards gave 700l. for this picture, and that it had been previously twice sold for upwards of 1,000l. Titian's pictures were generally appraised at 100l. But the valuation of the following list is really ludicrous.

King Edward III. with a great curtain before it, 4l.—A Portrait of Buchanan, 3l. 10s.—Queen Elizabeth, in her robes, 1l.—The Queen Mother, in mourning, 3l.—The King, when a Boy, 2l.—Picture of the Queen, when with child, 5s.

The valuable collection of coins sold, on the average, at about a shilling a-piece. The pictures, together with the furniture of *nineteen* palaces which had belonged to Charles, and the remains of the jewels and plate which had not already been sold for the maintenance of the royal cause, fetched the comparatively trifling

* The following account of various sums, paid by Charles I. to Vandyke and Rubens, will, doubtless, be considered as curious.

"To Sir Anthony Vandyck, for divers pictures, viz. our own royal portraiture; another of Monsieur, the French King's brother; and particular of the Archduchess, at length, at 25l. a-piece. One of our royal consort; another of the Prince of Orange; and another of their son, at half-length, at 20l. a-piece. One great piece of our royal self, consort, and children, 100l. One of the Emperor Vetellius, 30l.; and for mending the picture of the Emperor Galbus, 5l.

To Sir Anthony Vandyck, 444l. for nine pictures of our royal self, and most dearest consort the queen; 40l. for the picture of our dearest consort the queen, by him made, and by our command delivered unto our right trusty and well-beloved cousin and counsellor, the Lord Viscount Wentworth, our Deputy of Ireland.

"To Sir Peter Rubens, Knight, 3,000l. for certain pictures from him sold unto us."—*Issue Roll of Thomas de Brantingham. Introduction. London, 1835.*

† Granger incidentally mentions the number of the king's palaces as *twenty-four*. Including the old Scottish palaces, they probably amounted to even more than this number.

sum of one hundred and eighteen thousand and eighty pounds, ten shillings and sixpence.

It has been remarked as a singular circumstance, that a sale so magnificent, and so extensive as to occupy three years in its accomplishments, should have failed in exciting a greater degree of attention in foreign princes. This apathy, however, may in some degree have originated in feelings of delicacy. Lord Clarendon mentions incidentally, that some of the king's pictures, as well as the rich furniture of his palaces, were *privately* purchased by the Spanish envoys for their master. The unsettled state of the public mind in England may account for the want of taste displayed in our own country upon this melancholy occasion. Those who had alike the mind to appreciate and the power to purchase, had been displaced by those who had neither. It may here be remarked, that some idle toys, obtained probably for the amusement of Henrietta, or the decoration of her apartments, were purchased at large prices, while, as we have already seen, the works of the first artists were valued at sums which, in these days, would scarcely exceed the annual interest of their purchase-money.

CHAPTER VI.

The history of the civil wars has been recounted in more than one painfully interesting narrative, and is so familiar to the reader, that repetition would be but tedious and unprofitable. Nevertheless, in a work professedly devoted to private history, it is impossible to pass over in silence so remarkable a period in the personal history of Charles as his captivity and his death.

The battle of Naseby was decisive to the fortunes of Charles, and from henceforward he virtually ceased to be a king. It was at the close of this action that he is said to have ridden along the ranks, animating his men with his voice and hand, and imploring them not to desert him in his need: "One charge more," he exclaimed, "and we recover the day." His courage, indeed, has never been called in question, even by his most furious maligners, and on more than one occasion elicited the admiration of even his enemies. During the course of the civil struggles, that courage had ever appeared as eminent on the field of battle, as it afterwards shone illustrious on the scaffold. But now, surrounded by enemies on all sides, he retired to Oxford, which had been faithful to him during every change, and where, for the last time, he was regarded and respected as a free monarch. But Fairfax was fast approaching with a victorious army. The prospect of being led away captive by his own subjects: the thought of their triumphant shouts; of becoming the dependant of absurd enthusiasts and ruined projectors, was too humiliating to endure. Accordingly, though not till Fairfax was within three days' march of Oxford, the king decided on flight. But even at the moment of departure he had scarcely made up his mind which way to turn, or in what friend to trust;—whether to proceed to London, or to throw himself on the generosity of the Scottish army. About a month before he quitted Oxford, he addressed a letter to Lord Digby, in which is the following characteristic passage: "I desire you," says the high-minded monarch, "to assure all my friends, that *if I cannot live as a king I shall die like a gentleman*, without doing that which may make honest men blush for me."

Charles selected but two individuals as the companions of his flight. These were his faithful follower Ashburnham, and Dr. Hudson, a clergyman, who was intimately acquainted with the features and by-parts of the country through which the fugitives must necessarily pass. The king himself was disguised as the servant of Ashburnham. On the night of the 27th of April, 1646, orders having been given at the different gates of the town to allow to three persons a free pass, Charles proceeded over Magdalen Bridge, and commenced his sorrowful journey. The principal reliance of the fugitives was in an old pass which they had procured from an officer of the royal army, and which afterwards proved of the greatest assistance. Even at their first stage, Dorchester in Oxfordshire, where a troop of dragoons were quartered, they escaped examination by its means.

From Dorchester they proceeded, by way of Henley and Maidenhead, as near to London as Brentford, where Charles again hesitated as to the expediency of throwing himself on the honour of the parliament, and the loyalty of the citizens. At Benson, they had been closely questioned by a party of horse, but Ashburnham asserting they belonged to the commons, they were again allowed to proceed. One circumstance caused them great annoyance: a soldier in Ireton's regiment had actually joined company, and proceeded with them from Netlebed as far as Slough. This man, perceiving the liberal manner in which Hudson distributed money to the guards, turned to the king, whom (being dressed as a servant and having a saddlebag before him,) he naturally regarded as his equal, and inquired if his master was of the house of lords? Charles answered calmly, that his master was merely of the lower house.

At Brentford, they turned their faces towards the north, and after some stay at Harrow on the Hill, came to Uxbridge, where they deceived another guard with their pass. At Hillingdon, a village near that town, they remained about three hours; and here the king endured another painful conflict, as to whether he should proceed further northward, or return to London and throw himself on the generosity of his subjects. After a severe struggle, it was decided, however, that they should prosecute their original intention, and they therefore proceeded cautiously towards St. Albans. In passing through that town they were encountered by an "old man with a halbert," who inquired to what party they belonged! Hudson told him to the parliament, and throwing him a sixpence they again proceeded on their way. But they had scarcely left St. Albans above a mile behind them, when they perceived a horseman galloping towards them at his utmost speed. Charles and Ashburnham, in some consternation, turned out of the direct road, while Hudson faced about to meet the suspicious person. It proved, however, to be merely a drunken cavalier, who passed on his way without taking any notice of the party, or even of the salutation of Hudson, who civilly greeted him. From hence the king proceeded through Ladbrough in Leicestershire, Stamford Downham in Norfolk, (near which place he passed the night at a common village inn,) and at length arrived at Newark, where he formally delivered himself to Lord Leven, the general of the Scottish army. It may be remarked, that it was nine days after his quitting Oxford, before the parliament received the least intimation of the king's proceedings. They were naturally much discomposed at his flight, and had

issued a proclamation, threatening instant death to whoever should harbour the royal fugitive.

Charles ere long had sufficient reason to repent the step which he had taken. He neither experienced that attachment from the Scots which he had anticipated, nor even that ordinary respect which misfortune had a right to claim. His person was closely guarded, and he was refused all communication and correspondence with those who were dear to him; while, at the same time, he was daily insulted by pulpit insolence, or wearied by pulpit absurdity. One would have thought that afflicted majesty,—that the extreme of human misfortune,—a monarch deprived of his throne, his freedom, and his children, might have been compassionated under any circumstances, and might even have claimed respect from political zealots or the wildest of religious fanatics. But the surly and acrimonious covenanters were as devoid of humanity as they were of taste, and the captive and traduced monarch was daily insulted by their unfeeling exhortations and pious barbarity. Among other instances of his being personally affronted by these zealots, the following is well known. In the very presence of the persecuted monarch, one of their preachers had appointed, as part of the service of the day, the psalm which commences,

"Why dost thou, tyrant, boast thyself,
Thy wicked deeds to praise?"

As soon as the words were given out, the king rose from his seat, and calmly proposed to substitute the psalm, which thus begins,

"Have mercy, Lord, on me I pray,
For men would me devour."

The congregation kindly sided with Charles, and sang the more appropriate version.

From the time of that great national stain, the iniquitous sale of his person by the Scottish army, till we find him a prisoner of the parliament in his own house at Holdenby, there is little remarkable in the king's personal history. The tidings of that atrocious transfer, and the proposed change of keepers, were first communicated to him by letter. He was amusing himself at chess at the time: but so far was he from being agitated at the important change which awaited him, that he continued the game with the same apparent interest, and the same undisturbed placidity of manner.

Holdenby, or Holmby House, in Northamptonshire, was one of his own *nineteen* palaces, where he had passed some of the happiest moments of his youth. When Duke of York, it had been purchased for him by his mother, Anne of Denmark, who little anticipated that it would hereafter become the prison of her favourite child. It had originally been built by Lord Chancellor Hatton, and shortly after receiving the last visit of Charles, was pulled down by a decree of the parliament. During his journey to this place, Charles was received with every show of affection, and sometimes even with enthusiasm by his subjects. On his arrival we are told, "very many country gentlemen, gentlewomen, and others of ordinary rank, stood ready there to welcome the king, with joyful countenances and prayers."*

* Herbert, p. 45.—"It is noteworthy," says Herbert, "that through most parts where his majesty passed, some out of curiosity, but most (it may be presumed) for love, flocked to behold him, and accompanied him with acclamations of joy, and with their prayers for his preservation; and, that not any of the

At Holmby his situation was somewhat improved. There was at least the appearance of a court; he was allowed the services of persons whom he could trust, and the society of those whom he loved. It is remarkable, too, that the parliamentary commissioners waited on him with all due observance at his meals. In order to defray in part his household expenses at this period, according to a proposition of the committee of revenue, dated 5th February, 1647, the communion plate at Whitehall was sacrilegiously melted. The committee report to the house of commons, that the "vestry plate, hitherto set upon the altar of his majesty's chapel at Whitehall," consists as follows:

A paire of great candlesticks, two gilt layres, one gilt shipp, a square basonn and fountaine, two gilt vases, a silver rodd.

Charles, though restricted in liberty, was not altogether deprived of amusement:—and no man could have greater resources in himself. In the mornings he either rode out on horseback, or paced up and down the gravel walks at Holmby. He was a fast walker, and the Earl of Pembroke, the "memorable simpleton," who was generally forced upon him as his companion, had some difficulty in keeping pace with him in the exercise. Bowls was a game in which Charles had ever taken great pleasure; and as there was no bowling-green at Holmby, he constantly rode over, either to Althorp or Harrowden, (the latter a house of Lord Vaux,) where he might divert himself with his favourite amusement. The commissioners were commonly his companions in the sport. It would be difficult to imagine a more remarkable scene than that of the recent competitors for sovereignty becoming peaceful rivals in such a homely diversion.

In one of his excursions to Harrowden, he encountered, under peculiar circumstances, the face of an old friend. During the period Charles was a prisoner of the Scots at Newcastle, he had despatched a faithful adherent, Major Bosville, to Paris, with an important letter to the queen. Bosville, having obtained a reply, continued several days lurking in the neighbourhood of Holmby, before an opportunity offered of delivering his despatch. Three nights he spent at the meanest cottages, and twice slept under furze bushes in the open air. At last, disguised as a countryman, and with a fishing rod in his hand, seizing an opportunity of the king riding over a narrow bridge, he surreptitiously placed the important document in his majesty's hands. Unfortunately the commissioners witnessed the movement; but Charles told them it was merely a letter from the queen, containing a recommendation that the prince should serve in the French army during the next campaign. Bosville was afterwards examined by the wary commissioners, but whether he suffered for his loyalty does not appear. The gallant soldier, it seems, had made up his mind to force the letter into the hands of Charles, even though he should be surrounded by the parliamentary guards, and with their pistols pointed at his head.

Many similar attempts at communicating with the captive monarch were prevented by the watch-

troopers, who guarded the king gave those country people any check or disturbance, as the king passed, that could be observed, a civility his majesty was well pleased with." *Herbert*, vol. v. p. 14. Heath says, that he was "gratulated all the way to Holmby by the people, as in a progress."—*Chron. of the Civil Wars*, p. 128.

fulness of the parliament. One Mary Cave, of a decent family at Stanford, had been enlisted in the royal cause, and had engaged to deliver a letter to the king. She happened to be acquainted with the landlady of one of the parliamentary captains, who was at that time employed as a guard over his sovereign. The landlady had requested the officer to obtain, for her young friend, the honour of kissing the king's hand, to which the latter had good naturedly consented. But in the mean time the landlady had acquainted her husband with the design, which the man, unwilling to risk a discovery, immediately imparted to the captain. The young lady, coming unsuspectingly to Holmby on the day appointed for her interview with the king, was instantly seized, and by order of the commissioners underwent a strict search. Fortunately nothing was discovered on her person, but some days afterwards an important letter was found behind the hangings of the room, which it was supposed, during her investigation, she had ingeniously contrived to conceal.

What greatly distressed the king was, his being denied not only the attendance of his domestic chaplains, but even all intercourse whatever with the ministers of his own church. He had twice addressed a solemn appeal to the parliament on this subject, and though the house of lords showed every inclination to gratify him, the commons sternly withheld their consent. Offers of ghostly assistance, indeed, were constantly made to him by the puritan preachers, who were in attendance on the commissioners. These people, among other intrusions, were ever hovering about the royal table, with the object of pronouncing the benediction; but Charles always said the grace himself, and sometimes even in an audible voice. "The parliament," says Neal, "appointed two of their clergy, Mr. Caryl and Mr. Marshall, to preach in the chapel, morning and afternoon, on the Lord's day, and to perform the devotions of the chapel on week days; but his majesty never gave his attendance. He spent his Sundays in private, and though they waited at table, he would not do so much as admit them to ask a blessing." He was, however, invariably civil to his persecutors, and though himself refraining from being present at their hours of worship, he laid no restraint on his attendants.

But an act of oppression, which shortly followed, sunk far more deeply into the heart of Charles. One day the commissioners waited on him in a body, and, acquainting him with the spirit of some new instructions which they had received, requested him, with great apparent humility, to dismiss, with only two exceptions, the loyal and affectionate servants who had been long attached to his person. Two of the grooms of the bed chamber, Maxwell and Mawle, to whom were afterwards added Harrington and Sir Thomas Herbert, were alone permitted to attend him in future. At dinner the same day, when the faithful train came as usual to wait on him, he informed them of what had passed, and added that they must hereafter cease to regard him as their master. The scene which ensued was affecting in the extreme. They offered up the most fervent prayers for the king's safety and happiness, and after respectively kissing his hand, retreated with all the expressions of the most poignant distress. Charles himself was so much moved, that he retired to his bed-chamber, and giving orders that no one should intrude on his privacy, spent the remainder of the day in solitude and grief.

It is remarkable that neither misery nor confinement had the least effect on the health of Charles, and that during the whole period of his sufferings he never once had need of a physician. This was, no doubt, owing in a great measure to the abstemiousness of his diet. It was his custom to eat but sparingly, and seldom of various dishes. His attendant, Herbert, says, that "he drank but twice every dinner and supper, once of beer, and once of wine and water mixed, only after fish a glass of French wine; the beverage he himself mixed at the cupboard, as he would have it; he very seldom ate and drank before dinner, or between meals."

One afternoon the king was at Althorp, amusing himself at bowls with the commissioners, when information was brought to them that a large and suspicious-looking body of horse was on its way to Holmby. The king was immediately hurried back to that place, and the commissioners, after some consultation, agreed to stand on their defence. At midnight the troopers arrived, and after drawing up in regular order before the house, and placing guards at all the avenues, their leader demanded admittance. This person was no other than Cornet Joyce, the son of a tailor, and perhaps the most impudent ruffian on record. Though merely armed with verbal directions from Cromwell, who was himself perfectly unauthorised to issue them, he alike laughed at the power of the parliament and the reverence which is commonly attached to the person of a king.

On his knocking for admission the commandant of the garrison inquired his name and business. He replied that his name was Joyce: that he was a cornet in Colonel Whaley's regiment, and that his object was to speak with the king. The commandant inquired from whom? Joyce told him from himself, at which the others very naturally gave a contemptuous laugh, but Joyce told them it was no laughing matter. In the mean time the soldiers within the garrison and those without had been sociably conversing together; and having discovered that both parties belonged to the same army, and were attached to the same cause, the former immediately opened the gates, and Joyce quietly took command of the house.

Having posted sentinels over the commissioner's apartments, he hastened to that part of the house where the king slept. With a cocked pistol in his hand, he knocked loudly at the door of the grooms of the bed chamber, through whose apartment he must necessarily pass, before he could gain admission to that of the king. These gentlemen, having ascertained from him his name and object, came to the gallant determination of sacrificing their lives sooner than admit the intruder. In the mean time, the king having been awakened by the disturbance rang the silver bell he was in the habit of keeping by his bedside, at which Maxwell hastened to his chamber, while the others defended the outer door. Charles being made acquainted with the cause of the tumult, positively refused to rise, and Joyce, though exceedingly exasperated, was at length persuaded to retire.

The next morning the king rose somewhat earlier than usual, and the cornet, having been admitted to his presence, told his majesty with the utmost confidence, and almost in as few words that he came to remove him from Holmby. The king asked him whither he was to go? Joyce told him to the army. Charles naturally requested to see his instructions. "Your majesty shall be

soon satisfied," said the other; and drawing up his men, a fine troop and well clad, in the inner court, pointed them out from the window to Charles. "Your warrant," said the king, smiling, "is written in fair characters, and is legible without spelling."

On the 3d of June, 1647, after a residence of four months, the king departed from Holmby. He was attended in the same coach by three of his commissioners, the Earls of Pembroke and Denbigh, and Lord Montague; the rest followed on horseback. According to Herbert, who was present, the king was the merriest person of the party.

The fact seems to have been, that Charles was extremely well pleased with his removal to the army. He had long entertained a notion that the most influential officers were secretly his friends, and that by their means he should eventually regain possession of his rights. "Sir," he once said to Fairfax, "I have as good interest in the army as yourself." Cromwell and Fairfax both denied that Joyce had received his authority from them, but Charles insisted that he could not believe them unless they hung him up for his insolence. Cromwell, however, could not conceal the elation which he felt at the success of the enterprise. "Now," he said, "that I have the king in my hands, I have the parliament in my pocket."

It is impossible indeed to doubt that Cromwell was at the bottom of this daring outrage. Hobbes of Malmesbury observes justly in his *Behemoth*—"I cannot believe that Cornet Joyce could go out of the army with a *thousand* soldiers to fetch the king, and neither the general nor the lieutenant-general, nor the body of the army take notice of it." With regard to the force with which Joyce was supported, the accounts are extremely conflicting. Heath, as well as Hobbes, mentions them as a thousand strong; Dr. Barwick as fifteen hundred; Sanderson, on the king's authority, as five hundred, and Clarendon as fifty. Herbert, who was on the spot, merely speaks of them as a "body of horse," and in another place as a "troop." Major Huntingdon, in his "Reasons for laying down his commission," says expressly, in speaking of Joyce's exploit, that "Lieutenant General Cromwell had given him orders at London to do what he had done, both there and at Oxford."

From Hinchinbrook, where the king passed the first night, he came to Childerley, a house of Sir John Cutts, about four miles from Cambridge. Hither the fellows and scholars of the university flocked to him in great numbers, and with every demonstration of loyalty and respect. He was also respectfully attended at this place by many of the principal officers of the army. Among the number were Cromwell, Ireton, Lambert, and Whaley. Several of them knelt to him and kissed his hand. With Cromwell and Fairfax he had frequently long interviews, and received from them the most unbounded professions of fidelity.

From Childerley, Charles was removed to his own palace at Newmarket. Here, to his great satisfaction, he was at last freed from the attentions of Cornet Joyce, whose sanctified manners and vulgar familiarity had continued to annoy him since their departure from Holmby. Charles, when at Childerley, had endeavoured to bring this offensive person to trial, and had summoned a council of war for the purpose; Cromwell's influence, however, was too powerful, and Joyce escaped unpunished.

At Newmarket the king experienced a greater degree of freedom and kindness than had hitherto been his lot. He was allowed to take exercise on the heath, either in his coach or on horseback; his chaplains were permitted to attend him, and he was treated generally by the officers of the army with civility and respect. He dined in public as in former days; his presence-chamber was thronged with the neighbouring gentry; and when he went abroad, he was received with loud acclamations by the people. Sir Philip Meadows, who was at Newmarket during the king's visit, assured Lord Dartmouth, that Charles's was the only cheerful countenance to be seen in the place.

On the 24th of June, 1647, the king left Newmarket for Royston, another royal mansion. Here he stayed two days, and from thence removed to Hatfield, where he remained till the end of the month. At Windsor he passed another two days, and thence came to Caversham, a seat of Lord Craven, not far from Reading. While at this place, he was allowed the exquisite pleasure of again embracing his children. He met them at Maidenhead, in which town they remained and passed the evening together. Cromwell, who himself knew the feelings of a father, was present at their first interview. He afterwards described the scene to Sir John Berkeley as one of the most affecting he had ever witnessed. "I met with him" [Cromwell,] says Berkeley in his *Memoirs*, "about three days after I came to Reading, as he was coming from the king, then at Caversham. He told me that he had lately seen the tenderest sight that ever his eyes beheld, which was the interview between the king and his children, and wept plentifully at the remembrance of it." Ludlow corroborates the fact, and informs us that while Cromwell was telling the story, the tears rolled down his cheeks. Charles had the satisfaction of passing two whole days with his children, while a prisoner at Caversham. During his residence at this place, the unfortunate king used to pay frequent visits to the bowling-green in the retired parish of Whitechurch, then belonging to the ancient family of Lybbe, and at present to their descendant Lybbe Powys, Esq. The bowling-green still remains (1839) and near it is a small building which used to afford shelter or refreshment to those who indulged in the game. Mr. Powys, in his residence, Hardwick House, has the picture of the old lady who lived in this building, and who used to wait on the king during his occasional visits.

At Woburn, whither the king was next removed, he met with an affectionate and even splendid reception. From thence he was removed to Latimers, a seat of the Devonshire family; and after remaining brief periods at Moore Park near Rickmansworth, Stoke near Windsor, then the seat of the Huntingdons, Oatlands, and other places, he at length arrived at Hampton Court in the middle of August, about ten weeks after his departure from Holmby.

Charles was extremely gratified with the last change, and appeared even more cheerful than before. "He dines abroad," says Sanderson, "in the presence chamber, with the same duties and ceremonies as heretofore, where many of the gentry are admitted to kiss his hand. After dinner he retires to his chamber; then he walks into the park or plays at tennis; yesterday he killed a stag and a buck." The court again presented in a great degree its former magnificence; the nobility flocked round his person; his servants

returned to their respective duties; and the chaplains performed their offices in the royal chapel. The king was allowed to hunt with the Duke of Richmond; the officers of the army continued to treat him with respect, and Cromwell came often to see him, and was admitted to long conferences. Certainly there is reason to doubt whether that extraordinary man was not, at this period, well inclined towards his sovereign. There is a tradition of a secret compact, by which on the restoration of the king to his rights, Cromwell was to receive ten thousand a year, the earldom of Essex, and the Garter. The treaty, it is said, was broken off by the discovery of an autograph letter from Charles to his queen, in which the king stated, that the promise being altogether compulsory, he should feel himself justified, when restored to liberty and power, in declining to fulfil the conditions. This story becomes somewhat remarkable, when compared with the following curious anecdote, related by Morrice, the chaplain of Lord Orrery, in his *memoirs* of that nobleman.

"One day," says Morrice, "Lord Broghill was riding, with Cromwell on one side of him and Ireton on the other, at the head of their army, when they fell into discourse about the late king's death. Cromwell declared, that if the king had followed his own mind, and had had trusty servants about him, he had fooled them all. And further said, that once they had a mind to have closed with him; but upon something that happened, they fell off from that design again. My lord, finding Cromwell and Ireton in a good humour, and no other person being within hearing, asked them if he might be so bold as to desire an account, first, why they once would have closed with the king? and secondly, why they did not? Cromwell very freely told him, he would satisfy him in both his queries. 'The reason,' says he, 'why we would once have closed with the king was this: we found that the Scots and the presbyterians began to be more powerful than we; and if they made up matters with the king, we should have been left in the lurch: therefore, we thought it best to prevent them, by offering first to come in upon any reasonable conditions. But while we were busied in these thoughts, there came a letter from one of our spies, who was of the king's bed chamber, which acquainted us, that on that day our final doom was decreed; that he could not possibly tell what it was, but we might find it out if we could intercept a letter sent from the king to the queen, wherein he declared what he would do. The letter, he said, was sewn up in the skirt of a saddle, and the bearer of it would come with the saddle upon his head, about ten of the clock that night, to the Blue Boar Inn in Holborn; for there he was to take horse, and to go to Dover with it. This messenger knew nothing of the letter in the saddle, but some persons in Dover did. We were at Windsor when we received this letter; and immediately upon the receipt of it Ireton and I resolved to take one trusty fellow with us, and with troopers' habits to go to the inn in Holborn; which accordingly we did, and set our man at the gate of the inn where the wicket only was open, to let people in and out. Our man was to give us notice when any person came there with a saddle, whilst we, in the disguise of common troopers, called for cans of beer, and continued drinking till about ten o'clock; the sentinel at the gate then gave notice, that the man with the saddle was come in. Upon this we immediately arose, and as the man was leading out

his horse saddled, came up to him with drawn swords, and told him that we were to search all that went in and out there; but as he looked like an honest man, we would only search his saddle and so dismiss him. Upon that, we ungirt the saddle, and carried it into the stall, where we had been drinking, and left the horseman with our sentinel: then ripping up one of the skirts of the saddle, we there found the letter of which we had been informed; and having got it into our own hands, we delivered the saddle again to the man, telling him he was an honest man, and bidding him go about his business. The man, not knowing what had been done, went away to Dover. As soon as we had the letter, we opened it; in which we found the king had acquainted the queen that he was now courted by both the factions, the Scottish presbyterians and the army; and which bid fairest for him should have him; but he thought he should close with the Scots sooner than the other. Upon this, added Cromwell, 'we took horse, and went to Windsor; and finding we were not likely to have any tolerable terms from the king, we immediately from that time forward, resolved his ruin.' This story, curious as it is, must be received with some degree of caution.

The army had somewhat more humanity than the parliament, and permitted frequent interviews between the king and his children. The first time that he met them, after coming to Hampton Court, was at Sion House, the residence of the Earl of Northumberland, under whose charge they had for some time been placed. When they beheld their persecuted father, "they fell down on their knees," says a bystander, "and begged his blessing." Charles embraced them most affectionately, and appeared overjoyed to find them in such perfect health, and so kindly treated. From this period they were constantly permitted to pass the day at Hampton Court, or Charles would ride over to them at Sion.

At these affecting interviews, Charles omitted no opportunity of instilling virtuous principles into the minds of his young children. He conjured the Duke of York, then about fourteen, in the event of any accident befalling his unfortunate father, to transport himself into Holland, where he was certain of being affectionately received by his elder sister, the Princess of Orange. He desired the Princess Elizabeth never to marry, unless with the consent of her mother and her brother Charles; always to be obedient to them both, and to the queen especially, *except in matters of religion*; conjuring her, whatever misfortunes might befall the Church of England, that she should always be constant in that faith. The necessity of faithfully adhering to the truths enjoined by that church, Charles had ever solemnly impressed on his family. On the 22d of March, 1645, he addresses to Prince Charles the following solemn appeal—"Once again, I command you, upon my blessing, to be constant to your religion, neither hearkening to Romish superstitions, nor the seditions and schismatical doctrines of the Presbyterians and Independents; for know, that a persecuted church is not thereby less pure though less fortunate."

CHAPTER VII.

The circumstances which induced Charles to fly from Hampton Court, and the details of that ill-advised measure, have been variously related by our historians. It is, however, agreed on all

hands, that his dread of assassination was the principal motive. Anonymous letters, advertising him of his danger, had for some time been daily conveyed to him; and the king himself, in a letter to the parliament which was afterwards found in his bed-chamber, gave it as the special reason of his flight: "I cannot deny," he says, "that my personal security is the urgent cause of this my retirement." To this we may add the testimonies of Sir John Berkley and Ashburnham, the companions of his flight. "I did most humbly beg of him," says the latter in his narrative, "that he would be pleased to say whether really and in very deed he was afraid of his life in that place, for his going from thence seemed to us a very great change in his affairs. His majesty protested to God, that he had great cause to apprehend some attempt upon his person, and did expect every hour when it should be." After every consideration, it appears most probable that Charles was, after all, a mere puppet in the hands of Cromwell;—that the latter had been previously perfectly well acquainted with the proposed time and manner of the king's intended flight;—that it was Cromwell himself who had caused the fear of assassination to be conveyed to the mind of his victim; and that, in fact, Charles merely fell into a pit which had been prepared for him by that arch-traitor and extraordinary man. It was, undoubtedly, the policy of Cromwell to remove the king as far as possible from the parliament, and to surround him with his own creatures. The latter measure could only be effected by devising some plausible excuse for enforcing a more rigorous confinement, while both objects would naturally be accomplished by a flight, which the projector would contrive should be unsuccessful. Cromwell is even said to have privately intimated to Charles, through his relation Colonel Whaley, that he could no longer be responsible for his safety. There is not the slightest doubt but there was a traitor in the court of Charles, and that his most secret counsels were instantly conveyed to Cromwell. It is remarkable too, that Colonel Hammond, the Governor of the Isle of Wight, to whom Ashburnham afterwards entrusted the king's person, should have left London almost at the same time that Charles departed from Hampton Court; and that too at a particular crisis, when there was no ostensible motive for his returning to his post, and when the agitations in the army rendered it important to his own interests that he should remain in London. The fact is the more curious, since Ashburnham, it appears, had made up his mind that the king should entrust himself with Hammond some time before their departure from Hampton Court. Dr. Barwick, who was likely to be well informed, in the life of his brother, Dr. Peter Barwick, has the following passage: "Cromwell, by his holy cheats, seduced the good king into the Isle of Wight, and confined him in Carisbrook Castle," &c. and Andrew Marvell, the friend of Cromwell, and from his situation likely to have had some insight into the secret history of the period, in his ode on the return of Cromwell from Ireland, has the following lines:

And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art,
When, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope,
That Charles himself might chase,
To Carisbrook's narrow case.

It is but fair, however to remark, that Milton, Cromwell's Latin Secretary, strongly denies, in his panegyric on the Protector, that he was the

deviser of the flight. It has even been asserted that some local arrangements, and especially the removal of the guards to a greater distance from the king's apartments, were owing to the machinations, and were a part of the plan of Cromwell. That the guards were thus removed is undoubted, though Hume, who passes over the circumstances of the king's flight in rather an apathetic manner, assures us that they were even *doubled* before his departure. The expression used by Colonel Whaley, to Linthall, the speaker, is curious: "I could no more," he says, "detain the king, if he had a mind to go, than I could keep a bird in a pound." Heath goes so far as to assert, that the king's visit to the Isle of Wight was publicly talked of in that island long before his arrival, and that the guards were removed on purpose to give him free egress from Hampton Court.

On a dark and tempestuous night, the 11th of November, 1647, the king, pretending to be indisposed, had retired at an early hour to his own chamber. When all appeared to be quiet, accompanied by Ashburnham, Sir John Berkley, and Mr. Legge, all of them in disguise, he passed through the vaults of the palace into the garden. From hence, a private door admitted them to the banks of the Thames, where a boat was in readiness, which conveyed them across the water to Thames-Ditton, where they discovered their horses waiting.* The account left us by Sir John Berkley is curious:—"On the Wednesday, as I take it," he says, "we had orders to send spare horses to Sutton, in Hampshire, a place where I never had been, and the Thursday after, his majesty, with Will. Legge, came out at the closing of the evening, and immediately went towards Oatlands, and so through the forest, where his majesty was our guide, but lost our way, though we were all acquainted with it, the night being excessively dark and stormy." Having wandered at least ten miles out of their proper course, it was daybreak when they reached the inn at Sutton, where they discovered a committee of the county sitting "about the Parliament's business." Their horses were immediately ordered out, and they proceeded on their way to Southampton. Even at this period Charles appears to have been undecided in what quarter to seek refuge, and at his desire all four of the fugitives led their horses down the next hill, for the purpose of conferring on the subject.

At length they arrived on the sea shore, not far from Southampton. The king, being disappointed in a vessel which he appeared to expect—for Ashburnham seems to have been the only person in his confidence,—they turned their horses' heads towards Titchfield, the residence of the Countess Dowager of Southampton, to whom Charles made no scruple of discovering himself.

At Titchfield, the king again deliberated with his friends, as to the next step they should take. During the debate, Ashburnham proposed that they should cross over to the Isle of Wight; as Hammond, though a friend of Cromwell, and the

* Lord Clarendon's account of the king's flight is, in one respect, somewhat different. "They discovered," he says, "the treading of horses at a back door of the garden into which his majesty had a passage out of his chamber, and it is true that way he went, having appointed his horse to be ready at an hour," &c.—*History of the Rebellion*, vol. v. p. 488. It is improbable that Charles should have had a horse on the Middlesex side of the river. The river, as is well known, flows immediately under the walls of the garden; and the utmost distance to Thames-Ditton ferry can hardly exceed half a mile.

son-in-law of Hamden, was the nephew of the king's favourite chaplain. The details of that "fatal mistake," are well known. Ashburnham and Berkley were despatched to the island, with directions on no account to inform the governor of the king's place of abode, unless they could obtain the most solemn promise of protection, and an assurance that, if Hammond were unable to defend his majesty, at least he would not detain him. On reaching Carisbrook, they learnt that Hammond had just ridden towards Newport, whither they proceeded and fell in with him. Berkley immediately took him aside, and acquainted him that the king was in the neighbourhood, but without naming his hidingplace. "Hammond," says Berkley, "grew so pale, and fell into such a trembling, that I did really believe he would have fallen off his horse, which trembling continued with him at least half an hour after." Hammond, as is well known, declined entering into any engagement, expressing, however, a strong attachment to the king's person—but alleging the duty which he owed to his superiors.

Such a result to their negotiation intimated anything but the security they required; and yet Ashburnham, with inconceivable rashness, actually brought back the governor with him to Titchfield. Charles, when acquainted with the result of the expedition, could not conceal the bitterness of the moment, "Oh Jack!" he said, "thou hast undone me!" Ashburnham, as Berkley tells us, "wept bitterly," and offered to despatch the governor, but the king rejected the proposal. Charles had no choice but to submit, and accordingly, accompanied Hammond to the Island.

In the mean time the inmates of Hampton Court were amazed and confounded at the discovery of the king's flight. In all the minor details connected with the untoward enterprise, there is great difficulty in arriving at the truth. Hume curiously mentions that it was *an hour* before the king was missed, while Lord Clarendon seems to imply that the event did not transpire till the next morning:—"They who went into his chamber," he says, "found that he was not there, nor had been in his bed that night." But the real fact seems to have been, that Charles took his departure immediately after dark, (which in the month of November, would be at an early hour,) and that he was missed about three hours after he had commenced his flight.* Colonel Whaley, who had the charge of his person, in his official despatch to the speaker, minutely details the circumstances of the discovery. "As for the manner,

* Whitelock says, "November 12. Letters from Lieutenant-General Cromwell, to the house, of the king's going away. That the commissioners and Colonel Whaley missing him at supper, went into his chamber and found him gone, leaving his cloak in the gallery, and some letters of his own handwriting upon the table." Rushworth says, "November 11. This night came the unexpected news of his majesty's escape from Hampton Court. About nine of the clock, the officers who attended him wondered he came not forth of his chamber, went in, and missed him within half an hour of his departure." It appears from the Journal of the house of commons, that Cromwell's letter to the house was dated November 11, twelve at night, and mentions nine o'clock as the hour of the king's departure. It is evident, however, that as no one had been him set off, and as his keepers had all along believed him to be safe in his apartment, the exact hour of his flight could not as yet have been ascertained. Sir John Berkley, who accompanied Charles from Hampton Court, mentions especially that he "came forth at the closing of the evening."

Mr Speaker, of the king's going away, it thus:—Mondays and Thursdays were the king's set days for his writing letters to be sent into foreign parts. His usual time of coming out of his bed-chamber on those days, was betwixt five and six of the clock. Presently after he went to prayers: and about half an hour after that to supper: at which times I set guards about his bed-chamber, because he made no long stay after supper before he retired himself thither.

"About five of the clock," proceeds Whaley, "I came into the room next his bed-chamber, where I found the commissioners and bed-chamber men: I asked them for the king. They told me, he was writing letters in his bed-chamber. I waited there without mistrust till six of the clock. I then began to doubt; and told the bed-chamber men, Mr. Maule and Mr. Murray, I wondered the king was so long a writing. They told me he had, they thought, some extraordinary occasion.

"Within half an hour after, I went into the next room to Mr. Oudart, told him I marvelled the king was so long a writing. He answered, 'he wondered too.' But withal said, 'the king told him he was to write letters to the Princess of Orange,' which gave me some satisfaction for the present.

"But my fears with the time increased. So that, when it was seven of the clock, I again told Mr. Maule, I exceedingly wondered the king was so long before he came out. He told me he was writing. I replied, possibly he might be ill, therefore, I thought, he should do well to see, and to satisfy both myself and the house, that were in fears of him. He replied, the king had given strict commands not to molest him, therefore durst not; besides he had bolted the door to him.

"I was then extreme restless in my thoughts; looked oft in at the keyhole, to see whether I could perceive his majesty, but could not. Pressed Mr. Maule to knock, very oft, that I might know whether his majesty were there or not: but all to no purpose. He still plainly told me, he durst not disobey his majesty's commands.

"When it drew towards eight of the clock, I went to Mr. Smithby, keeper of the privy lodgings, desiring him to go along with me the back way through the garden, where I had sentinels, and we went up the stairs, and from chamber to chamber, till we came to the chamber next to his majesty's bed-chamber; where we saw his majesty's cloak lying on the midst of the floor, which much amazed me.

"I went presently back to the commissioners and bed-chamber men, acquainted them with it; and therefore desired Mr. Maule again, to see whether his majesty was in his bed-chamber or not. He again told me he durst not. I replied, that I would then command him, and that in the name of the Parliament; and therefore desired him to go along with me. He desired that I would speak to the commissioners to go along with us. I did; we all went.

"When we came into the room next the king's bed-chamber, I moved Mr. Maule to go in. He said, he would not except I would stand at the door. I promised I would, and I did.

"Mr. Maule immediately came out, and he said the king was gone. We all then went in, and one of the commissioners said, it may be the king is in his closet. Mr. Maule presently replied and said, he is gone.

Parties of horse and foot were instantly despatched to search the lodge in the park, as well

as Ashburnham's house at Ditton and other places; and measures were still taken for the king's discovery, when the news of his being prisoner in the Isle of Wight was received by the parliament. Among other papers which were found in the king's bed-chamber after his flight, was a kind letter to Colonel Whaley; who, however faithful to his employers, had failed in being a rigorous or unfeeling guardian. The document throws some light on the amiable character of Charles, who never lost sight of private duties, even in the most exciting moments of his life.

"Colonel Whaley,

"I have been so civilly used by you and Major Huntingdon, that I cannot but by this parting farewell acknowledge it under my hand, as also to desire the continuance of your courtesy, by the protecting of my household-staff and movables of all sorts which I leave behind me in this house, that they be neither spoiled nor embezzled. Only there are here three pictures which are not mine, that I desire you to restore; to wit, my wife's picture in blue, sitting in a chair, you must send to Mrs. Kirk; my eldest daughter's picture, copied by Belcan, to the Countess of Anglesey; and my Lady Stanhope's picture to Cary Raleigh. There is a fourth, which I had almost forgot; it is the original of my eldest daughter; it hangs in this chamber over the board next the chimney, which you must send to my Lady Aubigny. So being confident that you wish my preservation and restitution, I rest your friend.

"CHARLES REX.

"P.S.—I assure you it was not the letter you showed me yesterday that made me take this resolution, nor any advertisement of that kind. But I confess that I am loth to be made a close prisoner under pretence of securing my life. I had almost forgot to desire you to send the black grew-bitch to the Duke of Richmond."

On landing in the Isle of Wight, the king passed the first night at Cowes. It may be remarked that, in 1713, the minister of Newport exhibited to a person, (from whom Bishop Kennet had the story,) an old and curious carved bedstead, on which King Charles rested on that eventful night. On the head-board were engraved in gilt letters the words, "Remember thy end." The king, taking it as an omen of his approaching death, knelt and prayed fervently by the bed-side.*

From Cowes, Charles was conducted by Colonel Hammond to his memorable prison at Carisbrook. As he passed through Newport, a lady presented him with a damask rose, which, notwithstanding the inclement season of the year, still flourished in her garden; accompanying the graceful offering with an ardent prayer for his happiness. The king thanked her kindly, and seemed much gratified, and even affected, by the attention.

For a brief period Charles was treated at Carisbrook with every demonstration of respect. His chaplains were again allowed to attend him; his old servants repaired to him as before, and he was permitted to ride about the island as he pleased. But the days of bitterness were fast approaching; his chaplains were first removed, and then came an order that all whom he had longest loved and most confided in should be discharged from their attendance. This last seems to have

* Kennet, Comp. Hist. vol. iii. p. 170.—The author has recently made personal enquiries at Newport, but, notwithstanding the kind exertions of more than one individual to whom he was a stranger, could discover no trace of this interesting relic.

been a heavy blow to Charles, and he could with difficulty conceal his grief. "Such," says Herbert, "as were at that time in the presence, noted it; but not knowing the occasion of his majesty's sadness, they seemed full of grief, as by their dejected looks was visible. But the king beckoning with his hand to Mr. Ashburnham and others, he told them what the governor had communicated. Next day, after the king had dined, those gentlemen came altogether, and prostrating themselves at his majesty's feet, prayed God for his preservation, and, kissing his hand, departed. From this period the king was precluded from his usual rides, his recreation being entirely confined to the lines of the castle. The barbacan, however, had been converted by Hammond into a bowling-green, and afforded him some amusement. A "pretty summer-house" had also been constructed on the ramparts, whither he frequently retired to commune with his own thoughts. The bowling-green on the barbacan at Carisbrook, with its turf steps; the walls of the old castle frowning above it, and its beautiful marine view, is as perfect at the present moment as if it had been laid down but yesterday. A great portion of his time, at this period, was passed by Charles either in the study of the Bible or in earnest prayer.

It is worthy of remark, that during his confinement at Carisbrook, persons afflicted with the evil continued to resort to him in infinite numbers, and from the remotest parts. Throughout the Isle of Wight the kind-hearted inhabitants were much affected by the misfortunes of their king, and at their assemblies openly expressed their indignation at the treatment which he received. There was on the island a gallant man, of a good family, one Captain Burly, who had formerly commanded one of the king's ships of war. When the fleet became disloyal to its sovereign, Burly was dismissed from his post by the parliament; but willing to serve his master in any capacity, he shortly afterwards entered the royal army. In his new profession he soon rose to an important command, and only when the royal cause was utterly lost, retired to his native island and to the society of his early friends. He had lived thus for some time, beloved and respected, when, observing the indignation of the people, he one day, with more chivalry than discretion, caused a drum to be beat, and placing himself at the head of a small body of loyalists, called out to them to follow him, and he would lead them to the rescue of their king. Among the assembly, however, were some cooler heads than his own, and the project was forced to be dropped. "Poor Burly," as Lord Clarendon styles him, paid the forfeit of his rashness. The gallant fellow was condemned to be hung, drawn and quartered; and with many unnecessary circumstances of barbarity, the sentence was carried literally into execution.

Herbert has supplied us with a list of books in which the king most delighted at this period. Next to the Holy Scriptures, he says, his majesty preferred "Bishop Andrew's Sermons, Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, Dr. Hammond's Works, Villalpandus upon Ezekiel, Sand's Paraphrase on the Psalms of David, Herbert's Divine Poems, Fairfax's translation of Tasso, and Spenser's Faery Queene."

When at Carisbrook, Charles himself clothed his melancholy feelings in poetry. The verses in question, which extend to a considerable length, were omitted in the collection of the king's works, but were printed shortly afterwards by

his biographer, Perinchief. Burnet, who seems to have been ignorant of the latter fact, mentions in his Lives of the Dukes of Hamilton, that "he had them from a very worthy gentleman who attended on Charles, and copied them from the original." "The mighty sense and great piety of them," he adds, "will be found to be beyond all the sublimities of poetry, which are not yet wanting here." Even Walpole condescends to speak well of them. "The poetry," he says, "is uncouth and unharmonious; but there are strong thoughts in them, some good sense, and a strain of majestic piety." It may be doubted if too high praise has not been passed upon this production: the following verses are certainly far from happy:

Tyranny bears the title of taxation,
Revenge and robbery are reformation;
Oppression gains the name of sequestration.

My loyal subjects, who, in this bad season,
Attend (by the law of God and reason,)
They dare impeach and punish for high treason.

Next at the clergy do their furies frown;
Pious episcopacy must go down;
They will destroy the crossier and the crown.

Churchmen are chained, and schismatics are freed,
Mechanics preach, and holy fathers bleed;
The crown is crucified with the creed.

The Church of England doth all faction foster,
The pulpit is usurped by each impostor;
Ex tempore excludes the *pater noster*.

Hume justly observes, that the truth of the sentiment, rather than the elegance of expression, renders them very pathetic.

The following couplet also composed by Charles in the treaty chamber at Newport, has been preserved by Nicholas Oudart,—

A coward's still unsafe, but courage knows
No other foe but him who does oppose.

It was the custom of Charles at this period, to insert mottoes, or remarkable verses, in the blank pages of his favourite authors. In many of them he wrote the words *Dum spiro spero*,—while I breathe I have hope. In another book he had inserted the following couplet, probably from Boethius,—

Rebus in adversis facile est contemnere vitam;
Fortiter ille facit, qui miser esse potest:

Which may be thus translated—

In grief 'tis easy to despise the grave;
Who dares be wretched is the truly brave.

And again, from Claudian,

Fallitur egregio quisquis sub principe credit
Servitium; nunquam libertas gratior extat,
Quam sub nege pio.

There is no slavery in a good man's rule;—
But ne'er does liberty more grateful spring,
Than 'neath the empire of a pious king.*

After a confinement of several months at Carisbrook, Charles was removed to the house of a private gentleman at Newport, where his friends were once more permitted to visit him. This change was rendered necessary in consequence of the personal negotiation which was pending between Charles and the parliamentary commissioners; there being a want of space and other facilities, at Carisbrook, by which the treaty could

* The copy of Shakspeare's plays which belonged to Charles, containing several of these interesting insertions, is preserved in the royal library at Windsor. This relic is rendered the more curious from its pages being interspersed with many autograph annotations of King George the Third.

commodiously be carried on. The change was an agreeable one to Charles, who had been long in constant dread of assassination. To Sir John Bowring he said: "I have had a sad time of it, since the two houses imprisoned me in this castle, expecting every hour when I should be murdered." One day at Newport, the king beckoned Sir Philip Warwick to the window where he was standing, and pointing out to him a little humpbacked man in the street, inquired if he knew who he was. Sir Philip answering that he had never seen him before,—"I show him to you," said Charles, "because he was the best companion I had for three months together at Carisbrook, where he used to light my fires." Sir Philip Warwick relates another slight incident which occurred about the same period. "One evening," he says, "the king's favourite dog scraping at the door, his majesty desired Sir Philip to let in *Gipsy*." "I perceive," said the latter, as he opened the door, "that your majesty loves greyhounds better than spaniels." "Yes," replied Charles, "for they are both equally attached, and the greyhound is no flatterer." The interesting apartments which witnessed these scenes, are now occupied by the free school at Newport. The famous treaty chamber is the present school room.

The commissioners, who presided at the treaty, were much surprised at the melancholy change, which sorrow, rather than time, had produced in the appearance of Charles. Though less than a year had elapsed since they had last seen him at Hampton Court, his hair had become almost entirely gray. Since the expulsion of his servants, too, he had worn nearly the same clothes, and had allowed his beard and the hair of his head to grow at will. Nevertheless his mind appeared as clear as ever, and his cheerfulness and manly dignity were even more conspicuous than before.

Previously to his quitting Carisbrook, Charles, it may be mentioned, had entertained more than one project of escape. There are extant several letters, which passed between the king and one of his faithful followers, relative to the mode of his intended flight. In one of them, without date, Mr. Firebrace thus writes to the king:—"This night I have thought of a new project, which, by the grace of God, will effect your business. 'Tis this: In the back-stairs' window are two casements, in each two bars: one of the bars, in that next the door, shall be cut, which will give you way enough to go out. I am certain the top of the hill comes within a yard of the casement, so that you may easily step out, and keep close to the wall till you come to a hollow place, (which you may observe as you walk tomorrow,) where with ease you may go down and so over the outworks. If you like this way, it shall be carried on thus. Hen. C—— shall cut the bar, and do up the gap with wax or clay, so that it cannot be perceived. I have already made it loose at the top, so that when you intend your business, you shall only pull it, and it will come forth. You must sup late and come up so soon as you have supped. Put off your George and on your gray stockings, and on notice to be given you by Hen. C——, come into the back-stairs and so step out. We shall meet you, and conduct you to your horses, and then to the boat."

Charles writes in reply to this letter, 26th April, 1648:—"I have now made perfect trial, and find it impossible to be done: for my body is much too thick for the breadth of the window, so that unless the middle bar be taken away I cannot get through. I have also looked upon the

other, and find the one much too little, and the other so high, that I know not how to reach it without a ladder; besides, I do not believe it so much wider than the other, as that it will serve; wherefore, it is absolutely impossible to do any thing to-morrow, at night." All difficulties, however, having been removed, on a particular night horses were placed in readiness, and a vessel was provided for his transportation, when the design was unfortunately discovered. Charles, it appears, had been furnished with a saw and file, with which instruments, after considerable labour, he had succeeded in sawing through one of the bars of the window. At midnight, the hour agreed upon with his friends without, he was proceeding to make his escape, when he perceived, what was extremely unusual, some persons in conversation below. Suspecting that his purpose had transpired, he closed the window hastily, and retired to bed. In the mean time, Hammond, who seems to have been acquainted all along with what was passing, entered the king's apartment, and perceived, by the bar which had been removed, that his suspicions had been correct.

A second attempt at escape, which proved equally unfortunate in its result, is recorded both by Clarendon and Ashburnham. Charles, on this occasion, placing faith in the vulgar notion, that where the head can make its egress, the body can invariably follow, had inserted his head through the bars; but was unable, by forcing himself either backwards or forwards, to extricate himself from his painful situation. In this predicament he was compelled to call for assistance, and the design transpired.* There is much reason to suppose, that had Charles descended from the window, he would have been fired at by a traitor below; indeed, the suspected person, one Rolph, was afterwards tried at Winchester assizes for the conspiracy. The trial, however, was a mere juggle; Rolph was placed under no kind of restraint; the jury were prejudiced in his behalf, and even the judge interfered in his favour. The consequence was, that the bill was ignored by the grand jury;—the same, nearly to a man, who had recently condemned poor Burly to an untimely end.

CHAPTER VIII.

About the close of the treaty of Newport, when all hope of accommodation was evidently at an end, Charles was standing at a window, employed in dictating to Sir Philip Warwick, when a thought seemed suddenly to strike him. "I wish," he said, "I had consulted nobody but myself; for then, as where in honour or conscience I could not have complied, I could have

* Ashburnham says in his Narrative: "Having discovered upon trial, that he could pass his body between the bars of the window of his chamber, because he found there was room enough for his head, (the rule being that where the head can pass the body may,) but most unhappily he mistook the way of measure, for instead of putting forth his head side ways, he did it right forward, by which error, when all things were adjusted for his escape the second time, and that he thought to put in execution what he thought so sure, (his passage through the window,) he stuck so fast in it, and (as he was pleased to send me word) did strain so much in the attempt, as he was in great extremity, though with long and painful struggling he got back again." See also Sir John Browning's account of Secret Transactions in the Isle of Wight.

easily been positive; for with Job I would willingly have chosen misery than sin." While he spoke these words the tears gathered in his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. "They were the biggest drops," adds Sir Philip, "that ever I saw fall from any eye; but, recollecting himself, he turned presently his head away, for he was loth it should be discerned." His parting with the commissioners was affecting. "My lords," he said, "I believe we shall scarce see each other again; but God's will be done. I have made my peace with him, and shall undergo, without fear, whatever he may suffer men to do to me."

The time had now approached when Charles was to bid farewell to the Isle of Wight, and Colonel Cobbit, with a party of horse, was despatched thither to conduct his removal. The king had already received some intimation of what would happen, and was strongly pressed by his friends to make another effort to escape; but he was at this time on his parole, and peremptorily refused to break it. The affectionate entreaties of the Earl of Lindsey and Colonel Cook, produced not the slightest effect. After combating their arguments for some time—"Good night," said the king, "I shall go and take my rest."—"Which, I fear," rejoined Cook, taking up the words, "will not be long." Charles perceiving Cook to be much discomposed:—"Ned," he said, "what troubleth you?" Cook replied, "that it was his majesty's danger, and the disinclination which he showed to adopt any measures which might avert it." "Were your trouble greater," replied Charles, "I would not forfeit my word to alleviate it."

The morning after this conversation, Colonel Cobbit presented himself to the king, and formally intimated to him his instructions. He refused, however, to acquaint the king of his destination, or even to satisfy him whether his instructions were from the parliament or from the army. After a brief colloquy, Cobbit pressed his majesty to enter his coach, which, he added, had been already prepared for his use. Charles turned sorrowfully to bid farewell to those faithful servants, whom he probably never expected to meet again: like those about him, he seemed fully satisfied that it was to be his last journey, and that he was proceeding to a violent death. "Never," says Herbert, who was present, "was beheld more grief in men's faces, or greater fears in their hearts, the king being at such a time, and in such a manner hurried away, they knew not whither; but no remedy appearing, the noblemen, the venerable persons, and other his majesty's servants, approached to kiss the king's hand, and to pour forth supplications to Almighty God to safeguard and comfort his majesty in that his disconsolate condition." Charles, who on similar melancholy occasions had been the most cheerful of the party, betrayed the mental suffering which he endured. As he was entering his coach, Cobbit, without any invitation, showed an intention of entering it also, but the king, by pointedly opposing his foot, made him sensible that the intrusion was as unpalatable as it was insolent. The Duke of Richmond was allowed to attend him for the distance of two miles. His only other companions were Herbert, Harrington and Mildmay, his carver. When the Duke of Richmond kissed the king's hand, on taking his melancholy farewell, Charles desired that he would carry back his kind remembrance to the Earl of Lindsey and Colonel Cook:—"Tell Colonel Cook from me," he said, "never to forget the passages of this night."

A more wretched spot can scarcely be conceived, than that in which Charles once again found himself a prisoner. Hurst Castle stood about a mile and a half into the sea, on a cold and gloomy promontory, remarkable for its noxious vapours, and so unwholesome that the guards were constantly compelled to be changed;—"a dismal receptacle," observes Herbert, "for so great a monarch, the greatest part of whose life had been so full of earthly glory." "The captain of this wretched place," adds Herbert, "was not ill-suited to the scene around. At the king's going ashore he stood ready to receive him with small observance; his look was stern, his hair and large beard were black and bushy; he held a partisan in his hand, and a great basket-hilt sword by his side: hardly could one see a man of more grim aspect, and no less robust and rude was his behaviour: some of his majesty's servants were not a little fearful of him." This tremendous personage, however, appears to have been a mere bully; for his rudeness having been complained of to his superior officer, he sunk into the insignificant underling.

During the three weeks that Charles remained at Hurst, there was little to divert the melancholy of his thoughts. His walks were confined to a shingly shore, the nature of which rendered his favourite exercise extremely unpleasant; his accommodations were slender in the last degree; and his apartment was so dark that he required candles at noonday. Indeed, from the time he was first a prisoner in the Isle of Wight, his personal luxuries had never been very carefully attended to. He told Sir Philip Warwick, that "though he had never complained, yet he had frequently been in want even of clean linen."

At the latter part of the king's stay at Hurst, about midnight, an unusual noise was heard in the castle. The drawbridge was let down, and the sound of horses' feet was plainly perceptible. The noise awoke the king, who rang his silver bell for Herbert, and desired him to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. The whole, however, that Herbert could discover, was that Major Harrison had arrived at the castle with a troop of horse. The king said nothing at the time, but desiring Herbert to attend in the outer room, composed himself to prayer. In less than an hour he opened the door, and appeared to be in so much affliction that Herbert could not refrain from tears. "I am not afraid," said the king, "but do you not know that this is the man who intended to assassinate me?"—adding, "this is a fit place for such a purpose. Herbert," he said, "I trust to your care; go again, and make further inquiry into his business." Herbert shortly returned, bringing with him the information that his majesty was immediately to be removed to Windsor. At this news the king appeared much pleased, little imagining, however, that it was to be but another step to the block.

Two days after this event, the king bade adieu to Hurst, and commenced his journey towards London. At Winchester, he met with much respect, and an appearance of loyalty to which he had been long a stranger. The bells of the town were rung; the mayor and aldermen received him at his entry, and presented him with the keys and mace of the city; the gentry flocked in numbers to welcome him, and the people hailed him with acclamations. He passed the night at a gentleman's house at Farnham, where he was waited on by several officers of the army, and by several of the influential persons in the neighbourhood. His manner at this period

was at least that of a cheerful, if not of a happy man.

The next day he dined at Lord Newburgh's house at Bagshot, where another wild scheme had been devised for his escape. Lord Newburgh having ascertained, while the king was yet at Hurst, that he would shortly be removed to Windsor, had sent privately to his majesty, recommending, that before he reached Bagshot, he should contrive to lame the horse which he rode; adding, that he would then supply him with a fresh one out of his own stables, which he would undertake should be one of the fleetest in England. Had this plan succeeded, Charles was to have waited till the night set in, (by which time they would probably have been in the heart of Windsor forest, with the windings of which he was well acquainted) when he was to set spurs to his horse, and gallop away from his keepers. Accordingly, Charles, who appears to have regarded the plan as a feasible one, (as had previously been agreed upon,) expressed a strong desire to dine at Bagshot, and as they approached Lord Newburgh's house, made great complaints of the horse which he rode, and expressed his intention of providing himself on the first opportunity with another. At Bagshot, however, the information was conveyed to him, that the horse in which he had so much trusted had been lamed but the day before. Even had this accident not happened, it is difficult to believe that he could have escaped the vigilance, or at least the pistols of his keepers.

At Windsor he was treated with much civility by Colonel Whichcot, the governor of the castle. For some time he seemed to take an interest in passing events, and we find him casually sending the seeds of some Spanish melons to be planted in the Queen's gardens at Wimbledon. He generally walked on that part of the terrace which looks towards Eton, and which also happened to be the aspect of his apartments. When Whichcot informed him that, in a few days, he was to be conveyed to Whitehall, "God," he said, "is every where alike, in wisdom, power, and goodness." It was here that the first intimation was conveyed to him of those extraordinary proceedings, which in a few days were to follow. When the probability of a public trial was announced to him, he retired to his own chamber, and passed a considerable time in solitude and prayer.

On the day fixed for his departure from Windsor he passed through a double line of soldiers to the round tower, or keep, where his coach was in readiness to receive him. At the last moment, he was allowed an interview with the unfortunate Duke of Hamilton, who was also a prisoner in the castle. The duke fell on his knees, and kissing the king's hand, exclaimed in a passion of grief, "*my dear master!*" Charles replied, "*I have indeed been so to you.*" But the meeting was not allowed to be protracted, and after a tender and solemn farewell, the kind monarch and the loyal subject were separated for the last time. At the great gate of the castle, at the end of Peascod Street, as well as in the market-place, the king was successively joined by different bodies of soldiers, who placed themselves under the command of Major Harrison, and followed close behind the royal coach. One Proctor, in his evidence at the trial of Hugh Peters, thus describes his encountering them on the road. "Having occasion," he says, "to go from London to Windsor, the day that the king was brought from thence a prisoner, a little on this side Brentford I saw a great troop of horse: I

did conceive what the cause was, having heard the king was to be brought up to his trial. After I had passed some number of horses, at last I espied the prisoner at the bar immediately before the king's coach, riding singly before the coach-horses, and the king sitting alone in the coach. My lord, I did put off my hat, and he was graciously pleased to put off his hat. The troopers seeing this, threw me into the ditch, horse and all, where I stayed till they passed by, and was glad I escaped so." It was probably about this period that the fanatical buffoon, Hugh Peters, pressed his spiritual assistance upon his persecuted sovereign: "*I did intend,*" said the republican, "*to preach before the poor wretch, but the poor wretch would not hear me.*" Passing through Brentford and Hammersmith, the cavalcade at length conducted the king to St. James's, the scene of many happier days, and the last prison of the persecuted monarch.

On his arrival at St. James's, the first act of Charles was to retire to his own chamber, where he continued some time in prayer and in the perusal of the Bible. For about the period of a fortnight he was treated with some regard to his exalted rank, though with little respect to his private feelings. Although the principal nobility, his favourite servants, and his domestic chaplains, were excluded from his society, he was still attended with some degree of former state. He dined publicly in the presence-chamber: the gentlemen of his household waited on him at his meals, and the cup, as usual, was presented to him on the knee. Nevertheless the strictest guard was placed over his person, and only one of his followers, the affectionate Herbert, was permitted to attend him in his bed-chamber. But even the mockery of respect was continued but for a few days. It was decreed, at one of the councils of the army, that henceforward all state ceremony should be dispensed with, and that the number of domestics, and even the dishes supplied to his table, should be diminished. When this unfeeling and parsimonious curtailment, and the absence of many faithful faces, were first witnessed by Charles, and when his restricted meal was brought into his presence by *common soldiers*—"There is nothing," he remarked, "more contemptible than a despised prince." From this time he caused his food to be conveyed into his own chamber, and ate his dinner in private.

In one of the suppressed passages of Lord Clarendon's history, there is a heart stirring account of the king's sufferings at this period, but it scarcely appears to be borne out by the testimony of other writers. According to the noble historian, a guard of soldiers was forced upon him, night as well as day, even in his bed-chamber, where they smoked and drank as if they had been among their own comrades in the guard-room. The king, it is added, was confined entirely to his bed-chamber, where he was compelled to perform his devotions, and whatever nature requires, in the presence of these rude companions.

A project had been set on foot to effect his escape, but the usual fatality attended it. Ashburnham says, in his Narrative; "I laid the design of his escape from St. James's, and had attempted it, had he not been close restrained that very day it was to be put into execution, of which there are three persons of honour yet living who were to have had equal shares in that dutiful action; but man proposeth and God disposeth, and no creature is able to resist his

power." It may be remarked that such soldiers as had once guarded the king, were never again selected for the same duty. It was apprehended that their feelings might be too much wrought upon by such a scene of piety and distress.

Charles, though in daily fear of private assassination, to the last could scarcely comprehend the possibility of a public trial and execution. He believed that he might be imprisoned for life, that monarchy might be abolished in his person, or that his son might be called upon to reign in his room, but the awful catastrophe which followed, he seems scarcely to have regarded as a possible disaster. However, on the 9th of January, 1649, to the astonishment of the citizens of London, and the indignation of the majority, a sergeant-at-arms rode solemnly into the middle of Westminster Hall, and, with the sound of drums and trumpets, proclaimed the approaching trial. On the 19th, the king was conveyed in a sedan-chair from St. James's through the park, to his usual bed-chamber at Whitehall, at the door of which a guard of soldiers was placed. In order to have Herbert nearer his person, he desired him to bring his pallet-bed into his own chamber.

The next day he was conveyed in a sedan-chair to the house of Sir Robert Cotton, on the bank of the Thames, near the west-end of Westminster Hall. King Street and Palace Yard were lined on each side with soldiers, between whom the unhappy monarch passed; Herbert, the only one of his servants who was allowed to attend him, walking by his side bareheaded.

Shortly after his arrival at Cotton House, he was summoned by Colonel Hacker to attend that self-constituted tribunal, the proceedings of which cannot but be viewed with mingled feelings of astonishment and abhorrence. Apart from the amazing spectacle of a great nation sitting in judgment on his sovereign, and from the melancholy considerations suggested by the position of Charles, the scene which presented itself must have been imposing and magnificent in the extreme. At the upper, or south end of the hall, on benches covered with scarlet, and raised one above the other, sat the judges whose numbers amounted to about seventy. In the centre, on a raised platform, was placed a chair of state for the President Bradshaw; it was covered with crimson velvet, as was also a desk placed before him for his use. Immediately facing Bradshaw, was placed a chair of velvet for the king: and in the space between them was a table, covered with a rich Turkey carpet, on which the mace and sword of justice were laid, and at which the two clerks of the court were seated. On either side of the hall, galleries had been erected for the convenience of spectators; and behind, and on the right and left of the king, were the soldiers and officers of the court; Cook, the solicitor for the self-styled people of England, standing on the king's right hand. A strong bar ran across the centre of the hall, behind which were crowded the populace in a dense mass.

Even the leads and windows of the hall were filled with soldiers. This was not so much a precaution to prevent the escape or rescue of the king, as to protect the persons of the judges. Bradshaw, the president, stood in no slight danger of assassination. One Burghill, a royalist, had made up his mind to shoot him, but his intention being discovered, he was instantly arrested: fortunately, the soldiers who guarded Burghill becoming intoxicated, he was enabled to escape. Bradshaw was well aware of his dan-

ger, and procured a high-crowned beaver hat lined with steel. This remarkable relic, with a suitable Latin inscription, was afterwards presented to the Museum at Oxford, where it is still preserved.

The king, on entering Westminster Hall, was received from the custody of Colonel Hacker by the sergeant-at-arms, who conducted his majesty to the bar. After looking sternly at his judges, and on the galleries on each side of him, he seated himself without either taking off his hat, or showing the least respect for the court. Some minutes afterwards he rose from his chair, and turning round, fixed his eyes steadily on the guards and the crowd of people behind him. While the charge was being read, he sat unmoved and maintained his usual placidity of countenance; while at some of the more absurd or daring allegations he was occasionally observed to smile. "One thing was remarked in him," says Mrs. Hutchinson in her Memoirs; "that when the blood spilt in many of the battles, where he was in his own person, and had caused it to be shed by his own command, was laid to his charge, he heard it with disdainful smiles and looks and gestures. He stuck not to declare in words, that no man's blood spilt in this quarrel troubled him but only one, meaning the Earl of Strafford."

When the name of Fairfax, the lord general, had been called over, and no answer was returned, a female voice exclaimed from one of the galleries, "He has more wit than to be here;" but when, in the course of reading the charge, the proceedings were stated to be on behalf of the people of England, the same mysterious voice called out still louder—"No, not the hundredth part of them! It is false—where are they?—Oliver Cromwell is a traitor." The utmost confusion was the consequence, and Col. Axtell even desired the soldiers to fire into the gallery from whence the voice issued. It was discovered, however, that Lady Fairfax, the wife of the general, and a daughter of the House of Vere, was the daring person; she was instantly compelled to retire.* Lady Fairfax was not the only voice which was that day raised for majesty in distress. As he passed through the hall to Cotton House, on returning from the court, there were loud cries of "God save the king!" an unexpected manifestation of public feeling which was gratefully acknowledged by the persecuted monarch.

Charles, by the advice, it is said, of Sir Matthew Hale, persisted in denying the authority of the court. Undoubtedly, it was the wisest and most dignified course he could have adopted; besides having the effect of shortening the proceedings, and, consequently, his own sufferings. The behaviour of Bradshaw was inconceivably brutal. When, at the close of the day's proceed-

* "I was present," says Sir Purbeck Temple, "at all the trials of the king, and very near him. I heard the king demand from Bradshaw, by what authority and commission they proceeded thus strangely to try him. Then I heard the Lady Fairfax, and one Mrs. Nelson, my sister, after the exhibiting of the charge in the name of the Commons assembled in Parliament, and the good people of this kingdom, against Charles Stuart King of England; I say, I heard the lady cry out from a gallery over the court, 'Not half the people! It is false; where are they or their consents? Oliver Cromwell is a traitor.' Upon which I heard Axtell cry out, 'Down with the whores!—shoot them,' which made me take further notice of him."—*Trial of the Regicides*, p. 185.

ings, he ordered the guards, with a surly insolence of manner, to remove the prisoner, Charles pointed with his cane to the sword on the table, "Sir," he said, "I do not fear *that*." As soon as the proceedings were over, the king was again conducted to Cotton House, where he passed the night; Herbert making up his bed on the floor and sleeping by his side. The next day being Sunday, afforded him a respite, and he spent many hours with Bishop Juxon, either in prayer or religious conversation.

On the following morning, the 22d of January, the king was again placed before his judges. On this occasion, having been brought to Westminster by water, although the soldiers who guarded him wore their caps as usual, the watermen positively refused to sit covered in his presence.

The number of his judges had increased from sixty-seven to seventy. As Charles entered the hall, the soldiers raised loud cries for justice, some of the officers joining in the clamour. It seems to have been the only instance in which he changed countenance; but the pang was easily conquered, or at most was but momentarily displayed. A bystander, Sir Purbeck Temple, describes the indignities which were heaped upon the mild and suffering monarch. In his evidence at the trial of Colonel Axtell, "I saw him [Axtell]," he says, "the most active person there; and during the time that the king was urging to be heard, he was then scoffing, entertaining his soldiers, laughing aloud: whilst some of the soldiers, by his suffering, and, I believe, procurement, did fire powder in the palms of their hands, that they did not only offend his majesty's smell, but enforced him to rise up out of his chair, and with his hand to turn away the smoke; and after this he turned about to the people and smiled upon them, and those soldiers that so rudely treated him."

As he was quitting Westminster Hall on the second day, one of the soldiers, as he passed by, exclaimed, "God bless you, sir!" The king thanked him, but the man's officers, overhearing the benediction, struck him severely with his cane on the head. "Methinks," said Charles, "the punishment exceedeth the offence." One person was actually brutal enough to spit in his face; the king quietly wiped it away. "My Saviour," he remarked, "suffered more than this for me." The man who was guilty of this brutality is supposed to have been Augustine Garland, a lawyer, and one of the king's judges: Garland, however, positively denied the fact. When the soldiers had conducted Charles to his apartment, he fell on his knees in prayer; but even quiet was a boon denied to him. "When they had brought him to his chamber," says Perinchief, "even there they suffered him not to rest; but thrusting in and smoking their filthy tobacco, they permitted him no privacy to prayer and meditation." The king asked Herbert if he had heard the cry of the soldiers in the morning. Herbert answered that he had, and that he could not but wonder at their vehement animosity. "I am well assured," said the king, "that the soldiers bear no malice to me: the cry was no doubt given by their officers, for whom the soldiers would do the like, were there occasion." To another person he had remarked,—"Poor souls, for a little money they would do as much against their commanders."

On the third day of the trial, the twenty-third day of January, the king was again guarded to the hall as formerly. Nothing of importance

occurred, except that the gold head of his cane fell off, a remarkable incident, which he considered to be an evil omen. When he returned to Cotton House in the evening, the populace pressed on him notwithstanding the soldiers, and many exclaimed, "God preserve your majesty," demanding blessings from Heaven on their afflicted king. Charles appeared much gratified, and repeatedly returned them thanks for their good wishes and prayers.

On the morning of the fourth and last day, the day of condemnation, Bradshaw's wife rushed into her husband's chamber at Westminster, where he had been lodged for safety and convenience, and beseeched him by his hopes of happiness here and hereafter, to absent himself from the horrid work. "Do not," she said, "sentence this earthly king, for fear of the dreadful sentence of the King of Heaven. You have no child, why should you do such a monstrous act to favour others?" Bradshaw pushed her away. "I confess," he said, "he has done me no harm, nor will I do him any, except what the law commands." The man, it appears, was intoxicated with the extraordinary position in which he was placed,—the insignificant lawyer had risen to be the judge of his sovereign, the elected chief magistrate of the people of England. This day the president entered the hall in his scarlet gown, a signal to Charles that his doom was fixed, and that before another sun had set, his sentence would be pronounced.

After a vulgar, tiresome, and absurd tirade from Bradshaw, the O, yes! was made, and silence commanded in the court. The clerk then read the sentence. After reciting the act of the self-called Commons of England, (for Charles was certainly not tried by the representatives of the people, at least by a free, full, and constitutional House of Commons,) it proceeded to accuse him of being the author and continuer (which, being untrue, it was impossible to prove,) of the late unnatural, cruel, and bloody wars, and consequently guilty of high treason, and of all the murders, rapines, burnings, spoils, desolations, damages, and mischiefs, occasioned by and committed during the said wars; "for which treasons and crimes," it proceeded, "this court doth adjudge that he, the said Charles Stuart, as a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and public enemy to the good people of this nation, shall be put to death, by severing his head from his body." When the sentence was read the king smiled calmly, and lifted up his eyes as if pleading for that mercy in Heaven which he was denied by his persecutors upon earth.

Bradshaw stood up. "The sentence now read and published," he said, "is the act, sentence, judgment, and resolution of the whole court." On this, as had already been agreed upon, the whole of the judges also rose, as a tacit acknowledgment of their acquiescence and consent. The king with the same placid smile, inquired of the president if he would hear him for a few moments.

Bradshaw.—Sir, you are not to be heard after the sentence.

Charles.—No, Sir?

Bradshaw.—No, sir, by your favour. Guards, withdraw your prisoner.

Charles.—I may speak after the sentence, by your favour, sir. I may speak after the sentence, ever. By your favour—

Bradshaw.—Hold!

Charles.—The sentence, sir; I say, sir, I do—

Bradshaw.—Hold!

Charles.—I am not suffered to speak! Expect what justice the people will have.

Before he could say more, the king was removed by the guards. The regicides accounted for their cruel and infamous refusal to listen to the condemned monarch, by an argument too absurd even to be plausible. 'The king, they said, being accounted dead in law, a hearing could not be permitted. As Charles passed, for the last time, through that famous hall, the banqueting room of the kings his ancestors, and the trial scene of more than one of his own friends, and of many of the greatest and most brilliant of their day, he was insulted in the grossest manner by the poor hirelings whom he passed; the soldiers smoking their tobacco in his face, and throwing their pipes before him in his path, besides heaping on him the lowest and most virulent abuse.

From Westminster he was conveyed, in a sedan chair, through a double line of soldiers, to his chambers at Whitehall. As he passed through King street, the more respectable inhabitants, many of them with tears in their eyes, stood at their stalls and windows, and beheld the scene of harassed and fallen majesty, with audible prayers for his safety or eternal happiness. After a lapse of two hours he was removed to St. James's, where he passed the three remaining days of his life.

CHAP. IX.

The necessity of religion, and the advantages of a virtuous life, were never more beautifully exemplified than in the last hours of Charles. His accumulated miseries—the loss of power—the brutality of republicanism, and the horrors of dissolution, were nothing to a mind prepared like his; to the brave man—the pious Christian—the conscientious monarch. How well did he say to Lord Digby, "*Either I will live as a king, or die like a gentleman.*" There was nothing of that fanatical enthusiasm, or those false and rapturous ecstasies, which constituted the zeal and sanctity of his persecutors—his death was that of a good man, who forgave his persecutors, and trusted in his God. His dignity and his fortitude too, were all his own. Bishop Juxon, his spiritual adviser, was a cold dry man, but little calculated to excite an adventitious enthusiasm in the last hours of life. With the assistance of this prelate, the king prepared himself for the latest scene. While he sent the kindest remembrances to his friends, he gave directions that he should by no means be interrupted in his preparation for death. "I know," he said "my nephew, the Elector, will endeavour it, and other lords that love me, which I should take in good part, but my time is short and precious, and I am desirous to improve it the best I may in preparation. I hope they will not take it ill that none have access to me but my children. The best office they can do now is to pray for me." The same night, according to a contemporary journal, "*The Moderate Intelligencer*,"—"he commanded his dogs should be taken away, and sent to his wife, as not willing to have any thing present that might take him off from serious consideration of himself. Being desired to say somewhat, how far he was guilty of the death of his father, and the rebellion of Ireland, he said, 'with reverence of God be it spoken, he had done nothing that he needed to ask pardon for.'" When some of the dissenting ministers requested permission to pray with him, he told them he

had already selected his ghostly adviser; at the same time, thanking them for their offer, and desiring they would remember him in their prayers.

On one of the intermediate nights between his trial and execution, the king took a ring from his finger, on which was an emerald set between two diamonds, and delivering it to Herbert, desired him to proceed with it to a certain house in Channel Row, at the back of King street, Westminster, where he was to deliver it to the lady of the house without saying a word. This person was Lady Wheeler, the king's laundress. Having obtained the watchword from Colonel Tomlinson, Herbert, proceeded, on a dark night, to the spot which the king had designated. Having obtained admittance, he was told by the lady to wait in the parlour till she returned. She shortly afterwards re-entered the room, and placing in his hands a small cabinet closed with three seals, desired him to deliver it to the same person from whom he had received the ring. The next morning, in Herbert's presence, the king broke the seals, when the cabinet was found to contain a number of diamonds and jewels, most of them set in broken insignia of the Order of the Garter. "This," said the king, "is all the wealth which I have in my power to bequeath to my children."

The day before his execution, the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester were allowed to take a last farewell of their unfortunate father. The princess, an extraordinary child, was deeply affected; and the little duke, taking his impression from the scene around him, wept almost as bitterly. They both fell on their knees and craved their father's blessing. The king raised them up and kissed them affectionately. Placing the princess on his knee, he desired her to tell her brother James that he must no longer regard Charles as his elder brother, but as his sovereign; adding that it was his dying wish they should love one another, and forgive their father's enemies. He told her not to grieve for him, for he died for the laws and liberties of the land, and for the maintenance of the protestant religion. He desired her to tell her mother that his thoughts had never strayed from her, and that his love had survived to the last. He then gave her his blessing, enjoining her to convey it to her brothers and sisters, and to remember him to all who were dear to him, "But, sweetheart," he said, "you will forget this." "No," she replied, "I shall never forget it while I live;" and bursting into tears afresh, promised to write down whatever he had said to her.

Then he took the Duke of Gloucester on his knee. "Sweetheart," he said, "they will cut off thy father's head." The child looked wistfully in his face. "Mark, child, what I say: they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king;* but mark what I say; you must not be made a king, as long as your brothers Charles and James are alive; for they will cut off your brothers' heads when they catch them, and cut off thy head at last; and, therefore, I charge you not to be made a king by them." The child replied, "he would be torn in pieces first," an answer from one so young, which evidently afforded great pleasure to the king. He then presented them with his jewels, and while

*The king's foresight is remarkable. In 1654, the question of calling the Duke of Gloucester, with limited powers, to the throne, was seriously discussed by the republicans.

the tears rolled down his cheeks, kissed them both fondly, and prayed the Almighty to bless them. He watched their departure with a father's grief, and as the door of the apartment was closing on them, moved hastily towards them from the window where he was standing, and folding them in his arms, again kissed and blessed them, and bade them farewell for ever.

The remainder of the day was spent in prayer and meditation. Bishop Juxon preached a sermon before him, taking for his text, Romans ii. v. 16: "In the day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ," &c. When the discourse was at an end he received the sacrament, and afterwards continued till a late hour of the night in conversation with the bishop. After his departure he remained about two hours praying and reading by himself. He then, as night approached, called to Herbert to place his bed on the floor by his own. Herbert enjoyed but little rest, but the king slept calmly for about four hours.

On the fatal morning, about two hours before day-break, he awoke, and drawing back his curtains, called to his faithful attendant, whom he perceived much troubled in his sleep, from the effect it seems of a remarkable dream.* "Herbert," he said, almost playfully, "this is my second marriage day; I would be as trim as may be to-day, for before night I hope to be espoused to

* Herbert relates the substance of this dream, in a letter to Dr. Samways, dated 28th August, 1680. "For some hours his majesty slept very soundly; for my part, I was so full of anguish and grief, that I took little rest. The king, some hours before day, drew his bed curtain to awaken me, and could, by the light of a wax-lamp, perceive me troubled in my sleep. The king rose forthwith; and as I was making him ready, 'Herbert,' said the king, 'I would know why you were disquieted in your sleep?' I replied, 'May it please your majesty, I was in a dream.' 'What was your dream?' said the king; 'I would hear it.' 'May it please your majesty,' said I, 'I dreamed, that as you were making ready, one knocked at the bed-chamber door, which your majesty took no notice of, nor was I willing to acquaint you with it, apprehending it might be Colonel Hacker. But knocking the second time, your majesty asked me if I heard it not? I said I did; but did not use to go without your orders. Why then, go know who it is, and his business. Whereupon I opened the door, and perceived that it was the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Laud, in his pontifical habit, as worn at court; I knew him, having seen him often. The archbishop desired he might enter, having something to say to the king. I acquainted your majesty with his desire; so you bade me let him in. Being in, he made his obeisance to your majesty in the middle of the room, doing the like also when he came near your person; and, falling on his knees, your majesty gave him your hand to kiss, and took him aside to the window, where some discourse passed between your majesty and him, and I kept a becoming distance, not hearing any thing that was said, yet could perceive your majesty pensive by your looks, and that the archbishop gave a sigh; who, after a short stay, again kissing your hand, returned, but with his face all the way towards your majesty, and making his usual reverences, the third being so submissive, as he fell prostrate on his face on the ground, and I immediately stepped to him to help him up, which I was then acting when your majesty saw me troubled in my sleep. The impression was so lively, that I looked about verily thinking it was no dream.' The king said my dream was remarkable, but he is dead; yet, had we conferred together during life, 'tis very likely (albeit I loved him well) I should have said something to him might have occasioned his sigh."—*Memoirs of Sir J. Herbert*, p. 219.

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PART I.

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CARDINAL MAZARINE.

On his death (1661) Louis XIV. and his court appeared in mourning, an honour not common, though Henry IV. had shown it to the memory of Gabrielle d'Estrées. Voltaire, who appears unwilling to ascribe much ability to the Cardinal, takes an opportunity, on occasion of his death, to make the following observation:—"We cannot refrain from combating the opinion, which supposes prodigious abilities, and a genius almost divine, in those who have governed empires with some degree of success. It is not a superior penetration that makes statesmen, it is their character. All men, how inconsiderable soever their share of sense may be, see their interest nearly alike. A citizen of Bern or Amsterdam, in this respect, is equal to Sejanus, Ximenes, Buckingham, Richelieu, or Mazarine, but our conduct and our enterprises depend absolutely on our natural dispositions, and our success depends upon fortune."

Age of Louis XIV.

CHARLES SECOND.

The person given to us by Monk was a man without any sense of his duty as a prince—without any regard to the dignity of his crown—without any love to his people—dissolute, false, venal, and destitute of any positive good quality whatever, except a pleasant temper, and the manners of a gentleman.—*Burke.*

NELL GWYN.

Of the early part of Nell's life, little is known but what may be collected from the lampoons of the times; in which it is said that she was born in a night cellar, sold fish about the streets, rambled from tavern to tavern, entertaining the company after dinner and supper with songs. Other accounts say she was born in the cellar in the coal-yard in Drury Lane, and that she was first taken notice of when selling oranges in the play-house. She belonged to the king's company at Drury Lane, and, according to Downes, was received as an actress a few years after that house was opened, in 1663. Bishop Burnet speaks of her in these terms:—"Gwyn, the indiscreetest and wildest creature that ever was in a court, continued to the end of the king's life, in great favour, and was maintained at vast expense. The Duke of Buckingham told me that when she was first brought to the king, she asked only a maintenance of 500*l.* a year, and the king refused it. But when he told me this about four years after, he said she had got of the king above sixty thou-

sand pounds. She acted all persons in so lively a manner, and was such a constant diversion to the king, that even a new mistress could not drive her away."—*History of his own times.*

Mrs. Gwyn is thus noticed in one of Madame Sevigne's letters:—"Mademoiselle de Kerouaille, (Dutchess of Portsmouth) has not been disappointed in any thing she proposed. She desired to be mistress to the king, and she is so. She has a son, who has been acknowledged and presented with two duchies. She amasses treasure and makes herself feared and respected by as many as she can. But she did not foresee that she would find a young actress in her way, whom the king dotes on; and she has it not in her power to withdraw him from her. He divides his care and his time between these two. The actress is as haughty as Mademoiselle. She insults her, she makes grimaces at her, she attacks her, she frequently steals the king from her, and boasts whenever he gives her the preference. She is young, indiscreet, confident, wild, and of an agreeable humour; she sings, she dances, she acts her part with a good grace. She has a son by the king, and hopes to have him acknowledged. As to Mademoiselle, she reasons thus:—"The Duchess," says she, "pretends to be a person of quality; she says she is related to the best families in France; whenever any person of distinction dies, she puts herself in mourning. If she be a lady of such quality, why does she demean herself to be a courtesan? She ought to die with shame. As for me it is my profession; I do not pretend to any thing better. I pretend the king ought to acknowledge his son and I am well assured he will, for he loves me, at least, as well as his Portsmouth." This creature gets the upper hand and embarrasses and discountenances the Duchess extremely."—*Letter 92.*

Mr. Pennant says:—"She resided at her house in what was then called Pall-mall. It is the first good one on the left hand of St. James's Square, as we enter from Pall-mall. The back room on the ground floor was (within memory) entirely of looking glass, as was said to have been the ceiling."—*London, p. 101.*

At this house she died in the year 1691, and was pompously interred in the parish church of St. Martins-in-the-Fields; Dr. Tenneson, then vicar, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, preaching her funeral sermon. Cibber says Nell died a great penitent, "in all the contrite symptoms of Christian sincerity."

SIR PETER LELY

Was born in Westphalia 1617, and came to England in 1641. Walpole observes, "If Var-

dyck's portraits are often tame and spiritless, at least they are natural; his laboured draperies flow with ease, and not a fold but is placed with propriety. Lely supplied the want of taste with clinquant, his nymphs trail fringes and embroidery through meadows of purling streams. Add that Vandyck's habits are those of the times; Lely's a kind of fantastic night-gown fastened with a pin. The latter was, in truth, the ladies' painter; and whether the age was improved in beauty or in flattery, Lely's women are certainly much handsomer than those of Vandyck. They please as much more as they evidently meant to please. He caught the reigning character, and

—On the animated canvass stole
The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul.

I do not know whether, even in softness of the flesh, he did not excel his predecessor. The Beauties of Windsor are the Court of Paphos, and ought to be engraved for the memoirs of its charming biographer, Count Hamilton."—*Anecdotes of Painting.*

LETTERS.

Agreeable trifling—or what the French call *badinage*—is accounted among the merits of letter-writers. Here are a few examples.

A letter of introduction, (Madame Sevigné to her daughter.)

"Voila Monsieur Magaloti—who is setting out for Provence, and whose desires I willingly gratify with a letter of introduction; knowing you will be glad to see a man of merit, who will speak you both French and Italian, a man whose amiable qualities are extolled by the whole court—a man, in a word, who carries you two pair of shoes from *Georget*."

The ladies have had very amiable rivals in their special province, among the opposite sex. An example of Horace Walpole.

"Two days ago, about four o'clock in the afternoon, and about an hour after dinner; from all which you may conclude we dine at two o'clock—as we were picking our teeth round a littered table, and in a crumby room, Gray in an undress, Mr. Conway in a morning gray coat, and I in a trim white night gown, and slippers, very much out of order, with a very little cold—a message discomposed us all of a sudden, with a service to Mr. Walpole from Mr. More, and that, if he pleased, he would wait on him. We scuttled up stairs in great confusion, but with no other damage than the flinging down two or three

glasses, and the dropping a slipper by the way. Having ordered the room to be cleansed out, and sent a very civil response to Mr. More, we began to consider who Mr. More should be. Is it Mr. More of Paris? No. Oh, 'tis Mr. More, my Lady Tenham's husband? No, it can't be. A Mr. More then that lives in the Halifax family? No. In short, after thinking of ten thousand more Mr. Mores, we concluded it could be never a one of them. By this time Mr. More arrives; but such a Mr. More! a young gentleman out of the wilds of Ireland, who has never been in England, but has got all the ordinary language of that kingdom; has been two years at Paris, where he dined at an ordinary with the refugee Irish, and learnt fortifications, which he does not understand at all, and which yet is the only thing he knows. In short he is a young swain of very uncouth phrase, inarticulate speech, and no ideas."—*H. Walpole to Rich. West.*

From Lord Byron to Mr. Moore.

As I wish the soul of the late Antoine Gallani to rest in peace, (you will have read his death published by himself in his own newspaper,) you are requested particularly, to inform his children and heirs that of their "Literary Gazette," to which I subscribed more than two months ago, I have only received one number, notwithstanding I have written to them repeatedly. If they have no regard for me, a subscriber, they ought to have some for their deceased parent, who is undoubtedly no better off in his present residence for their neglect. If not, let me have my francs, they were paid by Missiaglia the Venetian bookseller. You may also hint to them that when a gentleman writes a letter, it is usual to send an answer. If not, I shall make them "a speech," which shall comprise an eulogy of the deceased.

The name of Captain Morrice, so famous amongst the wits of George Third's time, is, we believe, but little known to many of the readers of our own. He was the companion of such men as Fox, Sheridan, Curran, The Prince of Wales, &c. &c., and was not inferior to any of them, either as a wit or a conversationist—as a lyric poet he, perhaps, surpassed them all, and they all occasionally tried their hands at this species of composition. We do not remember anything of Sheridan's so fine as the following singularly beautiful Anacreontic.

ANACREONTIC SONG.—By CAPTAIN MORRICE.

For which he received the prize of the Gold Cup from the Harmonic Society.

Come, thou soul-reviving cup,
And try thy healing art;
Light the Fancy's visions—
And warm my wasted heart.
Touch with glowing tints of bliss,
Mem'ry's fading dream;
Give me, while thy lip I kiss,
The heaven that's in thy stream!

In thy fount the Lyric Muse
Ever dipp'd her wing,
Anacreon fed upon thy dew,
And Horace drained thy spring!
I, too, the humblest of the train,
There may spirit find,
Freshen there my languid brain—
And store my vacant mind!

When, blest cup, thy fires divine
Pierce thro' Time's dark reign,
All the joys that once were mine,
I snatch from Death again;

And, tho' oft fond anguish rise
O'er my melting mind,
Hope still starts to sorrow's eyes—
And drinks the tear behind!

Ne'er, sweet cup, was votary blest
More thro' life than me;
And that life, with grateful breast,
Thou see'st I give to thee!
'Midst thy rose-wreath'd nymphs I pass
Mirth's sweet hours away;
Pleased while Time runs thro' the glass
To Fancy's brighter day!

Then, magic cup, again for me
Thy power creative try;
Again let hopeful Fancy see
A heaven in beauty's eye!
Oh, lift my lighted heart away
On Pleasure's downy wing,
And let me taste that bliss to-day,
To-morrow may not bring.

THE LUNGS OF LONDON.

St. JAMES'S PARK—Continued.

Let us, however, leave this disagreeable topic, and pursue our ramble through the park.

The canal, you will observe, although somewhat diversified in outline, still retains, in shape, the memory of what it was, and is little more at present than a canal ornamented in some degree. From the esplanade, facing the palace, looking down the whole length of the canal, is one of the best points of view in this park, embracing the Horse-Guards, the State Paper Office, Lady Dover's house. Behind these, the Banqueting House is partly visible; from hence, also, we have a favourable view of the grounds, which are not unpleasantly laid out, considering that the artist was the afore-mentioned royal architect, Mistaire Hash, or Nash, of gingerbread celebrity. The gardens are not badly designed, although the late capability Brown could have done them vastly better—this park being precisely the field for his wondrous creative faculty. Passing in front of the so-called triumphal arch, which seems intended to exhibit the dingy, dark, discoloured palace in the rear to the greatest disadvantage, we have a view down the long umbrageous vista of the Mall: and here let us repose ourselves upon one of these seats—the resting places of the destitute in London. Upon these seats the unemployed artisan, the dismissed clerk, and the footman out of place, may be seen sleeping away the idle hours in forgetfulness of their misfortunes. Here the "swell cove out of luck," whose seedy habiliments exclude him from the penetralia of the enclosure, lounges languidly cocking his worn-out gossamer on one side his head with a jaunty air, and affectedly tapping his vamped-up boot with a pinchbeck-headed cane; here supernumerary penny-a-liners take the air, until Providence sends, of his goodness, some more substantial beverage; here disappointed magazine-writers retire to read again their rejected article, and to curse the stupid editor who would not see its merit; here Steele contrived to extract the matter of many a future *Tattler*, from the contemplation of his fellows in misfortune; and here, too, poor amiable Goldsmith, when without a dinner, or the means of procuring one, used to take a turn, and "mend his appetite by a walk in the park."

That poor young fellow in the fustian shooting-jacket and leggins, asleep on the further extremity of our bench, is a countryman who came to London for work, and cannot get it. His money

is done, and it is more than probable he has not tasted food to-day: to-morrow he will go over into Westminster and enlist for a soldier. You see a poor girl on the opposite bench—one of that class as truly as pathetically called unfortunate—she is, you observe, in tatters, and the paint has been washed off her cheeks with tears. She is an unfortunate among unfortunates. Where is her professional swagger now?—where her inviting leer and flippant toss of the head?—where the tawdry finery purchased with the wages of her shame? The roseate hue of health has long faded from her cheek, and the expression of that once happy face is now the expression of rooted and inextricable sorrow. Perhaps her thoughts have turned to her country friends and her rural home—to that home, her desertion of which, it may be, has brought the gray hairs of her parents with sorrow to the grave—she is hungry, too; for I am long enough acquainted with this place to distinguish the physiognomy of hunger. What does she say?—half a penny roll has been her food since this time yesterday!

Gracious eternal God! could the seducers of female innocence come hither, and behold their triumph in a spectacle like this! would they not hide their guilty and guilt-creating heads from the lightning, and hear, in every thunder-peal, the judgment of an avenging God?

Humane and gentle reader, when you come this way, let the poor unfortunate have a shilling. The air will do you good, the exercise will do you good, and the charity will do you good. You will not, believe me, dine less heartily for having contributed a mite to the poor victim of profligacy, who, without your timely assistance, had not dined at all.

We are now on the parade: but there is nothing here save a parcel of lounging life-guardsmen, and a dozen or so of recruiting sergeants. The hour of guard-mounting (ten o'clock in the morning) is long past, and "all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," has marched back peacefully to its barracks on the other side of the park. In the absence of anything better to occupy our attention, we will turn our backs upon the parade, the great gun, and the greater mortar, together with the lounging life-guardsmen and recruiting sergeants, and indulge ourselves with a look at the ducks.

Who would have supposed that DUCK ISLAND, over the way there, where you see that desolate-looking heron perched upon one leg, was once a royal government, like the island of Barataria, whereof his Excellency Don Sancho Panza was whilome governor and commander in chief? Nay, now, don't laugh, for the thing is a fact, and very well attested. We are informed by the accurate Mr. Pennant, in his *Survey of London*, that "Duck Island was erected, in the time of King Charles II. into a government, and had a salary annexed to the office in favour of M. St. EVERMOND, who was the first, and perhaps the last governor."

Only think of a memorial on behalf of the widgown addressed to his Excellency M. St. EVERMOND, Lord-lieutenant General and General Governor of DUCK ISLAND and its dependencies: or a paragraph in the *London Mercury*, to the effect "that his gracious Majesty, Charles II. attended by the Right Honourable, the Earl of Rochester, and Mr. Killigrew, the joker, was graciously pleased to visit DUCK ISLAND, where his majesty was received by his excellency, the governor, with the customary honours, the swans being drawn up in review order for the inspec-

my blessed Jesus." He then mentioned what clothes he should wish to wear, desiring he might have a shirt more than ordinary, lest the coldness of the day might make him tremble, which, he added, would be interpreted by his enemies into fear. "I do not dread death," he said. "Death is not terrible to me. I bless my God, I am prepared."

He then spent a short time in naming the few legacies which were left him to bequeath. To Prince Charles he sent his Bible, on the margin of which were his private remarks and annotations. He desired that he would read it often and with great care; adding that in affliction he would find it to be his surest friend; to the Duke of York he sent a curious ring, which he had constantly been in the habit of wearing; to the Princess Elizabeth, Andrew's Sermons, Archbishop Laud against Fisher the Jesuit, and Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity; to the Duke of Gloucester, King James's Works, and Hammond's Practical Catechism; to Cassandra to the Earl of Lindsey; and his gold watch to the Duchess of Richmond, the daughter of his early favourite, the Duke of Buckingham.

By this time the bishop had arrived, and the king retired with him to prayer. After the prayers of the church had been gone through, the bishop read the twenty-seventh chapter of St. Matthew, which describes the passion of our Saviour. The king applied the passage to his present condition, and thanked the bishop for the selection. He was much surprised and gratified when he was informed that it was, in fact, the chapter set apart in the calendar for the lesson of the day.

While he was still at his devotions, Colonel Hacker knocked at the door. He appeared much agitated, and informed the king it was time to set off for Whitehall. Charles told him he would come presently, and shortly afterwards, taking the bishop by the hand, and bidding Herbert bring with him his silver clock, with a cheerful countenance he proposed to depart. As he passed through the garden of St. James's into the park, he inquired of Herbert the hour of the day, and afterwards bade him keep the clock for his sake.

It was ten o'clock when the king came forth. On each side of him was arranged a line of soldiers, and before and behind him were a guard of halberdiers, their drums beating and colours flying. The king passed to the scaffold, through St. James's Park, on foot. On his right hand was Bishop Juxon, and on his left Colonel Tomlinson, both bareheaded, with whom he frequently conversed during their walk through the park. There is a tradition that he pointed out a tree not far from the entrance to Spring Gardens, (close to the spot which is now a well-known station for cows,) which he said had been planted by his brother Henry. During his walk to the scaffold, a ruffianly fanatic officer inquired of him, with insulting barbarity, if it were true that he had been cognisant of his father's murder. Another stern republican, "a mean citizen," as he is styled by Fuller, was perceived to remain close by his side, and keep his eyes constantly fixed on the king, with an expression of particular malignity.—Charles merely turned away his face: eventually, however, the man was unceremoniously pushed aside by the more feeling among his persecutors.

The guards marching at a slow pace, the king desired them to proceed faster. "I go," he said, "to strive for a heavenly crown, with less solicitude than I have formerly encouraged my soldiers to fight for an earthly one." However, the noise

of the drums rendered conversation extremely difficult.

Passing along the famous gallery, which at that time ran across the street at Whitehall to the opposite part of the palace, the king was conducted to his usual bed-chamber. The scaffolding had only been commenced the preceding afternoon,* and not having been then completed, the delay thus afforded allowed him a considerable time for prayer. It was a cold and dismal day. Two or three dishes had been provided for his dinner, but having partaken of the sacrament, he declined this misplaced kindness: however, on its being represented to him how long he had fasted, that the weather was extremely bitter; and that, should the cold produce the least shivering, it would be maliciously interpreted by his enemies, he consented to partake of a piece of bread and a glass of claret. While he was engaged at his devotions with Bishop Juxon, Nye, and others of the puritan clergymen, knocked at the door of his apartment, and offered to assist in preparing him for his fate. But he told them they had so often prayed against him, they should never pray with him in his agony, though he should be grateful, he added, if they would remember him in their prayers. As soon as he had completed his devotions, "Now," he said, "let the rogues come; I have forgiven them, and am prepared for all I am to undergo." When Colonel Hacker gave the last signal at the door of the apartment, the bishop and Herbert fell on their knees weeping: the king gave them his hand to kiss, and as Juxon was an old man, he kindly assisted him to rise. To Colonel Tomlinson, who had shown him every attention in his power, he presented his gold tooth-pick case, requesting him to attend him to the last. Then, desiring the door to be opened, and telling Hacker he was prepared to follow him, he passed with a cheerful countenance, through an avenue of guards, to the scaffold.

CHAPTER X.

Considerable doubt has existed as to the exact spot on which Charles was beheaded. The scaffold unquestionably ran in front of the banqueting house, from the centre of that building to the end nearest to Charing Cross. In height it was level with the top of the lower windows. Immediately in the centre of the building, between the upper and lower windows, a passage had been broken in the wall, through which the unfortunate king passed. At a recent renovation of the banqueting house, this passage was plainly perceptible, a fact which must be considered as entirely settling the question at rest. For a space of about seven feet in height and four in breadth, the bricks presented a broken and jagged appearance, and the brickwork introduced was evidently of more modern date.

To return to the last moments of Charles. The scaffold had been covered with black cloth, and a coffin, lined with black velvet, was in readiness to receive his remains. In the platform itself had

*Hume says, quoting from Walker's History of Independency, that "the king slept soundly as usual, though the noise of workmen, employed in framing the scaffold, and other preparations for his execution resounded in his ears." This is more poetical than true. Charles had passed the previous night at St. James's, at the distance of nearly half a mile. Even had he slept at Whitehall, as his apartments were close to the water's side, and in a different direction, he could scarcely have been disturbed by the noise.

been fixed iron rings and staples, to which ropes had also been attached, by which it was intended to force the king to the block should he make the least attempt at resistance. The persons who attended him to the scaffold, besides Bishop Juxon, were two of the gentlemen of his bed-chamber, Harrington and Herbert. The former afterwards suffered so much from the shock, that an illness ensued which nearly cost him his life. The king himself appeared cheerful, resigned, and happy. He merely requested of Colonel Hacker, to be careful that he was not put to unnecessary pain. Having put on his satin cap, he inquired of one of the two executioners, both of whom were masked, if his hair was in the way. The man requested him to push it under his cap. As he was doing so, with the assistance of the bishop and the executioner, he turned to the former; "I have a good cause," he said, "and a gracious God on my side."

The Bishop.—There is but one stage more; this stage is turbulent and troublesome, it is a short one; but you may consider it will soon carry you a great way; it will carry you from earth to heaven; and there you will find a great deal of cordial joy and comfort.

The King.—I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can be, no disturbance in the world.

The Bishop.—You are exchanged from a temporal to an eternal crown; a good exchange.

Observing one of the persons, who had been admitted to the scaffold, accidentally touching the edge of the axe with his cloak, the king requested him to be careful. Then again inquiring of the executioner, "is my hair well?" he took off his cloak and George, and delivering the latter to the bishop, exclaimed significantly "*remember*." To the executioner he said, "I shall say but short prayers, and when I thrust out my hands—" Looking at the block, he said, "you must set it fast." The executioner replied it was fast. The king remarked it might have been higher. Being told it could not have been higher, he said, "when I put out my hands this way, then—"

In the mean time, having divested himself of his cloak and doublet, and being in his waistcoat, he again put on his cloak. Then, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, and repeating a few words to himself which were inaudible to the bystanders, he knelt down and laid his neck on the block. The executioner stooping to put his hair under his cap, the king thinking he was about to strike, bid him *wait for the sign*. After a short pause he stretched out his hands, and the executioner at one blow severed his head from his body. The head was immediately lifted up by the other headsman and exhibited to the people. "Behold," he exclaimed, "the head of a traitor."*

Thus, on the 30th of January, 1649, at the age of forty-nine, died King Charles. The dismal groan, which rose at the moment of his decapitation from the dense populace around, was never forgotten by those who heard it. Certainly, by the vast majority of the people of England, the execution of Charles was regarded as an atrocious

*In the British Museum is preserved a curious single folio sheet, printed at Frankfurt shortly after King Charles's death, in which there is a print descriptive of his execution, surmounted by medallion heads of Charles, Cromwell, and Fairfax. The only persons represented to be on the scaffold, besides Charles and the two executioners, who are in masks, are Bishop Juxon, and Colonel Tomlinson and Hacker. There is a Latin motto from Horace, Cram. lib. i. ode 4.

and barbarous murder. Philip Henry, the famous divine, was a witness of the memorable scene. "He used to mention," writes his son, "that at the instant when the blow was given, there was such a *dismal universal groan* among the thousands of people that were within sight, as it were with one consent, as he never heard before and desired he might never hear the like again." This fact is corroborated by the testimony of an aged person, one Margaret Coe, who died in 1730, at the age of one hundred and three. She saw the executioner hold up the head, and well "remembered the *dismal groan* which was made by the vast multitude of spectators when the fatal blow was given."* Immediately after the axe fell, a party of horse rode rapidly from Charing Cross to King street, and another from King street to Charing Cross, with the object of dispersing the people, or more probably, of dissipating their gloomy thoughts.

The body of Charles having been placed in the coffin prepared for it, was conveyed by Bishop Juxon and Herbert to the back-stairs at Whitehall, to be embalmed. In their way back they encountered Cromwell, who informed them that orders would be speedily issued for the burial. The regicide came shortly afterwards to gaze upon the corpse of his victim. He remarked on the appearance of health and promise of longevity which it exhibited. It is even said that he attempted to fasten a suspicion that Charles was suffering under a disgraceful disease at the time of his death, but that the praiseworthy firmness of a physician who attended the opening of the body, destroyed the validity of the scandal. This physician was certainly not the same practitioner who was employed to embalm the body and to sew on the head. That person was one Thomas Tropham, surgeon to Fairfax, and a bachelor of physic in the University of Oxford. There were many spectators of the ceremony. At its completion this facetious ruffian remarked, that he had been sewing on the head of a goose.

No monarch ever departed this life more beloved and lamented by his own party than did the unfortunate Charles. They felt as if a near and dear friend had been snatched from their sight. Arch-

* Sir Edward Peyton, in addressing his work the *Divine Catastrophe*, to the Commons of England, has the following remarkable passage:—"I thrice humbly desire your patronage, especially finding by experience the composition and style of this present narrative will incur the displeasure and hatred of most of this state." This admission coming from a fifth monarchy man, as Anthony Wood styles Peyton, and addressed to the heads of his own party, is certainly of some weight. I deed, whatever might have been the general feeling against the political character and conduct of Charles, there can be no doubt that his public death upon the scaffold was regarded by nine tenths of the people as a bloody and atrocious act. Among the thousands who gazed upon that scene of violence and ferocity, there was, perhaps, scarcely a single bystander in whose breast all feelings of pity were so entirely stifled, as not to be excited by so awful a transition from the height of human greatness to the extreme of human misery. It is only in the worst of human bosoms that there exists the impulse to injure still further the being whom we have humbled and rendered powerless. Among the actors or spectators of the execution of Charles, there may have been some to whom, from motives of ambition, or a persuasion of its political expediency, that scene may not have been unpalatable; but these persons were neither many in number, nor were they, generally speaking, among the more respectable of their detested party.

bishop Usher, who witnessed the death of his master from the roof of Wallingford House, (the site of the present Admiralty,) was carried away fainting; and Dr. Fell, Dean of Christ Church, died, it is said, of grief, when the tidings were brought to him. The majority of the people of England expressed their sorrow as loudly as they felt it deeply. All who were able to approach the body dipped their handkerchiefs and staves in his blood; the block was cut into small pieces; and large sums of money were offered for a lock of his hair, or a few grains of the sand which had been discoloured by his blood. It seems that in addition to the common interest attached to such relics, it was supposed they would be efficacious in curing the evil. But even his enemies, on more than one occasion, paid unexpected homage to his memory. Perhaps the most singular is the tribute of the regicide Henry Martin. "If we are to have a king," he said in the House of Commons, "I would as soon have the *last gentleman* as any sovereign on record." But the fine verses of Andrew Marvel, another foe to monarchy, must not be omitted,—

While round the armed bands
Did clasp their bloody hands,
He nothing common did or mean,
After that memorable scene;
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try,
Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right,
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

The heroic Marquis of Montrose is said to have written his master's epitaph with the point of his sword. The lines attributed to him, and rendered thus remarkable, the author had previously imagined to be the production of John Cleveland, more especially as they are printed among his works, and as the death of the martyred king is a favourite subject of his muse. Bishop Guthrie, however, who was likely to have the best information on the subject, inserts them in his *Memoirs* as the production of the marquis, without in the least questioning their authenticity. The lines are as follow:—

Great, good, and just! could I but rate
My griefs, and thy too rigid fate;
I'd weep the world to such a strain,
As it should deluge once again;
But since thy loud-tongued blood demands supplies,
More from Briareus' hands than Argus' eyes;
I'll sing thy obsequies with trumpet sounds,
And write thy epitaph with blood and wounds.

There has existed much doubt and discussion respecting the identity of the king's executioner. Several persons have been named for the unenviable honour, and sufficient materials might be collected on the subject to form a curious and entertaining treatise. However, after every attention to the evidence, (and some interesting matter has recently been brought to light,) there seems to be no doubt that it was Richard Brandon, the common executioner, who had previously beheaded the Earl of Strafford. This man eventually died in great agony of mind, and was carried to the grave amid the execrations of the populace.

The royal corpse, having been embalmed and placed in a leaden coffin, was conveyed to St. James's Palace. The usurping authorities refused permission to bury it in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, though at the same time, they allowed five hundred pounds to defray the ex-

penses of the interment. The spot eventually agreed upon by both parties was Windsor. Thither the melancholy cavalcade proceeded; the body being carried in a hearse covered with black velvet, and drawn by six horses. It was followed by four mourning coaches, containing several of the most faithful servants of the deceased monarch, who hastened to pay the last tribute to his memory. The first resting-place was the Dean's house at Windsor: the room was covered with black, and the coffin surrounded with lights. From thence the body was removed to the king's usual bed-chamber in the castle.

The persons to whom the performance of the royal obsequies was intrusted were, the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Hertford, Lord Southampton, Lord Lindsay, the Bishop of London, Herbert, and Mildmay. They had all been devoted servants of their late master. Their first step was to proceed to St. George's Chapel, to select a proper resting-place for his remains. That beautiful and interesting building was at this period, internally, a mass of ruins. The ancient inscriptions, the architectural ornaments, the stalls and banners of the Knights of the Garter, had been torn and uprooted by the hands of republicanism, and lay strewed in melancholy devastation on the floor. It was found impossible to distinguish the tomb of a monarch from the grave of a verger. At last, one of the noblemen present, happening to strike the pavement with his staff, perceived by the hollow sound that there was a vault beneath. The stones and earth having been removed, they came to two coffins, which proved to be those of King Henry the Eighth and Queen Jane Seymour. Though considerably more than a century had elapsed since their interment, the velvet palls which covered their coffins were still fresh. In this vault over against the eleventh stall on the sovereign's side, it was decided to inter the body of King Charles.

Accordingly, on the 7th of February, the royal remains, having been carried from the king's bed-chamber into St. George's Hall, were thence borne to the chapel. In addition to those to whom the solemnisation of the funeral had been originally entrusted, Colonel Whichcot, the governor of the castle, and several of his officers, attended the ceremony. The snow fell thick upon the velvet pall, and when it entered the chapel the coffin was perfectly white, the "colour of innocence." Bishop Juxon stood ready at the head of the vault, with the book of Common Prayer in his hand. He was preparing to read the burial service, according to the rites of the Church of England, when he was stopped by the governor. "The book of Common Prayer," said the bigoted soldier, "had been put down by authority, and should not be used in any garrison where he commanded." The coffin was lowered amid the tears and prayers of the faithful followers of the unfortunate monarch. On its leaden surface was inscribed, in capital letters—

KING CHARLES,
1648.

A mysterious doubt existed for many years respecting the real burial-place of King Charles. By many it was believed that he lay in the sand at Whitehall, and that the coffin, on which was inscribed his name, merely contained stones and rubbish.* Another report was raised by the old

* Aubrey says, "I well remember it was frequently and soberly affirmed by officers of arms and grantees, that the body of King Charles the First was

Cromwellites, at the Restoration, that the bodies of Charles and Cromwell had been made to change coffins, and that in reality it was the corpse of the king, instead of his murderer, which had been exposed at Tyburn, and which was afterwards buried beneath the gallows. There was one circumstance which attached some weight to these idle surmises. At the Restoration, the Parliament voted the large sum of seventy thousand pounds towards a public funeral for the late king, and for the purpose of erecting a grateful and a lasting monument to his memory. To the astonishment of all men, it was reported that his remains could nowhere be discovered, although many persons were still alive who could have pointed out the spot.

But all doubts have been set at rest in our times, by the opening of King Charles's coffin in 1813, in the presence of George the Fourth, then Prince of Wales. The interesting account of Sir Henry Hallford is well known. "On removing the pall, a plain leaden coffin, with no appearance of ever having been enclosed in wood, and bearing an inscription, 'King Charles, 1648.' in large legible characters, on a scroll of lead encircling it, immediately presented itself to the view. A square opening was then made in the upper part of the lid, of such dimensions as to admit a clear insight into its contents. These were an internal wooden coffin, very much decayed, and the body carefully wrapt up in cere-cloth, into the folds of which a quantity of unctuous or greasy matter, mixed with resin, as it seems, had been melted, so as to exclude, as effectually as possible, the external air. The coffin was completely full, and from the tenacity of the cere-cloth, great difficulty was experienced in detaching it successfully from the parts which it enveloped. Wherever the unctuous matter had insinuated itself, the separation of the cere-cloth was easy, and when it came off, a correct impression of the features to which it had been applied was observed in the unctuous substance. At length the whole face was disengaged from its covering. The complexion of the skin of it was dark and discoloured. The forehead and temples had lost little or nothing of their muscular substance; the cartilage of the nose was gone; but the left eye, in the first moment of exposure, was open and full, though it vanished almost immediately; and the pointed beard so characteristic of the period of the reign of King Charles, was perfect. The shape of the face was a long oval; many of the teeth remained; and the left ear, in consequence of the interposition of the unctuous matter between it and the cere-cloth, was found entire. When the head had been entirely disengaged from the attachments which confined it, it was found to be loose, and without any difficulty, was taken up and held to view. It was quite wet, and gave a greenish red tinge to paper and linen which touched it. The back part of the scalp was entirely perfect, and had a remarkably fresh appearance, nearly black. A portion of it which has been since cleaned and dried, is of a beautiful dark brown colour.* That

privately put into the sand at Whitehall; and the coffin that was carried to Windsor and laid in King Henry the Eighth's vault, was filled with rubbish and brick-bats. Sir Fabian Phillips, *jurisconsultus*, who adventured his life before the king's trial by printing, assures me that the king's coffin cost but six shillings: a plain deal coffin."

* This is singular; it being an unquestionable fact that the king's hair was almost gray, long previous to his trial.

of the beard was a redder brown. On the back of the head the hair was not more than an inch in length, and had been probably cut so short for the convenience of the executioner, or perhaps, by the piety of friends soon after death, in order to furnish memorials of the unhappy king. On holding up the head, to examine the place of separation from the body, the muscles of the neck had evidently retracted themselves considerably; and the fourth cervical vertebra was found to be cut through its substance transversely, leaving the surfaces of the divided portions perfectly smooth and even; an appearance which could have been produced only by a heavy blow inflicted with a very sharp instrument and which furnished the last proof wanting to identify King Charles the First."

By his queen, Henrietta Maria, the king had eight children. Besides those, whose memoirs will be hereafter introduced, he had a son named Charles, his first-born, who survived the rite of baptism but a few hours. The infant was born at Greenwich in 1629; its birth having been accelerated by a fright suffered by the queen. It is remarkable that the Roman Catholic priests of the queen's household were in anxious expectation of its birth, trusting, by an immediate and secret baptism, to smuggle it into their own church; Charles, however, was on the watch, and directed his chaplain, Dr. Webbe, who was in attendance, to baptise it according to the forms of the Church of England. The infant was buried at Westminster. Another of the King's children was Catherine, his fourth daughter, whose career was equally brief. This child, as were most of the offspring of Charles, was born at Whitehall. It has been remarked as curious, that their names, with only one exception, are omitted in the parish registry of St. Martin's. The king invariably sent a sum of money, by some member of his household, in order to ensure the usual entry. These persons, it is said, deceived his majesty, and appropriated the money to their own use.

HENRIETTA MARIA.

The character of Henrietta Maria is seldom a favourite one with our historians. Generally speaking, she is described as turbulent, wanton, and insincere; implacable in her resentments; rash in her resolves; precipitating her husband into the most dangerous excesses, and entertaining the most lofty conceptions of the royal prerogative. That the conduct of Henrietta was not felicitous; that she was bigoted in religion, and headstrong in her passions, and that her capacity was far from extensive, it would be difficult to deny; and yet much that has been said to her disadvantage may be traced to party bitterness and the prejudice of faction. To the republicans, the exalted station which she occupied, and the religion which she professed, naturally rendered her an object of suspicion and dislike; while the royalists, taking advantage of her supposed influence over the king, attributed to her indifferent counsels whatever in their master's conduct they would otherwise have found difficult to defend.

Moreover, the manners of the volatile Frenchwoman were little suited to the people among whom she came to reside. Her zealous and undisguised partiality for the religion and manners of her own country; her love of admiration; her fondness for music, dancing, and all the frivolities to which her sex are privileged,

were converted, by the jaundiced eye of puritanism, into the most heinous sins. After all, Henrietta was neither deficient in private virtues nor agreeable qualities. Her disposition was generous when not provoked; her manners were playful and animated; she was fearless in danger; an affectionate mother, and an indulgent mistress. Her attachment to the ruined fortunes of her husband can never be spoken of without praise. The prominent position which she occupied, in the political troubles of the period, may be ascribed rather to the unfortunate circumstances in which she was placed, than to personal ambition, or a mere love of intrigue. Had she lived in peaceable times, or, indeed, had Buckingham survived to guide the counsels of his master, Henrietta, in all probability, would have been merely remembered for the gaiety of her manners, and the lustre of her charms.

Henrietta Maria, youngest daughter of Henry the Great, of France, and sister of Louis the Thirteenth, was born 28th November, 1609. Of her childhood little is known; indeed, at the period of her marriage with Charles, she had scarcely completed her sixteenth year. In 1624, Lord Kensington, afterwards Earl of Holland, had been despatched to Paris, in order to sound the feelings of the French court, with regard to the match. He found the young princess greatly prepossessed in favour of her future husband. The account of the prince's journey into Spain appears to have strongly influenced her imagination. When the tale of his adventures was first related to her, she observed, "He might have found a wife much nearer, and have saved himself much trouble." Indeed, with all the romance of a young girl, she appears to have fancied herself in love with Charles, long before they actually met.

Lord Kensington, unwilling to risk the disgrace of a refusal, proceeded cautiously in his delicate mission. As regarded Henrietta herself, she took no pains to disguise her partiality for the prince. The state of her feelings, however, will be best discovered by the following romantic incident, which is thus agreeably related by Lord Kensington in one of his letters to Charles: "I cannot," he says, "but make you continual repetitions of the value you have here, to be (as justly we know you), the most complete young prince and person in the world. This reputation has begotten in the sweet princess, Madame, so infinite an affection to your fame, as she could not contain herself from a passionate desiring to see your picture, the shadow of that person so honoured, and knowing not by what means to compass it, it being worn about my neck; for though others, as the queen and princesses, would open it and consider it, the which ever brought forth admiration from them, yet durst not this poor young lady look any otherwise on it than afar off, whose heart was nearer unto it than any of the others who did most gaze upon it. But at the last, rather than want that sight, the which she was so impatient of, she desired the gentlewoman of the house where I am lodged, that had been her servant, to borrow of me the picture, in all the secrecy that may be, and to bring it unto her, saying, she could not but want that curiosity, as well as others, towards a person of his infinite reputation. As soon as she saw the party that brought it, she retired into her cabinet, calling only her in; where she opened the picture in such haste as showed a true picture of her passion, blushing in the instant at her own guiltiness. She kept it an hour in her hands, and

when she returned it, she gave it many praises of your person. Sir, this is a business so fit for your secrecy, as I know it shall never go farther than unto the king your father, my lord Duke of Buckingham, and my lord of Carlisle's knowledge." Shortly afterwards, when Henrietta received two letters, one from King James, and the other from her lover, she placed the former in her cabinet, and the latter in her bosom. James was much pleased when the anecdote was related to him;—"It was an omen," he said, "that she would preserve his name in her memory, and Charles in her heart."

One would have thought the young, the graceful, and gallant Earl of Holland, (for such he was now created,) would have been a dangerous mediator between two lovers who had never met. But Holland, though afterwards some suspicion became attached to his intercourse with Henrietta, at this period loved his master. It was about the same time that Count Soissons declared openly and boldly at the Louvre, that he had been contracted to the princess before several witnesses, and even went so far as to assert that she was his lawful bride. Holland instantly challenged him to single combat, but Soissons refused to meet him. "The court of France," he said, "was too powerful, to allow him to maintain the truth with his sword."

If it be presumed that the feelings of Charles were equally romantic with those of his future bride, the glowing descriptions which Lord Holland transmitted of her accomplishments were well calculated to increase his flame. In a letter dated 26th February, he thus writes to the prince: "You will find a lady of as much loveliness and sweetness to deserve your affection, as any creature under heaven can do. And sir, by all her fashions since my being here, and by what I hear from the ladies, it is most visible to me, her infinite value, and respect unto you. Sir, I say not this to betray your belief, but from a true observation and knowledge of this to be so; I tell you this, and must somewhat more, in way of admiration of the person of Madame; for the impressions I had of her were but ordinary, but the amazement extraordinary, to find her, as I protest to God I did, the sweetest creature in France. Her growth is very little short of her age, and her wisdom infinitely beyond it. I heard her discourse with her mother, and the ladies about her, with extraordinary discretion and quickness. She dances, the which I am a witness of, as well as ever I saw any creature. They say she sings most sweetly: I am sure she looks so." In another letter Lord Holland writes: "I found it true, that neither her master, Bayle, nor any man or woman in France, or in the world, sings so admirably as she. Sir, it is beyond imagination; that is all that I can say of it."

The articles of marriage between Charles and Henrietta were signed by James on the 11th of May, 1624, and by the French king on the 14th of August following. The treaty was finally ratified at Paris, by the Earls of Carlisle and Holland, on the 18th of March, 1625. At the beginning of May, the necessary dispensation was received from Rome, when Cardinal Richieu performed the espousals, the Duke de Chevereux appearing as proxy for Charles.

The ceremony was magnificent in the extreme. On the day appointed, the 11th of May, the royal bride was conducted by the king, the queen, and a long train of courtiers, to the house of the Archbishop of Paris, where she was formally attired by her ladies in the nuptial robes. From hence

they proceeded to a magnificent theatre, erected in front of the Cathedral of Notre-Dame. The Duke de Chevereux was dressed in a black robe, lined with cloth of gold, and sparkling with diamonds. On each side he was supported by the Earls of Carlisle and Holland, clad in beaten silver. Standing under a gorgeous canopy, the King of France, assisted by his brother, consigned their sister to the Duke de Chevereux, as the representative of King Charles. The marriage having been solemnised according to the ceremonies of the Romish church, the procession advanced in the same order to the cathedral, the Duke de Chevereux taking precedence of the King of France. After the celebration of mass, from which the English earls had absented themselves on account of their religious scruples, the procession returned to the house of the archbishop, where a splendid banquet had been presented. The king sat under a canopy in the centre of the table, Henrietta being placed on his left hand, and the queen-mother on his right. Next to Henrietta sat the Duke de Chevereux, and the Earls of Carlisle and Holland by the side of the duke.

On the 24th of May, the Duke of Buckingham, attended by the Earl of Montgomery, and others of the English nobility, arrived at Paris, for the purpose of conducting Henrietta to England. During the seven days which they remained in the French capital, nothing could exceed the splendour of the entertainments which were provided for them, or the magnificence of the public rejoicings. Bonfires illuminated the streets; the cannon roared on the walls, and the prison doors were opened; while the nobility of Paris vied with each other in the costliness of their feasts; a rivalry in which the celebrated Richieu is said to have carried off the palm.

Henrietta bid farewell to Paris on the 2d of June, 1625. It is asserted in a letter of the period, that she was arrested at Amiens by a legate from the pope, who commanded her to perform a penance of either sixteen or twenty-six days, as an atonement for uniting herself to a heretic prince, or as another writer informs us, for having married Charles without a dispensation. Henrietta, it is said, instantly wrote to Charles, who was anxiously expecting her at Canterbury, acquainting him with the cause of her delay. His answer was decisive; he informed her that if she did not immediately resume her journey, he would return to London without her. The young queen, however unwillingly, continued her progress, and the pope was defrauded of his expected triumph. However, as his holiness had already given his consent to the marriage, the story is in all probability a fabrication.

At Boulogne she found the Duchess of Buckingham and an English fleet in readiness to receive her. She set sail on the 12th of June, and after an uncomfortable passage of twenty-four hours arrived at Dover. During this short voyage she had suffered so much from sea-sickness, that it was deemed necessary to convey her into the town in a litter, and thence to apartments prepared for her in the castle. The news of her arrival was carried to the king at Canterbury in an hour and six minutes. Charles was hastening to meet his young bride, when he received a communication from her, intimating how much she had suffered by her voyage, and requesting him to defer the interview till the following day.

The next morning, about ten o'clock, the king, attended by a suitable retinue, arrived at Dover. Henrietta was at her morning meal, and for vari-

ous private reasons, was scarcely prepared for the interview; yet she instantly rose from table, and hurrying down stairs, fell on her knees before her husband, and taking his hand, kissed it affectionately. Charles instantly raised her, and "wrapping his arms around her, kissed her with many kisses." Her first words were those of reverence and affection:—"Sire, Je suis venue en ce pais de votre Majesté pour être unie et commandée a vous." Charles seemed surprised to find her taller than he had expected, and cast his eyes upon her feet, as if suspecting that she had made use of artificial means to improve her stature. Henrietta, with all her native quickness, perceived what was passing in the king's mind. She immediately raised one of her feet, and pointed to the shoe: "Sir," she said, "I stand upon mine own feet. I have no helps of art. Thus high I am, and am neither higher nor lower." Some tears fell from her eyes, but Charles kissed them away, telling her playfully "he should not fail doing so, so long as she continued weeping." He told her "she had not fallen into a land of strangers, and that she might be ever satisfied of his tenderness and esteem."

After a short period, the bystanders were required to withdraw, and the royal lovers remained an hour in private. The first request of Henrietta must have been highly gratifying to her husband. "She trusted," she said, "that should she ever do any thing to offend him, he would himself tell her of her fault, instead of employing a third person." Charles readily promised a compliance, and exacted the same stipulation from his bride.

Having prepared themselves for dinner, and come forth into the presence chamber, Henrietta presented her French servants, formally, and by name. Charles, having already dined, seated himself by the queen, and helped her to venison and pheasant with his own hand. Her confessor, who stood by her, solemnly reminded her that, being the eve of John the Baptist, it was a fast day of the church, and consequently that she must be cautious how she provoked scandal on the first day of her arrival. But at this period, at least, her husband had the ascendant of the pope and his penances, and Henrietta, to the great delight of her protestant subjects, ate heartily of the forbidden dishes.

After dinner the king and queen proceeded on horseback to Canterbury, where it was intended to consummate the marriage. On Barram Down they were received by a vast concourse of the nobility, of both sexes, who divided themselves into rows while their majesties passed on. The road had been strewed with roses and other flowers, by the loyal peasants of Kent, who rent the skies with their shouts and acclamations. "The ladies," writes Howell, "appeared like so many constellations, but methought that the country ladies outshined the courtiers."

The same night, having arrived at Canterbury and supper being over, the queen retired to rest. Charles followed shortly afterwards, being attended to the apartment by two of the lords of the bedchamber, whose duty it was to undress him. It appears that the king's first step was to secure the doors of the bedchamber (which were actually seven in number) with his own hand. He then undressed himself, and having excluded his two attendants, cautiously bolted the door. These particulars throw a curious light on the customs of the period; since it seems certain that not even the nuptial chamber of the sovereign was secured against the strange license and intrusive jocularity

which were permitted by the less refined taste of our ancestors on the marriage night. It would seem, indeed, that it was only by stratagem that Charles was enabled to rid himself of his own attendants. "The next morning," we are told, "he was pleasant with the lords that he had beguiled them, and hath ever since been very jocular."

On the 16th of June, 1625, Charles arrived with his bride in the capital. They had entered the royal barge at Gravesend, from whence, attended by several of the barges of the nobility, they proceeded up the river in regal state. From London Bridge to Whitehall their procession resembled a triumph. Thousands of vessels crowded the Thames; every lighter and barge was filled with spectators, and the banks appeared a moving mass of population. The guns roared from the tower, as well as from the various ships in the neighbourhood; while the populace, notwithstanding that the plague raged around them, and the rain fell in torrents, vied with each other in the clamour of their gratulations. The king and queen were each dressed in green. The windows of the barge, notwithstanding the pelting rain, were kept open; Henrietta frequently acknowledging the shouts of the populace, by gracefully waving her hand. It was observed that her head already reached the king's shoulder, and that she was young enough to grow taller.*

The difference of religion between Henrietta and her new subjects but slightly affected her first welcome. Much was expected from her youth, her reputed good sense, and the zeal and influence of her husband. Henrietta too, in some degree sacrificing her respect for truth to the love of popularity, was not unwilling to assist the deception. Being asked, shortly after her arrival, if she could abide a heretic: "Why not," she said, "was not my father one?" But neither her popularity nor her dissimulation were of long existence. Shortly afterwards, when she proved with child, the puritans loudly expressed their dissatisfaction, speaking of her as an idolatress and likening her to Heth the Canaanite. Regarding her religion with extreme abhorrence, and perceiving the probability of her hereafter influencing her children in the Romish faith, they foretold those misfortunes which afterwards befel the descendants of Charles. The puritans looked rather to the issue of the Queen of Bohemia, whose education they were satisfied had been in accordance with the principles of the reformed religion. The birth, therefore, of an heir to the crown was a black day in the calendar of puritanism. Heylin mentions a village, in which he was himself resident at the time, where a day of rejoicing had been set apart, in commemoration of the prince's birth. All sorts of festivities, such as feasting, ringing of bells, and bonfires, had been announced to the inhabitants. But, he adds, no single individual of the presbyterian or puritan party came forth from their houses on that day; but, on the contrary, closed their doors, as on occasions of general mourning and distress.

The reputed loveliness of Henrietta, notwithstanding the exquisite portraits of Vandyke, and the enthusiasm of the contemporary poets, has been occasionally disputed. A small share of

personal charms will easily exalt a queen into a goddess, and Waller thus addresses Henrietta:

Your beauty more the fondest lover moves
With admiration, than his private loves;
With admiration! for a pitch so high,
(Save sacred Charles's) never love durst fly.
Beauty had crowned you, and you must have been
The whole world's mistress, other than a queen.
All had been rivals, and you might have spared,
Or killed, and tyrannised, without a guard.

Sir William Davenant has celebrated the beauty of Henrietta with still more fulsome panegyric. Several of his smaller pieces are addressed to her, and on New Year's Day he writes,—

There is no need of purple or of lawn
To vest thee in; were but thy curtains drawn
Men might securely say that it is morn;
Thy garments serve to hide not to adorn.
Now she appears, whilst every look and smile
Dispenses warmth and beauty through our isle.

Descending, however, to mere prose, it may not be unamusing to transcribe the brief descriptions of those persons who beheld her in the zenith of youth and levelness, and who were qualified to form a sober opinion of her personal merits. "I can send you gallant news," writes Howell to his brother-in-law; "for we have now a most gallant new Queen of England, who in true beauty is far beyond the long-wooded infants; for she was of a fading flaxen hair, big-lipped, and somewhat heavy eyed; but this daughter of France, this youngest branch of Bourbon, is of a more lovely and lasting complexion, a dark brown; she hath eyes that sparkle like stars; and for her physiognomy, she may be said to be a mirror of perfection."

Mr. Meade, who was present at her first landing in England, describes her to Sir Martin Stuteville, as "a nimble and quiet, black-eyed, brown-haired, and, in a word, a brave lady, though, perhaps, a little touched with the green sickness." But we prefer the description of Sir Symonds D'Ewes, who hastened to gratify his curiosity with a sight of the new queen: "On Thursday, the 30th, the last day of this instant June, I went to Whitehall purposely to see the queen, which I did fully all the time she sat at dinner, and perceived her to be a most absolute delicate lady; after I had exactly surveyed all the features of her face, much enlivened by her radiant and sparkling black eye. Besides, her deportment among her women was so sweet and humble, and her speech and looks to her other servants so mild and gracious, as I could not abstain from divers deep-fetched sighs, to consider that she wanted the knowledge of the true religion." Her eyes appear to have been really beautiful. Waller speaks of them in the inflated language of the day.

"Such eyes as yours, on Jove himself had thrown
As bright and fierce a lightning as his own."

And again,—

"Such radiant eyes,
Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies."

Notwithstanding the conciliating manners of Henrietta on her first arrival in England, it was shortly evident that the spirit of Henry IV. was not entirely dormant in the bosom of his daughter. The following court decree is introduced on the authority of an eye-witness. "The queen, howsoever very little of stature, is yet of a pleasing countenance, if she be pleased, but full of spirit and vigour, and seems of a more than or-

dinary resolution. With one frown, diverse of us being at Whitehall to see her, being at dinner, and the room somewhat overheated with the fire and company, she drove us all out of the chamber. I suppose none but a queen could have cast such a scowl." Henrietta was not crowned with her husband. It was demanded that the ceremony should be performed according to the solemnities of her own church; but this being of course refused, her bigotry, or the threats of her confessor, forbade her to assist in any religious ceremonial of protestantism. She is described, in a letter of the period, as standing in a window as a mere looker-on, her ladies "frisking and dancing" around her. She beheld the procession from an apartment in the Gate House, Westminster, which looked into Palace Yard, and had been purposely fitted up for her accommodation.

It certainly speaks much in favour of Henrietta, that her own relatives, and those who were nearest to her person, regarded her with the warmest affection and esteem. The dying words of Charles bore testimony to his admiration and his love. With her brother, Louis the Thirteenth, she was also a great favourite. Robert, Earl of Leicester, ambassador at Paris in 1636, mentions the evident satisfaction of Louis, when he presented him with a letter from his sister the Queen of England: "It was observed," he says, "by those that were by, that when he spoke of the queen, a very great natural affection did appear, both by his words and gesture; and, it is said in this court, that he loves the queen best of all his sisters; and when he speaks of her, he always calls her, *ma bonne sœur d'Angleterre*." Her son, James the Second, reverts to her memory with affection;—"She excelled," he says, "in all the qualities of a good wife, a good mother, and a good Christian." Her nephew, also, Louis the Fourteenth, appears to have been attached to her in her lifetime, and after her death erected a splendid monument to her memory.

Sir William Waller, in his Recollections, records an anecdote of Henrietta during her stay at Exeter, which endeared her to the inhabitants of that loyal town. While passing northward of the town, her ears were saluted by the dismal cries of some person in distress. They were found, on inquiry, to proceed from a poor woman, whose daughter was in her confinement, and who was evidently in a dying state from the want of proper nourishment and assistance. The queen took a gold chain from her neck, and placing the Agnus which was attached to it in her bosom, delivered the chain to the woman; desiring her, at the same time, to take it into the city and to dispose of it to a goldsmith. The queen's confessor afterwards hazarded an invidious remark on the object of her charity having been a heretic. When this latter circumstance was mentioned to Charles, alluding to her barefoot journey to Tyburn, he asked jestingly if they had not compelled her to do penance.

On the 23d of February, 1642, Henrietta, dreading the threatened impeachment of the commons and the fury of the people, wisely decided on quitting England, and embarked at Dover for Holland. She carried with her the crown jewels, with which she eventually purchased arms and ammunition for the service of her husband. But her absence from England was of brief duration. After using every exertion to influence the Prince of Orange and the States in favour of the royal cause in England; after

*See "The Life and Death of that Matchless Mirror of Magnanimity, Henrietta Maria de Bourbon: London, 1635." Also "A true Discourse of all the Royal Passages, Triumphs, and Ceremonies, observed at the Contract and Marriage of the High and Mighty Charles, King of Great Britain: London, 1625."

eluding the spies of the parliament and the ships which they sent out to arrest her, she again set sail from Scheveling the following year, and arrived safely at Burlington Bay in Yorkshire.

The night after her landing, her life was in considerable danger. Four of the parliamentary ships having entered the roads, and having ascertained in which house the queen was lodged, commenced playing their cannon against it. Henrietta was in bed at the time, but so imminent was the danger, that she was compelled to quit the house "bare-foot and bare-leg," and after a precipitate and very hazardous flight, found shelter in a ditch behind the town. But even here the danger was considerable, a sergeant being killed within a few paces from where she stood. In the midst of the firing, Henrietta remembered that she had left her favourite lap-dog asleep. Heedless of the danger, she instantly flew back to the house she had just quitted, and having discovered the little creature, returned with it triumphantly in her arms.

On hearing of her hazardous situation, the Earl of Newcastle immediately hastened to Burlington and conducted her in safety to the army at York. Had she attempted to rejoin her husband at Oxford, where his quarters then were, she would in all probability, have fallen into the hands of the republicans; it was decided, therefore, that she should remain in Yorkshire, where she continued to reside for about four months; equally enchanting all who approached her by her affable demeanour and graceful manners.

The courage displayed by Henrietta at Burlington is not the only instance of her recklessness in the hour of danger. On one occasion, when one of the parliament ships was in full chase of her, regardless of the cries and entreaties of her female attendants, she commanded the captain on no account to strike, but to wait till the last extremity, and then to blow up the vessel. At another time, when in imminent danger from a storm at sea, she sat tranquilly on the deck, and exclaimed laughingly—"Les reines ne se noyent pas,—queens are never drowned." And yet Mr. Hallam remarks that "Henrietta was by no means the high-spirited woman that some have fancied."

Even to Charles she occasionally displayed the spirit of her race. When the king showed some disinclination to seize the five refractory members, "Go, coward," she said, "and pull out these rogues by the ears, or never see my face again." This anecdote was related to Pym by the Countess of Carlisle; and yet at other times Henrietta could bear insult and injury with singular generosity of mind. When the tidings were brought to her that she had been impeached by the commons of high treason, and that her enemy Pym had actually carried up the impeachment to the bar of the lords, she wrote to the Duke of Hamilton, that she hoped God would forgive them for their rebellion, as she in her heart forgave them their conduct to her. On another occasion she refused to be made acquainted with the names of some English peers, who had expressed themselves her enemies. "Though they hate me now," she said, "perhaps they will not always hate me; and if they have any sentiments of honour, they will be ashamed of tormenting a poor woman, who takes so little precaution to defend herself."

The enemies of Henrietta have attempted to blast her fair fame, by accusing her of unfaithfulness to the marriage-bed. Undoubtedly there was much of French levity in her manners and

conduct, but still the fact of infidelity is not only not proved, but is deficient in reasonable presumptive evidence. Walpole, in his tedious juvenile poem, "The Epistle from Florence," speaks confidently

"Of lustful Henrietta's Romish shade."

Peyton, also, an equally rancorous writer, accuses her of having intrigued with Jermyn, afterwards Earl of St. Albans, even in the lifetime of her husband. "A certain earl," he says, "enlightened the king on the subject, telling him that if he did not believe his word, if he would go into her chamber, he might be satisfied, and behold Jermyn sitting upon the bed with the queen; so the king and the lord went in, and found her and Jermyn in that posture. The king presently, more ashamed of the act than blaming her, departed, without speaking a word." There is one important argument to refute this disgraceful accusation, namely, the want of confidence in the veracity of the narrator.

It must be allowed, however, on the other hand, that the character of Henrietta has never been completely cleared. Lord Dartmouth, in a note to Bishop Burnet's History, supplies us with a curious anecdote. The queen, he informs us, had conceived a particular dislike to the Duke of Hamilton. His grace, for some reason, being anxious to obtain an interview with Henrietta, had persuaded Mrs. Seymour, a woman of the bed-chamber, to admit him secretly into the queen's private apartment at Somerset House; when, his wishes having been gratified, he stated that from his place of concealment he surprised Henrietta in great familiarities with Jermyn. Lord Dartmouth's authority was Sir Francis Compton, who had it from his mother the Countess of Northampton, an intimate acquaintance of Mrs. Seymour.

Another piece of scandal is related by the bishop himself, in one of the suppressed passages of his history. When the unfortunate Marquis of Montrose was in Paris and in distress, the queen, notwithstanding her own straitened circumstances, had supplied him liberally with jewels and money. Montrose, he says, afterwards repaid her kindness, by boasting of other favours which she had conferred upon him. Henrietta when she heard of the circumstances, instantly sent to him to leave Paris, and positively refused to see him again. This story was related to Burnet by a daughter of the Duke of Hamilton, who affirmed that she had the latter particulars from the queen herself.

The ill-fated Earl of Holland was another reputed lover of Henrietta. His beauty and gallantry may alone have given rise to the report, though it has been asserted with little reason, that their intimacy commenced at Paris, previous to the union of Henrietta with Charles. According to Peyton, when some misunderstanding had arisen between the king and Holland, (on account of which the latter was confined to his house at Kensington, the present Holland House,) Henrietta refused to cohabit with her husband unless the restraint were taken off. The circumstance, alluded to by Peyton, appears to have occurred in April, 1633, when Holland was undoubtedly closely confined to his own house by order of the king. In a letter, dated 18th April, 1633, from Sir Henry Wotton to Sir Edmund Bacon, there is a passage which might have been expected to throw some light on the subject. However, as it is somewhat lengthy, and the meaning intricate, it will be sufficient to insert it in a note.

The reader will be the best judge whether it, in any degree, implicates the character of Henrietta. It may be remarked that the writer strongly enjoins his correspondent to put the letter into the fire as soon as he has perused its contents.*

There appears every reason to believe that, after the death of Charles, Henrietta secretly united herself to her master of the horse, and reputed lover, Henry Jermyn, created, at the Restoration, Earl of St. Albans; it has been supposed, however, by some writers, that they omitted the marriage ceremony. "I had three cousins," said Sir John Reresby, "then in an English convent at Paris, one of them an antient lady, and since abbess of the house: hither the queen was wont often to retire for some days; and the lady would tell me that Lord Jermyn, since St. Albans, had the queen greatly in awe of him, and indeed, it was obvious that he had great interest with her concerns; but that he was married to her, or had children by her, as some have reported, I did not then believe, *though the thing was certainly so.*"

The manner in which St. Albans subsequently dropped the lover, and apparently took upon himself the stern authority of the husband, is another proof that their union was not altogether imaginary. Indeed, his conduct towards Henrietta, at a later period, almost amounted to ill

* "The Earl of Holland was on Saturday last (the day after your post's departure) very solemnly restored at council table, (the king present) from a kind of eclipse, wherein he had stood since the Thursday fortnight before. All considered the obscuration was long, and bred both various and doubtful discourse, but it ended well. All the cause yet known was, a verbal challenge sent from him by Mr. Henry Germain in this form to the now Lord Weston, newly returned from his foreign employments. That since he had already given the king an account of his embassy, he did now expect from him an account of a letter of his, which he had opened in Paris, and he did expect it at such a time even in the Spring Garden, close under his father's window, with his sword by his side."

"It is said, (I go no farther in such tender points) that my Lord Weston sent him, by Mr. Henry Percy, (between whom and the said Lord Weston had, in the late journey, as it seems, been contracted such friendship as overcame the memory that he was cousin-germain to my lord of Holland,) a very fair and discreet answer:—That if he could challenge him for any injury done him before or after his embassy, he would meet him as a gentleman, with his sword by his side, where he should appoint; but for any thing that had been done in the time of his embassy, he had already given the king an account thereof, and thought himself not accountable to any other. This published on Thursday was fortnight the Earl of Holland was confined to his chamber in court, and the next day morning to his house at Kensington, where he remained without any further circumstance of restraint or displeasure Saturday and Sunday; on which days being much visited, it was thought fit on Monday to appoint Mr. Dickenson one of the clerks of the council, to his guardian thenceforward, that none without his presence should access him. This made the vulgar judgments run high, rather indeed low, that he was a lost and discarded man, judging as of patients in fevers, by the exacerbation of the fits. But the queen who was a little obliquely interested in this business—for in my lord of Holland's letter, which was opened, she had one that was not opened, nor so much (as they say) superscribed; and both the queen's and my lord of Holland's were inclosed in one from Mr. Walter Montague (whereof I shall tell you more hereafter) the queen, I say, stood nobly by him, and, as seems, pressed her own affront. It is too intricate involved for me so much as to guess at any particulars."—*Reliquie Wottonianæ*, p. 455.

usage. "The widow of Charles the First," says Madame de Baviere, in one of her letters, "made a clandestine marriage with her *chevalier d'honneur*, Lord St. Albans, who treated her extremely ill, so that, whilst she had not a fagot to warm herself with, he had in his apartment, a good fire, and a sumptuous table. He never gave the queen a kind word, and when she spoke to him, he used to say, '*Que me veut cette femme?*—What does that woman want?'" This piece of private history is corroborated by Count Hamilton: speaking of the earl, he says, "It is well known what a tible the good man kept at Brussels, while the king, his master, was starving, and the queen dowager, his mistress, lived not over well in France."

It would be difficult to exaggerate the distressed condition of Henrietta after the death of her husband. Her principal residence was in the Louvre at Paris; yet even here, amidst her own relations and her own people, the once-envied Henrietta was frequently in want even of the necessaries of life. She was at length compelled to make application to Cardinal Mazarine, to intercede with Cromwell for the restitution of her dowry: the request was made and refused. But the most remarkable picture of her distress is described by Cardinal de Retz in his Memoirs: "Five or six days before the king removed from Paris, I went to visit the Queen of England, whom I found in the chamber of her daughter Henrietta, who hath been since Duchess of Orleans. At my coming in, she said; 'You see I am come to keep Henrietta company; the poor child could not rise to-day for want of a fire.' The truth is, that the cardinal (Mazarine) for six months together had not ordered her any money towards her pension, that no tradespeople would trust her any thing; and there was not at her lodgings a single billet. You will do me the justice to think that the Princess of England did not keep her bed the next day for want of a fagot; but, however, you will think likewise, that it was not this which the Princess of Conde meant in her letter; what she spoke about was, that some days after my visiting the Queen of England, I remembered the condition I had found her in, and had strongly represented the shame of abandoning her in that manner, which caused the parliament to send forty thousand pounds to her majesty. Posterity will hardly believe that a princess of England, granddaughter to Henry the Great, hath wanted a fagot in the month of January in the Louvre, and in the eyes of the French court." When Salmasius published his *Defensio Regia*, in support of Charles the Second, he was found fault with for neglecting to send a copy to the exiled queen. It was said that "though poor, she would have paid the bearer."

With regard to the manner in which Henrietta received the news of her husband's death, Mr. D'Israeli, in his "Commentaries on the Reign of Charles," has inserted an interesting passage from the MS. account of an eye-witness. The writer is the Pere Gamache, one of the capuchins who attended on the Queen of England at that period. "The city of Paris," writes Gamache, "was then blockaded by the insurgents, and in the king's minority, it was with difficulty we obtained either entrance or egress. The Queen of England, residing at the Louvre, had despatched a gentleman to St. Germain-en-laye to the French court, to procure news from England. During her dinner, where I assisted at the grace, I had notice to remain there after the benediction, and not to quit her majesty, who

might need consolation at the sad account she was to receive of the terrible account of the king her husband. At this grievous intelligence, I felt my whole frame shudder, and withdrew aside from the circle, where, during an hour, the various conversations on indifferent subjects seemed not to remove the uneasiness of the queen, who knew that the gentleman she had despatched to St. Germain ought to have returned. She was complaining of his delay in bringing his answer. On which the Count of St. Albans (Jermyn) took this opportunity to suggest that the gentleman was so faithful and so expeditious in obeying her majesty's commands on these occasions, that he would not have failed to have come, had he any favourable intelligence. 'What then is the news? I see it is known to you,' said the queen. The count replied, that in fact he did know something of it, and when pressed, after many evasions, to explain himself, and many ambiguous words to prepare her, little by little, to receive the fatal intelligence, at length he declared it to the queen, who seemed not to have expected any thing of the kind. She was so deeply struck, that instantly, entirely speechless, she remained voiceless and motionless, to all appearance a statue. A great philosopher has said, that ordinary griefs allow the heart to sigh and the lips to murmur, but that extraordinary afflictions, terrible and fatal, cast the soul into stupor, make the tongue mute, and take away the senses. '*Curæ leves loquuntur, graves stupent.*' To this pitiable state was the queen reduced, and to all our exhortations and arguments she was deaf and insensible. We were obliged to cease talking, and we remained by her in unbroken silence, some weeping, some sighing, and all with sympathising countenances, mourning over her extreme distress. This sad scene lasted till nightfall, when the Duchess of Vendome, whom she greatly loved, came to see her. Weeping, she took the hand of the queen, tenderly kissing it,—and afterwards spoke so successfully that she seemed to have recovered this desolated princess from that loss of all her senses, or rather, that great and sudden stupor, produced by the surprising and lamentable intelligence of the strange death of the king." This scene is affectingly described, but the tidings could hardly have been so completely unexpected as the narrator would lead us to suppose.

The fact is evident, indeed, that for some time previously Henrietta had anticipated the worst. The effect that her husband's misfortunes might have on her mind, appears, in point of fact, to have been an object of public speculation, and, accordingly, about three weeks before the execution of Charles, we find the following curious notice in one of the journals of the period. "The Queen of England is returned to her devotions in the House of the Carmelites, where she hath been for diverse days past: she seems not dejected at the present state of her husband in England, yet, say her ladies, her nights are more sad than usual."

Henrietta, notwithstanding the treatment she had experienced from her husband's subjects, was far from regarding England with the aversion which might have been expected. She took a pleasure during her exile in France, in exalting the character of the English; and in the brilliant circles of Paris, their kindness, generosity, and courage, were the constant themes of her discourse. The late troubles, the death of her husband, and her own expulsion, she attributed rather to some desperate enthusiasts, than to the

real temper of the people. Her magnanimity is celebrated by Waller:—

Constant to England in your love,
As birds are to their wonted grove,
Accusing some malignant star,
Not Britain, for that fatal war.

An interesting feminine anecdote is recorded by Sir John Reresby, illustrative of her regard for England. "To give a little instance," he says, "of her inclination for the English, I happened to carry an English gentleman with me one day to court, and he, to be very fine, had got him a garniture of rich riband to his suit, in which was a mixture of red and yellow; which the queen observing, called to me, and bade me advise my friend to mend his fancy a little, as to his ribands, the two colours he had joined being ridiculous in France, and might give the French occasion to laugh at him."

On the 2d of November, 1660, the year of her son's restoration, after an absence of nineteen years, Henrietta again returned to Whitehall. Her intention was to pass the remainder of her days in England. Somerset House, where she had spent so many happy years, was again allotted for her residence. She observed on re-entering it, that "had she known the temper of the English people some years past, as well as she did then, she had never been compelled to quit it." Under her auspices the old building was beautified with a taste and magnificence which called forth the poetical admiration both of Cowley and Waller.

The history of Henrietta from this period contains little of interest or importance. She apparently would have had no objection to interest the decline of life, by entering afresh into the political arena; but her want of judgment was too much suspected, and her name too intimately connected with past troubles. Indeed, it is an almost unnoticed fact, that at the Restoration there was actually a discussion in parliament, whether her return, under any circumstances, should be permitted. Still the conduct of the commons was, subsequently, not ungenerous, for they settled on her an income of sixty thousand a year. Her court at Somerset House was numerously attended, and though she took no share in the amorous broils of the period, yet she is described as much diverted with the details whenever they transpired.

With the exception of a short visit to France in 1662, Henrietta remained in England till the breaking out of the great plague in 1665, when, dreading the approaches of that gigantic disease, she took leave of her children, whom she then beheld for the last time. She was accompanied as far as the Nore by the king, Prince Rupert, and the Duke of Monmouth, who respectfully attended her embarkation. Henrietta died in the castle of Colombe, about four leagues from Paris, on the 10th of August, 1669, in the sixtieth year of her age. "Her distemper," says Ludlow, "seemed at first not to be dangerous, but on taking something prescribed by the physicians to procure sleep, the potion operated in such a manner that she woke no more." She was buried at St. Denis, the burial-place of the French kings, with the honours usually paid to a Queen Mother of France. Having been embalmed, her body lay in state for some days in the castle of Colombe. Her heart was placed in a silver urn, inscribed with her name and title, and carried by her almoner, Lord Montague, and a suitable train, to the Monastery of Chaliot. Her body

was interred with unusual magnificence, Father Senault delivering the funeral oration. In his discourse he attributed the misfortunes of Charles to his infidelity. Sir Leoline Jenkins, then ambassador at Paris, afterwards indignantly expostulated with him on the offensive charge. Senault said that he had made use of the term as less *choquant* than heresy.

HENRY,

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

The amiable qualities and promising parts of this young prince scarcely appear to have been exaggerated. They acquired for him the admiration of his contemporaries, and the warm affection of his own family. Added to the courage and ingratiating manners which distinguished his race, he possessed the quickness and good nature of his brother Charles, and the application to business which was remarkable in the Duke of York. He had, perhaps, more judgment than either. Considering the early age at which he died, and the disadvantages of his education, his accomplishments were certainly of no ordinary kind. Besides the Latin language, he was master of the French, Spanish, Italian, and Low Dutch. He was able to appreciate the constitution of his country, and the merits of the Protestant faith. The parting scene and dying injunctions of his unhappy father sank deeply into his heart; and neither time nor the contamination of the world were ever able to obliterate their effect.

Henry of Oatlands, as he is styled from the place of his birth, was born at Oatlands in Surrey, 8th July, 1639. In his infancy he was committed to the care of the Countess of Dorset, and at the death of that lady, in 1647, the Earl of Northumberland was selected by the parliament to be his governor. From the earl he was afterwards transferred to the Countess of Leicester, and with his sister, the Princess Elizabeth, became an inmate of Penshurst. Their removal to this classical spot was by special direction of parliament, who dreaded lest the tragical fate of their father, and their presence in the capital, should create for the royal orphans an inconvenient degree of commiseration. It was ordered, moreover, that their indulgences should be diminished, and their attendants lessened. The use of titles was forbidden, and it was directed that they should partake of the same food, and sit at the same table, as the children of the family. Some of the more zealous patriots went considerably further. A proposition was actually made in parliament that the duke should be bound to a trade, in order, as it was expressed, "that he might earn his bread honestly."*

* In the *Mercurius Elencticus*, from February 21st to 28th, 1649, we discover the following passage:—"Sure Cromwell intends to set up his trade of brewing again, for the other day, being in the presence of the Duke of Gloucester, he stroked him on the head, and, like a merciful protector and faithful guardian, saith, Sirrah, what trade do you like best? Would not a shoemaker be a good trade for you? Shoemakers are gentlemen, I can assure you, and so are brewers too; and if you like those trades, I will provide you a good master, either Colonel Hewson or Colonel Hardwicke, and move the parliament to give you something (if you prove a good boy, and please your master) to set up your trade. And for that little gentlewoman, your sister, (meaning the Lady Elizabeth) if she will be ruled, I will provide her a husband; one of Colonel Pryde's sons, or one

His tutor was a Mr. Lovel, a man of piety and learning. When the duke was afterwards sent to Carisbrooke Castle, Lovel, much to the satisfaction of the royal orphan, was allowed to be his companion. At Carisbrooke he experienced even less respect than had been permitted at Penshurst. Mildmay, the governor, was directed to treat him merely as the son of a gentleman, and he was invariably addressed as Mr. Harry. When in his thirteenth year, Cromwell, without alleging any reason, permitted him to rejoin his family in France, and the sum of 500*l.* was allowed for the expenses of his removal.

Henrietta was overjoyed to embrace a child whom she had scarcely seen since his birth, and whom she trusted to make a convert to her own faith. She discovered the task to be more arduous than she had anticipated. The young duke combated all her arguments; alleging, moreover, the displeasure of his brother Charles, and the solemn injunctions of his deceased father, that he should adhere to the reformed religion, and especially that he should obey his sovereign in preference to his mother.

When Charles had somewhat unwillingly consented to allow the Duke of Gloucester to remain in Paris with his mother, he had exacted from her a promise that she would refrain from tampering with his religious principles. Charles was absent in the Low Countries when the information reached him of his brother's danger. Though himself inclined to the Romish persuasion, he had foresight enough to discover how dangerous, and probably fatal, to his hopes of regaining the English crown, would be an open profession of that faith in any of the members of his family.* Accordingly, he despatched the following remarkable letter to his brother at Paris. It would be alone curious as the composition of a young man of pleasure, who had only completed his twenty-fourth year.

"Cologne, Nov. 10, 1654.

"Dear Brother,

"I have received yours without a date, in which you tell me that Mr. Montague has endeavoured to pervert you from your religion. I do not doubt but you remember very well the commands I left with you, at my going away, concerning that point. I am confident you will observe them; yet your letters, that come from Paris, say that it is the queen's purpose to do all she can to change your religion, in which, if you

of my own, if either of them like her or can love her." The duke told him, "that being a king's son, he hoped the parliament would allow him some means out of his father's revenue to maintain him like a gentleman, and not put him apprentice like a slave." Nose Almighty makes answer, "Boy, you must be an apprentice, for all your father's revenue will not make half satisfaction for the wrong he hath done the kingdom," and so Nose went blowing out." There is too much of party spirit discoverable in this passage, to render it admissible in any other light than as a pasquinade.

* Lord Mordaunt, in a letter to the duke of Ormond, in 1659, alluding to a report that Charles himself had embraced the Romish persuasion, thus expresses himself:—"Your master is utterly ruined, as to his interest here, in whatever party, if this be true; though he never had a fairer game than at present."—*Ormond Papers*, vol. ii. p. 264.

† Abbott Montague, almoner to Henrietta Maria. He enticed the duke to the delightful Abbey of Pontoise, where, according to Lord Clarendon, he "sequestered him from all resort of such persons as might confirm him in his averseness from being converted."—*Hist. of the Rev.* vol. vii. p. 122.

do hearken to her, or any body else in that matter, you must never think to see England again; and whatsoever mischief shall fall on me or my affairs, from this time, I must lay all upon you as being the only cause of it. Therefore, consider well what it is to be not only the cause of ruining a brother that loves you so well, but also of your king and country. Do not let them persuade you either by force or fair promises: for the first they neither dare nor will use; and for the second, as soon as they have perverted you, they will have their end, and then they will care no more for you. I am also informed that there is a purpose to put you into the Jesuits' College, which I command you, upon the same grounds, never to consent to. And whosoever any one shall go to dispute with you in religion, do not answer them at all; for though you have the reason on your side, yet they, being prepared, will have the advantage of any body that is not upon the same security that they are. If you do not consider what I say unto you, remember the last words of your dead father, which were to be constant to your religion, and never to be shaken in it. Which, if you do not observe, this shall be the last time you will hear from,

"Dear brother, your most affectionate brother,

"CHARLES R."

In addition to this forcible appeal, Charles instantly despatched the Marquis of Ormond to Paris; transmitting by him a strong letter of expostulation to the queen, and some written directions from himself to the duke, enjoining him to put himself into the hands of the marquis, and immediately repair to him at Cologne. Henrietta expressed the most vehement indignation at the interference of Charles. She insisted that the natural authority of a mother had been wrested from her; adding that the duke might act as he pleased, for she would never see his face again. Ormond instantly hurried the young duke from the dangerous neighbourhood of Pontoise. At Paris they were detained some days for want of a few pounds to defray their expenses to Cologne, at which place, however, they eventually arrived in safety, to the great satisfaction of Charles.

In 1658 the Duke of Gloucester, then only nineteen, attended his brother, the Duke of York to the Spanish campaign. At the battle of Dunkirk they fought side by side, making several charges on horseback, and behaving with a valour worthy of their race. James himself bears testimony to the conduct of his young brother. At the close of the day, the Duke of Gloucester, either in giving or warding off a blow, unfortunately lost possession of his sword. Villeneuve, Master of the Horse to the Prince de Ligne, immediately alighted from his horse and recovered the weapon; the duke covering him with his pistol till he had remounted. Villeneuve was afterwards shot through the body, but fortunately the wound was not of a dangerous nature.

At the Restoration, the Duke of Gloucester attended his brother Charles to England; the parliament sending him five thousand pounds as a mark of their esteem. He survived the return of his family but a few months, having died of the smallpox on the 3d of September, 1660, in his twenty-second year. Pepys, who speaks of him as a "pretty boy," ascribes his death to the negligence of the physicians. His loss was bewailed by his own family and regretted by all who knew him. Of Charles, it was said, that he was more affected by his brother's death than by any other misfortune which had ever befallen

him. James, too, in his Memoirs, more than once recurs to his memory with affection, and speaks with admiration of his parts. "He had all the natural qualities," he says, "to make a great prince, which made his loss the more sensibly felt by all the royal family." Evelyn, whose praise is of no small value, speaks of him as a prince of "extraordinary hopes," and Sir John Denham, in his Directions to a Painter, thus apostrophises his untimely end:

O more than human Gloucester, Fate did show
Thee but to earth, and back again withdrew.

According to Reresby, he was far from insensible to female charms. He was probably gifted also with some share of the natural wit of Charles. When his brother, the Duke of York, married the daughter of Lord Chancellor Clarendon, he said, "He could never sit in the same room with her,—she smelt so of her father's green bag."

He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the same vault with Mary Queen of Scots, and Lady Arabella Stuart; the Duke of York being chief mourner, and the Dukes of Richmond, Buckingham, and Albemarle attending him to the grave.

MARY,

PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

This amiable and warm-hearted princess, the eldest daughter of Charles the First, and the mother of William the Third, was born 4th of November, 1631. The event is reported in the following letter addressed by George Gresley to Sir Thomas Pickering.

"Sir,—Upon Thursday last the Duke of Vendôme, illegitimate brother to our queen, arrived here from out the Low Countries, and is lodged at Sir Abraham Williams's house.

"Upon Friday morning, about four of the clock, the queen was, (God be praised) safely delivered of a princess, who was christened the same morning, by reason it was weak, as some say, it being born three weeks before the time; but I have heard it was done to save charges, and to prevent other christening. The name, Marie; the Countesses of Carlisle and Denbigh god-mothers, and the Lord Keeper godfather; the Lady Roxburgh governess, and the nurse one Mrs. Bennet (some say wife to a baker) and daughter to Mrs. Browne that keepeth Somerset house.

"Your very assured friend and servant,

"GEORGE GRESLEY.

"Essex House, the 8th of Nov. 1631."

When in her tenth year, on the 2d May, 1641, the young princess was married, or, more properly speaking, contracted to William, afterwards second Prince of Orange. The ceremony is described by Principal Baillie, in one of his curious letters to the Presbytery of Irvine. On the 4th of May, 1641, he writes,—"On Sunday, in the king's chapel, both the queens being present at service, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York led in the Princess Mary to the chapel, conveyed with a number of ladies of her own age, of nine or ten years, all in cloth of silver. The Prince of Orange went in before with the ambassadors, and his cousins of Tremmull and Nassau. The king gave him his bride. Good Bishop Wren made the marriage. At night, before all the court, they went to bed in the queen's chamber. A little after, the king and queen bade the bridegroom good night, as their son: he, as it was appointed, arose, and went to his bed in the

king's chamber." The young princess followed her husband to Holland on the 23d of February, 1652. By her early marriage she was spared from being an actual witness of the misfortunes of her family, though afterwards, when they were in poverty and exile, her conduct towards them afforded a beautiful example of sisterly love.

The princess is described by her contemporaries as possessing every quality that can add grace or dignity to the female character. Much of this praise is undoubtedly deserved, but still her judgment was indifferent, and it is doubtful whether her love of admiration was confined within proper bounds. It appears by a letter of the period that the witty Duke of Buckingham was one of her admirers, and that scandal was not silent when it connected their names. The duke unadvisedly following her into Holland, she sent to let him know that malice had been busy with her name, that his sudden return might revive unfounded reports, and requested that he would not take it ill, if she implored him to discontinue his visits. On this occasion there is nothing to implicate her fair fame, except that when sovereign princesses are thus wooed, it is generally their own fault: besides, they were both young, and Buckingham was extremely handsome.

But Henry Jermyn, the "lady-killer of De Grammont," is supposed to have been more successful: indeed, there is some doubt whether, after her husband's death, they were not actually united in marriage. King William appears to have thought so, for at the revolution, Jermyn was one of the few Roman Catholics, who had been attached to the fortunes of James, whom he received into favour.

The princess was left a widow at the age of nineteen, her husband having died on the 27th of October, 1650. Her mother Henrietta Maria subsequently conceived an idea of uniting her to the French king, Louis the Fourteenth, and accordingly sent for her to Paris. The princess fell into the scheme, and parted with her jewels, as well as with some of her son's property, to support a splendid appearance at the French capital. The enterprise, however, was not successful, and the princess either remained a widow, or contented herself with Jermyn.

At the Restoration, after an absence of nineteen years, she returned to England. The joy of meeting her family was sadly damped by the recent loss of her brother Henry, who had died but a few days previous to her landing. Shortly afterwards she was herself attacked by the small-pox, which ended her days at Whitehall, on the 24th of December, 1660, having completed her twenty-ninth year. Her brother James pays an affectionate tribute to her memory. "Her personal merits," he says, "and particular love of all her relations, which she manifested in the time of their distress, caused a sorrow for her death as great as was their esteem." And Walker says, in his History of Independency, "Her tender love and zeal to the king, in his afflictions, deserves to be written in brass, and graven with the point of a diamond." Waller has also celebrated her in a dull panegyric. She was buried in Henry the Seventh's chapel, Westminster, in the same vault with her favourite brother Henry.

ELIZABETH,

DAUGHTER OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

The most gifted of the children of Charles; her affectionate disposition and precocious parts are invariably spoken of with admiration. She was the darling child of her unhappy father, who was gratified with her sympathy, delighted with her ingenuous and pious mind, and proud of the quickness of her apprehension, and her remarkable insight into human character. She was born at St. James's on the 28th of December, 1635.*

The princess had been admitted to her father's presence the day previous to his execution, and, like her brother Henry, had carried away an impression which was never effaced. That solemn and affecting scene has been elsewhere described, but it is not generally known that the young princess herself committed an account of it to paper. When Charles had communicated to her his last directions, "Sweetheart," he said, "you will forget this."—"No," she said, "I shall never forget it while I live;" and with many tears, promised to write down the particulars. The relation, in her own words, is as follows:

"What the king said to me 29th of January last, being the last time I had the happiness to see him.

"He told me he was glad I was come, and although he had not time to say much, yet somewhat he had to say to me, which he had not to another, or leave in writing, because he was feared their cruelty was such, as that they would not have permitted him to write to me. He wished me not to grieve and torment myself for him; for that would be a glorious death that he should die, it being for the laws and liberties of the land. He bid me read Bishop Andrews' Sermons, Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, and Bishop Laud's book against Fisher, which would ground me against popery. He told me he had forgiven all his enemies, and hoped God would forgive them also; and commanded us to forgive them. He bid me tell my mother that his thoughts had never strayed from her, and that his love would be the same to his last. Withal he commanded me and

* Mrs. Makins, the linguist, sister to John Pell, the linguist and mathematician, was for some time her instructress. Mrs. Makins, it seems, afterwards kept a school. At the end of "An Essay on the Education of Gentlemen," published in 1673, is the following curious postscript. "If any inquire where this education may be performed; such may be informed, that a school is lately erected for gentlewomen at Tottenham High-Cross, within four miles of London, in the road to Ware; where Mrs. Makins is governess, who was sometime tutoress to the Princess Elizabeth, daughter to King Charles the First; where, by the blessing of God, gentlewomen may be instructed in the principles of religion, and all manner of sober and virtuous education; more particularly in all things ordinarily taught in other schools. Works of all sorts, dancing, music, singing, writing, keeping accounts, half the time to be spent in these things: the other half to be employed in gaining the Latin and French tongues; and those that please, may learn the Greek and Hebrew, the Italian and Spanish, in all which this gentlewoman hath a complete knowledge, &c. &c."

"Those that think these things improbable or impracticable, may have further account every Tuesday, at Mr. Mason's Coffee-House in Cornhill, near the Royal Exchange; and Thursday, at the Bolt and Tun, in Fleet Street, between the hours of three and six in the afternoon, by some person whom Mrs. Makins shall appoint."—Granger, vol. iii. p. 233.

my brother to be obedient to her; and bid me send my blessing to the rest of my brothers and sisters, with commendations to all his friends. So after he had given me his blessing, I took my leave.

"Further, he commanded us all to forgive those people, but never to trust them; for they had been most false to him, and to those that gave them power, and he feared also to their own souls. And desired me not to grieve for him, for he should die a martyr; and that he doubted not but that the Lord would settle his throne upon his son, and that we should all be happier than we could have expected to have been if he had lived; with many other things, which at present I cannot remember."

The princess was at Hampton Court at the period of Charles's escape from that place. It was in consequence of her complaining that the sentinels disturbed her rest, that they were removed to a greater distance, and thus, it is said, afforded particular facility to Charles in effecting his flight.

Having been successively under the charge of the Earl of Northumberland and the Countess of Leicester, in August, 1650, she was committed by the parliament to the care of Anthony Mildmay, formerly carver to King Charles, by whom she was conducted to Carisbrooke Castle. The commons appear to have taken but little care of her maintenance. In the "*Desiderata Curiosa*" is published a memorial from Mildmay to the speaker, in favour of the four domestics allowed her by the parliament, who petition for their promised remuneration.

The rumour which has existed, that the princess was actually bound apprentice to a glover or button-maker, at Newport, is generally supposed to have been unfounded; nevertheless, the author is credibly informed that the indenture is still preserved among the archives of that town. Probably she was saved from the actual indignity of servitude by the state of her health, as she survived her arrival at Carisbrooke but a few weeks.

Early in September, returning from bowls with her brother, the Duke of Gloucester, she complained of a pain in her head, which was followed by a sickness that ended her short life of captivity and sorrow. "She fell sick," says Fuller, "about the beginning of September, and continued so for three or four days, having only the advice of Dr. Bignall, a worthy and able physician of Newport. After very many rare ejaculatory expressions, abundantly demonstrating her unparalleled piety, she took leave of the world, on Sunday the 8th of the same September," 1650. Sir Theodore Mayerne, a celebrated physician of the period, sent her some medicines from London. Heath says, "that with this exception, but little care was taken of her in her sickness." This account indeed is corroborated by Mayerne himself, who had been physician to the court in its palmy days, and who in this capacity had prescribed for the princess in 1649: he inserts the following touching memorandum among his papers:—"Ex febre maligna tunc grassante, obit in custodia in Vecti Insula, procul a medicis et remediis, die 8 Septemb. circa tertiam pomeridianum." "She died of a fever at that period raging, when in prison in the Isle of Wight; far removed from physicians and medical aid, on the eighth day of September, about three o'clock in the afternoon." The royalists attributed her death to poison, administered by order of Cromwell. Undoubtedly

the acerbity of party feeling alone originated the report.

The princess is generally reported to have died of grief. Probably the scenes which she had witnessed, the loss of liberty, and the deep feelings of which her nature was susceptible, tended to hasten her end. But her constitution seems originally to have been delicate, as we are told that the quickness of her mind made amends for the weakness of her body. Fuller says that she was "affected with the afflictions of her family beyond her age." At the time of her death she had not completed her fourteenth year.

Her remains were carried to the church of Newport, in a "borrowed coach." This circumstance omitted, there appears to have been no want of respect for her memory. Her body was embalmed, and placed in a leaden coffin, the mayor and aldermen of Newport respectfully attending the interment.

ANNE,

DAUGHTER OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

Mr. Garrard writes to the Earl of Strafford, on the 23d of March, 1636, "Friday morning, the 17th of this month, St. Patrick's day, was the queen brought to bed of a daughter, which will please the Irish well. It is not yet christened, neither hear I anything of the gossips." There is a simple but affecting anecdote related of this little princess, who died before she had completed her fourth year. In her last moments she was desired by one of her attendants to pray. She said she was not able to say her long prayer, meaning the Lord's Prayer, but would say her short one: "Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, that I sleep not the sleep of death." She had scarcely repeated the words when life departed. She was born at St. James's, 17th March, 1637, and died 8th December, 1640.

HENRIETTA MARIA,

DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

Youngest daughter of Charles the First. Lovely in her person, gay and attractive in her manners, fond of admiration, and not averse to intrigue, she was the idol alike of the French king and of his complaisant courtiers. She was the favourite child, and constant companion of her mother, whose religion she embraced, and whose country she preferred. With all the vivacity of her fascinating parent, she possessed much of the wit and humour of her brother Charles. Burnet, who is no friend to her character, speaks of her as the wittiest woman in France. She was never even beheld by her unfortunate father.

Henrietta was born in Bedford House, Exeter, in the midst of the civil troubles, on the 16th of June, 1644. Only ten days after her birth her mother was compelled to resign her to the care of others, being forced to seek refuge in France. She was entrusted by Charles to the beautiful Countess of Morton,* who, true to her trust, contrived to elude the vigilance of the parliament, and escaped with her young charge to Paris.

* Anne, daughter of Sir Edward Villiers, (brother to George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham), and wife of Robert Douglas, Earl of Morton.

The princess was scarcely more than two years old when they set out on their hazardous journey. They had disguised her in a coarse gray frock, and as the child naturally missed the bright colours it had been accustomed to, she frequently lisped out her displeasure, assuring every one she spoke to, that it was not the dress she had always worn. Lady Morton is complimented by Waller on the success of her enterprise:

From armed foes to bring a royal prize,
Shows your brave heart victorious as your eyes.
If Judith, marching with the general's head,
Can give us passion when her story's read;
What may the living do, which brought away
Though a less bloody, yet a nobler prey?
Who from our flaming Troy, with a bold hand
Snatched her fair charge, the princess, like a brand:
A brand! preserved to warm some prince's heart;
And make whole kingdoms take a brother's part.

The queen was overjoyed to embrace her child, and from this period they were inseparable. The childhood of the young princess was passed either in Paris or its vicinity. Sir John Reresby, who seems to have been a favourite of the exiled queen, was a frequent visitor at the Palais Royal. "Her Majesty," he says, "had none of her children with her but the Princess Henrietta Maria; and few of the English making their court there, I was the better received. As I spoke the language of the country, and danced pretty well, the young princess, then about fifteen years of age, behaved towards me with all the civil freedom that might be. She made me dance with her, played on the harpsichord to me in her highness's chamber, suffered me to wait on her as she walked in the garden, and sometimes to toss her in a swing between two trees, and in fine, to be present at all her innocent diversions."

The appearance of the youthful princess was hailed with rapture in the brilliant circles of Paris. At the French Court there were none who could compete with her either in wit or loveliness; and the young king, Louis the Fourteenth, was the first to confess the power of her charms. "The court of France," says Reresby, "was very splendid this winter, 1660; a grand masque was danced at the Louvre, where the king and Princess Henrietta of England danced to admiration. But there was now a greater resort to the palace than the French court; the good humour and wit of our queen mother, and the beauty of the princess her daughter, being more inviting than any thing that appeared in the French queen." According to Burnet, the only object of Louis, in addressing the princess as a lover, was to cover his intercourse with the celebrated Madame La Valiere. Henrietta, he adds, who had encouraged the king's addresses, was highly incensed when she discovered the deception.

It is to be feared that, like many of her family, the heart of Henrietta was too susceptible of tender sentiments; to what extent, however, there was criminality in her attachments, it is now impossible to ascertain. Truth is never easy to arrive at, but in cases of scandal the difficulty is commonly doubled. Among the foremost of Henrietta's lovers stands the Count de Guiche. The feeling on both sides is described as ardent and sincere. Madame Lafeyette dismisses all idea of impropriety, yet she speaks of their attachment as *une confidence libertine*. Such an expression is strangely at variance with spotless virtue.

Another of Henrietta's reputed lovers was the Count de Treville. When on her death-bed, it

is said she repeated in her delirium, *Adieu, Treville!* The count was so much affected by this slight incident, or more probably by the death of his mistress, that he shut himself up for many years in a monastery. When he returned to the world he was an altered and devout man.

At the Restoration, Henrietta accompanied her mother to England, where she remained about six months. Pepys says in his Diary, "The Princess Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation; and her dressing of herself with her hair frizzed short up her ears, did make her seem so much the less to me. But my wife standing near her with two or three black patches on, and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she." On the 31st of March, 1661, while yet scarcely seventeen, she was married to Philip, Duke of Orleans, only brother to Louis the Fourteenth, a wicked and narrow-minded voluptuary, with nothing to recommend him but his handsome person.*

In May, 1670, Henrietta again visited England, on which occasion she is reported to have confirmed her brother James in his predilection for the Romish faith. Her principal object, however, as is well known, was to persuade Charles to join the French king in a league against the Dutch. Charles, attended by the Duke of York, Prince Rupert, and the Duke of Monmouth, hastened to Dover to receive her on landing. The court shortly followed, and for a fortnight, which was the extent of her visit, Dover was the constant scene of splendid rejoicings. It was on this occasion that she is said to have fixed her affections on the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth.

Henrietta was the favourite sister of Charles, and there can be no doubt of the sincerity of his affection. Colbert, the French ambassador in England, in his despatches lays great stress on this circumstance. In one of his letters he writes, "Her influence over the king was remarked by all; he wept when he parted with her, and whatever favour she asked of him was granted." Unfortunately this amiable weakness on the part of Charles gave rise to some scandalous reports, which can scarcely be more than alluded to. They would not now be referred to, but that Ludlow, Marvell, and Burnet have lent them the credit of their names. Some weight appears to have attached to them at the time, for we are assured that Henrietta sent for Montagu, the English ambassador, on her death-bed, and with the most solemn asseverations, declared her innocence of any improper attachment for her own blood. In a little work, published shortly after the death of Charles, his memory is confidently loaded with this offensive charge.

Whatever may have been the conduct of Henrietta, during her short visit to England, it is certain that the jealous temper of her husband was painfully aroused by the reports which reached him. We are naturally unwilling to place much faith in the rumours of royal poisonings; still, there is a mystery hanging over the fate of Henrietta which it is far from easy to remove; nor shall we readily acquit her husband of being the author of her death. The following particulars of her dissolution are not without interest.

* The Abbe de Longueville thus describes the duke: "He was continually talking without ever saying any thing. He never had but one book, which was his mass-book, and his clerk of the closet used always to carry it in his pocket for him."—*Seward*, vol. ii. p. 209.

Some days after her return to France, she desired one of her attendants to bring her usual beverage, a glass of succory water. She complained at the time that it was very bitter, and being presently attacked with the most excruciating pains, exclaimed several times that she was poisoned; desiring that she might be put to bed, and her confessor instantly sent for. The King of France shortly afterwards arrived, bringing with him his own physician. The latter endeavoured to console her with false hopes, but she persisted in her conviction that she should never recover. Her piety and resolution are described as most exemplary. She told her husband that she had the less fear of death, as she had nothing to reproach herself with in her conduct towards him. Of the French king she took leave with all the grace of former days, telling him that what made her most regret to leave the world, was the loss of his friendship and esteem.

She had more than once expressed a strong desire that Montagu, the English ambassador, should be summoned to her sick chamber; and accordingly he attended, and remained with her to the last. She told him she could not possibly live long, and desired him to convey her most affectionate regards to the king, her brother, and to thank him for all the kindness he had ever shown her. She frequently recurred to the grief which he would feel at her loss: "I have always loved him," she said, "above all things in the world, and should not regret to leave it, but that I leave him." She told Montagu where he would discover her money after her death, desiring him to distribute it among her servants, whom she mentioned by name; she recommended them also in the strongest manner to the protection of Charles. She said that she had long been on bad terms with her husband, and that he had recently been exasperated by finding her in close conversation with the king of France; but they were discoursing, she said, on affairs which could not be communicated to a third person. Montagu more than once inquired of her in English if she believed herself poisoned, but her confessor caught the expression, and told her she must accuse no one. When Montagu afterwards pressed the question, she shrugged up her shoulders, but said nothing. She had no sooner expired, than her money and papers were seized by her husband. The latter were principally in cipher, and probably baffled his curiosity.

As regards the question of Henrietta having been poisoned, there was much difference of opinion even in her own family. Her brother, the Duke of York, certainly discredited the fact. "It was suspected," he says, "that counter poisons were given her; but when she was opened, in the presence of the English ambassador, the Earl of Ailesbury, and an English physician and surgeon, there appeared no ground of suspicion of any foul play." This account is in exact opposition to what is asserted by Burnet, that her stomach was completely ulcerated. Charles, however appears to have been far from satisfied that his sister died a natural death. When Sir Thomas Armstrong detailed to him the particulars of her illness, for which purpose he had ridden post from Paris, the king burst into tears:—"The duke," he said, "is a ———! But, prithee, Tom, don't speak of it." However, he sent Sir William Temple into France, to make inquiries into the truth of the report. Temple told Lord Dartmouth that he "found more in it than was fit to be known," but that he advised the king to drop the inquiry, unless he was in a con-

dition to resent it as became a great king, especially as it might prejudice the infant daughters of his deceased sister. The French king appears to have been in some difficulty how to act. In the first instance he intimated his belief in his brother's guilt in the most unequivocal manner, by refusing to receive a letter which he sent him.

However, he afterwards altered his opinion; asserting that after every inquiry into the circumstances, he was completely convinced of the innocence of the duke. Without pretending to arrive at any definite conclusion, it may be remarked that Montagu appears fully satisfied that there had been foul play.* Sir Thomas Armstrong seems to join with him in the conclusion.

He says, that when he entered the apartment, about four hours after the death of the princess, the body was in such a state of decomposition, that he could scarcely bear to remain in the room.

Henrietta died at St. Cloud on the 30th of June, 1670, having just completed her twenty-sixth year. By Philip, Duke of Orleans, she was the mother of three children:—Philip, who died young; Maria, married to Charles II. King of Spain; and Anna Maria, who became the wife of Victor Amadeus II. Duke of Savoy, and afterwards King of Sicily and Sardinia. This latter princess was great-grandmother of Louis XVI. who was beheaded in 1793; that unfortunate monarch being the sixth in generation from Charles the First.

GEORGE VILLIERS,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

CHAP. I.

Although we may deny to Buckingham the merit of genius, and even of any extraordinary political capacity, we shall still wonder at that consummate knowledge of human character, and those thousand accomplishments, which raised him to the pinnacle of human greatness,—which made the wisest and haughtiest of his contemporaries subservient to his will,—and gave him an ascendant alike over the imbecile James and the virtuous Charles. His odious position as a favourite, and his unfitness to conduct the interests of a great empire, have drawn down upon him the harshest invectives of the historian. Nevertheless, it is easier to impugn the wisdom of his counsels than the integrity of his intentions. Charles would never have fixed his affections on a really bad man; and, however we may regret the weak judgment and unfortunate influence of Buckingham, there is no reason to doubt either his zeal for his country, or his attachment to his unfortunate master.

Moreover, Buckingham was not deficient in the better qualities of the heart. If his spirit was imperious, his equals, not his inferiors, were insulted by his haughtiness or crushed by his power. His disposition was generous; he was a considerate master; he despised the common arts of dissimulation; and if a violent, he was at least an open enemy. His exterior qualifications, the eminent grace and elegance of his person, the refinement of his manners, his chivalrous courage, and the magnificence of his taste, have never been called in question. His character appears to have been a strange mixture of

* This is supposing, (what we believe to be the case,) that the five remarkable letters, attached to the first volume of Lord Arlington's correspondence, are the productions of Montagu.

generous qualities and unruly passions. After perusing the history of his dazzling career, we shall perhaps doubt whether there is most room for envy or commiseration, for applause or censure.

George Villiers was born at Brooksby, in Leicestershire, 28th of August, 1592. He was the third son of Sir George Villiers, Knight, by Mary Beaumont, his wife, a lady to whom a separate memoir has been accorded. The Villierses, an ancient though not a distinguished family, had been resident in Leicestershire for nearly four centuries; a circumstance which of itself would at least confer respectability. The future favourite was the darling of his mother, who seems to have conceived an intuitive pre-sage of his greatness, and to have planned his education accordingly. At the death of his father, when he was about thirteen, she sent for him from his school at Billisden, and caused him to be instructed in all those graceful accomplishments, which are more likely to make an elegant courtier than a sober Christian. With a view of giving a last finish to his education, at the age of eighteen he set out for France, in which country he remained about three years.

Buckingham made his first appearance at court about the year 1614. His means at this time were so extremely slender, as scarcely to enable him to support the character of a gentleman. Arthur Wilson says, "that he had not above fifty pounds a-year," and Sir Symonds D'Ewes goes still further. According to the latter authority, Buckingham, shortly before he became the favourite, was seen at Cambridge races, "in an old black suit, broken out in various places." Weldon gives a curious reason for his first appearance at court. Buckingham, it appears, had fallen in love with a daughter of Sir Roger Aston, Master of the Robes to King James. The lady was extremely attached to him, and their union was only delayed by the deficiency of their pecuniary resources. In the mean time Buckingham was introduced to the king, when the prospect of future aggrandisement bursting upon him, he most ungallantly abandoned the smiles of the lady for those of fortune. This early attachment is alluded to both by Wotton and Lloyd. They alike agree in attributing the defection of Buckingham to the advice of Sir John Graham, who persuaded him to laugh at romance, and rather endeavour to push his fortune at court.

Buckingham first caught the eye of James while performing in the play of *Ignoramus*, on an occasion of its being acted before his majesty by the students of Cambridge. The king was so struck with the grace and symmetry of his person, and expressed his admiration so warmly, as to give the first idea to the enemies of Somerset, of superseding him by a new candidate for royal favour. The probability of success was seriously canvassed at a supper party, at which were present the heads of the noble families of Herbert, Seymour, and Russell. The company, we are told, on breaking up, elated probably by the wine which they had drunk, happened to pass through Fleet street, when one of the party, perceiving Somerset's picture exposed for sale in a painter's stall, desired his servant to throw some dirt on the face! an order which was effectually obeyed. The anecdote is trivial, but casts some light on the manners of the time.

The king's partiality had no sooner become publicly known, than Buckingham had no want of friends. William, Earl of Pembroke, and Lucy, Countess of Bedford, supplied him liber-

ally with money, and Sir Thomas Lake, we are assured, bought for him the place of cup-bearer, to which he was shortly afterwards nominated. According to Lloyd, the courtiers wished him well because he was an Englishman; the nobility, because he was a gentleman; the king, because he had beauty and parts; and the ladies, because "he was the exactest courtier in Christendom."

On one of Buckingham's first visits to court, the king turned to Lord Arundel, and inquired, "what he thought of him." Arundel, looking at his blushing face, observed "that his bashfulness was ill-suited to a court." The queen, however, Anne of Denmark, was of a different opinion, and the result proved that she had the more foresight of the two. When she was pressed to introduce Buckingham to the king, by those who wished ill to Somerset, she gave as her objection, that "if he were to become a favourite, he would become more intolerable than any that had gone before him." This anecdote is related by Coke, and authenticated by Archbishop Abbot, who was present when the queen made use of the words: "Noble queen," (he writes, in mentioning the circumstance,) "how like a prophetess did you speak!" His grace informs us, that the king would never adopt a new favourite, unless he were recommended by his wife. His motive was, that he might turn the tables on her, should she hereafter complain of the selection.

Buckingham had to encounter many insults from the friends and retainers of Somerset. On one occasion, a creature of the declining favourite, in carrying a dish to the royal table, designedly spilt some of its contents over Buckingham's splendid dress. Want of spirit was not a failing of Buckingham, and he instantly repaid the insult with a box on the ear. Such a proceeding, according to the laws of the court, exposed the offending party to the penalty of losing his hand; and Somerset in his capacity of lord chamberlain, was the proper person to see the mutilation enforced. James, however, interfered, and by his behaviour on the occasion, gave additional proof of the interest he took in his new favourite. Buckingham, we are told, obtained a "clear conquest" over his rival.

One Ker, or Carr, illegitimately connected with the falling favourite, carried his feelings of friendship to such an extreme, that he had actually made up his mind to assassinate Buckingham. Fortunately, a friend, to whom he had communicated his project, discovered it to the court. Ker denied the charge so stubbornly, that, though condemned to a long imprisonment, he escaped with his life.

James commenced his favours to Buckingham, as he had formerly done to Somerset, by attending to his education, and moral improvement. He taught him we are told, three things; *a love for retirement*, the art of conversation, and the

* The statute, 33 Henry VIII. c. 12, after enacting the barbarous penalty, proceeds as follows: "And for the further declaration of the solemn and due circumstances of the execution, appertaining, and of long time used and accustomed, to and for such malicious strikings, by reason whereof blood is, hath been, or hereafter shall be shed, against the king's peace; it is therefore enacted by the authority aforesaid, that the serjeant, or chief surgeon, for the time being, or his deputy, of the king's household, his heirs and successors, shall be ready at the place and time of execution as shall be appointed, as is aforesaid, to sear the stump when the hand is stricken off."

qualifications of a man of business. Buckingham did credit to the king's judgment, by showing himself, in the first instance, courteous and affable to all men; procuring the royal patronage *gratis* for those who sought him, while Somerset had been in the habit of exacting large sums for the favours which he conferred.

It is greatly to Buckingham's credit that, in the commencement of his career, he lived on terms of friendship with, and was regarded with an affectionate interest by, the amiable Archbishop Abbot. That excellent prelate thus addresses the young courtier, on the first dawn of his rising splendour:—"And now, my George, because of your kind affection towards me, you style me your father, I will from this day forward repute and esteem you for my son, and so hereafter know yourself to be. And in token thereof, I do now give you my blessing again, and charge you, as my son, daily to serve God; to be diligent and pleasing to your master, and to be wary that, at no man's instance, you press him with many suits; because they are not your friends that urge those things upon you, but have private ends of their own, which are not fit for you. So praying God to bless you, I rest your very loving father,

"G. CANT.

Lambeth, 10th Dec., 1615.

"To my very loving son, Sir George Villiers, Knight, and gentleman of his Majesty's Bed-chamber."

The dazzling rapidity of Buckingham's rise is perhaps unexampled in the annals of favouritism. Within a few short years, he was knighted, made a Gentleman of the Bed-chamber, created Baron of Whaddon and Viscount Villiers, Earl, Marquis, and Duke of Buckingham; received the Order of the Garter, and the appointments of Master of the Horse, Chief Justice in Eyre, Warden of the Cinque Ports, Master of the King's Bench Office, Steward of the Manor of Hampton Court, Lord High Admiral of England, Steward of Westminster, Constable of Windsor, and Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.*

* Buckingham was appointed cup-bearer, and received into the king's household in 1613. On St. George's day, 1615, he was knighted, made a Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber, and had an annuity of a thousand pounds settled on him out of the Court of Wards. At New Year's tide following, he received the appointment of Master of the Horse, and in July, 1616, was installed Knight of the Garter. On the 22d of August, in the same year, he was created Baron of Whaddon, in the county of Bucks, and Viscount Villiers. On the 5th of January, 1617, he was made Earl of Buckingham, and a privy councillor; and in March, accompanying the king to Scotland, he was sworn of the privy council of that kingdom. He was created Earl of Coventry and Duke of Buckingham, 18th May, 1623. We find his titles thus fulsomely emblazoned:

"The right high, and right mighty Prince, George Villiers, Duke, Marquis, and Earl of Buckingham; Earl of Coventry, Viscount Villiers, Baron of Whaddon; Lord High Admiral of England, Ireland, and the Principality of Wales; Governor of all the Castles and Sea-forts, and of the Royal Navy; Master of the Horse to his Majesty; Lord Warden, Chancellor, and Admiral of the Cinque Ports, and the members thereof; Constable of the Castle of Dover; Justice in Eyre of all his Majesty's forests, parks, and chaces on this side of the river Trent; Constable of the royal castle of Windsor; Gentleman of the King's Bed-Chamber; Counsellor of Estate of the kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland; Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter; Lord Presi-

tion of his majesty, and the ducks, teal, and widgeon firing a royal salute!"

We delight in ducks. There is one little fellow in particular—black and all black, with an orange eye, and a crest like that of the peewit growing out of its occiput—who is perfectly irresistible. And that poor, ragged, attenuated old lady, with her large small family of thirteen downy ducklings—why, that poor family would eat a quarter loaf to their own cheek, and never be a whit the fuller. Pray, Mrs. Duck, do you happen to be aware that there is now exhibiting in Pall Mall, a steam young-duck manufactory, where all you have to do, when you want poultry, is to drop an egg into the engine, and after a few turns of the fly-wheel, out comes a delicious duckling, ready for the spit, and, to save trouble, stuffed beforehand with sage and onions!

We delight in ducks—young ducks especially, if associated, as young ducks should ever be, with the tenderest marrow peas, and stuffed scientifically;—but even while alive, your duck is a comical-looking rascal. There is an expression in his half-closed, wicked little eye, particularly when he winks, that stamps him a rum fellow; if he be not a humorist, then is there no tittle of truth in physiognomy.

Fond as we are of ducks, however, we are sorry to see them *here*, where their presence operates to the exclusion of human beings from the park. We are in no very good humour when we observe the verdant-coated verderers of the office of Woods and Forests, cutting away with ratans at poor little nursery girls and their helpless charges, who crowd round the gate of the inclosure; and all, forsooth, lest harm should arrive to the rum Duck Society's outlandish poultry! We tell the rum Duck Society, in plain terms, that the exclusion of one individual from a breath of the fresh air, or from an hour's repose on the green turf, is a greater public loss than if the necks were twisted off their whole exotic rookery! What business have a parcel of noblemen and gentlemen to convert a public place of recreation like this into an aquatic zoological garden, if, by so doing, the laws respecting admission become more stringent, and the public, or part and parcel thereof, are excluded? Why do not they, with their ducks and ducklings, geese and goslings, betake themselves to the society of their brother *naturals* in the Regent's Park?

We are sorry to observe, too, that there is much insolence displayed by the green men who keep the gates, towards decent poor people, who may be desirous of taking a mouthful of fresh air within the inclosure.

Do these fellows recollect that themselves and their masters, the grounds they are appointed to protect, and the green coats they wear, are bought, fed, maintained, and paid for by the taxation, direct and indirect, contributed from the sweat of the brow of that very poor fellow, among others, this moment repulsed from the gate—for no reason on earth that I can discover, save that, like myself, circumstances incline him to a preference of a four-and-ninepenny hat, or because, like myself, he may be disinclined to wear goat-skin on his fingers?

We venture to hint to the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, what it is altogether unlikely persons of their class would ever discover by their own natural capacity, that although a man may walk under a four-and-ninepenny hat, he is not, therefore, necessarily a highwayman; or that, although he may not have goat-skin on

his fingers, does it follow that he intends to insinuate his digits into the pockets of every body he may happen to meet? We should be sorry to see St. James's Park appropriated to the exclusive use of the gentility-mongers.

The gentility-mongers are already in possession of Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park; surely these are sufficient for the pedestrian and equitative wants of

"The twice two thousand for whom earth was made."

And surely St. James's Park may be opened to every body, however humble, whose dress and deportment do not outrage public decency. We hope the Commissioners of Woods and Forests will have pity upon decent poor people, and that there may be no official prejudice against them because they are industrious, and the producers of our national wealth and tax-created splendour. It does our heart good, on the first Sunday in spring, to see the decent artisan, his respectable industrious wife, and too or three homely toddling little children, issue from the dusky alley in which they have toiled the tedious winter through, to inhale a mouthful of the Almighty's untaxed air, and to refresh their brick-confounded eyes with a bit of nature's unadulterated green. A chancellor of the exchequer, to be sure, would rather see the whole family in a gin-shop, for the sake of the revenue, and because the budget would be all the better for it; but, the Lord be praised, we are not a chancellor of the exchequer!

Another turn up the Mall, and at the angle formed by the southern and western sides of the enclosure of the Duke of Sutherland—a piece of ground large enough to spread her apron on, as Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, said of it—we find an entrance into the enclosure of

THE GREEN PARK,

Which we propose to circumbulate, strolling leisurely up the eastern acclivity, to the reservoir—thence descending the shady, and, but for the racket of the neighbouring Piccadilly, retired walk down to where Rosamond's Pond was formerly situated, and where a number of umbrageous elms still encircle the spot; thence, ascending once again by the ranger's house, with its tastefully laid out enclosure, we emerge on the far famed Constitution Hill, and pause awhile to look about us. This little park has its own peculiar beauties—lies well open to the south, and possesses, in a very limited space, an agreeable undulation of surface; from hence we see the "Toad-in-the-Hole" to least disadvantage, and have a fine view of the low-lying St. James's Park; behind which rise, in lofty majesty, the twin-towers of Westminster Abbey, giving dignity and elevation to the view. Over the Queen's Garden, of which we are permitted barely a glimpse, the Surrey hills are dimly visible above the conglomerated accumulation of habitations that make up the bulk of Pimlico.

"On the northwest side of the queen's palace," says Lambert, "is the Green Park, which extends from St. James's Palace to Piccadilly; from the latter of which it is separated, in some places, by a wall, and by an iron railing in others. The ranger's lodge, at the top of the hill, fronting towards Piccadilly, with its grounds and private gardens, forms a very picturesque object, and is seen to advantage from the ride on the south side of the park towards Constitution Hill. This park contributes greatly towards the pleasantness of the surrounding houses that are situated so as to command a view of it."

On a sunny summer's afternoon the view from this spot is one of great animation—the royal standard floats lazily over the marble arch of Buckingham Palace, in front of which hundreds upon hundreds of well-dressed persons of both sexes are congregated, in patient expectation of her majesty's return from her usual ride. Myriads are everywhere reclining on the green sward, while the privileged classes, having the *entrée* of St. James's Park, are careering in their carriages and on horseback towards the grand point of social attraction—the magic circle of fashion in Hyde Park.

The magnificent approach to London by Hyde Park Corner, is seen from this place to the greatest advantage—the triumphal arch on this side—the noble entrance to Hyde Park on that, with the colossal statue of Achilles seen through one of the arches—the long line of noble mansions in Piccadilly, terminated towards the park by Apsley House. Crossing the road as soon as the almost uninterrupted succession of carriages entering the park will permit us, we make our appearance on a Sunday afternoon in July—the height of the fashionable season—in

HYDE PARK.

"Hyde Park," says Lambert, "is a royal demesne, at the west extremity of the metropolis, extending between the great western road on the south side, and the road to Oxford on the north to Kensington. It is part of the ancient manor of Hida, which belonged to the monastery of St. Peter at Westminster, till, in the reign of King Henry VIII., it became the property of the crown. It was originally much larger than it is at present, having been reduced since the survey in 1662, when it contained 620 acres, by enclosing Kensington Gardens, and by grants of land between Hyde Park Corner and Park Lane, for building on. According to a survey taken in 1790, the present extent is three hundred and ninety-four acres, two roods, and thirty-eight perches.

"The scenery of this park is very pleasing, and its natural beauties will be greatly heightened when the plantations made in it lately have reached maturity. The Serpentine River at the west end is a fine sheet of water, formed by Queen Caroline in the year 1730, by enclosing the head of the stream, which, taking its rise to the northwest of Bayswater, on the Uxbridge road, passes through Kensington Gardens and this park, and falls into the Thames near Ranelagh.

"On the north side of the Serpentine River is a cluster of houses for the keepers and deputy-rangers of the park, which, by being built on the edge of a grove of tall oaks, forms a pleasing and picturesque object in the landscape. The one nearest the river is built of timber and plaster, and is of considerable antiquity. It was known by the name of the Cake House in the beginning of the last century, and probably much earlier. In the garden belonging to this house is the building erected by the home secretary as a receiving-house for such as are unfortunately drowned in the neighbouring river.

"At the northwest corner of this park is a very beautiful enclosed eminence, called Buckden Hill, which, being only separated from Kensington Gardens by a ha-ha—seems to be only a part of it. On the declivity of this hill is a grove, in which are two chalybeate springs. There is a footpath across the road to Kensington Gardens.

"On the south side of the park are very handsome barracks for the Royal Horse Guards. And

on this side are two carriage roads to Kensington, one of which is better known by the name of Rotten Row.

"These have become the resort of the fashionable world instead of the ring, and are much resorted to on Sundays.

"The open part of the park was much resorted to, till lately, for the field-days and reviews of the horse and foot guards, as also for those of the volunteers, by which the sward of it was so much injured, that it had become a dry sandy plain, with scarcely a vestige of verdure. At present, however, these exercises are forbidden, and the surface of the park is sown with grass seeds, and covered with the mud taken from the bed of the Serpentine river, which will restore it to its pristine beauty."

This is truly a noble place—more extensive than the Green Park and the Park of St. James's put together. It unites the gentle and varied diversity of surface of the one with the umbrageous shade of the other. The trees, too, have dignity in their decay, and the *tout ensemble* is that of a park of some noble house in the olden time—a thing not to be manufactured in a hurry. What a mob of people in carriages and on horseback; and what an admiring congregation of envious pedestrians, who console themselves for the want of an equipage in finding fault with the equipages of others, and flattering themselves when they do have a turn-out, they will do the trick in a superior style! Dreadful thing that gentlemen and ladies with so much taste should be in so much want of money, and find their chief consolation in observing how very badly monied people lay their money out!

That fine-looking man on the black horse—him, I mean, in the coat of indescribable green—I say indescribable green, for it is neither bottle-green, pea-green, apple-green, olive-green, grass-green, nor invisible-green—who sits his horse sympathetically, as if he were part and parcel of the animal—is Count D'Orsay. Close at his heels you may observe a youth in a Chesterfield hat, with a gold chain wound twice round his neck, dipping into his waistcoat pocket, and coming out again. He joggles on his animal, and has an anxious expression of countenance, as if he were about to undergo some dreadful surgical operation, but which, doubtless, is derived from an apprehension that the waistband of his Sunday breeches is going to crack—that is Fitz-Wiggins, son to old Wiggins, the retired cow-keeper, of Canonbury Row, Islington. I know the fellow well. He is a gentility-monger; spends all his time and all his money in smelling after fashionable people; but, with all his exertions, the highest approach he ever made to genteel society was getting into the Garrick Club. He has a good horse, you see, and seems as much at home upon it as if he were mounted on one of his paternal cows. Alas, poor Wiggins!

There goes Count D'Orsay again. The more I look at him, the more I am surprised at the despotic authority that accomplished gentleman has long exercised in matters of dress. He is faultless, to be sure; I cannot say he is over-dressed, and it is equally clear that he is not under-dressed. Still there is something about him that does not fulfil my preconceived idea of the rig-out of a perfect gentleman. His coat-collar is too much detached, which gives to the upper part of his figure an air of singularity—of a pretension to unapproachable perfection—which, of all things, your English gentleman studies to avoid. The *pantaloons*, too, embrac-

ing the hoby round the sole, and hardly exhibiting the toe, however well calculated to throw out the symmetrical leg in bold relief, gives to the foot something of a slippered air. But it is in the accompaniments of his habit that the Count D'Orsay mainly excels. No man living has such exquisite taste in the details. What expression in that hat! What tone, harmony, and keeping in that vest! What grace and elegance in the drapery of that stock! The count is acknowledged to be, I had almost said, superhuman in stocks! Pray, observe, if you please, sir, the style of the count's spur. That spur, let me tell you, was designed by the count himself. It was the admiration of everybody, and the maker calculated on gaining a fortune by it. But would you believe it, as soon as one pair had been cast for the heels of the count himself, he ordered the moulds, patterns, and drawings to be brought home to him; had them broken up before his face, and with his own hands committed the fragments to the flames!

(To be continued.)

NEW BOOKS.

History of the United States, from their settlement as Colonies to the close of the Administration of Mr. Madison, 1817. By Salma Hale. New York, Harper and Brothers, 1840, 2 volumes.

The History of England, from the earliest period to 1839. By Thomas Keightley, with notes by the American Editor. New York, Harper and Brothers, 1840, 5 vols.

Universal History, from the Creation of the World to the decease of George III, 1820. By Hon. Alexander Frazer Tytler and Edward Nares, D. D. New York, Harper and Brothers, 1840, 6 vols.

The thirteen volumes, of which the titles are given above, form a most interesting and valuable addition to the Family Library and the School Library of the Messrs. Harpers. *Hale's United States*, which has long been esteemed one of the best school histories; and has been once printed without acknowledgment, and once outrageously printed in London, has now been carefully rewritten by the author, and expanded into the proper size for the Library. It is a good, sound history and will be so considered, notwithstanding that the publishers of Mr. Bancroft's work gravely inform the public in one of their announcements, that that gentleman's is the *only* history of the United States, which has ever been written. They will probably in process of time, arrive at the conclusion, that Mr. Bancroft is the only man living in the present age.

The *History of England*, by Mr. Keightley, is one of the most readable and agreeable books we have taken up for a long time. It steers clear of the ultra loyalty of Hume, and the sectarian bigotry of Lingard; and is a much better guide in the real history of England than any of the numerous works which have been written under the influence of strong political partialities. It is of precisely the proper size to be read *through* by the participants in the benefits conferred by the school library system: and it will doubtless enliven and inform many and many a cheerful fireside circle in the country.

The *Universal History* of Tytler, was necessary to afford a general view of history to the readers of the school library. This has long been considered a standard work. It is a good sign to see works like these obtaining a wide

spread circulation. The taste for history which they will inspire, will be one of the most efficient means of extirpating the passion for trashy reading which is too prevalent in our country.

IMITATION VERSES.

THE LARK.—BY RONSARD.

—“Guidée du zéphire
Sublime en l'air vire et revire,
Et y declique un joli cris.
Qui ait, guerit, et tire lire.”

The same by Du Bartas.

La gentille aloüette, avec son tirelire
Tirelire à lire, et tireliran tire,
Ven la voute du ciel, puis son vol ver ce lieu
Vire et desire dire adieu dieu, adieu dieu.”

POETICAL ECHOS.

Which exhibit a curious picture of the state of the Roundheads of Charles I.

Now, Echo, on what's religion grounded?
Roundhead!
Who's its professor most considerable?
Rabble!
How do these prove themselves to be the godly?
Oddly!
But they in life are known to be the holy.
O lie!
Do they not learning from their doctrine sever?
Ever!
Yet they pretend that they do edifice,
O fie!
How stand they affected to the government civil?
Evil!
But to the king they say they are most loyal.
Lie all!
Then God keep king and state from these same men.
Amen!

This in French is more ingenious.

“Pour nous plaire, un plumet
Met
Tout en usage,
Mais on trouve souvent
Vent
Dans son langage.
On y voit des commis
Mis
Comme des princes,
Après être venus
Nuds
De leurs Provinces.”

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CHARACTER OF THE DUCHESS OF MAZARIN.

I am unjustly accused for having too great a complaisance for Madam Mazarin: for in truth, there is no person that she has greater reason to complain of, than myself. For six months together I have been maliciously spying out something in her, which might displease me, but in spite of all my endeavours, I could discover nothing there that was not too lovely, and too charming. An ill-natured curiosity makes me examine every feature in her face, with a design either to meet there some shocking irregularity, or some disgusting disagreeableness. But how unluckily do I succeed in my design! every feature about her has a particular beauty, that does not in the least yield to that of her eyes, which by the consent of all the world are the finest in the universe. One thing there is that entirely confounds me: her teeth, her lips, her mouth, and all the graces that attend it, are lost amongst the great variety of beauties in her face: but if we compare them to these fine mouths, that make the greatest charm of those persons whom we most admire, they drown, and eclipse every thing else, and what's but indifferent in her, will not suffer us to consider what's most remarkable in others. The malice of my curiosity does not stop here. I proceed to spy out some defect in her shape; and I find I know not what graces of nature so happily, and so liberally scattered in her person, that the genteelness of others only seems to be constraint and affectation.

When Madam Mazarin pleases me too much in her negligence, I advise her to have recourse to art, hoping that her ornaments and her dress will not fail to ruin her native charms: but scarce has she dressed herself, but I am forced to confess, that I never saw in any person so great and so noble an air as hers. Nor is my ill-nature satisfied with this. I have a mind to see her in her chamber, amongst her dogs, her monkeys, and her birds, hoping that the disorder of her dress, will make her lose the majesty of that beauty, that astonished us at court. But here it is, that she is a hundred times more amiable; here it is, that a more natural charm gives us a disgust to all that art and industry can do; here it is that the freedom of her wit and of her humour leaves none to the person that beholds her.

What could the greatest of her enemies do more? I wish some sickness might invade her to undermine her graces: but, alas! we are more to be pitted than she in her pains. Her very pains have a charm that does us a greater mischief, than the sufferer by them.

After having relented and grieved at her indis-

position, I endeavour to give her an occasion to abuse me, that I may be exasperated against her: with this design I purposely contradict all she says; I provoke her anger by contention; I put her in the way to wrong me at play; I suggest to myself all the means of my oppression that I may be furnished with a pretence for a real resentment. But, alas! to what purpose is all this troublesome industry? Her ill treatment pleases instead of provoking; and her injuries, more charming than the caresses of others, are so many charms, that enslave me to her will. I pass from her serious moments, to those of her gaiety; for as I am sometimes willing to see her serious, out of hopes to find her less agreeable; so am I desirous to see her more free, thinking to find her indiscreet. But when she's serious, she makes us admire her good sense; when free and jovial, her sprightliness.

She knows as much as a man can know; and she conceals her knowledge with all the discretion that becomes a prudent woman. She has some acquired learning, which never betrays the study she employed to gain it. She has some happy thoughts, that are as far from an affected art that displeases us, as from a natural luxuriance that offends us.

I have seen some ladies that have made conquests by the advantage of their beauty, and lost them again through a defect of wit. I have seen others that engaged us to them, by being beautiful and witty together; but discouraged us from a farther pursuit by their indiscretion, fickleness and avarice. But in Madam Mazarin, if you pass from her face to her wit, from the qualities of her mind to those of her soul, you will find that every thing attracts you, that every thing fastens and binds you, and that nothing can disengage you. We defend ourselves from the charms of other ladies by our reason: but 'tis reason that subjects us to her power. With other ladies our love generally begins where our reason ends: here our love cannot end, unless we lose our reason.

What I observe to be most extraordinary in Madam Mazarin, is, that she daily inspires new desires; and that after a long familiarity, she makes us feel all the tender sweetness of a growing passion. She is the only person of her sex, for whom we may be eternally constant; and with whom one may enjoy every hour the diversion of inconstancy. We never change for her person: we change every moment for her features; and relish, in some manner, all that new, that lively joy, which unfaithfulness in love makes us feel.

Sometimes her mouth is abandoned for her eyes; sometimes we leave her eyes to admire

her mouth, her cheeks, her nose, her eyebrows, her forehead, her hair, nay, her ears, (so much pains has nature taken to make every thing perfect in this beautiful body!) her ears attract our inclinations in their turn, and make us taste the pleasure of change. To consider her features separately, one would be apt to say, that there is a secret jealousy between them; and that they are still upon the watch to steal lovers from one another: to consider them in conjunction, and as they are united and joined together, we see them form a beauty, that neither suffers inconstancy for itself, nor fidelity for others.—*M. St. Evremond.*

This celebrated beauty was Hortensia Mancini, niece to the Cardinal Mazarin and heiress of his estate. A match was in project for some time between her and Charles II., but her uncle not trusting to the permanency of Charles's Restoration, refused the offer and married her with one of the richest noblemen of the court, the Duke de la Meilleraye, with the condition of his taking the name and arms of Mazarin. This duke was a man of a grovelling and mean spirit, sullen, ill-tempered and superstitious. Several examples are given of his fantastical bigotry; among others, he caused one of Madam de Richlieu's children to be brought up with express prohibition to the nurse from suckling it on Fridays. From this husband, and the monks and devotees by whom he was besieged, and upon whom he squandered his estate, she suffered unheard of persecutions for five years, and then eloped. St. Evremond says, "Heaven had already made the separation by the contrariety of their humours, by the opposition of their tempers, by the greatness of the one's soul and the meanness of the other's; and nature had separated them by a beauty in one that charms, and an aspect in the other that disgusts." For three years she fixed her abode at Chamberry, and there bestowed much of her time in reading and cultivating her excellent natural wit and understanding; and had the advantage of a celebrated master, the Abbot of St. Real, (the French Sallust) who conversed with her every day, and selected and read for her the best books, French and Italian; besides falling in love with her, as every one else, and writing her memoirs. Her beauty did not allow her to remain here long in obscurity. Persons of the greatest merit and quality at the court of Savoy, neglecting the service of the prince, attached themselves to that of Madam Mazarin, and considerable persons of remote countries pretended a voyage to Italy to furnish themselves an opportunity of seeing her. Among others the Baron Bannier, a Swedish gentleman, fell passionately in love with her, and as the affection grew to be

mutual, Prince Philip, also a lover, becoming jealous, challenged the baron and killed him in a duel. Madam was disconsolate on this occasion, hung her apartments in black and excluded her nearest friends. In short, she experienced so much sorrow, that she resolved to go to Spain, and retire into the same convent with her sister, also separated from her husband, the Constable Colonna—but she did not. Monsieur de St. Evremond wrote her such an eloquent homily about the mortifications of convents and nunneries, that she abandoned her design and Chamberry, and came over to England, where she so pleased king Charles, that he settled a pension on her of 4000*l.* sterling; and it depended only on her to have won the highest place in this monarch's heart—but the Prince of Monaco came about this time to England, young, handsome, and accomplished in all the little arts that please ladies, and became her passionate admirer; to whose courtship she was not insensible, and his majesty in a fit of jealousy, took away her pension, and then gave it back, and she renounced her attachment to the Prince of Monaco.

She used to spend the fine English summers at Chelsea, a village on the Thames, about three miles from London, which became the rendezvous of many distinguished persons, who paid their court to her. The English women, who were in possession of the empire of beauty, saw it lost to this stranger not without envy and regret; but she so won in a short time, even her bitterest enemies, by the charms of her conversation and amenity of manners, that, from envying, they imitated and loved her. Her house, which "caused all other houses to be deserted" is thus described by St. Evremond.

"The greatest freedom in the world is to be seen there and an equal discretion; every one is more commodiously entertained than at home, and more respectfully than at court. 'Tis diversion only that induces play, and no concern is seen in the faces of the losers. Play is followed by the best repasts in the world.

"One may there see every thing that comes from France for the delicate; and all that comes from the Indies for the curious; even the common meats become rare by the exquisite relish which is bestowed upon them. 'Tis not such a plenty as may make us fear a dissipation; 'tis not a frugality that shows either avarice or penury. The management of her house is not so niggard and sullen, as to content itself merely with satisfying the necessities of life, and afford nothing to the pleasures of it. She loves a good order that furnishes every thing that can be desired, and that wisely manages the use of it; so that nothing may be wanting. There is certainly nothing so well regulated as this family: but Madam Mazarin diffuses throughout the whole, I do not know what sort of an easy air; something free and natural that conceals the regulation of it. One would conclude that things moved of themselves, so secret is the ordering of them, and so difficult to be perceived.

"Let Madam Mazarin change her lodgings, and the difference of places is insensible: wherever she goes, we see nothing but her; and if we see her we see everything. They never come soon enough, and never depart late enough: they go to bed with regret to have left her, and they rise with desire to behold her afresh."

Madam Mazarin died on the 22d of June, 1699, aged fifty-three years. Time having yet made no impression upon her incomparable beauty.

POINTS OF GENTOO LAW.

[Extracted from a translation of the Gentoo Code by Mr. Nathaniel Brassey Halhed, made during the government of Warren Hastings.]

The venerable principle of legitimate government and paternal sway, we find, at the outset, enforced in a very emphatic manner. "Providence," says the ancient legislator, "created the magistrate for the guardianship of all. The magistrate must not be considered as a mere man; even in the case of the magistrate being a child, he must still be looked upon in the light of the *Dewtah*, or Deity; in truth, the magistrate is the *Dewtah* in a human form, born in this world. Providence created punishment for the preservation of the magistrate." It is only proper that so sublime a personage as the magistrate should be properly accounted, and he is accordingly enjoined to cause to be made for himself a round umbrella, of the feathers of the bird *lut*, or the peacock. When provided with this appendage, he is in a proper situation to consult with his councillors, "whereupon," says the law, "he shall choose a retired place, on the top of the house, or on the top of a mountain, or in the desert, or some such secret recess, and shall hold his council there: and in places where there are parrots or other talkative birds, he shall not hold his council while they are present." To this provident caution against the loquaciousness of the feathered race, the law adds two injunctions, which are highly necessary to be observed in all legitimate governments. Hypocrisy and treachery are the virtues of this good old form of government; and therefore "the magistrate shall keep such a guard upon himself, that his foibles may never be discovered, and by sending his spies, he shall inform himself of the faults of others."

The methods prescribed for attaining that very desirable but often very difficult object, viz. the recovery of debts, are curious.—"If a creditor on the day appointed for payment, demands his money of the debtor, who refuses to discharge the debt," first he shall treat the matter with some delicacy, and trying what indirect influence will do, "he shall speak to the friends and relations of the debtor, and procure them to demand payment." If this proves unsuccessful, his next step is to pounce "with one fell swoop," on the wife and "all the little ones" of the defendant: "if he cannot by evasive means, distrain the debtor's goods, he shall then seize and confine the debtor's wife, children, cattle, buffaloes, horses, and such kind of useful animals; also his pots, clothes, mats, and furniture; and seating himself at the debtor's door, shall there receive his money." If even these fierce extremes are unable to overcome the obstinacy or the poverty of the debtor, nothing remains to be tried but the *ultima ratio* of all plaintiffs, the last and plenary remedy of the *capias ad satisfaciendum*; "he shall seize and bind the debtor's person, and procure, by forcible means, a discharge of the debt."

The mode of examining witnesses is as follows:—"He who means to question a witness, having bathed himself, shall put his questions in the tenth *ghurrie* of the day; the witness also, having bathed himself, and turned himself towards the eastern or northern quarter, shall deliver his evidence: the examiner shall ask the witness, (if a *Bramin*) with civility and respect, saying, 'explain to me what knowledge you have of this affair;' and to a *Chehteree*, he shall say, 'what do you know of this affair? speak the

truth!' and to a *Bice*, he shall say, 'what do you know of this affair? if you give false evidence, whatever crime there is in stealing kine, or gold, or *paddee*, or wheat, or *gram*, or barley, or mustard, and such kind of grain, shall be accounted to you;' and to a *Sooder*, he shall say, 'what do you know of this affair? speak; if your evidence is false, whatever crime is the greatest in the world, that crime shall be accounted to you.'" Here we may observe, that the law only requires the *Bramin*, or fine gentleman, to be interrogated with civility and respect; the poor *Sooder* may be examined and cross-examined in the usual manner.

Against the utterance of "scandalous and bitter words," the provisions of the law are very minute. "If a man be deficient in a hand, or a foot, or an ear, or an eye, or a nose, or any other member, and a person of an equal cast, and of equal abilities with him, should say to him, in a reproachful manner, 'you are deficient in a hand, or a foot, or an ear, or an eye, or a nose, or any other member,' or should say to him, 'such limb of yours is very beautiful,' the magistrate shall fine him twelve *puns* of *cowries*." To prognosticate the death of great men has always been a dangerous undertaking, and we find this offence expressly prohibited: "if any man should say, that, 'the magistrate will die at such a particular time,' the magistrate shall fine that person eight hundred *puns*." This would not be an aggravated penalty in our city of Philadelphia. Quere. May not the word *punished* be derived from the Gentoo? A proper degree of humility and of respectful deference, on the part of the plebeian, towards the man of rank and fashion, is sharply insisted on: "If a man of inferior cast, proudly affecting an equality with a person of superior cast, should speak at the same time with him, the magistrate, in that case, shall fine him to the extent of his abilities."

The magistrate, we have seen, is a very sacred personage, and it seems, can do no wrong. To punish him for the commission of a crime, is in itself a crime, which the worthy magistrate takes care to visit with a signal retaliation. "If a magistrate has committed a crime, and any person, upon the discovery of that crime, should beat and ill-use the magistrate, in that case, whatever be the crime of murdering one hundred *Bramins*, such crime shall be accounted to that person; and the magistrate shall thrust an iron spit through him, and roast him at the fire!" A similar spirit of cruelty pervades all the criminal law. "Whoever, by breaking through walls, hath frequently stolen much wealth, the magistrate shall cause the booty to be returned to the owner, and shall cut off both the hands of such person, and crucify him. If a man steals any small animal, exclusive of the cat and the weasel, the magistrate shall cut off half his foot." Mutilation and agonising punishments are dealt unsparingly to the human species, but the inferior classes of life are carefully protected from injury. "If a man kills a fish, the magistrate shall fine him ten *puns* of *cowries*. If a man kills an insect, the magistrate shall fine him one *pun* of *cowries*." The same law that uses very little ceremony in impaling a man, anxiously guards against the demolition of a fly!

The chapter "Of what concerns women," contains a string of very bitter libels upon the fair sex, in excuse for which, it is urged by the translator, that the *Bramins*, who compiled the code, were men far advanced in years, and that the old gentlemen had lost, with their youth, their

These favours were all heaped upon him by James. Charles, on his accession to the throne, had little but his affection to add to such a pageant.

Buckingham's magnificence was at least equal to his illustrious fortunes. Imagination can conceive nothing more splendid than the entertainments, the public display, and indeed the personal appearance of this favourite of fortune. His jewels were alone valued at three hundred thousand pounds. "It was common with him," we are told, "at an ordinary dancing, to have his clothes trimmed with great diamond buttons, and to have diamond hat-bands, cockades, and ear-rings; to be yoked with great and manifold ropes and knots of pearl: in short, to be manacled, fettered, and imprisoned in jewels; inasmuch, that at his going over to Paris, in 1625, he had twenty-seven suits of clothes made, the richest that embroidery, lace, silk, velvet, gold, and gems, could contribute; one of which was a white uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds valued at fourscore thousand pounds, besides a great feather, stuck all over with diamonds; as were also his sword, girdle, hat-band, and spurs." Buckingham was the first person who was carried about in a sedan chair. The circumstance caused a great sensation at the time; the vulgar attributing it to his pride, and railing at him as he passed through the streets. "It was a shame," they said, "that men should be brought to as servile condition as horses."²

Another incident which added greatly to his unpopularity, was the circumstance of his having his coach drawn by six horses; a memorable instance of his splendour, when we remember that only forty years had elapsed since coaches were first introduced into England.[†] When the fact was related to the old Earl of Northumberland, (the "stout earl," as he is called,) he said that if Buckingham was drawn by six horses, he had at least a right to eight; with which number he actually drove through the streets, to the great contentment of the citizens.

These indeed are but trivial illustrations of Buckingham's magnificence; but it would be difficult to do justice to the refined taste, the unparalleled splendour, which characterised the entertainments of York House;—"those entertainments," says D'Israeli, which "combined all the picture of ballet-dances with the voice of music, the charms of the verse of Jonson, the scenic machinery of Inigo Jones, and the variety of fanciful devices of Gerbier." Bassompierre, whose judgment in matters of taste was unrivaled, describes one of Buckingham's entertainments as the most splendid he had ever seen. "The

king," he says, "supped at one table with the queen and me, which was served by a complete ballet at each course with sundry representations—changes of scenery, tables, and music: the duke waited on the king at table, the Earl of Carlisle on the queen, and the Earl of Holland on me. After supper, the king and we were led into another room, where the assembly was, and one entered it by a kind of turnstile, as in convents, without any confusion, where there was a magnificent ballet, in which the duke danced, and afterwards we set to and danced country dances till four in the morning; thence we were shown into vaulted apartments, where there were five different collations." This would appear to be the identical entertainment, the description of which Mr. D'Israeli has extracted from the Sloane MSS., and published in his *Curiosities of Literature*. "Last Sunday at night, the duke's grace entertained their majesties and the French ambassador at York House with great feasting and show, where all things came down in clouds; amongst which, one rare device was a representation of the French king and the two queens, with their chiefest attendants, and so to the life that the queen's majesty could name them. It was four o'clock in the morning before they parted, and then the king and queen, together with the French ambassador, lodged there. Some estimate this entertainment at five or six thousand pounds."

The duke's cabinet of pictures and works of art were valuable and choice in the extreme. Gerbier writes to his master, 8th February, 1625. "Sometimes, when I am contemplating the treasure of rarities which your excellency has in so short a time amassed, I cannot but feel astonishment in the midst of my joy. For out of all the amateurs, and princes, and kings, there is not one who has collected in forty years as many pictures as your excellency has collected in five. Let enemies and people ignorant of paintings say what they will, they cannot deny that pictures are noble ornaments, a delightful amusement, and histories that one may read without fatigue. Our pictures, if they were to be sold a century after our death, would sell for good cash, and for three times more than they have cost. I wish I could only live a century, if they were sold, to be able to laugh at those facetious folk, who say it is money cast away for baubles and shadows: I know *they* will be pictures still, when those ignorants will be less than shadows." For a collection which had been made by Rubens, the duke gave ten thousand pounds; and he had also employed Sir Henry Wotton, when ambassador at Venice, to purchase for him the most valuable productions of the great masters. For one of the pictures of Titian, the *Ecce Homo*, Lord Arundal offered him 7000*l.* either in money or land. In this picture were introduced likenesses of the Pope, Charles the Fifth, and Solymán the magnificent. When the duke's cabinet came to be disposed of during the civil broils, this fine work of art was purchased by the Archduke Leopold, and placed in the castle of Prague. Buckingham's encouragement of the fine arts was not confined to pictures. When he was sent to the States, to negotiate for the restitution of the Palatinate, he purchased for a large sum the curious collection of Arabic MSS. by Erpinus the linguist, which he afterwards bequeathed to the University of Cambridge.

There can be no doubt indeed but that Buckingham both appreciated and patronised talent. Without any apparent motive but the fame which his abilities had acquired for him, the famous

Lord Herbert of Cherbury obtained his appointment as ambassador to Paris at Buckingham's hands. When Lord Herbert shortly afterwards became involved in one of those scrapes which his chivalrous sense of honour was continually entailing on him, Buckingham took his part, and protected him from the serious consequences of the king's displeasure. It was owing also to his fine taste, in conjunction with that of his royal master, that Rubens, Vandyke, and Gerbier, were attracted to England, and that Inigo Jones supported the national character by his genius. When will such a period again arrive? Not till we have a new Charles and another Buckingham.

In forming our estimate of the accomplishments of Buckingham, and the brilliant figure which he presented at two succeeding courts, we must bear in mind his exquisite elegance and beauty, which rendered him the idol of the fair sex, and the envy of his own. James, as is well known, conferred on him the familiar name of Steenie. He alluded to the passage (Acts vi. 15.) where it is said of St. Stephen, that, "All that sat in the council looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel;" from whence the king chose to confer on his favourite the not very appropriate name of Stephen, and thence by corruption Steenie. Bishop Goodman, who was well acquainted with him, draws the following sketch of his person and character:—"Buckingham," he says, "of all others was most active; he had a very lovely complexion; he was the handsomest bodied man of England; his limbs so well compacted, and his conversation so pleasing, and of so sweet a disposition. And truly his intellectuals were very great; he had a sound judgment, and was of a quick apprehension; inasmuch that I have heard it from two men, and very great men, (neither of them had gotten so little as 36,000*l.* per annum by the court,) whom of all men in the world Buckingham had most wronged,—yet I had heard both those men say and give him this testimony, that he was inwardly beautiful, as he was outwardly, and that the world had not a more ingenious gentleman, or words to that effect."

Sir Symonds D'Ewes mentions the occasion of a tilting-match at Whitehall, when he had the opportunity of watching Buckingham closely for about half an hour; the duke being, at the time, in earnest conversation with some French noblemen. "I saw every thing in him," he says, "full of delicacy and handsome features; yea, his hands and feet seemed to be especially effeminate and curious." It is possible he seemed the more accomplished, because the French *Monseurs* that had invested him were very swarthy hard-featured men. Clarendon, and indeed every writer of the period, bears the same testimony to Buckingham's uncommon beauty. It would seem, however, by his later portraits, that it lasted but with the period of early youth.

Buckingham was only once married. His wife was Catherine, daughter of Francis Earl of Rutland. According to Arthur Wilson, the duke had in the first instance seduced her from her father's house, and after keeping her for some time in his lodgings, returned her to her family. The blood of the earl was naturally roused, and he sent a message to Buckingham that if he did not instantly marry his daughter, his greatness should be no protection to him. Buckingham eventually consented to repair the lady's honour, and they were accordingly married. As Lady Catherine, however, was the richest heiress in England, it is singular that Buckingham should not

dent of the Council of War; Chancellor of the University of Cambridge; and Lord General of his Majesty's forces in the Isle of Rhee."—*Granger*, vol. ii. p. 278.

* Wilson, p. 131. Evelyn tells us, in his *Diary*, that sedan chairs were first brought to England by Sir Saunders Duncombe. This person, who was gentleman pensioner to Kings James and Charles I., is said to have taken out a patent in 1634; Buckingham, however, may yet have been the first who had the boldness to make use of them.

† The introduction of coaches into England is commonly attributed to Fitzalan, Earl of Arundal, in 1580. It seems, however, that they were first brought from the Netherlands by William Booren, a Dutchman, who presented one to Queen Elizabeth, about the eighth year of her reign. See *Hart. Misc.* vol. iv. p. 218.—They were first drawn by only two horses.

originally have courted her as a wife instead of a mistress.

The affair is altogether involved in mystery and doubt. That the Earl of Rutland was unwilling to marry his daughter to Buckingham,—that her partiality for the favourite caused her parent to treat her harshly, and that she eventually eloped from her father's house, is evident from the letters which passed between the duke and his future father-in-law, from the period of her flight to that of her marriage. The duke, however, denies in the strongest manner that her honour had suffered at his hands. He writes to the earl:—"I can delay no longer declaring unto you, how unkindly I take your harsh usage of me and your own daughter, which hath wrought this effect in me; that since you esteem so little of my friendship, and her honour, I must now, contrary of my former resolution, leave off the pursuit of that alliance any more, putting it in your free choice to bestow her elsewhere to your best comfort; for, whose fortune it shall ever be to have her, I will constantly profess that she never received any blemish in her honour, but that which came by your own tongue. It is true, I never thought before to have seen the time that I should need to come within the compass of the law, by stealing of a wife against the consent of the parents; considering of the favours that it pleaseth his majesty, though undeservedly, to bestow upon me. So, leaving this to you and your wife's censure, I rest your lordship's servant,

"G. BUCKINGHAM."

The king, it seems, had originally refused his consent to their union, as long as the lady should continue to profess herself a Roman Catholic. The Lord Keeper, Dr. Williams, was selected to effect her conversion, and as the lady's interests were concerned, and her character at stake, he appears to have encountered but little difficulty in performing his task.

Wilson expatiates with much acrimony when he speaks of Buckingham's amours. He says that if the duke's eye "culled out a wanton beauty, he had his setters that could spread his nets, and point a meeting at some lady's house, where he should come as by accident and find access, while all his train attended at the door, as if it were an honourable visit." Peyton, of course, joins in the popular cry. "The duke," he says, "vitiated many virgins, gentle and noble in birth, though vicious for yielding to his lust." But, perhaps, the most singular piece of scandal is that of Sir Symonds D'Ewes. After attacking the duke for his want of devotion, he tells us that, at the sacrament of baptism, at which Buckingham happened to be a spectator, with some young and beautiful women, the minister no sooner came to the passage, where it is required of the sponsors to forsake the carnal lusts of the flesh, than Buckingham began to "wink and smile" at his fair companions, by which the solemnity of the ceremony was entirely destroyed. Such highly coloured accusations are not altogether to be relied upon. Beauty had doubtless its charms for Buckingham, and in all probability his conduct was not immaculate; nevertheless, considering the temptations to which his rank and accomplishments exposed him, his character appears tolerably free from reproach, nor can he reasonably be charged with any violent offence against the laws of society or virtue. Whatever may have been Buckingham's conduct in this particular, at least his own wife was the last to

imagine him guilty of the charge. She writes to him during his absence in Spain, 16th July, 1623:

"I am very glad that you have the pearls, and that you like them so well; and am sure they do not help you to win the ladies' hearts. Yourself is a jewel that will win the hearts of all the women in the world; but I am confident it is not in their power to win your heart from a heart that is, was, and ever shall be yours till death. Every body tells me how happy I am in a husband, and how chaste you are; that you will not look at a woman, and yet how they woo you. And Sir Francis Cottington was yesterday telling me, how you made a vow not to touch any woman till you saw me; and though I was confident of it before they told me, yet it is so many cordials to my heart when they tell me of it. God make me thankful to him for giving of me you! Dear love, I did verily hope I should have had a lock of your hair by Killegrew, and I am sorry I had it not; but seeing you have a conceit it may prove unlucky, it is well you sent it not, though I think it but an old wife's tale."

There is reason to believe, from the letters which passed between them, that Buckingham was a most affectionate husband. Sir Henry Wotton tells us that he loved his wife dearly, and the manner in which he disposed of his estates, adds weight to the fact.*

CHAPTER II.

The indomitable pride and headstrong passions of Buckingham, were never more openly displayed, than when he accompanied Charles on his visit to Madrid. The Spaniards were, at least, as much astounded by his insolence, as they were dazzled by his splendour. Spanish etiquette could, with difficulty, comprehend the existence of such a character. They beheld, for the first time, a subject on the most intimate terms of friendship with the prince, his master; the same man placing himself on an equality with their own sovereign, and insulting that sovereign's haughty minister, Olivarez, whenever they came in contact. "He was sometimes covered," says Bishop Hacket, "when the prince was bare; sometimes sitting when the prince stood; capering aloft in sudden fits; and chirping the ends of sonnets."—"He was offensive to the court of Spain in taunting comparisons, and an open derider of their magniloquent phrases and garb of stateliness."

Whatever may have been the original cause of misunderstanding between Buckingham and Olivarez, it is certain that their enmity was implacable; and that, on one occasion, Buckingham deliberately gave the proud Spaniard the lie. They had been discussing the probability of the prince's conversion to the Romish faith, when Olivarez, in the heat of argument, affirmed that Buckingham had given hopes of such a consummation. The duke, in the most direct manner insisted that *it was false*; adding, that he felt himself bound, in the character of a gentleman, to support the contrary, in whatsoever manner he might be called upon to maintain its truth. Olivarez

* Wotton says, "he loved her dearly, and well expressed his love in an act and time of no simulation, towards his end bequeathing her all his mansion-houses during her natural life, and a power to dispose of his whole personal estate, together with a fourth part of his lands in jointure."—*Reliq. Wotton*, p. 236.

naturally flew into a passion; but it appears, that out of respect for the person of Charles, he refrained from demanding the satisfaction which, under other circumstances, would have been exacted.

There exists a story, which was openly discussed at the time, and which, for some years afterwards, was current in Spain, that attributed the ill-feeling between the two ministers to circumstances of a private nature. Buckingham, it was said, thought proper to make the Countess Olivarez the object of his addresses; but the lady was so far from being flattered by the preference, that she divulged the circumstance to her husband.

It is certain, that Buckingham quitted Madrid without having taken leave of the countess. When he parted from Olivarez, he told him that he should always entertain the kindest feeling towards the royal family of Spain; "but as for you, sir, personally," he added, "I shall make no professions of friendship with you, and you must always expect opposition at my hands." Olivarez turned on his heel, telling him, he accepted what was spoken.

Among the Harleian MSS. are several of the letters which passed between James on the one hand, and Charles and Buckingham on the other, during the period that the latter were absent on their romantic expedition. Those from Madrid are generally subscribed both by Charles and Buckingham, while the king usually addresses them together. The following is a brief specimen of James's mode of writing to the travellers:

"Sweet boys, the news of your going is already so blown abroad, as I am forced, for your safety, to post this bearer, [the Earl of Carlisle] after you, who will give you his best advice and attendance in your journey. God bless you both, my sweet babes, and send you a safe and happy return.

"JAMES R."

The travellers thus describe to James one of the clandestine visits which they paid to the interior of the French court, during their short sojourn at Paris.

"Sir,

"Since the closing of our last, we have been at court again, (and, that we might not hold you in pain, we assure you that we have not been known,) where we saw the young queen, little monsieur, and madame, at the practising of a mask that is intended, by the queen, to be presented to the king, and in it there danced the queen and madame, with as many as made up nineteen fair dancing ladies, amongst which, the queen is the handsomest, which hath wrought in me a greater desire to see her sister. So, in haste, going to bed, we humbly take our leaves and rest,

"Your Majesty's most humble,

"And obedient son and servant,

"CHARLES.

"And your humble slave and dog,

"STEENIE.

"Paris, the 22d of February, 1623."

The old king, no doubt, felt extremely desolate in the absence of his heir and his favourite, and longed fervently for their safe and speedy return. In one of his letters, he writes to his "sweet boys:"—"I wonder why you should ask me the question if ye should send me any more joint letters or not: alack, sweet hearts, it

is all my comfort in your absence that ye write jointly unto me, besides the great ease it is, both to me and you; and ye need not doubt but I will be wary enough, in not acquainting my council with any secret in your letters. But I have been troubled with Hamilton, who, being present, by chance, at my receiving both of your first and second packet out of Madrid, would needs peer over my shoulder when I was reading them, offering ever to help me to read any hard words; and, in good faith, he is in this business, as in all things else, as variable and uncertain as the moon."

In this letter James gives his son abundance of good advice. He warns him against being too profuse in his expenditure; enjoins him to be careful of his person at the tilting matches, and to practise dancing in private;* "But," he adds, "the news of your glorious reception makes me afraid that ye will both misken your old dad hereafter." He concludes his letter with the same homely expression. "Thus God keep you, my sweet boys, with my fatherly blessing, and send you a happy successful journey, and a joyful and happy return in the arms of your dear dad."

We have already alluded to the profusion of jewels and other sumptuous presents which were lavished by Charles and Buckingham on the Spanish ladies; however, they were not wrested from the old king without much difficulty and repeated entreaties. The duke, we are told, on state occasions, purposely had his diamonds so loosely set, that, on passing a knot of Spanish beauties, he could easily shake a few off at his will. When these were picked up and offered to be returned to their owner, they were of course gracefully presented to the obliging fair ones. No wonder that the visit of Charles and his handsome favourite is still the theme of admiration in Spain. Sir Henry Ellis has published two original letters from Charles and the favourite, beseeching the old king to send them further supplies of jewels: Buckingham, in a postscript to one of the prince's letters, amusingly adds; "I your dog, say you have many jewels, neither fit for your own, your son's, nor your daughter's wearing, but very fit to bestow on those here who must necessarily have presents; and this way will be least chargeable to your majesty in my poor opinion." Buckingham, in another letter, in which he addresses the king as "Dear dad, gossip and steward," actually presses James to part with some jewels which formed a portion of the king's own wearing apparel: he mentions particularly the king's best hat-band, the Portugal diamond, and the rest of the pendent diamonds, as requisite to make a necklace for the prince to present to his mistress. Buckingham is far from forgetful of his own interests, and takes care to ask for a rich chain or two for himself; or else, he says, *your dog will want a collar*.

Buckingham's conduct appears to have been as personally displeasing to the Spanish king as it was to his minister Olivarez. According to Howell, who was on the spot, there was indeed

some doubt whether the king would not actually refuse to treat with him on the subject of the match. The Earl of Bristol, the English ambassador, writes to the Bishop of Lincoln:—"I know not how things may be reconciled here before my lord duke's departure, but at present they are in all extremely ill, betwixt the king, his ministers, and the duke; and they stick not to profess, that they will rather put the infanta headlong into a well than into his hands." In another letter to the bishop, the earl adds: "I protest unto your lordship as a Christian, that I never heard in all the time of his being here, nor since, any one exception taken against him [Charles], unless it were for being supposed to be too much guided by my lord Duke of Buckingham, who is indeed very little beholden to the Spaniards for their good opinion of him; and departed from hence with so little satisfaction, that the Spaniards are in doubt that he will endeavour all that shall be possible, to cross the marriage." The unsuccessful termination of the Spanish match, or rather, Buckingham's share in procuring its miscarriage, rendered the duke for a short period the favourite of the English Parliament. They spoke openly of that man as the "saviour of his country," whom but a few months afterwards, they execrated and denounced as a traitor.

As the style of correspondence which was carried on between James and Buckingham can scarcely have failed in affording amusement, another specimen or two may not be unwelcome. Among other instances of the familiarity with which the favourite approached his master, it may be remarked that, in his letters, the duke frequently addresses the old king as his "purveyor." This term undoubtedly had its origin in the quantity of fruit, game, and sweetmeats, which the king was in the habit of sending as presents to the duke and "Kate," as he familiarly styled the duchess. More than once, in his letters, Buckingham returns thanks to his "dear dad and gossip," for some such dainty cargo. The following brief extracts may be taken as specimens:—"A million of thanks for your good melons and pears."—"The best show of true repentance of a fault, is to make a true confession: I did forget to give thanks for my melons, grapes, peaches, and all the things else you sent: I must pass my account under that general term, or else I shall make the same fault again, by leaving out something, your favours are so many."—"I have received two boxes of dried plums and grapes, and the box of violet cakes and chickens, for all which I humbly thank your majesty: And again, "The sense and thankfulness of my heart for your excellent melons, pears, sugared beans, and assurance of better fruit planted in your bosom than ever grew in paradise, will best appear in my humble obedience of your commands." The conclusion of the letter from which the last extract is taken, is amusing and characteristic enough:—"My stags," adds the duke, "are all lusty, my calf bold, and others are so too; my Spanish colts are fat, and so is my jovial filly. Mall, great Mall, Kate, Sue, and Steenie, shall all wait on you on Saturday, and kiss both James's and Charles's feet. To conclude, let this paper assure you, that the last words I spoke to you are so true, that I will not only give my word, sware you on the Holy Evangelists, but take the blessed sacrament upon them. So craving your blessing, I rest

"Your majesty's most humble slave and dog,

"STEENIE.

"P. S. Baby Charles, I kiss thy warty hands."

It appears that the term of "Tom Badger," which occurs in the following letter from James, was one of the cant names by which the frivolous monarch thought proper to distinguish his favourite: perhaps his subscribing himself to the duke as "your old purveyor" is scarcely more undignified.

"Sweet hearty blessing, blessing, blessing, on my sweet Tom Badger, and all his, for breeding me so fine a kennel of young hounds, some of them so fair and well-shaped, and some of them so fine pretty little ones, as they are worthy to lie on Steenie and Kate's bed: and all of them run together in a lump, and God thank the master of the horse, for providing me such a number of fair useful horses, fit for my hand: in a word, I protest I was never master of such horses and hounds; the bearer will tell you what fine running we had yesterday. Remember now to take the air discreetly, and for God's sake and mine, keep thyself very warm, especially thy head and shoulders; put thy park of Bewlie to an end, and love me still and still, and so God bless thee and my sweet daughter, and god-daughter to the comfort of thy dear dad.

JAMES R.

"Thy old purveyor sent thee yesternight six partridges and two leverets. I am now going to hawk the pheasant."

There are extant some affectionate letters, addressed by the Duchess of Buckingham to her husband during his absence in Spain, which exhibit the domestic character of the duke in a very pleasing light. "I think," she writes, "there never was such a man born as you are; and how much am I bound to God, that I must be that happy woman to enjoy you from all other women, and the unworthiest of all to have so great a blessing. Only this I can say for myself, you could never have had one that could love you better, than your poor true-loving Kate doth,—poor now, in your absence, but else the happiest and richest woman in the world."

But the following specimen is even more pleasing.

"York House, 16th July, 1623.

"My lord, indeed I must crave your pardon that I did not write you no more particulars of our pretty Moll. I did tell dry-nurse what you wrote to me, and she says, you had one letter from her; and she has sent you word, by every one that has gone, that she was well, and what she could do. But if you will pardon me this fault, I will commit the like no more. She is very well, I thank God, and when she is set to her feet, and held by her sleeves, she will not go softly, but stamp, and set one foot before another very fast, and I think she will run before she can go. She loves dancing extremely, and when the saraband is played, she will get her thumb and finger together, offering to snap; and then, when 'Tom Duff' is sung, then she will shake her apron; and when she hears the tune of the clapping dance my Lady Frances Hubert taught the prince, she will clap both her hands together, and on her breast, and she can tell the tunes as well as any of us can; and as they change the tunes, she will change her dancing. I would you were here but to see her, for you would take much delight in her now, she is so full of pretty play and tricks; and she has gotten a trick, that when they dance her, she will cry Hah, hah! and Nicholas will dance with his legs, and she will imitate him as well as she can. She will be excellent at a hat; for if one lay her down, she

* D'Israeli, in his Commentaries on the Reign of Charles I., remarks in a note:—"I find a curious anecdote of that zealous paternal attention of our pedant king, which I have not met elsewhere. James took such minute care of their education, that the children of James were well instructed in music and dancing; his majesty desired them to keep up their dancing privately, though they whistle and sing to one another for music."—*Harl. MSS.* 6987. (24).

will kick her legs over her head; but when she is older I hope she will be more modest. Every body says she grows every day more like you: you shall have her picture very shortly."

King James appears to have taken a great interest in his friend's wife, and styles her playfully, in one of his letters, "the poor fool Kate:" We find Buckingham also speaking of her affectionately as "his poor little wife."

Notwithstanding the playful and affectionate letters which were addressed by James to Buckingham during the absence of the latter in Spain, there is reason to believe that, had the king's life been prolonged, the fall of the favourite would have been as rapid as his rise. This supposition indeed is far from improbable, when we remember that James not only grew fretful and suspicious as he approached his end, but that latterly he had actually entertained apprehensions of personal danger at Buckingham's hands.

Certain it is, that a plot was laid by Iniosa, the Spanish ambassador, (who acted probably under the directions of Olivarez,) of which the object was to remove Buckingham for ever from the counsels and affections of his master. The king, however, was so closely watched, that Iniosa found some difficulty in carrying his plans into execution. In order to obtain a private interview, the Spaniard at length hit upon the following expedient. On a certain day, desiring one of his suite by all means to keep the prince and Buckingham in close conversation, he drew from his pocket a document, in which the duke's supposed conspiracy was confidently detailed, and in which a private audience was earnestly demanded for himself. At the same time he made a sign to the king, that he should instantly conceal the paper from view. The fears of James being thus awakened, he seized an opportunity, when Charles and the duke were absent in the House of Lords, to receive the Spaniard in private. Iniosa lost no time in impressing the pusillanimous monarch with the prospect of his danger, recommending that Buckingham should be restricted to some house in the country for the remainder of his life.

The duke up to this time, had possessed the strongest influence over the king. He used to remove him, we are told, from place to place, as suited his purpose, although, occasionally, the changes were far from pleasing to his imbecile master. But when James next saw his favourite, he turned to him imploringly, "Ah, Steenie, Steenie," he said, "wilt thou kill me!" The duke passionately protested his innocence, and insisted on knowing the name of his accuser; but James refused all answer to his inquiries.

Doubtful, apparently, in what manner to act, the king summoned Prince Charles, and prepared to depart for Windsor. Buckingham, as usual, was proceeding to follow him, and had actually set his foot on the step of the coach, when the king invented some excuse for leaving him behind. Unused to such treatment, the favourite burst into tears. According to Bishop Hacket, he addressed a strong appeal to the king, to which his majesty returned an unsatisfactory answer. James admitted, however, that he had not read the duke's letter without weeping; and piteously complained of being the unhappiest person in the world, in being forsaken and betrayed by those who were dearest to him.

In the midst of his distress, Buckingham was visited at Wallingford House, by Lord Keeper Williams. He found the duke lying on his couch, and so overwhelmed with grief, that he

could scarcely obtain an answer to his questions. Williams advised him instantly to hasten to the king: adding that, in the event of delay, a very short time would enable his majesty to concert with the parliament, and that the duke's commitment to the Tower would be the inevitable consequence. This rational advice Buckingham lost no time in following. He immediately set off for Windsor; where, by his respectful demeanour, his extraordinary personal influence, and by never leaving James to be worked upon by the machinations of others, he eventually contrived to make his peace. Perhaps the king was unwilling to doubt the faith of one on whom he had conferred so many and such extraordinary benefits.*

It is to be regretted that Lord Clarendon, in alluding to the misunderstanding between Buckingham and his sovereign, enters but slightly into the merits of the case. "Many," he says, "were of opinion, that King James, before his death, grew weary of this favourite; and that, if he had lived, he would have deprived him at least of his large and unlimited power. And this imagination so prevailed with some men, as the Lord Keeper Lincoln, the Earl of Middlesex, Lord High Treasurer of England, and other gentlemen of name, though not in so high stations, that they had the courage to withdraw from their absolute dependence upon the duke, and to make some other essays, which proved to the ruin of every one of them; there appearing no mark, or evidence, that the king did really lessen his affection to him, to the hour of his death." Bishop Kennet expresses his belief in Buckingham's fidelity, and in order to give weight to his views, has published two letters, addressed at this period by the duke to his sovereign. They must certainly be regarded as bearing the stamp of honesty, but are scarcely of sufficient importance to be transferred from the folios of the indulgent bishop.

It may be remarked, that when Buckingham afterwards discovered in the intrigues of Iniosa the secret of his temporary disgrace, he instantly assailed the ambassador with his usual headstrong impetuosity. Iniosa told the duke that he was a gentleman, and better born than himself: adding that he accused him of being a traitor to his face, and that he would make good his words with his sword. Charles was afterwards induced to forward a complaint of Iniosa to the court of Madrid, but the charges appear to have been treated in the lightest possible manner by the Spanish court.

CHAPTER III.

The accession of Charles to the throne was a death-blow to the enemies of Buckingham. It was but too evident that, henceforth, he would be more fully confirmed in his exalted fortunes. The friendships of Charles were known to be, at least, as stable as those of his father had been uncertain; and although, in his affection for Buckingham, the young king had somewhat

* James, however, if we may judge by one of his own apophthegms, could scarcely have entertained any very great faith in the existence of gratitude. He tells us that a king who is in dread of conspiracies, should rather be jealous of those whom he has benefited than of those whom he has discontented; the latter he says, wanting the power to be dangerous, but the former having the means ever ready at their will. This says but little for human nature.

overrated his favourite's capacity, still, it was not in his nature to be either argued or frightened out of an opinion which he had once maturely formed. On the other hand, there is no reason to doubt but that Buckingham repaid with warm gratitude and a personal attachment, the extraordinary affection of his master.

It is remarkable, that, between Charles and Buckingham, a strong jealousy had existed in early life. Clarendon tells us, that the duke's manner was frequently highly insolent, and that, on one occasion, he was actually on the point of striking the prince. This anecdote, whether correctly or not, is related more circumstantially by Weldon. That writer informs us, that, at Greenwich, before four hundred persons, Buckingham raised his hand over his head, with a *ballon-bracer*, in such a manner as to draw from Charles the expression, "What, my lord, I think you intend to strike me." Whatever, however, may have been the cause of their juvenile hostility, it is certain that it ceased with their earliest youth. The affection, when once conceived by Charles, remained unshaken to the last. When the tide of public opinion set strongest against the favourite; when the parliament was threatening him with impeachment, and the sailors thundering for their wages at his doors; when the suspicions of his having poisoned the late king, were universally believed by the vulgar, and sedulously propagated by the great, Charles, at the risk of his own popularity, and, indeed, almost of his throne, still clung to, and supported the friend of his choice. It is well known, that when the parliament were preferring articles against Buckingham, the king showed his contempt of their proceedings, and his love for his favourite, by recommending the University of Cambridge to elect the duke as their chancellor. This recommendation the university listened to,—it has been said, to their own disgrace, but, certainly, to the great discomfiture of the parliament. Charles, however, ever denied, in the strongest manner, the duke's supposed influence over his actions. He said, that, though it was commonly believed he was ruled by Buckingham, the fact was far otherwise; that the duke had ever been his most faithful and obedient servant, and that he would hereafter prove it to the satisfaction of the world.

In 1625, Buckingham was despatched, with the Earl of Montgomery, to Paris, for the purpose of conducting Henrietta to the arms of her husband. The beauty of his person, and the singular magnificence of the mission, were equally the admiration of the French king and of his court. "He appeared," says Lord Clarendon, "with all the lustre the wealth of England could adorn him with, and outshined all the bravery that court could dress itself in, and overacted the whole nation in their own most peculiar vanities." Louis XIII. remarked that Buckingham was one of the few English gentlemen he had ever seen, a sentiment which seems, at least, to have been fully reciprocated by his queen.

Whether Buckingham was really actuated by feelings of love, or whether it arose from mere motives of ambition or a desire of amusement, certain it is, that he had the temerity to address the Queen of France as a lover, and that his attentions were far from being ill received by that engaging princess. He had previously beheld her person on his journey to Madrid, and had described her to King James as the handsomest woman he had seen at the French court.

During his short stay at Paris, he brought all his fascinations into play, for the purpose of captivating her heart; and when he quitted that capital, in attendance on Henrietta, his daring aspirations had not only become known to the French minister, but the king's jealousy had been painfully excited. Several of the queen's servants were turned away, and her physician, Outange, her gentleman-usher, and others of her household, were banished from France. Madame de Motteville, who was in all the secrets of Anne of Austria, has left us a very interesting account of this singular affair. "The Duke of Buckingham," she writes, "was the man who appeared to have attacked the queen's heart with the best success. He was handsome, well-shaped, high-spirited, generous, liberal, and favourite to a great king. He had all the royal treasures to spend, and all the jewels of the crown of England to adorn his person. No wonder, then, if with so many lovely qualities, he had such high thoughts, such noble, yet such blameable and dangerous desires; and no wonder if he had the good fortune to persuade those who were witnesses of his addresses that they were not troublesome."

The first instance in which Buckingham appears to have expressed his sentiments, was in the garden of a house near Amiens, where the queen happened to pass the night, while accompanying her sister-in-law, Henrietta, on her way towards England. Buckingham, whilst attending her in her walk, expressing a strong desire to speak with her in private, Putange, her gentleman-usher, out of delicacy, withdrew. How far Buckingham was carried by his feelings cannot now be known. It is probable, however, by what follows, that he made use of more than words to express his tenderness. "Chance," says Madame de Motteville, "having led them into a by-walk, which was hid by a palisade from public view, the queen, at that instant, surprised to find herself alone, and it is likely importuned by some too passionate expression of the duke's sentiments, cried out; and calling to her gentleman-usher, she blamed him for leaving her." We must form our own conjectures on such a passage. Certainly, it is a tolerably candid confession for a confidant.

Buckingham really appears to have been sincere in the professions which he made. When Henrietta and her suite departed from Amiens, the queen, attended by the Princess de Conde, accompanied them a short way in her coach. The hour of parting having at length arrived, Buckingham came to bid farewell to his mistress. "He kissed her gown," we are told, and, "she being in the fore-seat of the coach, he hid himself in the curtain as if he had something to say to her, but, in reality, to wipe away the tears which came into his eyes."

Buckingham, on his departure for England, sent directions to Sir Balthazar Gerbier to remain at the French court, for the purpose of keeping up a correspondence with his royal mistress. Gerbier was narrowly watched by the agents of Richelieu; however, the queen found means to send by him *her own garter*, as well as a valuable jewel, to her absent lover. Sometime afterwards, the queen happened, in one of her walks in the garden at Ruel, to encounter the poet Voiture. On her inquiring of him the subject of his thoughts, he instantly repeated the following verses:

Je pensois (car nous autres poëtes
Nous pensons extravagament),

Ce que, dans l'humeur où vous êtes,
Vous feriez, si dans ce moment
Vous avisiez en cette place
Venir le Duc de Buckingham;
Et lequel seroit en disgrâce,
De lui, ou du Père Vincent.

Had not Voiture been well aware of the state of the queen's feelings, he would scarcely have ventured on such delicate ground. The queen, too, not only expressed no displeasure, but admired the verses and retained a copy of them.

There was undoubtedly an intention to assassinate Buckingham, had he persisted in his intentions to return to his mistress. This fact is not only rendered probable by what is hinted at in Holland's letter, but is confidently asserted by Lord Clarendon.

When the bickerings among Henrietta's French servants appeared likely to produce a rupture with France, Buckingham had requested Charles to send him to Paris as a mediator. This, it appears, by the interference of Richelieu, was prevented. Bassompierre informs us, in his Embassy to England, that the duke having sent to apprise him of his having been nominated to the mission to France, the ambassador intimated to him in plain terms that he would not be received. Buckingham's rage at the disappointment exceeded all bounds. He declared openly, says Clarendon, that he "would see and speak with that lady in spite of the strength and power of France." Indeed the war which shortly followed, has been generally attributed to the vexation of Buckingham. Probably it may have hastened hostilities; but the war at this period arose from other and uncontrollable circumstances, and must have ensued had the duke never entertained his daring attachment. He had declared that if he could not enter France peaceably, he would force a passage with an army. This, on a first consideration, would appear rather an extraordinary manner of obtaining access to a mistress. However, the difficulty seems to be cleared up by an expression of Madame de Motteville. Buckingham, she says, raised a division between the two crowns, in order that he might hereafter have a reason for returning to France, by the necessity which would be contingent on a treaty of peace. Henrietta, who stood in considerable awe of Buckingham, appears, nevertheless, to have been enlisted by him in his cause. When she was desirous of paying a visit to her relations in France, she wrote to her mother, requesting that the duke might be allowed to accompany her: without whom, she said, she could not think of undertaking the voyage. It is needless to add that the proposal was instantly negatived by the French court.

Buckingham was equally on bad terms with Richelieu at Paris, as he had been with Olivarez at Madrid. It would be curious could we trace their hostility to a rivalry in the court of beauty. Nani, in his History of Venice, speaking of Buckingham's attachment to the queen, affirms that the cardinal was "either inflamed, or feigned to be, with the same passion." Whether it was this fact that exasperated the duke to so violent a degree, cannot now be clearly ascertained. Richelieu, however, triumphed over his rival, though Buckingham did not live to see it. After the death of her husband, Louis the Thirteenth, the queen united herself to the cardinal, his sacerdotal habit, as he had never taken priest's orders, proving no obstacle to their union. Richelieu soon grew tired of her, and treated her unkindly.

The enmity which existed between the two ministers has been illustrated by an anecdote, which, however trivial in other respects, is too characteristic to be omitted. Richelieu had addressed one of his letters to *Monseigneur*, instead of *Monsieur*, le Duc de Buckingham, leaving, moreover, no vacant space after the title of *Monseigneur*. Buckingham repaid the slight by writing to *Monsieur* le Cardinal de Richelieu. This trifling squabble was on the point of leading to serious consequences. However, the cardinal was worsted, and yielded the point with a wretched joke. "The cannons," he said, "of the British navy were more powerful than the canons of the church."

But events were passing at home which were calculated to occupy the mind of Buckingham with other notions besides those of romance.—The impeachment of the Commons, and the charges brought against him by the Earl of Bristol, had certainly fallen harmless at the time; but still his enemies, though baffled, were not crushed, and his name, whether deservedly or not, was daily becoming more odious with the people.—With a view to wiping off the obloquy, he determined to conduct, in person, the unfortunate expedition for the relief of Rochelle. He would make himself, he said, more loved and honoured than was ever the Earl of Essex, his unfortunate predecessor in the smiles of royalty and popular favour. The expedition was a formidable one, but its principal characteristic was its exceeding splendour. "Buckingham," says de Brienne, "appeared in this expedition with the equipage of an amorous knight, rather than the equipage of a general." He carried with him his coach, and, it was even rumoured, his jewels. The vessels were hung with crimson velvet, and bands of music enlivened the tedium of the voyage. Buckingham's valour was undoubted, or such fantastic trappings might have raised suspicions of his effeminacy.

The history of the enterprise is familiar to every one. Although the personal bravery of the duke achieved for him another laurel, it was one dearly purchased. His countrymen, when they beheld only one-third of his army returning with him to England,—when they beheld the wife weeping for her husband, and the orphan for his father,—readily forgot, that in that sanguinary retreat Buckingham had stood alone on the beach, till his humblest follower had embarked; and that he was the last man who had quitted the shore.

It was in Buckingham's nature to feel deeply the outcry raised against him. In undertaking his second expedition to Rochelle, he seems to have determined either to die in the attempt, or to retrieve the popular favour which he had lost. He told Gerbier, his architect and confidential servant, to add in one of his last despatches to the Rochellers, that "God willing, he would be with them in three weeks, and would either overcome or die there." On quitting the Isle of Rhe, he had promised the gallant Rochellers that he would again come to their relief. So eager indeed was he to redeem his pledge, that he furnished the royal treasury with large sums of money out of his own purse, without even keeping any account of his disbursements.

When the famous Lady Davies sent to him a written prophecy, that he would not outlive the month; "Gerbier," he said, "if God please I will go, and will be the first man that shall set his foot upon the dyke before Rochelle, to die, or do the work; whereby the world shall see the

reality of our intentions for the relief of that place.*"

Expressions of popular hostility were vented at this period in more than one remarkable manner. On the 19th of June, 1628, two months before the duke's death, a pasquinade was removed from a post in Colman Street, part of which is as follows:—"Who rules the kingdom?—The king. Who rules the king?—The duke. Who rules the duke?—The devil."

About this period Charles, happening to be in Spring Gardens, watching his favourite game of bowls, Buckingham, who accompanied him, unlike the rest of the company, remained covered. A Scotsman who was present, having first of all kissed the duke's hand, suddenly snatched off his hat, exclaiming, "Off with your hat before the king." Buckingham instantly kicked the Scotsman, and probably would have proceeded farther had not the king interposed.—"Let him alone, George," he said; "he is either mad or a fool." "No, sir," said the offender, "I am a sober man, and if your majesty would give me leave, I will tell you *that* of this man which many know, and none dare speak." Buckingham showed in more than one instance how deeply he was affected by such and similar instances of his unpopularity. In his farewell banquet to the court, he appeared in a masque, attended by a personification of Envy, and surrounded by a number of barking dogs, supposed to denote the empty revilings of the vulgar.

Uninfluenced by all he saw and heard, the affection of Charles continued unabated for the companion of his youth. Mr. Meade writes to Sir Martin Stuteville. "This week, about Wednesday, his majesty went with the duke, (taking him into his own coach, and so riding through the city as it were to grace him,) to Deptford to see the ships: where, having seen ten fair ships nearly rigged for Rochelle, they say he uttered these words to the duke: 'George, there are some that wish both these and thou mightest perish. But care not for them. We will both perish together if thou doest.'"

A superstitious presentiment of his approaching fate appears not only to have taken possession of the multitude, but even to have influenced, if it could not terrify, the undaunted mind of Buckingham. Lord Clarendon alludes to the many "predictions and prophecies," which forewarned him of his untimely and violent end. The aged sinner, Dr. Lambe, had foretold his own death, as well as Buckingham's. This wretched mountebank, who pretended to prophecy by means of a supernatural agency, was said to be an unworthy creature of the duke, though Carte affirms that Buckingham was not even acquainted with Lambe's person. The vulgar styled him "the duke's devil." On the day that Lambe was torn to pieces by the mob, Buckingham's picture fell

* See the extracts from Gerbier's MS. in the *Curiosities of Literature*, vol. v. p. 298. In the second volume of D'Israeli's *Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I.* will be found an able defence of Buckingham's conduct as a military commander, against the incapacity and inexperience attributed to him by Hume. Charles was certainly very far from dissatisfied with the duke's conduct during the operations. The king writes to him, 6th November, 1627: "Unfeignedly, in my mind, ye have gained as much reputation with wise and honest men in this action, as if ye had performed all your desires. I have no more to say this time, but to conjure thee, for my sake, to have a care for your health, for every day I find new reason to confirm me in being your loving faithful friend," "CHARLES R."

down in the High Commission Chamber at Lambeth; an omen which, when all men were superstitious, and the majority discontented, was eagerly hailed as a certain prognostic of his fall.

But the most extraordinary prediction was that of Lady Eleanor Davies, who had foretold the time of the duke's death, with wonderful precision. She had been the authoress of several prophecies, many of which proving singularly correct, she acquired so much importance with the vulgar, that it was thought necessary by the government to bring her to trial. One or two anagrams, into which she had twisted her name, considerably raised her in her own estimation. Her maiden name of

Eleanor Audeley,

by transposing the letters she easily converted into—

Reveal, O Daniel.

When the silly lady appeared in court, a clever lawyer turned the laugh against her by producing another anagram, which, as Lady Eleanor's is not a perfect one, has the most credit of the two:

Dame Eleanor Davies,
Never so mad a ladie.

The lawyer was probably not far from the truth.

CHAPTER IV.

Buckingham, as has been already observed, was himself impressed with an idea that his end was fast approaching. His parting with Charles was remarkable for a solemnity that was foreign to his nature. Being indisposed, the king, attended by the Earl of Holland, came in person to pay him a visit. He found the duke in bed, and remained with him for some time in serious and private conversation. When he at last arose to bid his favourite farewell, "the duke," says Wotton, "embraced him in a very unusual and passionate manner, and in like sort his friend the Earl of Holland, as if his soul had divined he should see them no more."*

So also, when Buckingham took leave of Archbishop Laud, his countenance and manner were strangely foreboding of evil. "I know," he said, "your lordship has good access to the king; pray put his majesty in mind to be good to my poor wife and children." Laud, struck with the peculiarity of his manner, inquired if he had any presentiment that misfortune was likely to befall him. "I think," said the duke, "I am as likely to fall as another man." The likelihood of his dying by the hand of an assassin does not appear to have struck him. When his friends advised him to wear secret armour, "No," he said, "there is no need of it: there are no Roman spirits left." On another occasion, when the necessity of secret defence was impressed upon him, "Against popular fury," he said, "a shirt of mail will avail nothing: against a single man I am able to defend myself."

But what bears in the most remarkable man-

* According to Sir Henry Wotton, the duke's sister, Lady Denbigh, was impressed with the universal presentiment: he writes, "On the very day of his death, the Countess of Denbigh received a letter from him; whereunto all the while she was writing her answer, she bedewed the paper with her tears. And after a most bitter passion, (whereof she could yield no reason, but that her dearest brother was to be gone,) she fell down in a swoon. Her said letter ended thus: 'I will pray for your happy return, which I look at with a great cloud over my head, too heavy for my poor heart to bear without torment; but I hope the great God of heaven will bless you.'"

ner on this portion of our history, is the ghost story of Sir George Villiers. This strange tale is not only related by more than one contemporary writer, but even Lord Clarendon has departed from the dignity of history, and lent it the credit of his name. The account of Lilly, the astrologer, is as follows:

"An aged gentleman, one Parker, as I remember, having formerly belonged unto the duke, or of great acquaintance with the duke's father, and now retired, had a dæmon appeared several times unto him, in the shape or image of Sir George Villiers, the duke's father. This dæmon walked many times in Parker's bed-chamber, without any action of terror, noise, hurt, or speech, but at last broke out into these words: 'Mr. Parker, I know you loved me formerly, and my son George very well at this time; I would have you go from me; you know me very well to be his father, old Sir George Villiers of Leicestershire; and from me acquaint him that he above all refrain the counsel and company of such and such,' whom he then nominated, 'or else he will come to destruction, and that suddenly.' Parker did partly, though a very discreet man, imagine he himself was in a dream all this time, and being unwilling to proceed upon no better grounds, forbore addressing himself to the duke; for he conceived if he should acquaint the duke with the words of his father, and the manner of his appearance to him, (such apparitions being not usual,) that he should be laughed at and thought to dote, being that he was aged.

"Some few nights passed without further trouble to the old man. But not very many nights after, old Sir George Villiers appeared again, walked quick and furiously in the room, seemed angry with Mr. Parker, and at last said, 'Mr. Parker, I thought you had been my friend so much, and loved my son George so well, that you would have acquainted him with what I desired, but yet I know that you have not done it. By all the friendship that ever was betwixt you and me, and the great respect you bear my son, I desire you to deliver what I formerly commanded you unto my son.' The old man seeing himself thus solicited, promised the dæmon he would, but first argued it thus: that the duke was not easy to be spoke withal, and that he would account him a vain man to come with such a message from the dead; nor did he conceive the duke would give any credit unto him. Whereunto the dæmon thus answered: 'If he will not believe you have this discourse from me, tell him of such a secret,' and named it, 'which he knows none in the world ever knew but himself and me.'

"Mr. Parker, being now well satisfied that he was not asleep, or that the apparition was a vain delusion, took a fit opportunity therefore, and seriously acquainted the duke with his father's words, and the manner of his apparition. The duke heartily laughed at the relation, which put old Parker to the stand; but at last he assumed courage, and told the duke that he acquainted his father's ghost with what he now found to be true, viz. scorn and derision. 'But, my lord,' saith he, 'your father bade me acquaint you by this token, and he said it was such as none in the world but your two selves did yet know.' Hereat the duke was amazed and much astonished; but took no warning or notice thereof, keeping the same company still; advising with such counsellors, and performing such actions, as his father, by Parker, countermanded. Shortly after, old Sir George Villiers, in a very quiet but sorrowful posture, appears again unto Mr. Parker, and said,

‘Mr. Parker, I know you delivered my words unto George my son; I thank you for so doing: but he slighted them; and now I only request this more at your hands, that once again you repair unto my son, and tell him, if he will not amend and follow the counsel I have given him, this knife or dagger,’ and with that he pulled a knife or dagger from under his gown, ‘shall end him; and do you, Mr. Parker, set your house in order, for you shall die at such a time.’

“Mr. Parker once more engaged, though very unwillingly, to acquaint the duke with this last message; and did so; but the duke desired him to trouble him no farther with such messages and dreams; told him he perceived he was now an old man, and doted. And within a week after, meeting Mr. Parker on Lambeth Bridge, ‘Now, Mr. Parker, what say of your dream?’ Who only returned, ‘Sir, I wish it may never have success,’ &c. But within six weeks after he was stabbed with a knife, according to his father’s admonition beforehand; and Mr. Parker died soon after he had seen the dream or vision performed.”

Lord Clarendon gives a somewhat different relation of the duke’s manner when Parker acquainted him with the object of his mission. Sir Ralph Freeman, he says, a connection of Buckingham’s, was present, and watching the countenance of the duke closely, observed that his colour changed, and that he showed great commotion during the interview. Parker afterwards told Sir Ralph, that when he alluded to the secret which the apparition had disclosed to him, the duke swore he could only have come to the knowledge of it through the devil. Buckingham was then proceeding on a hunting excursion. During the whole day he paid no attention to the sport, but appeared to be in deep thought, and on his return alighted unexpectedly at his mother’s lodgings at Whitehall. Their conversation, which was private, was carried on with so much animation, that their voices were heard in the adjoining apartments. When the duke quitted her, his countenance exhibited much anger; a circumstance the more remarkable, since his intercourse with his mother had ever been distinguished by the most profound respect.

It would appear that the real name of the person whom the spirit selected as his confidant, was not Parker, but Nicholas Towse. Plot, the natural historian, has published a letter addressed to him by a Mr. Edmund Windham, purporting to give an account of the whole affair, as the latter received it from Towse himself. The relation differs but little from those of Clarendon and Lilly. It may be interesting to those who have never seen an apparition, to be informed that the ghost, on his last appearance to Towse, had become so familiar to him, that “he was as little troubled with it, as if it had been a friend or acquaintance that came to visit him.” Mrs. Towse had also a miraculous story to relate as well as her husband. She told Windham, that on the day that Buckingham was stabbed, she was sitting alone with her better half in an apartment in Windsor Castle (where, it may be remarked, Clarendon has also fixed the scene of the drama,) when her husband suddenly started from his chair, exclaiming, “Wife, the Duke of Buckingham is killed.” Towse, she says, subsequently prophesied to her the very day on which he should himself die, and, she adds, that the prediction proved true.

The apparition of Sir George Villiers is at least as well authenticated as most of the ghost

stories of modern times; and, as in the generality of such cases, we may trace the phenomenon to natural causes. What, indeed, can be more likely, than that the Countess of Buckingham, aware of her son’s increasing unpopularity, and trembling for the consequences, should have furnished an old retainer of her family with an important secret, and despatched him on the extravagant errand. The supposition is certainly not at variance with what we know of her character. Buckingham, in all probability, had already suspected the cheat, and when he parted from his mother in anger, it was probably owing to his having elicited from her the truth.

During the duke’s fatal journey to Portsmouth there occurred two incidents which may be worthy of mention. He had proceeded some miles, when a messenger rode up to him in great haste. This person had been despatched by Sir George Goring, afterwards Earl of Norwich, with a letter to the duke, in which he advertised him of a design against his life, and advised him by all means to adopt a different route to that which he had originally fixed upon. Buckingham put the letter in his pocket, without either changing countenance, or, apparently, paying the least attention to its contents. He had proceeded some way further, when he was stopped by an old woman, who requested earnestly that she might be brought to his grace. “She had overheard,” she said, “a conversation in the town, through which the travellers were about to pass, in the course of which a party of desperate men had agreed to assassinate his grace.” The duke’s attendants, who were not above seven or eight in number, strongly recommended their master to take a different road. Buckingham, however, was obstinate, and the party proceeded. “Here-upon,” says Sir Henry Wotton, “his young nephew, Lord Fielding, out of a noble spirit, besought him that he would at least honour him with his coat and blue riband through the town; pleading that his uncle’s life, whereupon lay the property of his whole family, was of all things, under Heaven, the most precious to him. At which sweet proposition, the duke caught him in his arms and kissed him, yet would not accept of such an offer from a nephew, whose life he tendered as much as himself; and so liberally rewarded the poor creature for her good will.” Just as he entered the suspected town, a drunken or mischievous sailor suddenly caught hold of his bridle; one of the attendants, however, rode violently against the ruffian and disengaged his hold.

The particulars of Buckingham’s assassination may be minutely gathered from the letters of the time. The duke, according to Howell, on the morning of the fatal day, having “cut a caper or two,” and been under the hands of the barber, descended to breakfast. There were present some French gentlemen, and several influential officers, who were about to accompany him to Rochelle. Soubize, brother to the Duke de Rohan whispered in his ear that the town was relieved. Buckingham affected to slight the news, on which the conversation became warm and animated, especially on the part of the French, who, by their vehement gesticulations gave it somewhat the appearance of a quarrel. The meal being over, the duke drew towards the door. In passing under some hangings which led to a neighbouring passage, he encountered Colonel Fryar, who came to speak to him on business. At this instant, one Felton, a wretched enthusiast, raising his hand suddenly over

Fryar’s shoulder, thrust his knife into the duke’s heart, who, merely uttering the words, “*the villain has killed me*,” made a step towards the assassin; laying at the same time his hand on his sword, which he half drew from the scabbard. In another moment he staggered towards a table which was near him, and plucking with his own hand the knife from his body, fell lifeless into the arms of the bystanders. At first it was thought he was in a fit, but the blood which almost instantly gushed from his mouth and wound, discovered the dreadful nature of the disaster.*

The duchess, who was with child at the time, was in the upper room when the accident occurred. Hearing the noise, she came forth from her bed chamber, and from a balcony beheld her husband weltering his blood. Lord Carleton describes the scene in his letter to Henrietta Maria: “The Duchess of Buckingham,” he says, “and the Countess of Anglesea came forth into a gallery which looked into the hall, where they might behold the blood of their dearest lord gushing from him. Ah, poor ladies! such was their screechings, tears, and distractions, that I never in my life heard the like before, and hope never to hear the like again.” Such is the fate of greatness, or the ingratitude of mankind, that those, as Philip Warwick tells us, “who a little before had crowded to be his remotest followers, so soon forsook his dead corpse, that he was laid upon the hall table nigh to which he fell, and scarce any of his domestics left to attend him.”—“Thus,” he adds, “upon the withdrawing of the sun does the shadow depart from the painted dial.” Wotton says that there was no living creature in either of the chambers, no more than if he had lain on the sands of Æthiopia.”

So admirably had Felton selected both time and place, that had it not been for his own recklessness or imprudence, he would probably have escaped with impunity. Suspicion (awakened by the angry tones in which they had so lately conversed) at first rested on the foreigners; and had not some in authority interposed their cooler judgments, the innocent Frenchmen would in all probability have instantly fallen by the swords of the by-standers. In the mean time the assassin had passed through the throng, and in the midst of the uproar was standing quietly and unnoted in the kitchen. He had tied his horse to a hedge in the neighbourhood of the town, but whether from being bewildered, or having missed his way in the passages of the house, he neglected to avail himself of the means of flight. Felton, in the hurry of the moment, had lost his hat, which was discovered almost immediately afterwards by those who went in quest of the murderer. In it were found the following remarkable documents,—intended, no doubt, as an apology for his conduct, in the event of his being slain by the duke’s friends on the spot:

“If I be slain, let no man condemn me, but rather condemn myself; it is for our sins that our hearts are hardened, and become senseless, or else he had not gone so long unpunished.

“JOHN FELTON.”

“He is unworthy of the name of a gentleman or soldier, in my opinion, that is afraid to sacrifice

* Sir Symonds D’Ewes says, that he was placed upon a table, where he continued struggling for life for about a quarter of an hour. This is opposed to the accounts of other writers, and does not appear to have been the fact.

his life for the honour of God, his king, and country.
"JOHN FELTON."

It was evident that the owner of the hat could be no other than the murderer of the duke. In the mean time, Felton had quitted the kitchen, and was walking composedly in front of the house. A bystander, suddenly observing the stranger without a hat, exclaimed, "Here is the fellow that killed the duke." Others crying, "Where is the villain? where is the butcher?" he quietly drew his sword, and advancing amongst them, "I am the man," he said, "here I am." Several persons rushed upon him with their drawn swords, to which Felton coolly exposed his breast, preferring to die thus than by the hands of the executioner. Lord Carleton, who has himself described the scene, assisted by Sir Thomas Morton and others, preserved him, though with considerable difficulty, from the fury of the duke's retainers.

Felton, having been conveyed to a private apartment, exhibited neither remorse for the crime which he had committed, nor fear for its consequences. When, in order to aid the purposes of justice, it was pretended to him that the duke was only dangerously wounded, he smiled incredulously; observing, "that the blow," he was certain, "had determined their hopes." When asked, "at whose instigation he had committed so execrable a crime?" he answered, "that no man living possessed sufficient influence to have persuaded him to it; that though he himself had been twice passed in his regiment, yet that he had been far from actuated by private wrongs; that his conduct had alone been swayed by a feeling of duty; by the manner in which Buckingham had been branded in parliament, and by his own firm belief that the duke was an enemy to the state." He afterwards added, "that Eglesham's scurrilous pamphlet had, in a great degree, instigated him to commit the crime."

Felton, who was a lieutenant in the army, though a man of small stature, had been remarkable among his own associates for his decided disposition and undaunted courage. On one occasion of his receiving an insult, he sent his adversary a challenge, accompanied by a piece of his little finger which he had himself amputated. It was intended to denote how little he cared for pain and how ready he was to peril his life. The patriots, of course, regarded him as a Brutus; and it was hoped that he would uphold his sentiments, and justify his conduct to the last. As he passed through Kingston-on-Thames, an old woman, alluding to the death of Goliath, called out to him, "Now, God bless the little David!" His admirers lost no opportunity of doing him honour. The letters which composed his name were formed into the anagram of

No fie not,
John Felton.

The conceit will be found imperfect; the letter *k* being omitted.

It may be remarked that the weapon which cut short the life of Buckingham, was a common knife, purchased for tenpence at a cutler's shop on Tower Hill. Felton, having one of his arms maimed, in order that he might effect his purpose with the remaining hand, had sown the sheath in the lining of his pocket. Being extremely poor, the fanatic had traveled to Portsmouth partly on foot, and partly on horseback, in the best manner his means permitted him.

On his being brought to the Tower, a multitude of people flocked thither in order to feast their eyes on the political martyr; he constantly beseeching them to pray for him, and they, on the other hand, with a general voice, crying, "Lord comfort thee! the Lord be merciful unto thee!" or such like words. We are informed that he was well-lodged in the Tower, being allowed two dishes of meat a day.

The manner in which Felton subsequently humbled himself, and expressed his penitence at his trial, was as far from agreeable to his admirers, as it was gratifying to the court. The world without had regarded the act as one of Roman devotion, and looked upon the homicide as a martyr. One Alexander Gill,* a Bachelor of Divinity at Oxford, and an under master of St. Paul's School, was fined two thousand pounds, and degraded from his ministry and degrees, for having drunk Felton's health, and expressed his regret at being deprived of the honour of the deed. There were two other charges against this disciple of the murderer;—one, that he had made use of the expression, "the duke is gone down to hell to meet King James there;" the other, his saying, that "the king, instead of ruling a kingdom, was fitter to stand in a shop in Cheapside, crying, What lack ye?" The expression respecting the king was omitted in open court.

Felton, at his trial, expressed in more than one remarkable manner, his contrition for his crime. When the knife with which he had stabbed Buckingham was produced in court, he is said to have shed tears; and when asked "why sentence of death should not be passed upon him?" he lifted up the hand which had done the deed, requesting "that it might be first cut off, and that afterwards he might suffer death in the manner the court should think fit."

There being reason to suspect that he was instigated by the puritans, it was proposed to put him to the torture, in order to elicit from him the names of his accomplices. When Laud, then Bishop of London, hinted to him this intention of the court, he replied "he could not tell what extreme anguish might draw from him, as in that case he might implicate his lordship himself, or any of the peers present." The question, whether he could legally be put to the rack, was referred to the principal law officers, who decided in the negative. William, Earl of Pembroke, who was present at Felton's examinations, remarked, "that he had never seen valour and piety more temperately mixed in the same person."

After his condemnation, he made two requests to the king; one that he might be allowed to receive the communion before he suffered; and the other, that on the scaffold he might be clothed with sackcloth, with ashes on his head, and a halter round his neck, in testimony of his sincere

* This Gill was the son of Dr. Gill, head master of St. Paul's, and the schoolmaster of Milton. The son was also the friend of the poet, as appears by the three Latin epistles addressed to him by Milton. He appears to have been a vulgar and boisterous demagogue, and was once tossed by the scholars of Trinity College for his indecent conduct in the chapel, when performing the duties of reading-clerk. Wood tells us that he was several times imprisoned; and in 1635 he was compelled to resign his office at St. Paul's, on account of severity to the scholars. Eventually his republican principles brought him into the Star Chamber, where he was sentenced to lose both his ears and pay a fine of 2,000*l*. His ears, however, were saved at the entreaties of his father.

repentance. He sent a message to the Duchess of Buckingham, imploring her to pardon him for the death of her husband. She kindly sent him her forgiveness, a boon which he acknowledged with gratitude in his last moments. Felton mentioned a curious fact to those who were about him. He said, that at the instant he stabbed the duke, he repeated the words, "God have mercy on thy soul!" No wonder it was imagined he had been instigated by the puritans. "When I struck," he said, "I felt the force of forty men in me." Felton was hanged at Tyburn, from whence his body was conveyed to Portsmouth, where it remained suspended for a considerable time in chains.

The court was about four miles from Portsmouth when the news of Buckingham's fate was conveyed to the king. Charles was at public prayers when Sir John Hipposley suddenly entered the room, and without heeding the sacredness of the occasion, went directly to the king, and whispered the tidings in his ear. Much as Charles loved his favourite, he respected his religious duties more; and whatever might have been the shock to his feelings, he allowed the ceremony to proceed, and even preserved his countenance unmoved. As soon as prayers were over, he went suddenly to his bed-chamber, and throwing himself on his bed, he paid an affectionate tribute to the memory of his earliest companion, by the many tears which he shed, and the passionate grief which he displayed. It would appear that he endeavoured to drown his sorrow by a stricter application to public affairs. According to a letter of the period,—"The king, in fourteen days after the duke's death, despatched more business than the duke had done in three months before: some that observe the passages in court, say, the king seems as much affected to the duke's memory as he was to his person; minding nothing so much for the present as the advancement of his friends and followers." Lord Carleton writes, "His majesty's grief for the loss of him was expressed to be more than great, by the many tears he hath shed for him."

The duke's body was conveyed in a barge to his residence at York House in the Strand. His bowels were inhumed at Portsmouth, where his sister the Countess of Denbigh, erected a monument to his memory. It was the king's intention to honour his favourite with a magnificent funeral at the royal expense; the preparations for which are thus spoken of in a letter from a person on the spot:—"On Thursday last the heralds were sent for by my lord treasurer, who gave them order to project as ample and sumptuous a funeral as could be performed; and so they brought in a proportion of some things larger than were in the funeral of King James. And all this must be done at the king's charge; and is said by the courtiers, would stand his majesty in 40,000*l*.; and that my Lord Fielding, Master of the Wardrobe, would gain by the London measure and the lists, 5,000*l*."

However, the amount of Buckingham's debts, and the murmurs which a magnificent funeral would have excited when his memory was odious to so many, doubtless precluded the execution of these splendid designs. Moreover, an argument of the treasurer, whose resources were not superabundant, appears to have added its weight on the occasion. He told the king that a sumptuous interment would be but the show of an hour, while a monument would be not only less expensive, but would remain a lasting memorial to the duke's honour. Charles fell into this view,

but when he afterwards reminded the treasurer of what they had agreed upon, "I should be loth," said the latter, "to tell your majesty what the world would say, not only here but all Christendom over, if you should erect a monument for the duke, before you set up one for King James your father." The manner in which Buckingham's obsequies were eventually conducted, may afford food for meditation to the despiser of human greatness. Mr. Meade writes to Sir Martin Stuteville,—"Notwithstanding that on yesterday was se'nnight all the heralds were consulting with my lord treasurer to project as great a funeral for the duke as ever any subject of England had; nevertheless, last night, at ten of the clock, his funeral was solemnised in as poor and confused a manner as hath been seen, marching from Wallingford House over against Whitehall to Westminster Abbey; there being not much above one hundred mourners, who attended upon an empty coffin borne upon six men's shoulders, the duke's corpse itself being there interred yesterday, as if it had been doubted the people in their madness might have surprised it. But to prevent all disorder, the trainbands kept a guard on both sides of the way all along, from Wallingford House to Westminster church, beating up their drums loud, and carrying their pikes and muskets upon their shoulders as in a march, not trailing them at their heels, as is usual at a mourning. As soon as the coffin was entered the church, they came all away, without giving any volley of shot at all. And this was the obscure catastrophe of that great man." Buckingham was assassinated on the 23d of August, 1628, having scarcely completed his thirty-sixth year. At the time of his death he is said to have possessed about 4,000*l.* a-year, and 300,000*l.* in jewels; and that his debts amounted to 61,000*l.* Clarendon says, that though he died possessed of a large estate, yet the love of money had never swayed him either to an unjust or an unkind action.

Of the duke's widow, the particulars which have been recorded are not important. According to the fashion of the age, Sir William Davenant addressed a copy of verses to her on the assassination of her husband, in which the virtues of the duke form the principal topic:—

—"gone is now the pilot of the state,
The court's bright star, the clergy's advocate;
The poet's brightest theme, the lover's flame,
The soldier's glory, mighty Buckingham."

Wilson says that the duchess was bred a papist by her mother; became a zealous protestant after her marriage; but that afterwards, at her mother's instigation, she reverted to the Romish faith. Lord Clarendon, who was personally acquainted with her, says nothing of these tergiversations, but, on the contrary, speaks highly of her wit and spirit. The following lines are annexed to a scarce print of the duchess, engraved by Delaram:

The ancients, who three graces only knew,
Were rude and ignorant: look here and view
Thousands in this one visage; yea in this,
Which of the living but a shadow is.
If these her outward graces be refined,
What be the interior beauties of her mind.

Cowley also addressed a copy of verses to her, in which encomium almost amounts to hyperbole:

If I should say that in your face were seen
Nature's best picture of the Cyprian Queen;
If I should swear under Minerva's name,
Poets (who prophets are) foretold your fame;

The future age would think it flattery;
But the present, which can witness be,
'Twould seem beneath your high deserts as far,
As you above the rest of women are.

The duchess, after the death of her husband, married Randolph Macdonald, Earl and Marquis of Antrim. The king was much displeased with the match, though he afterwards forgave the widow of his friend. Buckingham had four children by his duchess; Charles, who died an infant; George, the witty duke, who succeeded him; Francis, who fell in the civil wars; and Mary, afterwards duchess of Richmond. The king ever regarded and treated them as his own children, and educated them in his own family.

THOMAS WENTWORTH,

EARL OF STRAFFORD.

They were a remarkable party who assembled round the council-table of Charles I. Besides the unfortunate monarch, there sat the magnificent Buckingham, the loyal Hamilton, the severe Strafford, the high-churchman Laud, the melancholy Falkland, and the gay and graceful Holland. In the midst of their haughty councils and high resolves, how little did they foresee the wretched fate which awaited them! There was not one of that assembly whose death was not violent. Charles, Hamilton, Strafford, Laud, and Holland, died on the scaffold; Buckingham fell by the hand of an assassin; and Falkland, under circumstances of peculiar bitterness, on the battlefield.

Were we to select from the royal party a single individual, whose brilliant qualities and open character would most strongly contrast with the wily fanatics and mushroom politicians of the age of Charles, our choice would undoubtedly fall on the stately Strafford. The nobleness of his disposition, his undeviating rectitude, his mental accomplishments, and steadfast fidelity to his sovereign; his high bearing, his long line of ancestry, and his graceful manners, are in strong relief, not only to the Harrisons and Barebones, but even to the Cromwells, and Pym, and Iretons of the day.

The subject of the present memoir, the eldest son of Sir William Wentworth, of Wentworth-Woodhouse, in the county of York, was born in Chancery Lane, London, 13th of April, 1593. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, whence he proceeded on his travels with his tutor, a Mr. John Greenwood, for whose character he ever retained a particular respect. He returned to England early in 1613, and was shortly afterwards married to Margaret, eldest daughter of Francis Clifford, fourth Earl of Cumberland. He had no issue by this lady, who died in 1622, and was buried at York.

About the period of his marriage, Wentworth had been knighted. In 1614, he succeeded to the estates and title of his family, his father having been created a baronet by James the First, at the original institution of that order. In the parliament of 1621 he was returned as one of the representatives of Yorkshire, having, previous to his election, been sheriff of that county. On the 24th of February, 1625, he united himself to Arabella, second daughter of John Holles, first Earl of Clare. This lady died in October, 1631, leaving him with three children: William, who, in 1665, was restored to his father's titles; Anne, married to Edward Watson, Earl of Rocking-

ham; and Arabella, married to John McCarthy, Viscount Mountcashel, in Ireland.

The Lady Arabella, his second wife, is described not only as very beautiful, but as possessing all those mental qualities which are likely to endear her to such a man as Strafford. He appears to have loved her sincerely, and to have deeply lamented her loss. It was of her, and of the children which she bequeathed him, that he spoke so feelingly on his trial. The enemies of Strafford, indeed, raised a scandalous report respecting the manner of this lady's death. It was asserted, that some letters, addressed by her husband to one of his mistresses, had fallen into her hands; that, on remonstrating with him on his infidelity, he struck her on the breast; and that, being with child at the time, she died of the consequences of the blow. The story is undoubtedly an utter falsehood.

There is no passage in Strafford's life where his character appears in a more amiable light, than in his love for his young offspring. When, in 1639, owing to the troubles of the period, he was compelled to send his daughters to their grandmother, the Countess of Clare; he addressed a letter to that lady, which strongly exhibits his affection, and his unwillingness to be deprived of their society. "I must confess," he says, "it was not without difficulty before I could persuade myself thus to be deprived the looking upon them, who, with their brother, are the pledges of all the comfort, the greatest at least, of my old age, if it shall please God I attain thereunto. But I have been brought up in afflictions of this kind, so that I still fear to have that taken first that is dearest unto me." He afterwards adds—"Nan, they tell me, danceth prettily; which I wish, if with convenience it might be, were not lost; more to give her a comely grace in the carriage of her body than that I wish they should much delight or practise it when they are women. Arabella is a small practitioner that way also; and they are both very apt to learn that, or any thing they are taught. Nan, I think, speaks French prettily, which yet I might have been better able to judge, had her mother lived. The other also speaks, but her maid being of Guernsey, the accent is not good. But your ladyship is in this excellent, as that, as indeed all things which may befit them, they may, and I hope will, learn better with your ladyship than they can with their poor father, ignorant in what belongs to women, and otherways, God knows, distracted, and so wanting unto them in all, save in loving them; and therein, in truth, I shall never be less than the dearest parent in the world."

The Lady Anne, or, as her father styles her, "Nan," was Strafford's favourite daughter; indeed, as much may be gleaned from the manner in which he dwells on her accomplishments in the foregoing extract. When Strafford was absent from Yorkshire, during the progress of some family buildings in that county, the little lady, then between three and four years old, used to overlook the workmen, and took much interest in seeing their work advance. Sir William Penynman writes to Strafford:—"Your children are all very well, and your lordship needs not fear the going forward of your building, when you have so careful a steward as Mrs. Anne. She complained to me very much of two rainy days, which, as she said, hindered her from coming down, and the building from going up." The affectionate father was, doubtless, pleased with this precocious humour—indeed, older people have said worse things.

Strafford, as is well known, had been long distinguished among the popular leaders of the House of Commons for his violent opposition to the court. Whether his defection was owing to ambition, the love of power, or to an awakened dread for the constitution of his country; whether it was the splendid promises of Charles, eager to gain over so powerful a mind, or a fear that his associates were proceeding to too great lengths, it is now impossible to determine. However, his sudden leap from a patriot to a courtier was as severe a blow to his own party as it was a triumph to the court. To the astonishment of all men, he was created suddenly, 22d July, 1628, Baron Wentworth, Newmarsh, and Oversley. Shortly after his elevation, he met his old friend Pym. "You see," said Strafford, "I have left you." "So I perceive," was the demagogue's reply; "but we shall never leave you as long as you have a head on your shoulders." Pym kept his word, and never lost sight of Strafford till he had brought him to the block. It would be curious to discover whether a rivalry for the favours of the enchanting Countess of Carlisle had any share in their animosity. They were certainly both of them admirers of her beauty, and at different times successful candidates for her favours: but the supposition can only rest on conjecture, and that too an improbable one.

As Strafford had no apparent claims to the peerage, it was given out that his elevation was solely owing to his illustrious ancestry. Accordingly, the preamble to his patent is emblazoned with a long list of honourable names, and his descent deduced lineally from John of Gaunt; a circumstance, which, of course, would prove his alliance to the blood royal. When the latter fact was mentioned to Lord Powis,—"Damme!" he said, "if ever he comes to be King of England, I'll turn rebel!" On the 10th of December, 1628, Strafford was advanced to be Viscount Wentworth, and, in 1629, he was made a Privy Councillor, appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Yorkshire, and President of the North. In February, 1633, he was nominated Lord-Deputy of Ireland, in which country his splendid services are well known.

Previously to his departure for his government, he united himself, a third time, in October, 1632, to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Godfrey Rhodes, Knt., of Great Houghton in Yorkshire. He seems to have been somewhat ashamed of the match, for the ceremony took place in private, and it was some time before it was divulged to the world. His letters to this lady are commonplace, and, though they do not want affection, exhibit no remarkable evidence of her influence, or of her intellectual capacity. The earl was undoubtedly a great admirer of female charms; and in this instance had probably been captivated by mere personal beauty. The following letter may be taken as a specimen of his correspondence with his third wife. The allusion to the two ladies who had gone before her, could scarcely have been gratifying to the young bride. The letter is dated 19th November, 1632, the month after their marriage.

"Dear Bess,

"Your first lines were welcome unto me, and I will keep them, in regard I take them to be full, as of kindness, so of truth. It is no presumption for you to write unto me: the fellowship of marriage ought to carry with it more of love and equality than any other apprehension. So I de-

sire it may ever be betwixt us; nor shall it ever break of my part. Virtue is the highest value we can set upon ourselves in this world, and the chief which others are to esteem us by. That preserved, we become capable of the noblest impressions which can be imparted unto us. You succeed in this family two of the rarest ladies of their time. Equal them in those excellent dispositions of your mind, and you become every ways equally worthy of any thing that they had, or that the rest of the world can give. And be you ever assured to be by me cherished and assisted the best I can through the whole course of my life, wherein I shall be no other to you than I was to them, to wit,

"Your loving husband"

"WENTWORTH."

Strafford mixes strangely the care of his wife's morals with that of her personal appearance. In the postscript of a letter, dated a few days afterwards, he writes:—"If you will speak to my cousin Radcliffe for the paste I told you of for your teeth, and desire him to speak to Dr. Moore in my name, for two pots of it, and that the doctor will see it be good—for this last indeed were not so—you may bring me one down, and keep the other yourself." By his third wife Strafford had two children, Thomas and Margaret, who both died unmarried.

In 1640, his final honours were conferred on him. On the 12th of January, 1640, he was created Baron Raby, of Raby Castle, in the Bishopric of Durham, with a special remainder, and Earl of Strafford; and on the 12th of September following, he was invested with the Order of the Garter.

Strafford's defection from his friends, his powerful intellect, his entire devotion to his sovereign and to the Church of England, and the lofty tone which he adopted in council, had long aroused the fear and hatred of the popular party. In England it was the fashion to speak of him as the common enemy of freedom and mankind. In Scotland, his vigorous opposition to the rebels and covenanters, in the cabinet as well as in the field, had long rendered him detested. In Ireland, for centuries the hot-bed of faction, he was certain to find enemies. The conduct which rendered him the idol of one party, was sure to entail the hatred of the other; and the Irish parliament, which had so lately lauded him to the skies, were the first to buzz around the sick lion.

With three kingdoms thus arrayed against him, and with every advantage of those petty means of which power, though only dishonourably, can avail itself: deserted by the sovereign whom he had so splendidly served; the friend, who might most have assisted him; unconstitutionally imprisoned; and himself deprived of the aid of legal advice, this great man stood on his trial unsupported and alone.

Strafford had no sooner arrived from Ireland, than his former friend and now sworn enemy, Pym, commenced the attack. He informed the House of Commons that he had matter of the utmost importance to communicate to them, desiring, at the same time, that the doors might be locked, and the keys laid upon the table. Pym's famous speech is well known. Though he spoke of the earl as an enemy to his country, and even descended to a low vituperation of his private character, as regarded his admiration of women, he alluded to his courage, enterprise, and capacity, with the highest encomiums. Strafford was impeached of high treason; and before he could

even be made aware of the proceedings, Pym was deputed by the Commons to carry up the accusation to the House of Lords.

There is extant a curious journal, addressed by Dr. Robert Baillie, Principal of the University of Glasgow, to the Presbytery of Irvine in Scotland. The person had been delegated by the covenanting lords in Scotland to draw up the articles of impeachment against Archbishop Laud. He was on the spot at the time, and gives the following interesting account of the apprehension of Strafford.

"All things go here as we could wish. The Lieutenant of Ireland came but on Monday to town, late; on Tuesday rested, and on Wednesday came to parliament; but ere night he was caged. Intolerable pride and oppression call to Heaven for vengeance! The lower house closed their doors; the speaker kept the keys till his accusation was concluded. Thereafter Mr. Pym went up with a member at his back to the higher house, and, in a pretty short speech, did in the name of the Commons of all England accuse Thomas Lord Stafford of high treason, and required his person to be arrested till probation might be made: so Mr. Pym and his pack were removed. The Lords began to consult upon that strange and unpremeditated motion. The word goes in haste to the lord lieutenant, where he was with the king. With speed he comes to the House of Peers, and calls rudely at the door. James Maxwell, keeper of the black rod, opens. His lordship, with a proud glooming countenance, makes towards his place at the board head; but at once many bid him void the house. So he is forced in confusion to go to the door till he is called. After consultation, he stands, but is told to kneel, and on his knees to hear the sentence. Being on his knees, he is delivered to the black rod to be prisoner till he is cleared of the crimes he is charged with. He offered to speak, but was commanded to begone without a word. In the outer room, James Maxwell required of him, as prisoner, to deliver him his sword. When he had got it, with a loud voice he told his man to carry the lord lieutenant's sword. This done, he makes through a number of people towards his coach, all gazing, no man capping to him, before whom that morning the greatest in England would have stood uncovered, all crying, 'What is the matter?' He said, 'a small matter, I warrant you.' They replied, 'Yes, indeed, high treason is a small matter!' Coming to the place where he expected his coach, it was not there; so behoved to return the same way through a world of gazing people. When at last he had found his coach, and was entering it, James Maxwell told him, 'My lord, you are my prisoner, and must go in my coach!' so he behoved to do so. For some days too many went to see him: but since, the parliament has commanded his keepers to be straiter. Pursuivants are despatched to Ireland to open all the ports, and to proclaim that all who had grievances might come over."

The famous trial scene of the Earl of Strafford took place in Westminster Hall, 22d March, 1641. At the upper end of the hall was placed a throne for the king, and a chair for the prince: the king, however, though present, did not publicly exhibit himself. On each side of the throne were erected temporary closets, covered with tapestry. In one of these sat some French nobles who were then in England; and in the other the king and queen, with several ladies of the court. A curtain had been attached to the front of this

box, which was intended to preserve the royal party unseen, but Charles, for some reason, instantly tore it down with his own hands. The queen, we are told, and the court ladies, were constantly observed employed in taking notes during the trial.

Immediately beneath the throne, on seats covered with green cloth, sat the peers in their parliamentary robes; and near them the judges on "sacks of wool," in their scarlet gowns. Lower down were ten ranges of seats for the members of the house of commons. A bar, covered with green cloth, ran across the centre of the hall. Behind this was placed a table and desk for the convenience of the prisoner, and a chair which he could make use of if he felt himself fatigued. Close to him stood Sir William Balfour, the lieutenant of the Tower. Strafford employed four secretaries, who sat at a desk behind him; and on one side of them were the witnesses for the prosecution. Galleries were erected on each side of the hall, which were filled with spectators, including members of the House of Commons not actually concerned in the impeachment.

Strafford, on each day of the trial, was brought from the tower, attended by six barges, and guarded by a hundred soldiers. On his landing at Westminster, he was received by a hundred of the train-bands, who conducted him to the hall, and afterwards guarded the doors. Strafford and the peers generally arrived about eight in the morning; the king usually preceding them by about half an hour.

Rushworth, who was employed to take notes of the evidence, has supplied most of these particulars. Principal Baillie speaks of it as "daily, the most glorious assembly the isle could afford," and supplies some interesting particulars of Strafford's carriage. "All being set," he writes, "the prince in his robes, in a little chair on the side of the throne, the chamberlain and black rod went in and brought in my Lord Strafford. He was always in the same suit of black. At the entry he made a low courtsey; proceeding a little, he gave a second; when he came to his desk, a third; then, at the bar, the fore face of his desk, he kneeled: rising quickly, he saluted both sides of the house, and then sat down. Some few of the lords lifted their hats to him. This was his daily carriage."

The judgment and ability with which Strafford defended his cause, and the entire illegality of the whole proceedings, are matters of history. Had he not been foredoomed, his unanswerable arguments and pathetic eloquence must undoubtedly have acquitted him. Pointing to his children who stood beside him, he thus concluded his brilliant speech: "My lords, I have now troubled your lordships a great deal longer than I should have done, were it not for the interest of these pledges that a saint in heaven has left me." He then paused and wept. "I should be loth, my lords,—what I forfeit for myself is nothing: but, I confess, that my indiscretion should forfeit for them, it wounds me very deeply. You will be pleased to pardon my infirmity; something I should have said, but I see I shall not be able, and therefore I will leave it. And now, my lords, for myself, I thank God, I have been, by his good blessing towards me, taught that the afflictions of this present life are not to be compared with that eternal weight of glory that shall be revealed to us hereafter. And so, my lords, even so with all humility and all tranquillity of mind, I do submit myself clearly and

freely to your judgments, and whether that righteous judgment shall be to life or to death,

Te Deum laudamus, Te Deum confitemur."

Even his enemies beheld his demeanour, and listened to his eloquence, with admiration. After giving his evidence against Strafford, Sir William Pennyman burst into tears. But the strongest testimony is that of Whitelock, who was chairman of the committee who drew up the impeachment. "Never," he says, "any man acted such a part, on such a theatre, with more wisdom, constancy, and eloquence, with greater reason, judgment, and temper, and with a better grace in all his words and actions, than did this great and excellent person, and he moved the hearts of all his auditors, some few excepted, to remorse and pity." When Cardinal Richelieu was told of Strafford's execution, "The English nation," he said, "were so foolish, that they would not let the wisest head among them stand upon its own shoulders."

While the trial was still proceeding the earl had received the following memorable letter from Charles.

"Strafford,

"The misfortune that is fallen upon you by the strange mistaking and conjunction of these times, being such that I must lay by the thought of employing you hereafter in my affairs, yet I cannot satisfy in honour or conscience, without assuring you, now in all our troubles, that, *upon the word of a king, you shall not suffer in life, honour, or fortune.* This is but justice, and, therefore, a very mean reward from a master to so faithful and able a servant, as you have shown yourself to be; yet it is as much as I conceive the present times will permit, though none shall hinder me from being

"Your constant faithful friend,

"CHARLES R."

This solemn promise of Charles, and the certainty that no crime amounting to treason could be proved against him, appears to have satisfied Strafford that his punishment would at least not be capital. "Sweet heart," he writes to his wife; "albeit all be done against me that art and malice can devise, with all the rigour possible, yet I am in great inward quietness, and a strong belief God will deliver me out of all these troubles. The more I look into my case the more hope I have, and sure, if there be any honour and justice left, my life will not be in danger." In another letter he writes; "Your carriage, upon this occasion, I should advise to be calm, not seeming to be neglective of my trouble, and yet as there may appear no dejection in you. Continue in the family as formerly, and make much of your children. Tell Will, Nan, and Arabella, I will write to them by the next. In the mean time I shall pray for them to God, that he may bless them, and, for their sakes, deliver me out of the furious malice of my enemies, which yet, I trust, through the goodness of God, shall do me no hurt. God have us all in his blessed keeping.

"Your very loving husband,

"STRAFFORD."

It is painful to perceive how confident was the earl's reliance on the king's promise. He says, in one of his last letters to his wife, "I know, at the worst his majesty will pardon without hurting my fortune, and then I shall be happy. Therefore comfort yourself, for I trust these

clouds will away, and that we shall have fair weather afterwards."

There can be no doubt but that a most alarming popular convulsion would have ensued, had Charles exercised the royal prerogative, and refused his assent to Strafford's death. Whitelock says, "A rabble of about six thousand men, out of the city, came thronging down to Westminster, with swords, cudgels, and staves, calling out for justice against the Earl of Strafford, and pretending decay of trade and want of bread." Fear had already prevailed over the lords; but something more was wanting to induce the king to break his word, and to put his hand to the death-warrant of his most faithful friend. However, the patriots still hoped to obtain their end by intimidation. Reports of foreign invasion, of conspiracies against the Commons, and of a general rising in England, were ingeniously and successfully promulgated. So terrified, indeed, were the king's personal friends, that, almost to a man, they endeavoured to persuade him to his dishonour; and the queen, who had formerly been on bad terms with Strafford, though she had more recently exerted herself strenuously in his favour, beseeched the king, with tears in her eyes, to consult the safety of his family, and listen to the fearful outcry which was raised.

There were none of his own misfortunes which so painfully affected Charles as the agony of these distressing moments. On the one hand were the tears and entreaties of his family and friends; the prospect of civil war; and, in all human probability, of utter ruin: on the other hand, there was dishonour and the sacrifice of his friend. A more terrible conflict can scarcely be conceived. That Charles yielded to the emergency; that his own miserable fate was the fruit of that untoward concession, exemplifies in an admirable manner the Christian tenet, not to do evil that good may come.

Charles, however, before he could be induced to assent to the death of Strafford, strained every nerve to save his life. On the first of May he summoned together the two houses of parliament, and fervently implored them not to proceed too harshly against the earl. He said, that, as regarded most of the charges, he was satisfied of Strafford's innocence; that, in his heart, he could not accuse him of high treason, and that neither fear nor any other motive should induce him to consent to his death. The earl, he said, had doubtless been guilty of many misdemeanours; indeed, so satisfied was he of that fact, that he solemnly promised them never again to employ him in any place of trust; "no," he added pointedly, "not even in that of a constable."

But, unfortunately, the security of the patriots was in the death of Strafford, and the king's entreaties were unavailing. Finally, on the 11th of May, the day preceding the earl's death he sent the Prince of Wales to the House of Lords, with a letter written in his own hand, in which he implored them, as a favour to himself, to seek a conference with the Commons, and to use their utmost endeavours to spare the earl's life. When, eventually, Charles put his hand to the death-warrant, "My Lord of Strafford's condition," he said, "is more enviable than mine."

The injustice which Charles thus allowed himself to be guilty of, was looked back upon with the deepest remorse and penitence during the misfortunes which afterwards overwhelmed him. We have seen him making a solemn vow, that should opportunities hereafter offer, he would perform public penance for the death of his ser-

vant. To the queen he writes in one of his letters, "Nothing can be more evident, than that Strafford's innocent blood hath been one of the great causes of God's just judgments upon this nation, by a furious civil war; both sides being hitherto almost equally punished, as being in a manner almost equally guilty." He afterwards put to paper some reflections on Strafford's death, which afford painful evidence of his remorse: "I never," he says, "bore any touch of conscience with greater regret, and I have often with sorrow confessed it both to God and man." The bitter recollection still haunted him on the scaffold. Almost in his last moments he exclaimed, "God forbid that I should be so ill a Christian, as not to say that God's judgments are just upon me. Many times he doth pay justice by an unjust sentence: that is ordinary. I will only say this,—that an unjust sentence, that I suffered to take effect, is punished by an unjust sentence upon me." If the world blamed Charles, Charles at least blamed himself more."

The king, in all probability, would never have consented to Strafford's execution, but for the famous letter which the earl himself sent him; in which he prayed him to pass the bill for his attainder, as the only means of setting the conscience of his sovereign at liberty, and of restoring him to the affections of his people. The fact, however, of Strafford so nobly offering his life, to insure the welfare of his master, should rather have acted as an additional inducement to Charles in refusing his assent. Strafford's letter, the authenticity of which has been most unreasonably called in question by Carte, will be found in the Harleian Miscellany. After using many arguments to persuade Charles to consent to his execution; "Sir," he concludes, "my consent shall more acquit you to God, than all the world can do besides. To a willing mind there is no injury done; and as by God's grace, I forgive all the world, so I can give up the life of this world with all cheerfulness imaginable, in the just acknowledgment of your exceeding favour; and only beg that, in your goodness, you would vouchsafe to cast your gracious regard upon my poor son and his sisters, less or more; and no otherwise than their unfortunate father shall appear more or less worthy of his death. God long preserve your majesty."

Whether or not the crimes and misdemeanours of Strafford rendered his punishment a just one, did not so much weigh on Charles's conscience, as the fact that no charge whatever which had been brought against him was *legally* punishable by death. It is this fact which made him say to the queen, that "both sides are equally guilty." The world will more readily forgive the faults of Strafford, than they will acquit Charles for having consented to his death.

The king had no sooner given his assent to Strafford's attainder, than he despatched secretary Carleton to the Tower, to communicate to the earl the reasons which had influenced him. He laid considerable weight on the circumstance of Strafford having himself importuned him to sacrifice his life. When Carleton had concluded, the earl could scarcely credit his senses. Whitelock says, he "seriously asked the secretary whether his majesty had passed the bill or not; as not believing, without some astonishment, that the king would have done it." When the other assured him it was but too true, he rose from his chair, lifted up his eyes to heaven, and laying his hands upon his heart, exclaimed, "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the sons of men, for

in them there is no salvation." In a letter to his faithful secretary, Slingsby, "Your going to the king," says Strafford, "is to no purpose. I am lost: my body is theirs, but my soul is God's. There is little trust in man."

Strafford was no sooner convinced that Charles was either unable or unwilling to exercise the royal prerogative, than he sat himself to devise a plan of escape from the Tower. There was a scheme, to which Charles himself was certainly a party, of carrying him away by water. It was unfortunately discovered by some women listening at a keyhole, who contrived to overhear the conversation between Strafford and the captain of a vessel in which he was to have embarked. An examination took place before a joint committee of the lords and commons, when it appeared, by the evidence produced, that either a Captain Billingsley, or the earl's secretary, Slingsby, (for the identity is doubtful,) had received the king's private authority to convey a hundred men into the Tower. Moreover, it was sworn to by Sir William Balfour, the Lieutenant of the Tower, that Strafford had offered him twenty-two thousand pounds to connive at his flight; offering at the same time to exonerate him with the parliament, by placing in his hands a warrant, signed by the king himself, which would authorise him to remove his prisoner to some other place of safety therein named. The remaining witnesses were the women. They deposed that being anxious to obtain a sight of the earl, they had been led to the back door of the gallery in which his apartments were situated; by which means they had observed the prisoner pacing up and down with Billingsley, and had overheard them conversing as to the best means of effecting his escape, and the degree of reliance which could safely be placed in the lieutenant. Mrs. Hutchinson also, in her Memoirs, speaks of a plot for releasing Strafford from prison, and afterwards placing him at the head of eight thousand Irish.

Strafford at length perceiving all earthly hope to be at an end, prepared himself for the fatal stroke with a piety suited to a Christian, and the dignity becoming a great man. He addressed an affectionate letter of advice to his young son, and another to his secretary, Guildford Slingsby; the latter undoubtedly the most beautiful composition which has issued from his pen. The brief but honourable career of this person is worthy of being rescued from oblivion. He was the eldest son of Sir Guildford Slingsby, of a good family in Yorkshire. Strafford had long kept him about his person; had trusted him with his most important papers, and he was present with him both at his trial and after his condemnation. Subsequently to the death of his master, Slingsby went abroad, but on the return of Henrietta Maria to England he came in the train of that princess, and retired to Cleveland, where he possessed a small estate. Here, his popularity was so great, that in a short time he levied a body of eight hundred foot and eighty horse, to aid the fortunes of his sovereign. But before this little army had been half disciplined, they were set upon by Sir Hugh Cholmley, with a force nearly double in numbers. Slingsby was too chivalrous to decline an engagement, and succeeded in routing the enemy's horse. Having effected so much, he placed himself at the head of his infantry, but, unfortunately, receiving a severe wound, and his horse falling, he was taken prisoner. Sir Hugh Cholmley had generosity enough to feel for a brave adversary. He

had Slingsby conveyed to Gisborough, where it was found necessary to amputate both his legs. He survived the terrible operation but three days. His mother hastened to Gisborough, where she found the hope of her family, and the prop of her old age, a corpse. Sir Hugh, we are told, lamented almost as deeply as the bereaved parent the loss of "so accomplished a gentleman."

Strafford passed to his execution less like a condemned criminal than like a gentleman at the head of his army. The Lieutenant of the Tower had strongly recommended him to make use of a coach, lest the people, he said, should rush on him and tear him to pieces. "No," said the earl, "I dare look death in the face, and trust the people too. Have you a care that I do not escape, and I care not how I die, whether by the hand of the executioner, or the fury of the people." He is reported to have composed a copy of verses the night previous to his execution, but as there is considerable doubt whether they are genuine, it has not been thought necessary to insert them.

Strafford was accompanied to the scaffold by the Archbishop of Armagh, the Earl of Cleveland, his brother Sir George Wentworth, and others of his friends. Something of his former contempt of the vulgar seems to have clung to him even in that awful moment. His parting speech was addressed rather to the archbishop and to his immediate friends, than to the rabble who hooted him to his death. His last address was such as might be expected from such a man. He asserted that never at any moment had he entertained a thought which he believed to be in opposition to the welfare and happiness, either of the king or the people. He expressed himself to be a true son of the Church of England, adding that he bore enmity to no man, and that he freely forgave all. "Since I was twenty-one years of age," he said, "unto this day, I never had thought or doubt of the truth of this religion; nor had any ever the boldness to suggest to me the contrary, to my best remembrance."

Having shaken hands with his friends, his chaplain laid the book of common prayer on a chair, and kneeling down together, they remained praying for about half an hour. He then rose, and beckoning his brother to him, desired him to bear his love to his wife and sister. Further, he requested him to give his blessing to his son, with these solemn injunctions,—that he should continue firm in the doctrine of the Church of England, and in his duty to his king; that he should entertain no thought of revenge against his father's enemies, and that he should aim at no higher distinction, than to dispense justice on his own estate. "Carry my blessing also," he added, "to my daughters Anne and Arabella. Charge them to serve and fear God, and he will bless them; not forgetting my little infant, that knows neither good nor evil, and cannot speak for itself; God speak for it and bless it. I have well nigh done. One stroke more will make my wife husbandless, my dear children fatherless, my poor servants masterless, and separate me from my dear brothers and all my friends; but let God be to you and them all in all."

The earl then took off his doublet. "I thank God," he said, "I am no more afraid of death; but as cheerfully put off my doublet at this time as ever I did when I went to bed." Having put on a white cap, he thrust his hair underneath it with his own hands. He then inquired for the executioner who came forward and requested his forgiveness. "I forgive you," said Strafford, "and all the world." Kneeling down at the

gallantry and good manners. But it would rather seem, that the laws selected by them speak only the same language of contempt and censure held by all eastern nations alike on this topic. However, the ancient men utter, here and there, a seasonable word.—“A man, both day and night, must keep his wife so much in subjection that she by no means be mistress of her own actions; if the wife have her own free will, she will behave amiss.” The law then proceeds to sum up the feminine character with great acrimony of satire: “Women have six qualities; the first, an inordinate desire for jewels and fine furniture, handsome clothes and nice victuals; the second, immoderate love; the third, violent anger; the fourth, deep resentment; the fifth, another person’s good appears evil in their eyes; the sixth, *they commit bad actions.*” The following provision with which we shall conclude these extracts, refers to the well-known custom of the Hindoo widows. The sacrifice of their lives is not peremptorily en-

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What wealth of love thou hidest from me!

Awake! awake!

Show all thy love, for Love’s sweet sake!

Awake!—ne’er heed, though listening night

Steal music from thy silver voice:

Uncloud thy beauty rare and bright,

And bid the world and me rejoice!

Awake! awake!

She comes, at last—for Love’s sweet sake!

LIFE.—BY BARRY CORNWALL.

We are born; we laugh; we weep;

We love; we droop; we die!

Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep?

Why do we live or die?

Who knows that secret deep?

Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring

Unseen by human eye?

Why do the radiant seasons bring

Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?

Why do our fond hearts cling

To things that die?

We toil,—through pain and wrong;

We fight,—and fly;

We love; we lose; and then e’er long,

Stone dead we lie.

O Life! is all thy song,

Endure and—die!

THE LUNGS OF LONDON.

HYDE PARK.

You observe that unimpeachable pony-phaeton, drawn by two cream-coloured ponies—what simplicity—what taste—such inexpensive elegance you might say! Notwithstanding which, that phaeton has not been turned out of Long Acre under two hundred and fifty guineas, and the ponies one hundred and fifty the pair—not a speck you may perceive of silver or brass on the harness—not an atom of gold lace on the subdued and sober livery of the tiger—the equipage is not, you see, perched on wheels or hung on a perch—it reclines, as it were taking its ease, and floats lightly and easily in perfect equilibrium. The turn-out is, without doubt, the most elegant in the ring—it attracts admiration by a studious endeavour to decline it, and belongs, I think, to the Earl of Harrington. To contrast with it, pray note that continental cab, driven by the man in a huge moustache—an attaché to the French embassy—did you ever—Long Acre would blush for such a concern: you see the body of the machine is painted an odious chocolate colour, picked out with broad stripes of white, that give it the appearance of being bound round the edges with penny tape, a blazing armorial bearing on every side, such as you see on shabby hackney coaches—it is evidently ashamed of itself, too, for you observe it is making a desperate effort to dive down head foremost between the shafts, to counteract which centripetal tendency is, without doubt, the proprietor’s reason for mounting a tiger behind, who, in loudness and size, looks more like an unfledged elephant—regard the harness, too, all brass and no leather. Who is that fellow in military uniform, joggling behind the cab on a wagoner’s black horse, with a *couteau de chasse*, and a cock’s feather in his cocked hat—a field-marshal, doubtless, of the grand army—no such thing, my dear sir, simply a footman in disguise. Mercy on us, assuredly our heads will be all cut off! Ridiculous as that turn-out appears in our country, and in our eyes, I can assure you that, on the Prado of Madrid, the Corso of Rome, or at the Parisian fête of Long Champs, this attaché and his descending cab would be considered machines of the very first fashion.

You see that slashing yellow chariot with the pair of dark bays—close in the rear of it you may observe a coach of a deep claret-colour—a fine pair of bright bays under it, and the coachman and footmen in pepper and salt, with plain cockades—that is one of the royal carriages and exactly the thing that a royal carriage ought to be—no cock’s feathers, no lubberly footmen, no blazing armorial bearings—no gold, in short, upon our gingerbread. Close at the heels of the royal equipage may be seen three in a gig—such a gig, and such a three!—Fitz-Wiggins and the Frenchman are both thrown into the shade. Hilloa! who would thought of seeing young Capillaire, the fashionable wig-trimmer’s son of Bond street—there he goes, however, at railway pace, on his half guinea hack, making the best use he can of his ten-and-sixpence worth of equestrian exercitation. Now they are all at a dead lock—the triple line of wealth, fashion, and pretension has come to a regular stand-still—we will have time enough to walk half round the circle before they are able to get on again.

The stroll along the beach of that cockney ocean, the Serpentine, is delightful—the carriage-way is carefully watered, and the heat of the summer’s day tempered by a refreshing breeze

from the river. There is, on the one side and the other, as George Robins would say, a never ending panorama of moving scenery. Now are we opposite the receiving-house of the Royal Humane Society, and pause a moment to admire the aptitude of the device carved in marble over the door—a cherub endeavouring to relight, with his breath, an extinguished lamp, with the touching and beautiful motto,

“Forsitan scintillula latet.”

Let us turn up this little path, and make our way to the chalybeate springs,—I should rather say to the site of the chalybeate springs—for they are long since dried up, and, like benefits conferred, are forgotten. Here they were in this little glen, once the most beautiful and retired spot within the circumference of the park, and would be so still, if some military Goths—the Board of Ordnance, I suspect—had not desecrated it by the erection of a very ugly barrack—all barracks are ugly, but this particular barrack, being located in a sweet pretty place, is superlatively ugly—we wonder the Board of Ordnance has not a little more taste! A little further on, and we come to a couple of leafless old trees—nature’s own ruins—ivy-mantled, and carefully defended from the rude assaults of idle men and boys by an iron paling—two venerable old cripples are they—what names they are known by I am sure I know not—but this I know, that I never look upon them without humming the old Scottish oldward, old folks’ tune of “John Anderson my jo.”

Now, the classic bridge over the Serpentine—a very neat fresh-water bridge as you would wish to see in a summer day—attracts our architectural optics, and beneath its arches we catch on our picturesque retina small patches of the verdant green of Kensington Gardens, whither we are tending. We are assuredly in the country now?—no such thing; for just at our nose is a powder magazine, of an exploded order of architecture, that transports us back again to the piazza of Covent Garden. Heaven sends fields and groves, hills and dales, wood and water, and ever in the midst of these, the devil sends one of his chosen architects; or, what is ten times worse, the Board of Ordnance send one of theirs, to dissolve the charm, and to load the lovely earth with ugliness not her own!

We are on the bridge of the Serpentine—over the keystone of the centre arch; and without affectation—that is, without cockney affectation—there are few points of view in the immediate vicinity of great cities more attractive than this. To the east lies the whole length of the Serpentine, and to the west extends the sweep of the same river, as it bends towards Bayswater, where it enters the park, with the gently swelling banks rising on either side. The view from the high grounds near Cumberland gate is also very fine, and the Queen’s ride affords many pleasing prospects to the right and left. From the termination of this noble avenue we enter, by a foot gate,

KENSINGTON GARDENS.

Which consisted originally, as we are told by Pennant, of only twenty-six acres. Queen Ann added thirty acres, which were laid out by her gardener, Mr. Wise; but the principal additions were made by the late queen, who took in near three hundred acres out of Hyde Park, which were laid out by Bridgeman. They are now three and a half miles in circumference. The broad walk, which extends from the palace along

the south side of the gardens is, in the spring, a very fashionable promenade, especially on Sunday mornings. Kensington Gardens have been the subject of several poems, one especially by Tickell, of which we would here insert some extracts did space permit. The present extent of these gardens is somewhere about three hundred and thirty-six acres, with eight acres of water, occupying a circular pond to the west of the palace—an ugly edifice, as all our metropolitan palatial edifices are—but unpretending enough; nor, unlike its precious colleague in St. James's Park, does it superadd impudence to vulgarity. At this season of the year Kensington Gardens look remarkably well; they have an air more park-like, more secluded, than any of the other public walks of the metropolis, and afford a more unbroken shelter from the noonday heat. Here is a solitude, a seclusion, as complete as can be wished for in the immediate vicinity of a great city; the noise, confusion, and racket of the mighty Babylon close by, is lost in the distance, save when the booming bell of St. Paul's is heard to thunder forth the fleeting hour. The trees here are more numerous, more lofty, and cast a greater breadth of shade than in the parks; but then, regarded individually, they are comparatively insignificant. The grounds are skillfully laid out, partly in the Dutch, partly in the English taste, which combination of the artificial formal, with the more natural irregular style, when cleverly executed, forms the perfection of landscape-gardening. This union of grandeur and breadth of effect with a certain degree of natural arrangement has been very well hit off in these gardens—the long, unbroken, regular avenues of green sward, with the dense columnar masses of foliage between, have something majestic in their appearance; while the absence of statues, hermitages, marble temples, bronze sarcophagi, and spouting monsters, relieves the scene from that constrained and artificial appearance that attends the vast majority of parks laid out in this style.

Our continental brethren carry this adornment of their public walks to a ridiculous excess. One would imagine that such places were intended as retreats from the bustle of cities; but a stranger entering the gardens of the Tuileries, for example, so far from being solaced with the agreeable delusion of retirement, finds himself introduced into the society of marble gentlemen and ladies, dying gladiators, gold and silver fish, orange trees stuck in green gallipots, and tritons spewing water in his face at every angle; so that he begins to feel himself altogether out of his element, and half inclined to resign the privilege of the promenade to the courtly creations of the magic pencil of Watteau, with their laced pocket-holes, clouded canes, velvet embroidery, and ruffles of *Point d'Espagne*. In Kensington Gardens, on the contrary, the lounge is not obliged to be so much upon his good behaviour; he can enjoy a stroll sufficiently retired for all reasonable purposes; and, if he does not object to good company, the broad walk affords good company in abundance—literary ladies with the last new novel—cooling turtles, squeezing the last drops of ambrosia out of the expiring honey-moon—and faded old gentlemen, in sky-blue coats, virgin waistcoats, Isabella-coloured "smalls," and black gaiters, who emerge from their neat suburban villas of Kensington, Gore, and Bayswater, to take the air, and sigh for the brocaded petticoats, high-heeled shoes, hoops, and powdered toupes of half a century ago.

The view from the centre of this broad walk, exactly in front of the palace, is one of the finest afforded anywhere in the vicinity of the metropolis. The trees, drawn up in close column, like a rifle brigade of his majesty, the Emperor of Brobdingnag—the vistas between extending far away into the shady distance—the verdure of the sward, which is here more luxuriant and unbroken than in the parks—the air of quiet and seclusion that is breathed over the scene, make it altogether superior to any thing the vicinity of towns can afford to the eye wearied with a universe of brick and mortar.

In the fashionable season, when the military bands assemble here for practice, which they usually do on every Tuesday and Friday, from four to six in the afternoon, near the bridge of the Serpentine, the concourse of fashionable people is immense—and the scene altogether of great animation. But it is time to proceed to the only remaining lobe of the Lungs of London: therefore, leaving Kensington Gardens by the Bayswater Gate, we make our way through a neighbourhood that has sprung up, like a mushroom, in one night—by the way, where or when, does any body think, will London stop?—we skirt the Great Western Railway station, enter Paddington, so to St. John's Wood, and find ourselves passing through Hanover Gate to the outer circle of the Regent's Park.

(To be continued.)

NEW BOOKS.

Irving's Life of Goldsmith.—2 vols. 18mo. Harpers, New York.

A new biography of Goldsmith, by Washington Irving, with a selection from his works by the same hand, is precisely such a book as one would wish to introduce into his own "family library." Irving could not have chosen a more congenial subject for his pen. His writings all evince a style, spirit, and temper entirely in unison with Goldsmith's; and, accordingly, writing *con amore*, he has produced a most delightful biography, filling the greater part of the first volume. In the extracts which make up the remainder of that volume and the second, are found some of Goldsmith's most delightful essays, stories, and poems.

Lives of Eminent Men.—2 vols. 18mo. Harper & Brothers, New York.

These are selected from the two volumes quarto, with splendid steel portraits, published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. They are written with great spirit, liberality, and intelligence. No doubt the different biographies come from different hands. In some of them we recognise the style of Keightley, who wrote, by the way, his history of Greece for this society. His learning, and the boldness and originality of his views, enable the reader always easily to identify his anonymous works.

Sketches of Distinguished Frenchmen.—Translated by Mr. Walsh, with a portrait of M. Thiers. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, 1841.

Bold, piquant, and graphic, these were precisely the papers most likely to arrest the attention of the younger Walsh, who has performed

his task as if it were a labour of love. We only regret that one who knows Paris and its *notables* so well as he, and who converses with so much piquancy and humour on its various "phenomena," should not have enriched the volume before us with a few notes. We would bargain, most cheerfully, M. Thiers's portrait for a single page of Walsh's annotations.

LATE WORKS.

A most provoking accident to our press has delayed the publication of this number a full week. Had it not occurred, we should have presented our readers to-day with the commencement of Bulwer's new novel, "Night and Morning." It is in hand, and will appear immediately.—*Feb. 26.*

—not necessary—

Strafford was accompanied to the scaffold by the Archbishop of Armagh, the Earl of Cleveland, his brother Sir George Wentworth, and others of his friends. Something of his former contempt of the vulgar seems to have clung to him even in that awful moment. His parting speech was addressed rather to the archbishop and to his immediate friends, than to the rabble who hooted him to his death. His last address was such as might be expected from such a man. He asserted that never at any moment had he entertained a thought which he believed to be in opposition to the welfare and happiness, either of the king or the people. He expressed himself to be a true son of the Church of England, adding that he bore enmity to no man, and that he freely forgave all. "Since I was twenty-one years of age," he said, "unto this day, I never had thought or doubt of the truth of this religion: nor had any ever the boldness to suggest to me the contrary, to my best remembrance."

Having shaken hands with his friends, his chaplain laid the book of common prayer on a chair, and kneeling down together, they remained praying for about half an hour. He then rose, and beckoning his brother to him, desired him to

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EDITED BY JOHN SANDERSON, ESQ.

PART I.

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NO. 9.

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THE LUNGS OF LONDON.

THE REGENT'S PARK.

This estate of the crown was formerly the outer park attached to the royal mansion of Henry VIII. at Marylebone, which was taken down in the year 1790. It consists of 543 acres, and was granted by three crown leases, the family of Hinds being possessed of 9-24 parts of the property for a term of years, which expired January 24th, 1806; the other 15-24ths being possessed by the Duke of Portland for a term of years, expiring January 24th, 1811.

Soon after this, the then Commissioners of Woods and Forests contemplated improvements of a more extensive kind than had originally been thought of—the long-cherished design of the crown being to convert the Marylebone estate into a military farm, of which we find the following notice in an early number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*—

"The intended Military Park at Welling's farm, Marylebone, is nearly laid out. Two grand barracks are to be erected, one on each wing, spacious enough for the reception of 3000 men; the whole is to be inclosed with a belt of forest-trees, a considerable part of which is already planted, and on the outside of which will be a circular drive, open to the public, to an extent of four miles."

This barbarous notion of covering a lovely tract of land with barracks, and converting it into a grand parade-ground, was long after altogether abandoned; and in 1811, when the Duke of Portland's lease had expired, several eminent architects were invited by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests to survey the crown lands of Marylebone Park, and, after considering the several documents communicated to them, to report upon the most advantageous and eligible method of letting the property, "always having in view the beauty of the metropolis, and the health and convenience of the public."

In pursuance of these instructions, surveys were made, and plans submitted by Mr. White, Messrs. Leverton and Chawner, and by that architectural nuisance, Mr. John Nash, whose plans had the sole merit of being the plans of the Surveyor to the Office of Woods and Forests, and for that sole reason were, of course, preferred, and the plan carried into execution, with slight alterations, as it now appears. Space will not permit us to give a detailed description of the beauties of the Regent's Park; we must therefore be content with a slight sketch, or general survey, leaving the tasteful perambulator to detect

the minuter excellences for himself. Although the newest of the parks, this, even in its present immature state, is the most beautiful of any, and will become more and more so every succeeding year. It might with propriety be called the Park of Reunion, combining, as it does, all the excellences of all the public walks of the metropolis—extent—variety of prospect and of scenery—noble walks, of imposing breadth and longitudinal extent—a surface gently and pleasingly undulated—ornamental water—villas, encircled each by its little paradise of pleasure-ground—and, for its years, a very considerable quantity of shade.

The most beautiful portion of the park is, as might be expected, that portion to the north, which is hardly interfered with by the hand of art, and where the natural disposition of the ground has scope to show itself;—whereas, wherever the hand of Mr. John Nash is manifest, beauty is at once exchanged for artificial littleness, as in his greater and his lesser circuses, his ornamental bridges over puddles four feet wide, his Swiss cottages, and his terraces crowned with cupolas, that convey to the mind of the spectator the idea of a grotesque giant in his dressing-gown and night-cap. By far the most extensive and varied view within the limits of this delightful retreat, is that from the rising ground immediately above the master's lodge of St. Catharine's Hospital, embracing to the northward the gentle rise of Primrose Hill, behind it, the thickly wooded Hampstead, and its sister hill—close to your feet, the Babel of inarticulate sounds that greets your ears, indicates that modern Ark of Noah—the Zoological Gardens.

We have thus enumerated a very few of the leading features, to borrow a phrase of the prince of auctioneers, of the Lungs of London—the great vehicles of exercise, fresh air, health, and life to the myriads that congregate in the great metropolis. We have been sufficiently minute, we hope, without departing from our original plan of non-interference with the province of the guide-books, and yet not sufficiently discursive to disgust the reader with a subject in a moral, economical, national, and salutary point of view, so deeply interesting. We are surprised, we repeat, that this subject has not been taken up by abler pens—by Mr. Jesse, for example, one of the most natural, easy, and graceful writers who ever put pen to paper on the subject of our parks and royal palaces—a worthy brother of the angle, too—one of Father Isaak's quiet, decent men, who fear God, honour their king, love their neighbour, and peacefully go their way a-fishing. We cannot help thinking the metropolitan

parks would furnish a theme not unworthy the pen of this gentleman,

"The apt historian of our royal plains."

But we must not conclude without adverting once again to the moral, if we may so call it, of our description—to the great object, towards the realisation whereof we were incited to put pen to paper on this subject. The total destitution of the people of the east end of the metropolis in the means of taking exercise, or gulping a mouthful of "caller" air, must have painfully obtruded itself on every body who is familiar with that *terra incognita* eastward of Leadenhall; the very class of the population, too, which is the most helpless in its own behalf, and which most of all requires the extension of those blessings which for themselves they have neither the address, skill, or energy to obtain. It would be found, we do not in the least doubt, that the mortality of the metropolis is exactly in the inverse ratio of proximity and access to public parks and open spaces; and this, for all we know to the contrary, may have already been demonstrated by Mr. Farr, or some other equally high authority in vital statistics.

Whether or not, however, the necessity of public walks—when we say public, we mean public, not gentility-mongering places, but spaces thrown open freely and altogether to the lowest class of our labouring and manufacturing population, who need all the rational recreation we can afford them—is but too apparent. Genteel people are abundantly provided for already: they can afford to go down the Thames and up the Thames—to the suburbs, the parks, the country. Money, and their legs, will carry them whither they will; but with the poor artisan or labouring man it is not so. He cannot afford time or means to set out with his wife and children on a Sunday voyage of discovery—and to find the shades of night, perhaps, falling around him just as he has succeeded in refreshing his eyes with a bit of anything green.

Does any body suppose that the love of nature is not an instinct with the imprisoned poor of our great cities, and of our great city of cities in particular? Go through a crowded neighbourhood, crammed from the cellar to the attic with the children of toil, and look up at their windows; see the attempt the poor people make to cherish the belief in a world of verdure and freshness—of trees, and hills, and vales, and flowers and birds—the little green box of cherished mignonette, the broken tea-pot with a bunch of primrose or of cowslip in it, the geranium in an old cracked jug: and the poor artisan himself, debarred as he is

—“The common air, and common use
Of his own limbs,”

nurturing with almost paternal affection, his two or three little shrubs or flowers—who will have the impudence to deny the capacity of this man for enjoying that which his condition in life almost precludes the possibility of enjoyment?

Let us hope that the Commissioners of Metropolitan Improvements will bestir themselves, and that in the east end of London—in Southwark and in Lambeth—something may be done in behalf of the creditable, industrious, and well-conducted manufacturing and labouring population of the vast metropolis of this vast empire.

POEMS BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

Fugitive Verses. By Joanna Baillie, author of “*Dramas of the Passions*,” &c. 12mo. pp. 408. London, 1840. Moxon.

Joanna Baillie's *Fugitive Verses* belong to a school which has been too much obliterated by the stronger features of romance and passion, of highly wrought sentiment and highly painted guilt, which appealing to the public mind with extraordinary force, have monopolised, rather than taken their fair share in the general productive circle of a nation's genius. But after stimulants and excitement it is pleasant to bring the appetite again to what is simple and natural, as it is to forget the storm in the bosom of repose, or retire from the thundering of eloquence into the easy familiarity of rational conversation. It is thus, that we are charmed with the nature and simplicity of poems composed anterior to the last half century—“written previous to 1790;” and scarcely less so with the more familiar pieces since that period; the former occupying 116 pages, and the latter the remainder of the volume.

The first poem in the volume is entitled “The Winter's day,” and it is paired by another called “The Summer's day;” both reminding us much of Thomson, upon whom it is evident the young Scottish aspirant formed her earlier efforts. The inspiration was from a pure source, and the thoughts and style not unworthy of the original model. Miss Baillie is, indeed, even more faithful in details, polishes and elevates less, and yet is at no great distance for sweet and captivating poetry.—*Ex. gr.*—

“The night comes on apace—
Chill blows the blast and drives the snow in wreaths;
Now every creature looks around for shelter,
And, whether man or beast, all move alike
Towards their homes, and happy they who have
A house to screen them from the piercing cold!
Lo! o'er the frost a reverend form advances!
His hair white as the snow on which he treads,
His forehead marked with many a care-worn furrow,
Whose feeble body bending o'er a staff,
Shows still that once it was the seat of strength,
Though now it shakes like some old ruined tower,
Clothed indeed, but not disgraced, with rage,
He still maintains that decent dignity
Which well becomes those who have served their country.

With tottering steps he gains the cottage door:
The wife within, who hears his hollow cough,
And pattering of his stick upon the threshold,
Sends out her little boy to see who's there.
The child looks up to mark the stranger's face,
And, seeing it enlightened with a smile,
Holds out his tiny hand to lead him in.
Round from her work the mother turns her head,
And views them, not ill pleased.
The stranger whines not with a piteous tale,
But only asks a little to relieve
A poor old soldier's wants.
The gentle matron brings the ready chair,
And bids him sit to rest his weary limbs,
And warm himself before her blazing fire.
The children full of curiosity,
Flock round, and with their fingers in their mouths

Stand staring at him, while the stranger, pleased,
Takes up the youngest urchin on his knee.
Proud of its seat, it wags its little feet,
And prates, and laughs, and plays with his white locks.

But soon a change comes o'er the soldier's face:
His thoughtful mind is turned on other days,
When his own boys were wont to play around him,
Who now lie distant from their native land
In honourable but untimely graves:
He feels how helpless and forlorn he is,
And big, round tears course down his withered cheeks.

His toilsome daily labour at an end,
In comes the wearied master of the house,
And marks with satisfaction his old guest
In the chief seat, with all the children round him.
His honest heart is filled with manly kindness,
He bids him stay and share their homely meal,
And take with them his quarters for the night.
The aged wanderer thankfully accepts,
And by the simple hospitable board,
Forgets the by-past hardships of the day.

When all are satisfied, about the fire
They draw their seats, and form a cheerful ring.
The thrifty house-wife turns her spinning wheel;
The husband, useful even in his hour
Of ease and rest, a stocking knits, belike,
Or plaited stored rushes, which, with after skill
Into a basket formed, may do good service,
With eggs or butter filled at fair or market.”

The whole poem is like to this, and all its pictures of rural life equally touching and true. We must endeavour to select a passage from “Summer” as another example,—this is morning:—

“For now the sun, slow moving in his glory,
Above the eastern mountains lifts his head;
The webs of dew spread o'er the hoary lawn,
The smooth, clear bosom of the settled pool,
The polished ploughshare on the distant field,
Catch fire from him, and dart their new got beams
Upon the gazing rustic's dazzled sight.

The awakened birds upon the branches hop,
Peck their soft down, and bristle out their feathers,
Then stretch their throats, and trill their morning song,

While dusky crows, high winged over head
Upon the topmast boughs, in lordly pride,
Mix their hoarse croaking with the linnet's note,
Till, in a gathered band of close array,
They take their flight to seek their daily food.
The villager wakes with the early light,
That through the windows of his cot appears,
And quits his easy bed; then o'er the fields
With lengthened active strides betakes his way,
Bearing his spade or hoe across his shoulder,
Seen glancing as he moves, and with good will
His daily work begins.

The sturdy sunburnt boy drives forth the cattle,
And, pleased with power, bawls to the lagging kine
With stern authority, who fain would stop
To crop the tempting bushes as they pass.
At every open door, in lawn or lane,
Half-naked children, half awake are seen
Scratching their heads, and blinking to the light,
Till, rousing by degrees, they run about,
Roll on the sward, and in some sandy nook
Dig caves, and houses build, full oft defaced,
And oft began again, a daily pastime.
The house-wife, up by times, her morning cares
Tends busily; from tubs of curdled milk,
With skilful patience draws the clear blue whey
From the pressed bosom of the snowy curd,
While her brown comely maid, with tucked up sleeves

And swelling arm, assists her. Work proceeds,
Pots smoke, pails rattle, and the warm confusion
Still more confused becomes, till in the mould
With heavy hands the well-squeezed curd is placed.”

In the latter portion of the volume, “Lines to Scott,” and to “Southey,” draw delightful portraits of these departed sons of song; and to the accuracy

of their traits, though painted in the kindest spirit, we can bear testimony. We cannot help quoting the opening of the last, as a just tribute to the memory of our old and esteemed friend, whom Byron so sarcastically and injuriously called “some bustling Botherby.”

“Learning and fancy were combined
To stimulate his manly mind;
Open, generous, and acute,
Steady of purpose, in pursuit
Ardent and hopeful; all the while
In childlike ignorance of guile.
There are, who say, that envy lurks concealed
Where genius strives, by slightest traits revealed,
A truth, if true it be, by him forgot,
He turned his eyes away and saw it not.
Success in others, frank and free,
He hailed with words of friendly glee.
Praise given to them he could not feel
Did aught from his own portion steal;
And when offence, designed and rude,
Did on his peaceful path obtrude,
He soon forgave the paltry pain,
Nor could resentment in his breast retain.
His was the charity of right good-will,
That loves, confides, and believes no ill.
He, by his Saviour's noble precept led,
Still followed what was right with heart and head.
Religion did with lofty honour dwell
Within his bosom's sacred cell.

We must now content ourselves,—leaving the fine Scottish, tragic, and supernatural ballads, the songs which are not so good, and the sacred poesy, which is most honourable to the heart and head of the author,—with a brief specimen of the familiar style in part of an address to a steamboat:—

“Freighted with passengers of every sort,
A motley throng, thou leavest the busy port;
Thy long and ample deck,—where scattered lie,
Baskets, and cloaks, and shawls of crimson dye;
Where dogs and children through the crowd are straying,
And on his bench apart the fiddler playing,
While matron dames to tressed seats repair,—
Seems, on the glassy waves, a floating fair.

Its dark form on the sky's pale azure cast,
Towers from this clustering group the towering mast;
The dense smoke, issuing from its narrow vent,
Is to the air in curly volumes sent,
Which coiling and uncoiling on the wind,
Trails, like a writhing serpent, far behind.
Beneath, as each merged wheel its motion plies,
On either side the white-churned waters rise,
And newly parted from the noisy fray,
Track with light ridgy foam thy recent way,
Then far diverged, in many a lustrous line
On the still moving surface shine.

Thou holdest thy course in independent pride;
No leave ask'st thou of either wind or tide,
To whate'er point the breeze inconstant veer,
Still doth thy careless helmsman onward steer:
As if the stroke of some magician's wand
Had lent thee power the ocean to command.
What is this power which thus within thee lurks,
And all unseen, like a masked giant works?
Even that which gentle dames at morning tea,
From silver urn ascending, daily see
With tressy wreathing borne upon the air
Like loosened ringlets of a lady's hair;
Or rising from th' enamelled cup beneath
With the soft fragrance of an infant's breath:
That which within the peasant's humble cot
Comes from the uncovered mouth of savoury pot,
As his kind mate prepares his noonday fare,
Which cur, and cat, and rosy urchins share;
That which, all silvered by the moon's pale beam
Precedes the mighty Geyser's up-cast stream,
What time with bellowing din, exploded forth,
It decks the midnight of the frozen north,
White travellers from their skin-spread couches rise
To gaze upon the sight with wondering eyes.

block, the archbishop being on one side of him and another clergyman on the other, the latter clasped the earl's hands in his while they prayed. Their devotions being at an end, he told the executioner that he would first make an experiment of the block by laying his head on it, but desired him not to strike till he gave him a sign by stretching out his hands. Shortly afterwards, placing his head a second time on the block, he gave the appointed signal, and at one blow his head was severed from the body. The executioner held it up to the people, exclaiming at the same time, "God save the king!"

Such was the fate of the great Lord Strafford, whose political faults were those of principle and conscience, while his private virtues were at least as eminent as his genius. The eulogium of his enemy Whitelock deserves to be his epitaph. "Thus," he says, "fell this noble earl, who for natural parts and abilities, and for improvement of knowledge by experience, in the greatest affairs; for wisdom, faithfulness, and gallantry of mind, hath left few behind him that can be ranked as his equals." Strafford was executed on Tower Hill, on the 12th of May, 1641, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

WILLIAM LAUD,

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

A good man, but a petulant and mischievous statesman. Undoubtedly his piety was sincere, his industry great, his learning extensive, and his private conduct unimpeachable. On the other hand, he was intemperate and over-zealous in matters of church and state, and perhaps no enemy to arbitrary measures. He was meek and amiable in his intercourse with his own family, and not uncourteous in his manners; but in his public capacity the warmth of his temper was too often displayed, and his address was generally haughty, and not unfrequently even rude. He loved his king, but above all things regarded the welfare and honour of the church. Unfortunately, his zeal was productive of intolerance, and almost amounted to bigotry. His conscientious severity in the Star Chamber; his rigorous prosecutions of the Puritans, Separatists, Brownists, and other sects; and his introduction of pictures and other paraphernalia into churches, at a time, too, when such innovations were most unseasonable, obtained for him more enemies than he had the power to resist. The vulgar require strong colouring to excite their enmities to a proper pitch. Their leaders described Laud to them as more than a monster, something between a prelatical Draco and a Romish priest.

Laud was born at Reading on the 7th of October, 1573. He was educated at the free-school of that town, and afterwards removed to St. John's College, Oxford. He was inducted into the vicarage of Stanford, in Northamptonshire, in 1607, and from thence rose, through a gradation of church preferments, and after enjoying successively the bishoprics of St. Davids, Bath and Wells, and London, to be Primate of England in 1633.* His predecessor in the See of

Canterbury, was the amiable but puritanical Abbot. At the period of that prelate's death, Laud was on his way from Scotland, and probably little anticipated the elevation that awaited him. It was first announced to him by Charles himself. When Laud entered the presence chamber, the king addressed him somewhat playfully,—"My lord's grace of Canterbury, you are welcome," and instantly issued directions for his translation.

Heylin, the archbishop's biographer, makes a good defence against the charge of extreme meanness of birth, which had been brought against his patron by Lord Brook; and which was echoed in the thousand libels which his splendour and unpopularity called into birth. His origin is what might be termed respectable. His father was a clothier of Reading, and his mother, sister to Sir William Webbe, afterwards Lord Mayor of London.

Laud, in the days of his magnificence, was, no doubt, much annoyed by these scurrilous attacks on his birth and parentage. Heylin mentions a particular occasion of his paying a visit to his patron, when he was admitted to the episcopal gardens at Lambeth, and found the countenance of the archbishop full of care. He held in his hand a gross pasquinade, which was seized shortly before it issued from the press. He told Heylin, that he was accused in this document of as mean a parentage as if he had been raked out of a *dunghill*. At the same time he exclaimed, (and his countenance cleared up as he dwelt on the virtues of his parents,) "that though he had not the good fortune to have been born a gentleman, yet that his parents had been honest; that they had lived in good circumstances; had employed the poor, and had left a good name behind them." Heylin's ingenious attempt at consolation is worth recording. He reminded his patron of what had been retorted by Pope Sixtus the Fifth when similarly attacked. "If the sun's beams," said that pontiff, "found their way through the rugged roof and broken walls of my father's cottage, they at least illumined every corner of the humble dwelling in which I was born." The comparison implied in this beautiful anecdote, was far from displeasing to Laud.

Our imaginations would naturally depict this exalted prelate as of lofty stature and commanding appearance. The contrary, however, was the case. Sir Symonds D'Ewes speaks somewhat ill-naturedly of him, as a "little, low, red-faced man." He was, indeed, below the common height, and his complexion was florid. Fuller describes him as "one of low stature, but high parts; piercing eyes, and cheerful countenance, wherein gravity and pleasantness were well compounded." But he concludes with higher praise. "He was admirable in his naturals, unblameable in his morals, and very strict in his conversation." In a curious parallel between Wolsey and Laud, published in the lifetime of the latter, "Laud," says the writer, "was of less size, but might be called a pretty man: both of ingenious and acute aspects, as may appear by this man's face, the other's picture." It is singular that, at the university, Wolsey should have been nicknamed the *boy-bachelor*, and Laud the *little bachelor*.

Laud's abhorrence of puritanism, and his high

notions of the dignity of the church, are amusingly illustrated by the following anecdote. He had accompanied Charles the First into Scotland, on his progress into that country to be crowned. It was proposed that, during the ceremony, the king should be supported, on each side, by the Archbishops of St. Andrew's and Glasgow. The latter prelate, being inclined to the tenets of the puritans, appeared purposely in the procession without his episcopal robes. The high-churchman Laud actually thrust him from the king's side. "Are you a churchman," he said, "and want the coat of your order?"

This enlightened man appears to have been singularly superstitious, even for the age in which he lived. His elevation to the See of Canterbury was received with mixed satisfaction, owing to a strange presentiment which he conceived of coming evil. In a letter to the Earl of Strafford, dated Fulham, 9th September, 1633, alluding to his change of residence from that place to the palace of Lambeth, he writes as follows: "I doubt I shall never be able to hold my health there one year, for instead of all the jolting which I had over the stones between London House and Whitehall, which was almost daily, I shall now have no exercise, but slide over in a barge to the Court and Star Chamber; and, in truth, my lord, I speak seriously, I have had a heaviness hang upon me since I was appointed to this place, and I can give myself no account of it, unless it proceed from an apprehension that there is more expected from me than the craziness of these times will give me leave to do." His curious diary is full of the most idle fancies and ridiculous prognostics. The falling of the episcopal arms at Canterbury cathedral in a storm, and of his own picture by the breaking of a string unequal to its weight, were circumstances sufficiently ominous to cause him real uneasiness and pain. Even the idle predictions of the mad prophetess, Lady Davies, appear to have excited distress, and are more than once alluded to in his letters: on the 15th of November, 1633, he writes from Fulham, to his friend the Earl of Strafford: "The indisposition of which I spake unto your lordship, I thank God, passed over quickly, though I find I cannot follow your counsel, for Croydon is too far off to go often to it, and my leisure here hath hitherto been extremely little, I may truly call it none; besides, the Lady Davies hath prophesied against me, that I shall not many days outlive the 5th of November, and then to what end should I trouble myself with exercise, or the like." He attached much importance to dreams, and usually committed them to his common-place book. Among his papers was discovered a curious account of his father's spirit presenting itself to him in a dream, in 1639, forty six years after his death. Laud describes his father as looking as well and cheerful as he had ever seen him in his lifetime. After a short conversation, Laud inquired of the spirit the proposed length of his visit. The latter added portentously, that he should remain till they departed together. Laud was then in the sixty-seventh year of his age; at least old enough to attach a due share of importance to such phenomena.

Some of the visions which he has chronicled, have, however, a somewhat suspicious reference to the tenor of his waking thoughts. The following were dreamed in the height of his hostility to his old patron, the Lord Keeper Williams, and will be curious to the minute observer of history.

"December 14, Sunday night.—I did dream

* Those who murmur at the plurality of church benefices at the present time, will scarcely credit the extent to which favouritism was carried in the reign of the first James. Bishop Williams, the enemy, and as some would say the victim, of Laud, had been

at one and the same time, Keeper of the Great Seal, Bishop of Lincoln, Dean of Westminster, Prebend and Residentiary of Lincoln Cathedral, and Rector of Walgrave in Northamptonshire.

that the lord keeper was dead; that I passed by one of his men that was about a monument for him; that I heard him say his lower lip was infinitely swelled and fallen, and he rotten already. The dream did trouble me."

"January 14, Sunday.—Towards morning dreamed that the Bishop of Lincoln (the lord keeper) came, I know not whither, with iron chains. But returning loosed from them, leaped on horseback; went away, neither could I overtake him."

His attachment to church ceremonials, and a praiseworthy but impracticable scheme of reconciling the religions of Rome and England by mutual concessions, obtained for him the character of being papistically inclined; an imputation, however, which was certainly very far from being deserved. It is an undoubted fact that the Pope sent him a serious offer of a cardinal's hat: indeed Laud tells us as much in his diary. Arthur Wilson, in his life of himself, mentions an interview he had with one Dr. Weston, a catholic, at Bruges, the particulars of which are not uninteresting. "The little Archbishop of Canterbury," he says, "Weston could not endure. I pulled a book out of my pocket, written by the provincial of the English friars, which tended to reconcile the Church of England and the Church of Rome. 'I know the man,' said Weston, 'he is one of Canterbury's trencher-flies, and eats perpetually at his table; a creature of his making.' 'Then,' said I, 'you should better approve of my lord of Canterbury's actions, seeing he tends so much to your way.' 'No,' replied he, 'he is too subtle to be yoked; too ambitious to have a superior. He will never submit to Rome. He means to frame a motley religion of his own, and be lord of it himself.'"

The rigorous persecution of Franciscus, a Franciscan Friar, (or, as we should style him, Father Davenport,) who published a work in which he endeavoured to unite the two religions by mutual concession, is sufficient evidence that such a project was any thing but favourably contemplated by the Papal See. The catholics, we are told, regarded it as "a union between hell and heaven, Christ and Luther!"

One of the daughters of William, Earl of Devonshire, having turned catholic, she was questioned by Laud as to the motives of her conversion. She replied that her principal reason was a dislike to travel in a crowd. "The meaning being obscure, the archbishop asked her what she meant. "I perceive," she said, "your grace and many others are making haste to Rome, and, therefore, to prevent being crowded, I have gone before you." Notwithstanding the satire of this lively lady, proof might be readily adduced, that not only was Laud regarded by the catholics as unfriendly to the interests of their faith, but that he was even considered at Rome as its greatest enemy.

The private virtues and munificent benefactions of Laud were naturally overlooked by his enemies. Nevertheless he did much for learning and humanity, and would have done more but for the disasters which overtook him. There was found among his papers a long list of benefits which he had intended to have conferred upon mankind. "But for his untimely fate," says Anthony Wood, "St. Paul's would have silenced the fame of ancient wonders; the English clergy would have been the glory of the world; the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, had outstripped the Vatican, and his public structures overtopped the Escorial." As it was, his services to the public

are of no mean order. He subscribed munificently to the building of St. Paul's. He procured an important charter for the University of Oxford; he founded there an Arabic lecture, and presented them with a magnificent collection of books. He adorned St. John's College, Oxford, and obtained for it the valuable living of St. Lawrence, Reading, in which parish he was born. Moreover, he obtained a charter for Dublin College; established a Greek press in London; and also founded some alms-houses at Reading, with a revenue of two hundred a-year.

The dissolution of the Parliament, on the 5th of May, 1640, was generally attributed to the instigation of Laud. His unpopularity had now reached its height. Two thousand persons entered St. Paul's at the same time, exclaiming, "No bishop!" "No high commission!" The most scurrilous libels were affixed to the walls in every quarter of the town; ballads were composed, and sung in the streets; and pictures, in which he was exhibited in the most undignified postures, were publicly displayed. The songs, in which he was held up to derision, were usually first sung in the ale-houses, and other scenes of low debauchery. When this was told to the archbishop, "His lot," he said, "was not worse than that of David;"—at the same time quoting the sixty-ninth Psalm, "*They that sat in the gate spake against me, and I was the song of the drunkards.*" He is styled in a lampoon of the time—

"One of Rome's calves, far better fed than taught."

His enemies, alluding to the title with which he was addressed, said of him, with some humour, "*that he had better have had more grace, or no grace at all.*" But, a paper which was posted in the Exchange, had nearly led to important consequences. In this document the apprentices were incited to rise in a body and attack the house of the archbishop. Accordingly, in the dead of the night, about five hundred persons came to Lambeth, and endeavoured to effect a violent entrance into the palace. Laud, however, was prepared for them; and the rabble, after venting a good deal of abusive and treasonable language, and breaking a few windows, eventually took to their heels. The next day some of the ringleaders were arrested and carried to prison. However, the doors of the prison were broken open by the mob, and the offenders liberated by their companions. Only one person, Bensted, a sailor, was executed, and his quarters exposed on the gates of the city.

On the subject of Laud's impeachment and iniquitous trial, it would be needless to dwell at length. He was accused of high treason, in endeavouring to subvert the laws and constitution of his country. Added to this, the unfounded charge of Popery was confidently insisted upon. The proceedings were as unjust and tyrannical as they had previously been in the case of Strafford. Evidence was accumulated in the same dishonourable manner; the same threats were exercised towards the House of Peers; and the sentence passed was equally illegal.

After a deliberation in the House of Commons of only half an hour, the charges against the archbishop were carried up to the lords by Denzil Holles, son of the Earl of Clare. On this, Laud was committed to the custody of the black rod; and ten weeks afterwards the old prelate was voted guilty of high treason, and sent to the Tower. His enemies, the Commons, attacked him in the most opprobrious terms. Harbottle Grimston

spoke of him in his speech, as the great and common foe of goodness and good men; a viper, who instilled his poison into the sacred ear of his majesty. "This man," said Sergeant Wilde, "is like Naaman, the Syrian, a great man, but a leper." Nicholas, another lawyer, in his violent attack, styled him repeatedly, "*the pander to the whore of Babylon.*" When the lords voted him guilty there were but seven peers in the house; the rest, either from too much shame, or too little courage, refraining from being present.

Laud was conveyed to the Tower amidst the shouts and revilings of the populace. The crowd had first collected in Cheapside, and from thence to the Exchange their behaviour and language are described as "beyond barbarity." Laud all the time sat quietly in his coach. He exhibited neither the contempt, which he must have felt, nor the fear, which was a stranger to him. "I look," he said, "upon a higher cause than the tongues of Shimei and his children."

Laud, on his first committal, had sent the key of his cabinet to Warner, Bishop of Rochester, desiring him either to burn or conceal such papers as might be prejudicial to his own interests or those of his friends. Warner was engaged for three hours at the task, and had only just completed it when a messenger from the House of Lords came to seal up the cabinet. Among the documents carried off by Warner was the original Magna Charta. This valuable piece of antiquity was found among Warner's papers at his death. It was afterwards presented to Bishop Burnet, and is now in the British Museum.

In the absence of all proof of guilt, the House of Commons had the baseness to seize and publish the archbishop's private diary. He was in bed at the Tower when Prynne, followed by a guard of soldiers, suddenly entered the apartment, and advancing to where his clothes lay by the bedside, drew the volume from one of his pockets. Prynne afterwards published it, with the concurrence of the Commons, and with several infamous additions of his own.

When Laud was first brought to the Tower, the lieutenant was proceeding to conduct his prisoner to the apartments recently occupied by Bishop Williams, as affording the best accommodation in the place. Laud requested he might be lodged in any other rooms;—"he was certain," he said, "they would smell so of puritanism." His enemies have accused him of undue severity towards Williams. They forgot, however, how much harsher was their own conduct towards an old man of seventy-one, whom they persecuted tyrannically, and executed unjustly.

A friend who came to visit the aged prelate in his confinement, inquired of him, how he fared. "I thank God," he said, "I am well. The king has provided me with a comfortable lodging; I have good and wholesome fare, and by none of my troubles have I been deprived of an hour's rest." He said of the Tower, that if he ever quitted it, he would take care to have it beautified and improved. At this period he frequently repeated two verses of the eighty-second Psalm:—"I have said, ye are gods, and all of you children of the Most High. But ye shall die like men, and fall like one of the princes."

There had long existed a strong affection between Laud and Strafford. The earl, on the night previous to his execution, expressed a great desire to have an interview with his friend, but the boon was barbarously denied. However, he sent a message to the archbishop, desiring to be remembered by him in his prayers, and requesting

that his fellow-prisoner would appear at his window the next morning, in order that he might bid him a last farewell as he passed to his execution. The message was delivered to Laud by the Primate of Ireland. The old man expressed his fears that, owing to the weakness of his frame, he should be prevented from acceding to the wishes of his friend. The next morning, as Strafford passed by to the scaffold, he looked up to Laud's window, but the archbishop was not there.—“Though I do not see him,” said Strafford to the Lieutenant of the Tower, “give me leave, I pray you, to do my last observance towards his rooms.” In the mean time, Laud, having been informed of the earl's approach, had been assisted to the window. These two great men thus beheld each other for the last time. Strafford requested the prayers and blessing of the archbishop. Laud lifted up his hands to heaven, and fervently blessed and prayed for him. A moment after, overcome with grief and natural infirmity, he sunk to the ground. On his recovery, he expressed much concern lest his weakness should be attributed to dread of his own approaching fate. “I hope,” he said, “by God's assistance, and through my own innocence, that when I come to my own execution, I shall show the world how much more sensible I am of my Lord Strafford's loss than I am of my own.”

When the fatal sentence was communicated to Laud, he received the intimation with the composure and fortitude of a Christian. “No one,” he said, “can be more desirous to send me out of life than I am to go.” The period between his sentence and execution was principally spent in prayer, having with some difficulty obtained the attendance of one of his chaplains. The night previous to his death was passed in sound sleep. When he was awakened on the fatal morning, by the Lieutenant of the Tower, he expressed not the slightest dismay; and it was remarked that his countenance exhibited the same freshness of colour which it had ever worn.

He passed to the scaffold as to a triumph. The mob barbarously reviled and hooted him as he went along; but his hopes were not of this world; and his temper appeared as even, and his countenance as cheerful, as they had ever been. He would seem even to have sported with his fate, and to have exhibited instances of that anomalous merriment which has not unfrequently been displayed by the criminal in his last moments. In his discourse on the scaffold, he says, “I am not in love with this passage through the *red sea*, for I have the weaknesses and infirmities of flesh and blood plentifully in me; and I have prayed with my Saviour, *ut transiret calix iste*, that this cup of *red wine* might pass from me; but, if not, God's will, not mine, be done.” Happening to perceive, through a chink in the boards, that some people were standing underneath the scaffold, and indeed immediately below the spot where the block was placed, he called for the authorities to remove them. “He was unwilling,” he said, “that his blood should fall on the heads of the people.”

The bitter revilings of the mob, which continued to follow him to the last moment, had no power to ruffle the composure of his mind. One fanatic, in particular, Sir John Clotworthy, a prominent speaker in the House of Commons, continued harassing him with impertinent questions, and attempted to draw him into a controversy. The answers of Laud were mild and pertinent; but his tormentor persisting in his ill-timed zeal, he turned to the executioner, and presenting him

with some money, he appealed to him to do his duty, requesting him to perform his task with as much adroitness as possible. Kneeling down, he repeated a short and appropriate prayer for the happiness of the kingdom, and his own eternal salvation through the merits of his Redeemer. Then, laying his head upon the block, he gave the appointed sign to the executioner by uttering aloud, “Lord, receive my soul!” and at one blow his head was severed from his body.

Laud suffered on Tower Hill, on the 10th of January, 1645, in the seventy-second year of his age. His old friend, Judge Whitelock, described his character in a few words. “He was too full of fire, though a just and a good man. His want of experience in state matters, and his too much heat and zeal for the Church, had he proceeded in the way he was then in, would have set the nation on fire.” The insight of King James into his character is more remarkable, and does credit to the penetration of that monarch. When pressed by Buckingham and Williams, to consent to Laud's advancement, “Laud,” he said, “is a restless spirit, to be kept back from all places of authority; for he cannot see when matters are well, but loves to toss and change, and bring things to a reformation floating in his own brain.” Philips tells us, in his Life of Lord Keeper Williams, that the king, having been wearied into a complacence, exclaimed, passionately, as he quitted the apartment, “Then take him to you, but on my soul you will repent it.” The remains of Laud were decently interred in the church of Allhallows, Barking. In 1663 they were removed to Oxford, and deposited with some ceremony near the altar of St. John's College chapel, in that University.

HENRY RICH,

EARL OF HOLLAND.

The personal beauty and untimely fate of Holland have thrown an interest over his history, which neither his capacity nor his conduct would otherwise have justified. It is to the credit of human nature, that meanness and ingratitude are crimes which the world is the least inclined to forgive. The despicable apostacy of Holland can never be excused. Without any especial merit of his own, he had risen to wealth, honour, and titles, by the personal regard of two sovereigns. Charles had more than once incurred obloquy by preferring him to offices for which others were either more competent, or at least considered themselves to have greater claims. And yet, after basking for more than a quarter of a century in the sunshine of royalty, he deserted his unfortunate master in his utmost need, and leagued himself with the most inveterate enemies of his benefactor. Verily, he had his reward. The once brilliant courtier was dragged to the scaffold, sick, miserable, and unregretted.

Henry Rich was a younger son of Robert, Lord Rich, (created Earl of Warwick in 1610,) by Penelope, sister of Robert Devereux, the unfortunate Earl of Essex. The date of his birth is uncertain, but must have been previous to the commencement of the seventeenth century. As his family, though noble, were not wealthy, and, moreover, were extremely numerous, the future favourite was content to enlist as a volunteer in the Dutch wars.

After two or three campaigns, the army being in winter quarters, he paid a visit to his friends

in England. His handsome person soon caught the eye of James, and honours were heaped on him with almost unexampled rapidity. Within a few years, he was made Knight of the Bath, Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, Captain of the King's Guard, and created Viscount Fenton in Scotland in 1615, Baron Kensington in Middlesex, 8th March, 1622, and 24th September, 1624, Earl of Holland in Lincolnshire. He was also made a privy counsellor and a Knight of the Garter. Holland was employed in Spain at the period of Prince Charles's matrimonial visit; and the following year was sent to Paris, with Hay, Earl of Carlisle, (two as accomplished courtiers, we are told, “as were to be found in the palaces of all the princes of Europe,”) to negotiate the marriage between the prince and Henrietta Maria. Here, according to some writers, he gained the affections of that princess.

Holland, on his first introduction to the royal favour, had encountered a dangerous rival in the Duke of Buckingham. Perceiving, however, the improbability of his superseding that great favourite, and unwilling to risk the chances of a hazardous competition, he wisely contented himself with occupying the second place in the royal affections. His politic conduct on this occasion is dwelt upon by Lord Clarendon. “He took all the ways he could to endear himself to the duke, and to his confidence, and wisely declined receiving any grace or favour but as his donation; above all, avoided the suspicion that the king had any kindness for him, upon any account but of the duke, whose creature he desired to be esteemed, though the Earl of Carlisle's friend: and he prospered so well in that pretence, that the king scarcely made more haste to advance the duke, than the duke did to promote the other.” It was suspected by his contemporaries, that Holland's attachment to the sumptuous Carlisle had originated in interested motives, and that he too frequently availed himself of the purse of his friend. In whatever manner their intimacy may have commenced, it certainly outlasted the period when such surmises were at all probable, and only ceased with their lives.

King James is said to have conferred on Holland, within a few years, nearly 150,000*l*. On his first coming to court he presented him with 3,000*l*. at a single gift. In addition to these favours, he exercised the royal prerogative, by uniting his handsome favourite to one of the richest heiresses in England. This lady was Isabella, daughter and heiress of Sir Walter Cope, and by his marriage with her the manor and seat of Kensington came into his possession. The family residence of the Copes, which, from this period, has borne the title of Holland House, had been built by the father of his bride in 1607. It was afterwards purchased by Henry Fox, who from this circumstance assumed the title of Baron Holland, on his elevation to the peerage in 1762.

The advantages of wealth and beauty rendered Holland in an eminent degree the idol of the fair sex. He was perhaps the handsomest man of his time, and even some fulsome verses, addressed to him by Mercer, appear scarcely to exaggerate his personal advantages:

Thy beauty too exceeds the sex of men;
Thy courtly presence, and thy princely grace,
Add to the splendour of thy royal race.

In early life his manners were gay and joyous, and his conversation extremely fascinating; while a love of magnificence formed a prominent fea-

ture in his character. 'The world was naturally captivated by so brilliant a combination of shining qualities, and from the queen to the maid of honour there were too many who confessed his influence over their hearts. Arthur Wilson speaks of his "features and pleasant aspect as equalling the most beautiful women;" to which he adds, that he had excellent natural parts, but was "youthfully expensive." Lord Clarendon mentions his "lovely and winning presence," and does credit to his courage; though, according to Sir Philip Warwick, he was far more fitted for the show than for the field.

In 1639, Holland was employed as lord general of the horse under the Earl of Arundel in the expedition against the Scots. From his conduct on this occasion, either his loyalty or his valour may be reasonably called in question. Subsequently, in 1641, having been denied a trifling boon by his sovereign, which it was extremely inexpedient to grant, he turned rebel, betrayed the secrets of his benefactor, and joined, as cordially as was in his nature, with the opposite party. Probably he had other reasons for this scandalous defection. 'The tide of royalty was beginning to ebb, and the sun, in which he had long basked, was necessarily withdrawing his beams. "Whilst the weather was fair," says Lord Clarendon, "he continued to flourish, but the storm no sooner arose than he changed as quickly, and declined from that character of honour of which he was formerly supposed to be master."

If the queen's attachment to Holland had ever amounted to tenderness, it was shortly converted into anger and contempt. In 1642, at her express desire, he was dismissed from his post of first gentleman of the bedchamber; Henrietta affirming that she would never live in the court as long as he continued to keep his place. From this period his conduct was so vacillating, that he was trusted by no party and despised by all.

In 1643, the king's affairs presenting a more favourable aspect, Holland seceded from his new friends, and renewed his professions of duty and allegiance to his sovereign. He presented himself to Charles at the siege of Gloucester, and, notwithstanding the coldness of his reception, persisted in following him to the battle of Newbury, where he behaved himself with much credit. The queen, after these circumstances, not only restored him to her favour, but showed a strong inclination to trust him as before.

After the battle of Newbury, the earl again hastened to the king, who was then at Oxford. He had imagined that the services he had so recently performed for his sovereign, the renewed confidence of the queen, his return to his allegiance, and the fact that he had induced many influential persons to follow his example, would have been sufficient to obliterate all recollection of his former misconduct. He had flattered himself that the king would have opened his arms to receive him; that all unkindness would have been forgotten; and that he should have been honourably restored to the royal confidence and his former places and honours. So confident indeed was he that he had fairly earned not only his pardon, but the gratitude of his sovereign, that he attempted not the least excuse for his apostacy, nor condescended to make the slightest apology for his past conduct.

Charles might have pardoned a rebel, but his notions of friendship were too sacred ever to have restored Holland to familiarity and esteem. He received him indeed with all proper civility,

and even admitted him to his private parties; but his intercourse was reserved, and his manner undisguisedly cold and dignified. 'The queen had exerted herself in Holland's favour, and had he made a proper concession and admitted his fault, he might have been restored to his former posts, and ostensibly have been reinstated in the royal favour. But he foolishly fancied himself aggrieved, and adopted so high a ground that Charles complained of it to his friends. 'The spirit of the king's complaints is given by Lord Clarendon. "His majesty," he says, "observed, that the earl behaved himself with the same confidence and assurance as he had done when he was most in his favour; and that he retained still the old artifice at court, to be seen to whisper in the king's and queen's ear, by which people thought there was some secret, when the matter of those whispers was nothing but what might be said in the open court; and that the Earl of Holland had several times seemed to say somewhat in private to him, upon which he had withdrawn from the company, to the end or corner of the room, and, at first, expected and apprehended that he would say somewhat in his own excuse: but that he had never then said one word, but what he might have spoke in the circle; with which, the king said, he was the better pleased, and that he believed he had not been more particular in his discourse with the queen, save that he used to entertain her with the wisdom and power of the parliament, and what great things they would be able to do, and how much they were respected in foreign parts; which, his majesty said, was a strange discourse for a man to make, who had so lately left them because he thought the king's condition the better of the two." Lord Clarendon himself sought out the earl, and endeavoured to persuade him to confess his fault and sue for the king's pardon. Holland indignantly refused to make the first advances; insisting that his faults were extremely venial; that he had committed no crime which could call for the formality of a humble submission; but adding, that should the king in the first instance confer on him any public mark of his favour, his own inclination would then induce him to make the apology required. Charles, though anxious to secure his services, would of course reject such an arrangement; and Holland, whether imagining the king's affairs to be in a worse posture than before, or disliking the cold looks which he every where encountered in the court at Oxford, again deserted to the parliament.

He seems to have met with some difficulty in effecting his escape. Having, however, in the first instance retired to a small village in the neighbourhood of Oxford, he contrived to take advantage of a dark night, and sought refuge in the quarters of the enemy. His reception was different from what he had anticipated. The Parliament committed him to prison and sequestered his estate. After a short confinement, his liberty and property were restored to him, and he was allowed to retire to his own house. He published a defence of his conduct, which was chiefly conspicuous for its want of truth, and was only productive of contempt. By both parties Holland was regarded as one whose services could do them no good, and whose enmity no harm.

His rising in favour of the king, in 1648, appears to have been a last effort to wipe away the infamy which attached to him, and to retrieve his character and fortunes. Doubtless in his heart he had ever preferred royalty to republicanism,

and if praise can decently be conferred on so weak and vacillating a person, his last effort for his sovereign, entailing a bloody campaign in an almost hopeless cause, may claim some slight commiseration for the apostate. 'The defeat at Nonsuch; the hurried pursuit into Kingston on Thames; the romantic death of the beautiful Francis Villiers, and the flight of the young Duke of Buckingham and of Holland himself, are tolerably well known. Holland fled into Huntingdonshire, and was seized at an inn, near St. Neots, by the parliamentary horse. He delivered himself to the officer of the troop without a struggle, and was carried as a prisoner to Warwick Castle.

The last scenes of his life did little credit to his character. Bishop Warburton says, "that he lived like a knave and died like a fool." But Holland was in extremely bad health, and under such circumstances, a public trial and execution are little calculated to throw romance or dignity over human suffering. At his trial he said but little in his defence; his manner being rather as if he would have received life as a favour, than as claiming it from the goodness of his cause.—Heath tells us that he was so extremely weak, that when he made his defence, a spoonful of cordial was handed to him at the end of every sentence.

Having been found guilty of treason by the court, of which, it may be remarked, the president was the famous Bradshaw, whom Walker styles "the horseleech of hell," the question of reprieve or execution was put to the vote of the Commons; when "this unfortunate fine gentleman" (as he is styled by Echard) was condemned to death, though by a majority only of three or four votes.* Much interest was used to save his life. His brother, the Earl of Warwick, exerted his powerful influence, and the Presbyterian members were favourable to him to a man. He owed his death, it is said, to the animosity of Cromwell, of whom he had formerly spoken contemptuously, but who must otherwise have despised and detested him for his mean and vacillating conduct.

After his condemnation, Holland was sent to St. James's Palace, where he remained till his execution. Previously to his case being submitted to the Commons, his friends had frequently sent assurances to him that they had obtained a sufficient number of votes to insure his life. But ill-health had generated superstition, and he invariably expressed his belief that a few days would terminate his career. On the other hand, Goring, the reprobate Earl of Norwich, who had no friends in the parliament, and whose case appeared entirely hopeless, had expressed a similar conviction that he should escape. They were both right in their superstitious conjectures. The one was condemned by an extremely small majority, the other saved by the single vote of the speaker.

It was decided that the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Holland, and the gallant Lord Capel,

* At the same time with the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Holland, and Lord Capel, Sir John Owen, a gallant and loyal Welshman, was also condemned to the block. When the latter heard his sentence, he made a bow to the court, and returned them his most grateful thanks: "It was a very great honour," he said, "to a poor gentleman of Wales, to lose his head in such noble company,"—and making use of a great oath,—"he was afraid," he added, "they would have hanged him." Owen, however, at the intercession of Ireton, was afterwards pardoned.—*Echard*, vol. ii. p. 655.

should be executed on the same day, and on the same stage. Horace Walpole writes: "It was a remarkable scene exhibited on the scaffold on which Lord Capel fell. At the same time was executed the once gay, beautiful, gallant Earl of Holland, whom neither the honours showered on him by his prince, nor his former more tender connections with the queen could preserve from betraying, and engaging against both. He now appeared sunk beneath the indignities and cruelty he received from men, to whom and from whom he had deserted,—while the brave Capel, who, having shunned the splendour of Charles's fortunes, had stood forth to guard them on their decline, trod the fatal stage with all the dignity of valour and conscious integrity." That memorable scaffold was erected in front of Westminster Hall. On the 9th of March, 1649, not six weeks after the murder of the king, the three prisoners were conducted from St. James's to the residence of Sir Robert Cotton, at the upper end of the hall,—a house of some note, from so many great and unfortunate men having at different times partaken of its melancholy hospitality, in their last step to the grave.

The Duke of Hamilton was the first who was brought forth to execution. The judges were sitting when he passed into the hall, and from their places beheld the fatal scene. Hamilton, who to the last had entertained hopes of a reprieve, lingered for some time in the hall; but the Earl of Denbigh coming up to him, and whispering in his ear that there was no hope, he forthwith mounted the scaffold, and, after an address to the people submitted himself to the executioner with decent courage.

Holland came next. He was so exhausted by his long illness that it was with extreme difficulty he could harangue the crowd. Walker, in his "History of Independency," supplies some interesting particulars relating to his last moments:—"After some divine conference with Mr. Bolton for near a quarter of an hour, and having spoken to a soldier that took him prisoner, and others, he embraced Lieutenant-Colonel Beecher, and took his leave of him. After which he came to Mr. Bolton, and having embraced him, and returned him many thanks for his great pains and affection to his soul, he prepared himself to the block; whereupon, turning to the executioner, he said: 'Here, my friend, let my clothes and my body alone; there is ten pounds for thee; that is better than my clothes. I am now fit. And when you take up my head, do not take off my cap.' Then taking farewell of his servants, he kneeled down and prayed for a pretty space with much earnestness. Then going to the front of the scaffold, he said to the people—'God bless you all; God give all happiness to this kingdom, to this people, to this nation.' Then laying himself down, he seemed to pray with much affection for a short space; and then lifting up his head, seeing the executioner by him, he said, 'Stay while I give the sign;' and presently after, stretching out his hand, and saying, 'Now! now!' Just as the words were coming out of his mouth the executioner at one blow severed his head from his body." In his last moments he had expressed deep regret for the desertion of his master, and died penitent and a Christian. When his head was struck off, his bodily weakness was rendered sufficiently apparent by the little blood which flowed.

Lord Capel was the last summoned. He passed through Westminster Hall with a serene countenance, greeting his friends and acquaint-

ances as he went along. Having ascended the scaffold, he inquired whether the other lords had addressed the people bayheaded. Being assured that they had, he took off his hat, and delivered that fine and effective appeal which, more than any other circumstance, elevated the character of monarchy, and disgusted the people with their fanatical and republican leaders. "Like Samson," says Heath, "he did the Philistines more harm by his death than he had done by his life." His demeanour at the last afforded a beautiful picture of dignified virtue and Christian courage. Even Cromwell, though he refused to save his life, did honour to the talents which he feared, and the probity, which it would have been well if he had imitated.

On the other hand, the meanness and tergiversation of the unfortunate Holland, as it had entailed only contempt in his lifetime, so it excluded all commiseration for his fate. It was no argument, that he had laid down his life for his sovereign, for had he lived longer, who could tell but that he might again have proved a traitor. With the exception of his numerous family, there was perhaps not a single person who felt regret for his loss. It is said, that he had ever anticipated poverty as the most intolerable of human evils; and when the hour of trial came, when it was found imperative to forfeit either his honour on the one hand, or his ease on the other, he unfortunately made choice of the former. The end was answerable to the means. Misconduct was followed by misfortune, and his last hours were embittered by that deepest curse of wickedness, the memory of a crime committed in vain.

LUCIUS CARY,

VISCOUNT FALKLAND.

Lord Clarendon has drawn the character of this nobleman, as it developed itself to him during a friendship of more than twenty years. Nothing can be more exquisite than the portraiture, or apparently more admirable than the person, whom he introduces. The historian dwells fondly on the virtues of his friend, till admiration warms into enthusiasm, and we distrust the truth of the colouring almost from its very beauty. Wit, learning, eloquence, and generosity; the highest sense of honour, and a feminine tenderness of heart; transcendent parts, and the most admirable virtue, added to the sweetest Christian humility:—such is the assemblage of excellences with which Lord Clarendon has invested his friend. "There never," says Horace Walpole, "was a stronger instance of what the magic of words, and the art of an historian, can effect, than in the character of this lord; who seems to have been a virtuous well-meaning man, with a moderate understanding, who got knocked on the head early in the civil war because it boded ill; and yet, by the happy solemnity of my Lord Clarendon's diction, Lord Falkland is the favourite personage of that noble work." Between the sneer of Walpole, and the somewhat exaggerated encomiums of Clarendon, it is not difficult to form a proper estimate of his character.

The conduct indeed of Lord Falkland both in public and private life, appears almost faultless. He was possessed of deep scholastic knowledge; his memory was extraordinary, and his eloquence, if not first-rate, was considerable. He was superior to the passions and artifices of vulgar minds;

was favourable to religious toleration; was most exemplary in his private conduct, and loved truth and justice for their own sake. On the other hand, his genius has undoubtedly been greatly exaggerated; and there was a weakness of mind, arising, it may be, from too scrupulous notions of probity, which, though they detract not from the amiability of his character, divest it to a certain degree of its power.

Lucius Cary, eldest son of Henry, Lord Falkland, is supposed to have been born at Burford, in Oxfordshire, about the year 1610. His father being lord deputy of Ireland, his boyhood was passed in that country, and he was for some time a student of Trinity College, Dublin. He was afterwards removed to St. John's College, Cambridge.

In early life, the future statesman and moralist appears only remarkable for wildness and frolic. Aubrey says: "My lord in his youth was very wild, and also mischievous, as being apt to state and do bloody mischiefs; but it was not long before he took up to be serious, and then grew to be an extraordinary hard student." For one of his indiscretions he was confined in the Fleet. There is extant a moving petition, addressed by his father to the king, in which he prays for the release and pardon of his offending son. Shortly after this period, accompanied by a suitable tutor, he departed on his travels; and from this time we hear nothing more of the profligacy or extravagance of Lord Falkland.

He was not of age when his grandmother, heiress of Lord Chief Baron Tanfield, bequeathed him a large property, independent of his parents, who were both alive. He had scarcely come into possession of the estate, when he unfortunately offended his father by an imprudent marriage; the circumstances, as related by Lord Clarendon in his "Life of Himself," are, however, far from discreditable to Lord Falkland's heart. "Before he was of age, he committed a fault against his father, by marrying a young lady whom he passionately loved, without any considerable portion, which exceedingly offended him, and disappointed all his reasonable hopes and expectation of redeeming and repairing his own broken fortune and desperate hopes in court by some advantageous marriage of his son, about which he had then some probable treaty. Sir Lucius Cary was very conscious to himself of his offence and transgression, and the consequence of it, which, though he could not repent, having married a lady of a most extraordinary wit and judgment, and of the most signal virtue and exemplary life that the age produced, and who brought him many hopeful children, in which he took great delight, yet he confessed it with the most dutiful and sincere applications to his father for his pardon that could be made; and, for the prejudice he had brought upon his fortune by bringing no portion to him, he offered to repair it by resigning his whole estate to his disposal, and to rely wholly upon his kindness for his own maintenance and support; and to that purpose he had caused conveyances to be drawn by counsel, which he brought, ready engrossed, to his father, and was willing to seal and execute them, that they might be valid. But his father's passion and indignation so far transported him, though he was a gentleman of excellent parts, that he refused any reconciliation, and rejected all the offers that were made him of the estate; so that his son remained still in possession of his estate against his will, for which he found great reason afterwards to rejoice. But he was for the present

so much afflicted with his father's displeasure, that he transported himself and his wife into Holland, resolving to buy some military command, and to spend the remainder of his life in that profession; but being disappointed in the treaty he expected, and finding no opportunity to accommodate himself with such a command, he returned again into England, resolving to retire to a country life, and to his books, that, since he was not likely to improve himself in arms, he might advance in letters."

Lord Falkland persevered in his resolution; and though extremely attached to the society of London, determined to absent himself from the capital for some years, and to devote himself entirely to study. The death of his father compelled him to visit the metropolis before the period of his self-exile had expired; however, as soon as practicable, he returned to his house in the country, and to the severe course of study which he had prescribed for himself. Before he was twenty-three, he had obtained a profound knowledge of the Greek and Latin tongues, and was deeply conversant with all theological controversies. His house at Burford, within twelve miles of Oxford, was resorted to by the principal persons of the university, and frequently by the most learned scholars of the metropolis. Lord Clarendon says, "They found their lodgings there as ready as in the colleges; nor did the lord of the house know of their coming or going, nor who were in his house, till he came to dinner or supper, where all still met; otherwise there was no troublesome ceremony or constraint to forbid men to come to the house, or to make them weary of staying there; so that many came there to study in a better air, finding all the books they could desire in his library, and all the persons together whose company they could wish, and not find in any other society." According to Wood, such was the opinion entertained by the university of Oxford of Lord Falkland's reasoning powers, that it was a common remark at the time, that if the Devil or the Grand Turk were to be converted, his lordship and Chillingworth would be able to effect it. Lord Falkland was at this time a gay and cheerful man, and his delightful conversation was not the least attraction to this happy academical retreat. He continued this laudable course of life for a few years, and when he again entered the world at twenty-six, was acknowledged to be one of the deepest scholars of his time.

It would be useless to dwell on the writings of Lord Falkland, which have, doubtless, their merit, but are now either forgotten, or remembered only by name. In early life he had been an ardent admirer of the muses, and of the lighter literature of the times: indeed he was himself a poet. Suckling pays him a beautiful compliment in his Session of the Poets. Apollo has summoned Falkland to his presence, but,

He was of late so gone with divinity,
That he had almost forgot his poetry;
Though to say the truth, and Apollo did know it,
He might have been both, his priest and his poet.

Swift tell us (it is doubtful on what authority) that Lord Falkland, in his writings, whenever he entertained any doubts as to the intelligibility of a sentence, "used to consult one of his lady's chambermaids (not the waiting women, because it was possible she might be conversant in romances), and by her judgment was guided, whether to receive or to reject it." Lord Falkland used to remark, that "he pitied unlearned gentlemen on a wet day."

Not a few of his contemporaries have paid a grateful tribute to his genius and social qualities. Cowley addressed a poem to him, on his return from the expedition against the Scots. It commences,

Great is thy charge, O North! be wise and just;
England commits her Falkland to thy trust;
Return him safe. Learning would rather choose
Her Bodley or her Vatican to lose.
All things that are but writ or printed there,
In his unbounded breast engraven are.
There all the sciences together meet,
And every art does all her kindred greet.

Waller, also, in a poem on the same subject, thus panegyrises him:

Brave Holland leads, and with him Falkland goes;
Who hears this told, and does not straight suppose
We send the graces and the muses forth,
To civilise and to instruct the North?

Lord Falkland's reverence for parliaments, and a representative form of government; a preconceived distaste to the manners and practices of a court; and an especial admiration of the character of Hambden, had early induced him to connect himself with the popular party. Even when he had come fully to comprehend the dangerous lengths to which the patriots were proceeding, and had entirely seceded from his former friends, it was with extreme difficulty that he could be induced to declare himself an adherent of the court. So jealous was he, lest his conduct should be attributed to interested motives, that, although Charles openly courted his friendship, and invited him to several personal interviews, his manners to his sovereign, to say the least, were far from conciliatory, while, to the hangers-on at court, they were morose and almost insulting. When disinclination at length yielded to duty, and he accepted the appointment of secretary of state, he carried his high sense of probity to a laudable though unfortunate weakness. At a period when the meanest advantages were seized upon by the republicans, his chivalrous notions of honour prevented him either from employing spies, or opening a suspected letter. A statesman may be a man of sense, without being a Machiavelli. Lord Falkland was too pure for his generation, and became the dupe of knaves and hypocrites.

His personal advantages were not considerable. Lord Clarendon says in his autobiography, "His person and presence were in no degree attractive or promising. His stature was low, and smaller than most men; his motion not graceful, and his aspect so far from inviting, that it had somewhat in it of simplicity; and his voice, the worst of the three, so untuned, that instead of reconciling, it offended the ear, so that nobody would have expected music from that tongue; and sure no man was less beholden to nature for its recommendation into the world." Such a description adds little to our romantic notions of Lord Falkland. Anthony Wood tells us "that he had no great strength; that his hair was black and somewhat flaggy, and his eye black and lively."

Lord Falkland's marriage, imprudent as it was considered by the votaries of the world, was productive, as far as can be ascertained, of no unhappiness to himself. Wood informs us that "her Christian name was Lettice, and that she was daughter of Sir Richard Morison, Knight, of Tookey Park, Leicestershire." Lord Clarendon styles her "a lady of most extraordinary wit and judgment, and of the most signal virtue and exemplary life." Aubrey, however affords us a

more amusing insight into Lord Falkland's domestic history. "I will tell you," he says, "a pretty story from Will Hawes, of Trinity College, who told me that my lady was, after the manner of women, much governed by, and indulgent to, the nursery. When she had a mind to beg anything of my lord, for one of her maids, women, nurses, &c. she would not do it of herself, if she could help it, but put this gentleman, Lord Falkland's former tutor, upon it, to move my lord. My lord had but a small estate to his title, and the old gentleman would say, 'Madam, this is so unreasonable a motion to propose to my lord, that I am certain he will never grant it; c. g. one time to let a bargain, a farm, twenty pounds per annum under value. At length, when she could not prevail on him, she would say, 'I warrant you, for all this, I will obtain it of my lord; it will cost me but the expense of a few tears.' Now she would make her words good, and this great wit, the greatest master of reason and judgment of his time, at the long run being stormed by her tears (I presume there were kisses and secret embraces that were also ingredients,) would this pious lady obtain her unreasonable desires of her poor lord."

Wood speaks of Lady Falkland as "a disconsolate widow, and the most devout, pious, and virtuous lady of the time she lived in." Granger also remarks, "When that great and amiable man was no more, she fixed her eyes on heaven, and, though sunk in the deepest affliction, she soon found that relief from acts of piety and devotion, which nothing else could have administered." It appears, that the greatest portion of her time was spent in religious worship, in family prayer, "singing psalms," and catechising her children and her servants. She visited her poor neighbours, and read aloud from religious books while they employed themselves in spinning. Lord Falkland bequeathed her the whole of his property, and committed his three sons to her care.

Of these sons, Lucius, Lord Falkland, a young man of great parts, died at an early age at Paris. Henry, who succeeded to the title, appears to have been principally remarkable for the mildness of his disposition, and an early taste for dissipation. He is even said to have parted with his father's splendid library for a "horse and a mare." He afterwards reformed, and, like his father, by his great diligence, made up for time mispent, and talents misapplied. He was elected member for Oxfordshire, and was afterwards lord lieutenant for that county. When he first took his seat in the house of commons, an old senator objected to his youthful appearance, and questioned whether he had yet sown his "wild oats"—"Then," said the young lord, "I am come to the proper place, where there are so many geese to pick them up." The youngest son, who also became Lord Falkland, was a lord of the admiralty, and died in 1693.

To return to the subject of the present memoir. The breaking out of the civil war, and the miseries which threatened his country, embittered more and more the happiness of his life. In moments of mental anguish he was frequently heard to exclaim, *peace, peace*; and he himself remarked, "that the calamities of the kingdom robbed him of his sleep, and would shortly break his heart." Depressed as his spirits usually were, on the morning of a battle he appeared invariably cheerful, and his spirits rose with the increasing excitement. According to his own statement, inclination led him to be a soldier, and

the camp had especial charms for the philosopher. Though merely a volunteer, he ever took his share in the hour of danger, and attached himself to the most daring and reckless commander, who was likely to lead his followers into the thickest of the fight. At Edgehill he incurred considerable risk, by interposing in favour of the flying and defenceless wretches, who had thrown down their arms. "Some thought," says Lord Clarendon, "that he had come into the field out of curiosity to see the face of danger, and out of charity to prevent the shedding of blood."

There can be no doubt but that Lord Falkland voluntarily threw away his life at the battle of Newbury. He flung himself into the middle of the fight, and opened his breast to the weapons of his foes. Whitelock tells us, that on the morning of the battle, he asked for a clean shirt, and being asked the reason of it,* "If I am slain," he said, "they shall not find my body in foul linen." When his friends would have dissuaded him risking his life, on the ground that he filled no ostensible post, and could not be considered as a military officer: "I am weary," he said of the times, and foresee the misery of my country: I believe I shall be out of it before night." At another time, when remonstrated with by a friend, he replied, "that he made himself so conspicuous from his desire of peace, that it was necessary to show how little he dreaded the worst hazards of war." It has been generally supposed that grief for the impending miseries of his country was Lord Falkland's inducement in sacrificing his life. Aubrey, however, who is in some degree borne out by other authority, attributes his rashness to his private sorrows. "At Newbury," he says, "my Lord Falkland being there, and having nothing to do but to charge, as the two armies were engaging, rode in, like a madman as he was, between them, and was, as he needs must be, shot. Some would attribute it to the unfortunate advice which he had given Charles, but I have been well informed by those that best knew him and knew intrigues behind the curtain, that it was the grief of the death of Mrs. Moray, a handsome lady at court, who was his mistress, and whom he loved above all creatures, was the true cause of his being so madly guilty of his own death. The next day, when they went to bury the dead, they could not find his lordship's body: it was stripped, and trod upon, and mangled. So there was one that waited on him in his chamber, would undertake to know it from all other bodies, by a certain mole his lordship had in his neck, and by that mark did find it."

There is a passage in Clarendon's *Life of himself*, which evidently bears on the scandal of Aubrey. "Those who did not know him very well," (writes the noble historian,) "imputed, very unjustly, much of his sadness to a violent passion he had for a noble lady; and it was the more spoken of, because she died the same day, and, as some computed it, in the same hour that he was killed. But they who know either the lord or the lady, knew well that neither of them was capable of an ill imagination. She was of the most unspotted virtue; never married; of an extraordinary talent of mind, but of no alluring beauty, nor of a constitution of tolerable health,

being in a deep consumption, and not like to have lived so long by many months." There will be found a material difference between the accounts of Aubrey and Clarendon. The lady alluded to by the former was not possessed of rank, and it is to the *fact* of her death that Falkland's grief is attributed. Lord Clarendon's heroine is evidently of noble birth, and, for any thing that Falkland knew to the contrary, was alive to the hour of death.

On the morning of the battle of Newbury, Lord Falkland, as was usual on such occasions, appeared remarkably cheerful. He had insisted on placing himself in front of Sir John Byron's regiment, which it was supposed would be engaged in the hottest of the action. If his prayer was for death, it was not breathed in vain. In charging a body of infantry, he was shot from behind a hedge, in the lower part of the stomach, and instantly fell dead from his horse: his body, as related by Aubrey, was not discovered till the following day.

Lord Clarendon mourns affectionately over his unfortunate friend:—"In that unhappy battle," he says, "was slain the Lord Viscount Falkland, a person of such prodigious parts, of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed civil war than that single loss, it would be most infamous and execrable to all posterity." The praise of Whitelock is almost equally fervent, while his political hostility renders it more valuable.

Lord Falkland was killed on the 20th of September, 1643, having only completed his thirty-third year. He was buried in the church of Great Tew, in Oxfordshire.

LUCY,

COUNTESS OF CARLISLE.

This "Erynnys of her time," as she is styled by Bishop Warburton, was undoubtedly the most enchanting woman at the court of Charles. Next to the far-famed Sacharissa, she was the goddess of Waller's idolatry; the mistress of the high-minded Strafford, and of the demagogue Pym; celebrated by Voiture, Suckling, and half the poets of the day, it would nevertheless have been better for her had she courted respect more, and admiration less. Such, however, were her wit and loveliness, and such was the fascination of her address, that her very foibles rendered her more charming. Though she never understood her own mind, she imagined that she had a deep insight into that of others. Dissatisfied with the influence which a combination of wit, youth, and beauty, are able to confer, and with an unhappy distaste to the duties and pleasures of domestic life, it was her object to become the queen of a political party; and though disqualified both by her sex and her incapacity from attaining that object, yet her accomplishments and talents for intrigue rendered her an acquisition to her own friends, and frequently caused embarrassments to the court. However, had she quite deserved the strong epithet of Warburton, it is probable that her admirers would have been fewer, and their praises less warm.

The Lady Lucy Percy was the youngest daughter of Henry, eighth Earl of Northumber-

land. On the 6th of November, 1617, she was married, without her father's consent, to James Hay, the fantastic spendthrift, afterwards created Earl of Carlisle. We know little of the terms on which they lived together; but it appears certain that her intimacy with Strafford commenced during the lifetime of her husband. The name of Lady Carlisle is frequently mentioned with interest in the Strafford Letters. On the 9th of January, 1633, Mr. Garrard writes to the earl in Ireland: "My Lady Carlisle hath not been well of late, looks well, but hath utterly lost her stomach, insomuch that she is forced to leave the court for a while, and be at Mr. Thomas Cary's house in the Strand, for the taking of physic and recovery of her health; which house her lord hath taken at £150 a year rent, ever since Mr. Carey was designed ambassador for Venice." The fact of her intrigue with Strafford has been questioned, but their intimacy is sufficiently established by more than one letter among the Sidney Papers.

In 1636 her husband left her a young and beautiful widow. It was on this occasion that Waller composed his fine verses, "To the Countess of Carlisle in mourning;" when he addresses her so happily, as—

A Venus rising from a sea of jet.

Perhaps she did not mourn deeply for her eccentric lord, for the poet proceeds in his consolation in rather a singular strain:

We find not that the laughter-loving dame
Mourned for Anchises; 'twas enough she came
To grace the mortal with her deathless bed,
And that his living eyes such beauty fed;
Had she been there, untimely joy through all
Men's hearts diffused, had marred the funeral.

Sir William Davenant, also, addressed a copy of verses to her on the same melancholy occasion. They commence with some elegance:

This cypress folded here, instead of lawn!
These tapers winking, and these curtains drawn!
What may they mean?

Voiture, who was probably acquainted with her when he was in England, has also celebrated her charms.

There is a character of Lady Carlisle, drawn by Sir Toby Matthews, which, notwithstanding its bombastic solemnity, obtained considerable note at the time. It is scarcely of sufficient importance to be transcribed at length, but an extract may not be unacceptable. Though intended for a panegyric, it leaves an impression as little favourable to the lady's character as to the author's sense. Sir Toby proceeds: "She will freely discourse of love, and hear both the fancies and powers of it; but if you will needs bring it within knowledge, and boldly direct it to herself, she is likely to divert the discourse; or at least seem not to understand it. By which you may know her humour and her justice; for since she cannot love in earnest, she would have nothing from love; so contenteth herself to play with love as with a child. She hath too great a heart to have naturally any strong inclination to others. Though she be observed not to be very careful in the public exercises of our religion; yet I agree not with their opinion who hold her likely to abandon and change it. She is in disposition inclined to be choleric, which she suppresses, not perhaps in consideration of the persons who occasion it, but upon a belief that it is unhandsome towards herself; which yet, being

* It is amusing to find so daily an act of cleanliness requiring an explanation. If the days of chivalry are over, the days of comfort are at least improved.

thus covered, doth so kindle and fire her wit, as that in very few words, it says somewhat so extracted, as that it hath a sharpness, and strength, and taste, to disrelish, if not to kill, the proudest hopes which you can have of her value of you. She more willingly allows of the conversation of men than of women; yet when she is amongst those of her own sex, her discourse is of fashions and dresses, which she hath ever so perfect upon herself, as she likewise teaches them by seeing her." Sir 'Toby attributes to her another, and more rare accomplishment of her sex. He tells us that she said what she had to say in the fewest words.

It is to this "Character," that Suckling alludes in his Session of the Poets. In introducing Sir 'Toby to Apollo's notice as one of the candidates for the laurel, he proceeds with much pleasantness:

Toby Matthews (plague on him!) how came he there?
Was whispering nothing in somebody's ear;
When he had the honour to be named in court;
But, sir, you may thank my Lady Carlisle for't;
For had not her character furnished you out
With something of handsome, beyond all doubt
You and your sorry lady-muse had been
In the number of those that were not let in.

Another poem of Suckling's, entitled "On the Lady Carlisle's walking in Hampton Court Gardens," consists of an amusing dialogue between Suckling and his friend Thomas Carew. The latter appears to have been deeply smitten, and apostrophises the lady's charms in the following exquisite verse.

Didst thou not find the place inspired?
And flowers, as if they had desired
No other sun, start from their beds,
And for a sight steal out their heads?
Heardst thou not music when she talked?
And didst not find that as she walked
She threw rare perfumes all about,
Such as bean-blossoms newly out,
Or chafed spices give?—

Suckling naturally amuses himself with the romance of his friend, on which the latter breaks out passionately,—

'Twas well for thee she left the place,
There is great danger in that face.

But Carew's praises grow far too glowing and enthusiastic for further insertion.

A poem of Waller's on Lady Carlisle's bed-chamber, commences with the following happy couplet:

They taste of death that do at heaven arrive,
But we this paradise approach alive.

How strange are the anomalies of the human mind! This frivolous lady, worldly, beautiful, and unprincipled, deserted the gay and refined society in which she had basked from her childhood, to become the companion of gloomy enthusiasts and sanctimonious hypocrites. Her panegyrist tells us that ambition often led her into extremes, and that notoriety was as dear to her as life. Probably the court had grown unusually dull; her charms might have become less attractive, or the death of Lord Strafford might have weakened her influence. Weariness, disgust, vanity, such are too often the real motives of human actions.

Lady Carlisle had been under many obligations to Queen Henrietta Maria, and had been trusted by her in her most private affairs. More-

over her intimacy with Strafford, and her acquaintance with the leading politicians of the time, had initiated her in many of the secrets of the council-table, and with the projects and sentiments of the court; the defection of the fair renegade was therefore hailed with delight by the republicans. She discovered to them what ever she had been intrusted with, and zealously plotted and intrigued against her former friends; indeed, if we are to credit Sir Philip Warwick, she, who had won the affection, and listened to the eloquence of the lofty Strafford, became the mistress of his most deadly enemy, Pym. Probably the puritan was really dazzled with her charms. However, it is certain that she attended the worship of the enthusiasts; affected to listen to their sermons, and even took notes of their discourse.

At the Restoration, the politics of this volatile lady appear to have undergone another change, and to have hurried her into fresh intrigues. In a letter from Ignatius White to Sir G. Lane, dated 12th May, 1660, it is stated,—“The Queen of England's party is much dejected, their designs and projects being totally defeated. They have daily consultations at the Lady Carlisle's and some of them have expressed that they wished things had not succeeded in this manner, if the Marquess of Ormond and Sir E. Hyde must govern.” This passage evidently refers to the disinclination of the parliament to consent to the return of Henrietta into England. However, Lady Carlisle survived the date of this letter but a very few months; dying on the 5th of November, 1660, about the sixtieth year of her age.

Her death took place suddenly at Little Cashio-bury House. She had dined heartily about two hours before, and having ordered her chair for the purpose of visiting the queen-mother, was employed in cutting some riband, when she suddenly fell lifeless without uttering a word. The Earl of Leicester says in his dairy,—“It may be observed that she died upon the 5th of November, the day of the powder treason, for which her father was suspected and imprisoned.” The coincidence loses its ill-natured point, since Lord Leicester must have well known, that the stout old earl was as innocent of that detestable treason as himself.

The countess was buried near her father at Petworth.

SIR KENELM DIGBY.

Graceful, eloquent, and chivalrous even for the age in which he lived, with a genius as diversified as that of the admirable Crichton, and with the wonderful promise of a Picus de Mirandola, to whom he has been happily compared; with a vast capacity and amazing knowledge: how singular that littleness, vanity, and wrong-headedness, should have been the drawbacks of so many accomplishments. Changeable in religion, fantastic in his ideas of virtue, and false in his notions of honour, the hero turns braggart, the philosopher disregards truth, the orator wastes his eloquence in the drawing-room, the royalist becomes a suppliant to republicans, and the metaphysician condescends to write a cookery-book!

Sir Kenelm was born on the 11th of June, 1603. His father was Sir Everard Digby, the handsomest man of his time, and the misled but conscientious fanatic, who suffered at the age of

twenty-four, for his share in the gunpowder conspiracy. His mother was Mary, daughter and sole heiress of William Mulsho, Esq., of Gotherst, in Buckinghamshire. By the attainder of Sir Everard, a portion of their large property was lost to the Digbys, and his son complains bitterly that a “soul stain on his blood” was the whole of his inheritance. At another time he speaks of the “scanty relics of a shipwrecked estate.” Lord Clarendon, however, informs us, that he inherited a “fair and plentiful estate;” and we are told that so much of Sir Everard's property as was entailed, and consequently escaped confiscation by the crown, amounted annually to the then considerable income of 3000*l*.

Sir Kenelm was entered at Gloucester Hall, Oxford, in his fifteenth year. His tutor was Mr. Thomas Allen, a scholar of great eminence, whom he ever treated with regard and respect. In 1621, accompanied by Mr. Aston Cockaine, a person of graceful character and literary attainments, he proceeded on his travels into France, Italy, and Germany. In 1623, we find him at Madrid; being the period when Prince Charles and Buckingham were on their visit to that capital. In October following, he was knighted by King James at Hinchinbroke, when only in his twenty-first year, the monarch paying him, in the presence of Prince Charles and the court, a very handsome compliment on his scholastic acquirements. He held, at different times, the appointments of Gentleman of the Bedchamber, Commissioner of the Navy, and Governor of the Trinity House.

Sir Kenelm was exactly formed for a courtier, and was consequently consulted in all the gay plans and elegant diversions of the court of Charles. The king admired him for his genius, the queen for his grace and figure, and the courtiers for his good-nature, his vivacity, and the delightful powers of his conversation.

There is a peculiar and universal charm in the name of Venetia Stanley. Her singular story, her connection with the eccentric philosopher, her accomplishments, and the portraits which still bloom with her unexampled loveliness, will ever excite an interest in whatever is connected with her name. It is a strange and undefinable feeling which attracts us to the erring beauties of former times. Jane Shore, the Fair Rosamond, and Nell Gwynne; La Belle Gabrielle, La Valière, and a hundred others; how singular, that those who were shunned and contemned in their lifetime, over whose sorrows and frailties the pride triumphed and the virtuous wept, should excite so deep an interest by the sight of their portraits, or the tale of their lives—that the grave of tainted beauty should be brightened by the sunshine of romance and sympathy, while its maligners are unnoticed or forgotten! There have been attempts to rescue the fair fame of Venetia Stanley from the attacks of Aubrey and the scandal-mongers. It is to be feared, however, after a candid examination of all the facts, that none but a very gallant or a very simple-minded person would become the champion of such questionable virtue.

Sir Kenelm has written the memoirs of his own life under the title of *Loose Fantasies*, in which he introduces himself under the name of Theagenes, and Venetia Stanley as Stellanina. They were written after his marriage, and were never intended to see the light.*

* They have been published within the last few years by Sir Harris Nicolas from the original among

Venetia's beauty appears to have chiefly prompted him to the task, and perhaps he was desirous of flattering himself with the purity of his bride; his apologies for her conduct were doubtless received from her own mouth.

Venetia Stanley was daughter of Sir Edward Stanley, of Tongue Castle, in Shropshire, a Knight of the Bath, and grandson of Edward, third Earl of Derby. Her mother, who died when Venetia was but a few months old, was Lucy, daughter and co-heiress of Thomas Percy, seventh Earl of Northumberland. Sir Kenelm may well boast of the genealogy of his bride.

Sir Edward, Venetia's father, is said to have been so deeply affected at his wife's death, (whom, however, he had neglected in his lifetime,) that he secluded himself altogether from the world, and committed his infant to the care of a kinsman. Aubrey places the scene of her childhood at Euston Abbey, in Oxfordshire, where he asserts that she was under the sole charge of the tenant and his servants. It is difficult to authenticate such minute facts.

The residence of Lady Digby, Sir Kenelm's mother, was in the neighbourhood of Euston, and consequently the two children were frequently in each other's society. Their early, indeed almost infantine attachment, is reverted to in after-life with considerable pathos by the handsome philosopher. "The first time," he says, "that ever they had sight of one another they grew so fond of each other's company, that all who saw them said, assuredly that something above their tender capacity breathed this sweet affection into their hearts. They would mingle serious kisses among their innocent sports; and whereas other children of like age did delight in fond play and light toys, these two would spend the day in looking upon each other's face, and in accompanying these looks with gentle sighs, which seemed to portend that much sorrow was laid up for their understanding years; and if at any time they happened to use such recreations as were suitable to their age, they demeaned themselves therein so prettily and so affectionately, that one would have said love was grown a child again, and took delight to play with them. And when the time of parting came, they would take their leaves with such abundance of tears and sighs, as made it evident that so deep a sorrow could not be borne and nursed in children's breasts, without a nobler cause than the usual fondness in others."

According to Sir Kenelm, the fair Venetia was still exceedingly young when she accompanied her father to London on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I., with the Elector Palatine. "Her beauty and discretion," he says, "did soon draw the eyes and thoughts of all men to admiration." Aubrey's account of her visit is very different. "She was a most beautiful desirable creature," he says, "and being *matura viro*, was left by her father to live with a tenant and servants at Euston Abbey, in Oxfordshire; but as private as that place was, it seems her beauty could not lie hid. The young eagles had spied her, and she was sanguine and tractable, and of much suavity, which to abuse was great pity. I have now forgot who first brought her to town, but I have heard my uncle Danvers say, who was her contemporary, that she was so commonly courted

that it was written over her lodging one night in *litteris uncialibus*,

Pray come not near,

For Dame Venetia Stanley lodgeth here."

Shortly after this period, Sir Kenelm departed on his travels. His prowess and erudition, his extraordinary personal strength and his gigantic stature, rendered him the wonder and admiration of foreign courts. It was said of him, in allusion to his address and powers of persuasion, that had he dropped from the clouds in any part of the world, he would have made himself respected. The Jesuits admitted the truth of the flattery: they added, however, that he must first have remained in the place where he fell at least six weeks, in order to give time for his accomplishments to develope themselves. Aubrey says, alluding to his personal advantages—"He was a person of extraordinary strength. I remember one at Shirburne protested to us, that he, being a middling man, being set in a chair, Sir K. took him up, chair and all, with one arm: he was of an undaunted courage, yet not apt in the least to give offence." But we must follow the philosopher in his discourse of himself.

Sir Kenelm informs us, that during his stay at Paris, the Queen of France, Mary de Medicis, not only fell deeply in love with him at a masque, but her admiration, he says, increased to such violence, that in order to preserve his faith to Venetia, he was compelled to quit the French court; and that, further, to avoid the effects of her jealousy, he caused a report to be spread of his death. It is singular that, many years afterwards, Sir Kenelm was released from confinement in Winchester House, (to which he had been sentenced by the parliament,) at the express intercession of this princess.

From Paris, Sir Kenelm proceeded to Angers, and thence into Italy. At Florence, in which town he fixed his residence, he wrote a letter to Venetia, cautioning her to place no credence in the reports of his death, and renewing his protestations of unalterable love. Unfortunately his letters were intercepted by his mother, and Venetia continued impressed with the conviction that he was no more.

Her long silence had for some time plunged him into a deep melancholy; but the news of her approaching marriage was at length brought to him at Florence, "coupled," he says, "with such circumstances as went to the prejudice of her honour." Such were his misery and despair, that not all his philosophical precepts, nor his long course of study and reflection, proved of the least avail to mitigate the heart-rending blow. In the mean time, however, the match had been broken off. His rival, it seems, while on a visit to his country-seat, had been captivated by "a new rural beauty," and Venetia, being informed of his defection, disdainfully refused to admit him to an interview, and encountered all his overtures for a reconciliation with hatred and scorn.

At this period, Sir Kenelm, ignorant of what was passing in England, was proceeding on his way to Madrid, where his relation, the Earl of Bristol, was then playing so prominent a part in the Spanish match; and whither Charles and the Duke of Buckingham were also progressing. In his journey he encountered a Brahmin, who not only convinced him that Venetia's honour remained unspotted, but even conjured up her spirit to his view. His description of her supernatural appearance, "seated," he says, "in the attitude of grief, at the foot of a blasted tree,

her long hair hanging dishevelled over her white shoulders, and her head leaning on her hand," is given in the most poetical language; but of course, can only be considered as a beautiful picture.

After more than one singular adventure, in which it is extremely difficult to draw the exact line between truth and fiction, so highly are they coloured by the vanity of the narrator, Digby sailed from Spain in company with Prince Charles, and landed at Portsmouth on the 5th of October, 1623. As he entered London, he accidentally encountered Venetia. "After so long an absence," he says, "her beauty seemed brighter to him than when he left her: but she sat pensively in one side of the coach by herself, as Apelles might have taken her counterfeit to express Venus sorrowing for her beloved Adonis." He instantly sent his servant to make inquiries where she lived, and having respectfully solicited an interview, was admitted to her presence on the following day. Though fully convinced of her unworthiness, he describes their meeting as rapturous in the extreme. "It can be conceived," he says, "by no one, but such as have loved in a divine manner, and have had their affections suspended by misfortunes and mistakes." The interview concludes by Venetia, like a true woman, convincing her lover of her purity and faith.

Whoever has studied human nature, or been in any degree conversant with the dispositions of women, will discover internal evidence in Sir Kenelm's own relation, that he himself discredited the purity of his beautiful mistress. There is, indeed, throughout his narrative, an entire want of candour; a plausible and manifest apology for his weak marriage; and a desire to cloak folly under the garb of romance.

There must have been much temptation in that beautiful face. Aubrey says: "She had a most lovely sweet-turned face, delicate dark-brown hair. She had a perfect healthy constitution; strong; good skin; well-proportioned, inclining to *bona roba*. Her face, a short oval; dark-brown eyebrow, about which much sweetness, as also in the opening of her eyelids. The colour of her cheeks was just that of the damask rose, which is neither too hot nor too pale. She was of a just stature, not very tall." There are none of her contemporaries who do not speak of Venetia Stanley as the loveliest creature they had ever beheld.

Considering the opposition of his mother, his own doubts as to the purity of his mistress, and the arguments of his friends, it seems that Digby would never have made Venetia his wife, but for an act of feminine generosity which the real nobleness of his nature could well enable him to appreciate. Having been selected to accompany the Duke of Buckingham in his splendid mission to France, to conduct Henrietta Maria to England, his means scarcely enabled him to present a proper figure in so illustrious a pageant. It was his Venetia who averted the mortification. She lost no time in pawning both her plate and jewels, and at once made him master of all she possessed in the world. Digby's heart relented, and, forgetting, or scorning the stories against her honour, he made her the offer of his hand. But Sir Kenelm says he received from her an answer much contrary to what he expected; "the effect of which was a flat refusal, pronounced with much settledness and a constant gravity, which yet she could not deliver without many tears." "She had consented," she said,

the Harleian MSS. The introductory memoir will be considered by many readers as more entertaining than the autobiography itself.

"to marry another man, and had allowed him to possess himself of her picture." "Hereafter," she added, "the heat and edge of his passion might be somewhat abated, and he might give another interpretation to her past actions than now he did, and peradventure deem her not so worthy of his affection and respect." A hint to the most chivalrous person of his age, was of course sufficient. He challenged his former rival to single combat; but the latter proved "unworthy to be his enemy." He returned the picture into Sir Kenelm's hands; at the same time, proclaiming in writing, that he had been guilty of falsehood if he had ever slandered her honour.

Sir Kenelm's mother continuing strongly opposed to his union with Venetia, their marriage took place in private. Their first child was born in October, 1625. Lady Digby's confinement having been hastened by a fall from her horse, and her labour attended by considerable danger.

Lord Clarendon merely remarks on his friend Digby's union: "He married a lady of extraordinary beauty, and of *as extraordinary a fame.*"

The activity of Digby's character seems to have been little impaired by marriage, and, as he himself informs us, he longed to give proof of it to the world. At this period, in consequence of some disputes with the Venetians, and especially from the frequent piracies of the Algerines, the English trade in the Mediterranean had suffered to a ruinous extent. Accordingly, having succeeded in obtaining the king's commission, and having fitted out a squadron at his own cost, Sir Kenelm sailed from England on the 29th of December, 1627, in pursuit of fame for himself, and satisfaction for his countrymen. This was about three years after his marriage; and his parting with Venetia is affectingly described. It may be remarked, that previous to quitting England he announced his union to the world.

Shortly after sailing, a disease broke out in his ships, and made a great havoc amongst his men. His officers would have persuaded him to return, but he was obstinate in pursuing his course. Fortune at length favoured him. After capturing several armed vessels of the Algerines, and setting many English slaves at liberty, he suddenly fell in with a combined French and Venetian squadron in the Bay of Scanderon. Though his own force was greatly inferior in point of numbers, he determined on giving them battle; and, setting a gallant example to his followers by bringing his own vessel alongside the flagship of the enemy, the action was speedily decided in his favour. Lord Clarendon says: "He encountered their whole fleet, killed many of their men, and sunk one of their galliasses; which, in that drowsy and inactive time, was looked upon with a general estimation, though the crown disavowed it." Ben Jonson thus celebrates the engagement:

Witness thy action done at Scanderon,
Upon thy birth-day, the eleventh of June.

Owing to the difficulty in fixing the precise day of Digby's birth, this indifferent couplet has given rise to far more controversy than it would otherwise have deserved. The merit of such a conceit can only consist in the truth of the coincidence, and unfortunately there is a question in both instances as to the poet's chronological accuracy. Both Anthony Wood and Aubrey, the latter on the authority of Ashmole and Napier, insist that his birth took place on the 11th of July, and consequently, that Jonson altered

the month for the sake of the rhyme. It appears, moreover, by Digby's own letter, describing the action at Scanderon, that the battle was fought on the *sixteenth* of June. As the 16th would have served the metre as well as the 11th, probably Jonson in this instance was really misled. In the other case, the merits of his correctness are not so easily decided.

After all, it is singular that the 11th of June should have proved the day of Digby's decease. Ferrar's epitaph, while it echoes the conceit of Jonson, improves it by this important addition to the coincidence:

Born on the day he died, the eleventh of June,
And that day bravely fought at Scanderon;
It's rare that one and the same day should be
His day of birth, of death, and victory!

With the relation of his famous action, Sir Kenelm's autobiography concludes. But for the difficulty of arriving at plain facts, and the vanity and hectoring which occasionally sully its pages, it would be an extremely valuable, as it is certainly an entertaining work. Were we to place confidence in one half of what the author relates of his own feelings, the partition between eccentricity and madness would indeed be slender. But it is to be feared (though to have expressed such an opinion might have been dangerous in the life-time of the knight) that truth was not the golden mean in the code of Sir Kenelm's philosophy. Agreeable as his conversation is admitted to have been, his stories of what he had seen and heard, were received with considerable caution by his auditors, whom he appears to have astounded, almost as much as he delighted them.

Henry Stubbe, the physician, called him "the Pliny of his age for lying;" and Anthony Wood mentions an especial story of his, which, he adds, "put men to very great wonder:"—"viz. of a city in Barbary, under the king of Tripoli, that was turned into stone in a very few hours by a petrifying vapour that fell upon the place, that is, men, beasts, trees, houses, utensils, &c.; every thing remaining in the same posture, as children at their mother's breasts, &c." It is but fair to add, that, although the account was certainly transmitted by him to England, Sir Kenelm was not the originator of this absurd fiction. His authority was the librarian to the grand duke at Florence, who, it appears received it from the grand duke himself.

But a story, almost as strange, is related by the philosopher himself in his *Powder of Sympathy*. A beautiful female relation, he says, who was on the point of becoming a mother, had not only fallen into the detestable fashion of wearing patches on the face, but was conspicuous for the number which she wore, and the nicety of their arrangement. Sir Kenelm had a peculiar abhorrence of this new and unbecoming mode. "Have you," he said to the lady, "no apprehension that the child may be born with half-moons upon its face; or, rather, that all the black patches which you bear up and down in small portions, may assemble in one, and appear in the middle of his forehead?" His words had the effect of frightening the lady, and the patches were discarded. Sir Kenelm asserts, however, that such was the power of imagination, that the child, which proved to be a daughter, had the misfortune of being born with a mark, "as large as a crown of gold," in the centre of its forehead.

Lady Fanshawe, in her memoirs, mentions her having met Sir Kenelm at dinner, at the house of the governor of Calais, where several

French gentlemen were present. She informs us, that he took the lead in the conversation, and entertained them with a number of stories, far too marvellous to be true. "But," she adds, "the concluding one was that barnacles, a bird in Jersey, was first a shell-fish to appearance, and from that, sticking upon old wood, became in time a bird: after some consideration, they unanimously burst out in laughter, believing it altogether false; and, to say the truth, it was the only thing true that he had discoursed with them; that was his infirmity, though otherwise a person of most excellent parts, and a very fine-bred gentleman."

On another occasion, at the house of a chemist in France, a question having arisen among the company respecting the dissolvent of gold, we find this strange person relating another of his astonishing stories. "One of the royal houses in England," he said, "having stood covered with lead for five or six ages, and being sold after that time, was found to contain three fourths of silver in the lead;" he further said, "that a fixed salt, drawn out of a certain potter's earth at Arcueil, in France, being for some time exposed to the sunbeams, became saltpetre, then vitriol, then lead, tin, copper, silver, and, at the end of fourteen months, gold; which he affirmed to have experienced himself, as well as another able naturalist."

Although, as Lady Fanshawe observes, Sir Kenelm was a "very fine-bred gentleman," and although he was good-natured in the extreme, (two circumstances extremely opposed to the general idea of a bully,) still, his fantastic notions of honour, and a natural love of a fray, were constantly leading him into quarrels. There is a curious tract in the British Museum, entitled, "Sir Kenelm's Honour Maintained, by a most courageous combat which he fought with the Lord Mount le Ros," &c. It seems that Digby (then an exile in France, in consequence of some disgrace, the cause of which it is now fruitless to inquire into,) received an invitation from a French nobleman, Monsieur Mount le Ros, to dinner. In the course of the entertainment several healths were drunk, and, among others, the kings of France, Spain, and Portugal. At last their host proposed the health of the arrantest coward in the world. Sir Kenelm inquired who was meant. The host replied, that after the health was drunk he would acquaint him. Having drained their glasses,—"I mean," he said, "Sir Kenelm's master, the King of England."

Digby said nothing at the time, but invited his host to dine with him on the following day. During the evening, he desired his company to fill their glasses, and drink to the bravest king upon earth. He then named his own sovereign, at which the Frenchman laughed, and repeated his opinion of the previous day. Sir Kenelm told him, that though a disgraced man, he was still loyal, and challenged him to single combat with the sword. Accordingly, dinner being over, they proceeded to a retired spot, and having taken off their doublets, commenced the encounter. At the fourth bout, Sir Kenelm ran his rapier through the Frenchman's breast till it came out at his throat. Sir Kenelm instantly set off to the French court, and, introducing himself to the king, acquainted him with the particulars of the quarrel. His majesty praised him for what he had done; assuring him that the proudest noble in France should not with impunity revile his brother monarch. He even sent a

guard with Sir Kenelm to conduct him in safety through Flanders, whence he shortly afterwards set sail for England; his gallant conduct having probably obtained for him his pardon. The tract ends with the following doggerel verses:

Now I conclude, commanding fame to show
Brave Digby's worthy deed, that all may know
He loved his king; may all so loyal prove,
And like this Digby to their king show love.

But we must conclude the strange story of Venetia Stanley. After the period of her marriage, even her stern stigmatiser, Aubrey, admits that her conduct was irreproachable; and yet Sir Kenelm appears to have been continually jealous of her unrivaled loveliness. To his uxorious adoration we owe many of the beautiful portraits which remain of her: in the picture at Gothurst, in Buckinghamshire, once the seat of Sir Kenelm, she is painted in a Roman habit, a serpent in one hand, and a pair of white doves resting on the other. At Windsor she is painted in a different dress, but with the same emblems. The doves seem to denote her innocence, and the serpent her triumph over the venomous malignancy of her detractors.* Beneath her is a prostrate Cupid, and behind, a figure of Calumny bound to the earth. These devices were doubtless invented by her eccentric husband: notwithstanding his professed indifference to female virtue, many circumstances denote how gladly he would have been a believer in the chastity of his wife.

Sir Kenelm had several portraits painted of her by Vandyke. In one of these she is represented as treading on Malice and Envy, unhurt by a serpent which twines round her arm. At Althorpe there is another picture of her by that great artist, taken after she was dead.

At Gothurst there are two busts of her in brass; and Sir Kenelm had her feet, her hands, and her face taken in plaster. Ben Jonson says,—

Sitting and ready to be drawn,
What mean these tiffany, silk and lawn,
Embroideries, feathers, fringes, lace,
When every limb takes like a face!

It is believed that her husband made use of the most singular expedients to increase the lustre of her charms,—that he invented cosmetics with this object, and among other fantastic experiments, supplied her with the flesh of capons which had been fed with vipers. After her death, but little brains being found in her head, Sir Kenelm attributed it to her drinking viper wine; but, says Aubrey, "spiteful women would say it was a viper husband who was jealous of her." Pennant tells us, that the most northern residence of the great snail, or *pomatia*, which is of exotic origin, is in the woods in the neighbourhood of Gothurst. He adds, "tradition says it was introduced by Sir Kenelm, as a medicine for the use of his lady."

Digby's jealousy, and the application of these strange medicaments, gave rise to a report that he had administered poison to his wife. Probably her dissolution was in reality hastened by his experiments. This beautiful woman was found dead in her bed, on the 1st of May, 1633, in her thirty-third year. She was discovered in the attitude of sleep, her head resting upon her hand. She was interred in Christ Church, near New-

gate, under a monument of black marble, which supported her bust in copper gilt. This tomb was completely destroyed by the great fire, and her vault partially opened by its fall; but the bust escaped, and was afterwards seen by Aubrey, exposed for sale, in a brazier's stall. He neglected to purchase it, and he afterwards discovered that it had been melted down.

Ben Jonson composed no less than ten pieces on the death of Lady Digby. Of her descent he says:

I sing the just and uncontroled descent
Of Dame Venetia Digby, styled the fair;
For mind and body the most excellent,
That ever nature, or the latter Ayre
Gave two such houses as Northumberland,
And Stanley, to the which she was coheir.
Speak it, you bold Penates, you that stand
At either stem, and know the veins of good
Run from your roots; tell, testify the grand
Meeting of graces, that so swelled the flood
Of virtues in her, as in short, she grew
The wonder of her sex, and of your blood.

But the poet joins still higher praises:

She was in one a many parts of life;
A tender mother, a discreeter wife;
A solemn mistress: and so good a friend,
So charitable to religious end;
In all her petite actions so devote,
As her whole life was now become one note
Of piety and private holiness.

Jonson called her *his muse*, and lingers on her person and character with unbounded admiration.

Sir Kenelm appears to have felt deeply the loss of his wife. He shut himself up in Gresham College, where he amused himself with the study of chemistry, and the conversation of the professor. His garb at this time was a long mourning cloak and a high-crowned hat; and he allowed his beard to grow in testimony of his grief. His eccentricity, however, had scarcely been less conspicuous in happier days. "No man," says Aubrey, "became grandeur better; yet sometimes he would live only with a lackey, and a horse with a foot-cloth." At the commencement of the civil troubles Sir Kenelm enlisted on the side of royalty; and having made himself obnoxious to the popular party was confined in Winchester House,* by order of the Long Parliament, till 1643. Having at length obtained his release, at

* Winchester House, one of the most interesting ancient dwelling-houses left in London, is in the act of being demolished (1839) while these sheets are in the press. It stands, or rather stood, in a street which bears its name, to the west of Bishopsgate Street. In the windows, within the few last weeks, was still to be seen the motto of the Powletts, "*Aimez Loyauté*." Every one remembers the glorious defence of Basing House, from 1643 to 1645, during which its gallant lord, John, fifth marquis of Winchester, wrote that famous motto of his family with a diamond in every window. Winchester House, of which we are now speaking, stood on the site of a monastery of Augustine Friars, which had been granted to William Lord St. John, afterwards Marquis of Winchester, by Henry the Eighth. In 1602, William Powlett, fourth Marquis, was reduced to such extremities by his magnificent style of living, as to be compelled to dispose of it for the payment of his debts. It appears to have been purchased by John Swinnerton, a rich merchant, and afterwards Lord Mayor, from whom it came into the family of the present proprietor, who reports it to have been the property of his forefathers for about two centuries. When the author recently bade farewell to apartments which had entertained Elizabeth and her courtiers, he found them the scene of busy trade, and was told that their occupants were packers!

the intercession of his old adviser the Queen-Mother of France, he retired to that country, where he divided his time between his philosophical pursuits and the brilliant society of the French metropolis. About the year 1648, he was sent by Henrietta Maria as her envoy to the Pope.—His profession of the catholic religion, his majestic appearance, and his great learning, caused him to be much admired by the enthusiastic Romans. His eccentricity, however, soon led him into scrapes, and the Pope declared that he was mad. Wood tells us, that he "grew high and huffed his holiness," adding, what is perhaps not exactly true, that having been trusted with some of the funds of the catholics, he proved an indifferent steward on the occasion. It has been asserted that, on one occasion, he flatly gave his holiness the lie.

It is difficult to decide at what period Sir Kenelm became a Roman Catholic; or indeed if he was ever at heart of any other religion. Later in life, his political conduct also appears as strange and vacillating as his religious principles. Cromwell had no sooner assumed the Protectorate, than Digby, notwithstanding that he lay under the ban of the government, returned to England. To the astonishment of all men, he was not only well received by Cromwell, who is said to have taken great pleasure in his society, but there was evidently some great design on foot, of which the Protector had invited him to the discussion. Probably it was a reconciliation of the papists with the new government; but, whatever may have been the secret of so strange an intimacy, any inquiry into the subject would now be in vain.—Mysterious as seems to have been Digby's conduct at this period, we must be cautious not to regard it in too harsh a light. As there is no reason to suppose that his connection with Cromwell was productive of injury to his rightful master, it would be unfair to brand him with the name of a traitor. Considering also the eccentricity of his character, it is quite as possible that he may have been actuated by a regard for his sovereign, and a desire to promote his interests, as that he should have been influenced by a selfish expectation of advancing his own.

The summer of 1656 was passed at Toulouse, and part of the following year at Montpellier. He had been suffering for some time under severe attacks of the stone, and had sought the south of France in hopes of relief. At Montpellier it was his good fortune to encounter several learned and scientific persons, who had formed themselves into a kind of academy, and to whom he read his famous discourse on the Sympathetic Powder. Part of 1658 and 1659 was spent in Lower Germany, where he went by the name of Count Digby; and in 1660 we again find him at Paris. At the Restoration he returned to England, and at the formation of the Royal Society was appointed one of the council. The few remaining years of his life were passed in literary and scientific pursuits. Chemistry, mathematics, and philosophy, had severally their charms for him; and from the meetings of the new society he was but rarely absent. His residence was a house westward of the north portico of Covent Garden, where he had his laboratory, and where Wood informs us that he died.

His admiration of genius, and thirst after knowledge, induced him to pay rather an interesting visit to a brother philosopher. The story is related by Des Maizeaux in his "Life of St. Evremond." According to that writer, Sir Kenelm

* These emblems, however, may possibly have reference to the text in the Scriptures—"Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves;" such, at least, is the ingenious suggestion of a literary friend.

himself assured St. Evremond that, having perused the writings of Des Cartes with great interest, he conceived so strong a desire to become personally acquainted with him, as to undertake a journey to Holland expressly with that object. Having discovered the philosopher in his retirement, he engaged him in conversation, and, without revealing his name, continued to discourse with him for some time on philosophical matters. At last, Des Cartes, who was acquainted with some of Digby's writings, on a sudden remarked, inquiringly, that "It must certainly be the celebrated Sir Kenelm Digby with whom he was conversing?" "And if you were not the celebrated Des Cartes," said the other, "I should not have quitted England on purpose to visit you."

Lord Clarendon's character of his friend is too admirably drawn to be passed over in silence:—"He was a person," he says, "very eminent and notorious throughout the whole course of his life, from his cradle to his grave; and inherited a fair and plentiful fortune, notwithstanding the attainder of his father. He was a man of a very extraordinary person and presence, which drew the eyes of all men upon him, which were more fixed by a wonderful graceful behaviour, a flowing courtesy and civility, and such a volubility of language, as surprised and delighted; and though in another man it might have appeared to have somewhat of affectation, it was marvellous graceful in him, and seemed natural to his size and mould of his person, to the gravity of his motion, and the tune of his voice and delivery. He had a fair reputation in arms, of which he gave an early testimony in his youth, in some encounters in Spain and Italy, and afterwards in an action in the Mediterranean Sea. In a word, he had all the advantages that nature and art, and an excellent education, could give him; which, with a great confidence and presentness of mind, buoyed him up against all those prejudices and disadvantages, as the attainder and execution of his father for a crime of the highest nature; his own marriage with a lady, though of an extraordinary beauty, of as extraordinary a fame; his changing and re-changing his religion; and some personal vices and licenses in his life, which would have suppressed and sunk any other man, but never clouded and eclipsed him from appearing in the best places and the best company, and with the best estimation and satisfaction."

We must each form our own opinions of so remarkable a man. Whatever may be Sir Kenelm's merit as an author, his magnificent donation of books to the Bodleian Library at Oxford will ever procure for him the gratitude of the learned. His death took place on the 11th of June, 1685, at the age of sixty-two. He desired, by his will, to be buried in the same vault with his wife, and that no inscription should be placed on his tomb.

SIR JEFFERY HUDSON.

Sir Jeffery Hudson, whose name has been immortalised by the great genius of modern times, was born in 1619, at Oakham, in Rutlandshire.—"the least man in the least county." His father was a broad-shouldered, broad-chested person of the common height. Jeffery himself was only eighteen inches high in his eighth year, and is said to have grown no taller till he was past thirty, when he shot up to be three feet nine inches.

Notwithstanding his inferiority in stature, he was well proportioned and not ungraceful.

His father, who had charge of the "baiting bulls" of George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, presented his son to the duchess when he was in his ninth year, and about his nineteenth inch. The duchess dressed him in satin, and had two tall men to attend him. Charles the First and Henrietta, soon after their marriage, paid a visit to the Duke of Buckingham, at his seat, Burghley on the hill. At one of the entertainments, the little fellow was served up to a table in a cold pie. As soon as he stepped forward, the duchess presented him to Henrietta, in whose service he ever afterwards remained. He was twice painted by Vandyke in attendance on the queen.

Fuller says: "It was not long before he was presented in a cold baked pye to King Charles and Queen Mary at an entertainment; and ever after lived, whilst the court lived, in great plenty therein, wanting nothing but humility, (high mind in a low body,) which made him *that he did not know himself, and would not know his father*; and which by the king's command caused justly his sound correction: he was, though a dwarf, no dastard." At one of the court masques, the king's gigantic porter drew him from his pocket, to the astonishment of the guests.

Sir Jeffery, as he grew older, forgot that it was merely his deformity which had brought him into notice. As Fuller tells us, he despised his father, the bull-baiter, and began to consider himself a personage of importance. Probably he was really clever, and he was undoubtedly trustworthy. Previous to one of her accouchements, Henrietta despatched him to Paris for a midwife. He was much petted by the queen-mother of France, and the ladies of her court, who heaped presents on him to the amount of £2500l. On his return to England, in company with the midwife and the queen's dancing-master, he was seized by the Dunkirkers, and stripped of all he possessed. Sir William D'Avenant wrote a poem called *Jeffreidos*, or the *Captivity of Jeffery*, on the occasion. The scene is laid at Dunkirk, and describes a fight between the little gentleman and a ferocious turkey-cock, from whose fury Sir Jeffery is snatched by the midwife. The poem is protracted to a considerable length, and is not conceived in the happiest style of the poet. The actual encounter between Jeffery and his feathered foe affords, perhaps, the best specimen of the merits of the poem.

—Jeffery strait was thrown; whilst faint and weak,

The cruel foe assaults him with his beak.

A lady midwife now, he there by chance
Espied, that came along with him from France.

"A heart nursed up in war, that ne'er before
This time (quoth he) could bow, doth now implore
Thou, that deliverest hast so many, be
So kind of nature to deliver me."

But stay! for though the learned chronologer
Of Dunkirk, doth confess him freed by her;
The subtler poets yet, whom we translate
In all this epic ode, do not relate
The manner how; and we are loth at all
To vary from the Dutch original.

There is in the British Museum a little work entitled, "The New Year's Gift, presented at court from the Lady Parvula to the Lord Minimus, commonly called Little Jeffery." It was printed in London in 1636. The volume is one of remarkably small dimensions, with a view of adapting it to the subject. After a number of

indifferent jokes and some wretched pedantry, it concludes with some slight humour:—"In short, who desireth not in debt to be as *little* as may be, and what a rare temper is it in men of descent not to be ambitious of *greatness*, even in the highest matters which men attempt, how commonly the most do come *short*, and in their greatest business effect but *little*. And, therefore, as it was said of Scipio, that he was *namquam minus solus quam cum solus*, never less alone than when alone; so it may be said of you, excellent abstract of greatness, that you are *namquam minus parvus quam cum parvus*, never less little than when little. I hope you will pardon me if in my style I have used a *little* boldness and familiarity, you knowing it to be so commendable, and that it is *nimia familiaritas*, great boldness only, which breedeth contempt: especially since you are no stranger, but of my own country; though some, judging by your stature, have taken you to be a *low-country* man. Many merry new years are wished unto you by,

"The sworn servant of your honour's perfections,

"*PARVULA*."

At the commencement of the civil troubles, Sir Jeffery accompanied his royal mistress into France. He had long been the butt of the court, and even of the servants of the royal household. The gigantic porter was his especial horror. But whether he had acquired an accession of dignity from his important mission to bring back the midwife, or whether he particularly disliked being laughed at in the presence of foreigners, his irritability at this period was productive of fatal consequences to one of his tormentors. Mr. Crofts, a young man of good family, having teased the little gentleman beyond bearing, Sir Jeffery sent him a challenge. Crofts appeared at the place of appointment with a squirt in his hand. Sir Jeffery was so extremely enraged that a real meeting was agreed upon, at which both parties were to appear on horseback, armed with pistols. At the first shot, this Elzevir Achilles shot his persecutor dead. He was imprisoned in consequence, but probably escaped with a short incarceration.

Soon after this he was taken prisoner by a Turkish vessel, and sold as a slave among the Moors. His captivity must have been of brief duration, for we find him a captain of horse in the civil wars. When the royal cause became hopeless, he again followed the queen into France, where he remained till the Restoration. He had probably embraced the religion of his royal mistress, for in 1682, in the decline of life, he was implicated in the absurd Popish plot, and was committed to prison. He died shortly afterwards, in the sixty-third year of his age, a prisoner in the Gate House, Westminster. In Newgate Street, over the entrance to a small court, on the north side of the street may still be seen (1839) a small sculpture in stone, on which are engraved the figures of William Evans, the king's gigantic porter, and by his side the redoubtable Sir Jeffery. There is an engraving of the sculpture in Pennant's London, and, at Hampton Court, an original picture of Sir Jeffery by Mytens.

THE END.

Thou hast to those 'in populous city pent'
Glimpses of wild and beauteous nature lent,
A bright remembrance ne'er to be destroyed,
That proves to them a treasure long enjoyed,
And for this scope to beings erst confined,
I fain would hail thee with a grateful mind."

London Literary Review.

LORD KAIMES.

Lord Kaimes being on the Circuit at Perth, after a witness on a capital trial had concluded his testimony, his lordship said, "Sir, I have one question more to ask you, and remember you are on your oath. You say you are from Buchin?" "Yes, my lord." "When do you return thither?" "To-morrow, my lord." "Do you know Colin Gillies?" "Yes, my lord, I know him very well." "Then tell him I shall breakfast with him on Tuesday morning."

AFFIDAVIT OF AN IRISH PROCESS-BEARER.

And this deponent further says, that on arriving at the house of the said defendant, situate in the county of Galway aforesaid, for the purpose of personally serving him with the said writ, he, the said deponent knocked several times at the outer, commonly called the Hall door, but could not obtain admittance; whereupon this deponent was proceeding to knock a fourth time, when a man, to this deponent unknown, holding in his hand a musket or blunderbuss, loaded with balls or slugs, as this deponent has since heard and verily believes, appeared at one of the upper windows of the said house, and presenting said musket or blunderbuss at this deponent, threatened, "that if said deponent did not instantly retire, he would send him, this deponent's, soul to hell," which this deponent verily believes he would have done, had not this deponent precipitately escaped.

Here is a letter of the great Frederick, in his old age, which seems to us worthy of an English dress—to his friend Voltaire.

"I perceive, my dear Voltaire, with regret, that twenty years have now revolved since we have had the pleasure of seeing each other. Your memory yet represents your friend to your imagination such as he then was, "his knees yet green," and his spirits buoyant with the ardour and activity of manhood; but alas, you would now find him an old man bending under the weight of decrepitude and disease. Each day robs him of some portion of the small remnant of his existence, and he is plodding on insensibly to that last exile from which kings and their subjects no more revisit this earth.

Nos ubi decidimus
Quo pius Æneas, quo tullus dives et Ancus,
Pulvis et umbra sumus!

"The observers of human life, tell us that men of letters preserve their powers of intellect, and that soldiers terminate their career of old age by a state of atrophy and dotage. The great *Conde, Marlborough, and Eugene*, experienced a depredation of the mental faculties before those of the body, whilst *Homer, Varré, Fontinelle*, and a multitude of others, reached an extreme old age without being subject to any intellectual infirmity. There is also a certain philosopher of Ferney, who would also furnish a direct confirmation of this doctrine. For him time has no wings; his mind seems to grow young with the decadence of his body. As for me I have already sent a part of my memory, the little imagination I had, with my legs, to the shores of the black *Cocytus*. The light troops have gone before, and the heavy baggage follows after.

"Do not, my friend, wonder that I meddle not in the operations of the eastern war. I have renounced the battle, as well for military reasons, as that I may not incur the excommunication of the philosophers. You seem not to have read the article, War, of the

Encyclopedia, (written it is supposed by the Philosopher of Ferney) in which so many pleasant epithets are lavished upon warriors and princes. 'They are no more than privileged assassins, sent out to ravage the universe.'

"There are, however, notwithstanding this high authority, some wars that are just; those which exact the defence of our property and persons are uncontestedly such. The distance of the Turkish frontiers obviate all causes of discord between our states. I agree with you that the domination of that Empire is oppressive and barbarous; I acknowledge that Greece is of all other countries most worthy of commiseration; but let us remember also the unjust sentence of the *Aresopagus* against Socrates, and the atrocious iniquity exercised by that Republic towards its admirals and generals at the very height of its prosperity. You say yourself, it is perhaps in retribution of these crimes that the Greeks are now tyrannised and vilified by barbarians. If so, it is not my province to deliver them. I know not the destined term of their penitence, and I, who am but dust and shadow, oppose not myself to the dispensations of Providence.

"Every day brings news of the insurgents of America, and their glorious exploits. We are reading in our Gazettes, news of a General Howe—every dog of Berlin barks his name in our faces. I am not a little concerned to learn whether Quakers, as they are, they may not be forced to defend their liberty, and combat for their firesides. If that should happen, as it is likely, you will be obliged then to consent that war sometimes is necessary, since the most humane and peaceable of the species are forced to encounter it.

"I have had news of *Morival*, and the progress of his law-suit, which, it is said, may yet last a whole year. They inform me that certain important formalities require the delay, and that it is only for want of patience that a man, who has money, can lose a law-suit in the Parliament of Paris. I heard these fine things with astonishment, and without comprehending them.

"In considering the transcendent less useful than practical geometry, you are undoubtedly right; the one being necessary to the common purposes of life, and the other but a luxury of the mind. These sublime abstractions, however, do honour to the human faculties, and those who cultivate them seem to me to be divested, as far as possible, of the gross matter of humanity, and to rise up into those regions, which are above the elevation of our senses, of reverence, genius, whatever be the direction of its flights, and though unable to comprehend the language of the geometrician, I lament my ignorance and do not esteem him the less.

"*Maupefluis*, whom you hate, had good qualities; he had an honest heart; he had great natural talents, and honourable acquirements; he was indeed irascible in temper, and this was the sole cause of your implacable enmity. By what fatality is it, that two Frenchmen are never friends in a foreign country? Millions suffer each other at home, but their kind affections seem to be lost the moment they have crossed the Rhine, the Pyrenees, and the Alps. But it is time to forget men's faults when the tomb has closed upon them. You will see *Maupefluis* no more but in the valley of *Jehosophat*, to which nothing yet presages your departure.

"*Lekain* informs me your health is yet good, and that you still walk in your garden, and yet retain that gaiety, that attic spirit in conversation, which distinguished your writings. I do not, therefore, fear any more, that the throne of Parnassus will become soon vacant; I will name you without apprehension my testamentary executor. We have here my Lord *Marchal*, at eighty years of age, with full blown cheeks, and with the exception of his legs, a young man. We have the Baron of *Poltitz*, also an octogenarian, who yet counts upon many years of life and activity, and why should not the author of the *Henriade*, of *Merope*, and *Semiramis*, who has much more of the celestial, elementary fire, of the vital spirit that prolongs the duration of our frail mortality, yet live to enjoy his glory in this world many years, to enlighten mankind, to honour his country, and to

charm the old age of the solitary of *Sans-Souci*. May Apollo and Minerva preserve you for all these purposes. *Valé.—Frederick.*"

NEW BOOKS.

Patchwork.—By Capt. Basil Hall, 2 vols. London.

"Never was the noble art of book-making carried to such high perfection as at present. The compilers seem to forget that people have libraries. One vamps up a new book of travels merely of disguised extracts from former publications. Another fills his pages with Greek and Latin extracts from Aristotle and Quintillian. A third, if possible more insipid, gives us long quotations from our poets, while a reference was enough, the books being in the hands of every body. Another treats us with old French *ana* in masquerade, and by a singular fate derives advantage from his very blunders, which makes the thing look new. Pah! I, and an amanuensis could scribble one of these books every twenty-four hours."

—H. Walpole.

"Of making books there is no end."—Solomon.

What would Walpole and Solomon have said had they lived in our plummy times of 1841. The wonder is what has become of this biblical accumulation of centuries. A Welsh scullion wench, on hearing the servants speak of new moons, gravely asked what had become of the old moons. A new book is now but a reproduction,

—"Aliusque et idem
Nascitur."

Or another way, not noticed by Mr. Walpole, is, in the confection of a book, to throw aside the cuttings, and remnants, and other mercery unused into a repository, such as in Yankee house-wifery is called the *rag-bag*, and when of sufficient quantity, to stitch them into a book. This is lately the favourite way among the travellers. Prince Puckler began with his *Tutti Frutti*; he was followed by Capt. Marryat's *Olla Podrida*, and thirdly and lastly Capt. Hall, (we can imagine him in his study—legs decussated, his sartorial goose and thimble at his side,) has just basted together his "*Patchwork*," to be expected over by the next packet.

Do you know the reason the Captain did not love us in America very much? One of the reasons was, he had just before been travelling in Loo Choo, (as we have read in his book) and was shocked by the violent contrast. Of these Asiatics he says, "They are remarkably gentle and engaging, exceedingly coy of acquaintance—seem restrained by a genteel self-denial from gratifying curiosity, lest it might be thought obtrusive." Imagine any one, after this, coming straight into Kentucky! Now, these are precisely the Loo Choos, who have been lately eating half a dozen of our clergymen. "So coy of acquaintance!" We have seen a note of one of them in a French newspaper thus; "Mrs. Choo's compliments to Mrs. Choo something else—please come round this evening to supper, we have a missionary."

English travellers in America have yet a full swing; for nine tenths of their native readers know no more of us than of the Loo Choos. We are by no means so considerable a people as we apprehend. "My dear," a well bred London lady said to her husband, in our hearing, "who is that General Jackson you are talking about?" "My love, he is the President of the United States." Think!—to be well bred and not to know General Jackson! In a great metropolis wonderful objects are so multiplied there is no time for excursive information. When Whiston predicted the world would be burnt in three years, the Duchess of Bolton said, "Let us go to China." This is about the kind of information London ladies have of the United States.

We cannot offer our readers any extracts of Capt. Hall, for the same reason that the lady in the play could not see the Spanish fleet, it has not yet come in sight—but, which is nearly the same, we will translate from Pliny the Elder, an account written in the unknown tongues of people, who beat the Loo Choos and Americans, "all hollow." Of the au-

thenticity of his relation, Pliny does not even intimate a doubt, but supports his narrative with an argument. "Who," says he, "would have credited the existence of the *Æthiopian*, had he not become acquainted with his complexion and physiognomy? and what is not a miracle when for the first time presented to our knowledge?"

Passing by the Cyclops, Lestrigons, and Anthropophagi, the other most remarkable cotemporaries of Pliny, were as follows:

"At the bottom of Mount Imaus there is a race of people whose feet are inverted, their heels being before. They cannot exist beyond the atmosphere of their native valley, and if at any time they wander to its extremity, they immediately take to their heels and retire into this congenial air, and are restored from suffocation.

"Ten days' journey beyond the Boristhenes is a tribe, who drink from men's skulls, and who repose their limbs at night upon mattresses made from the skins and hair of their fellow mortals;" this story is related upon the authority of a traveller calling himself Isogorus.

"A nation exists in Africa, at whose praises infants die, and the leaves wither on the trees. (*Laudibus arrescant arbores, amoriuntur infantes.*) Another tribe somewhat related to these, kill their enemies by a glance." "All women," says Cicero, "who have two pupils in the eye are possessed of this noxious quality. Others are mentioned, whose eyes are endowed with the power of fascination." This we do not pretend to pervert as any thing strange in our city. "In the eyes of some," says Pliny, "nature has also placed poison, lest there should be an evil in the world not found in women." For this last remark, he has made many enemies among the fair part of his readers.

"In the northern part of the same country are men five cubits long, who never spit—have no head ache, tooth ache, and rarely any other human infirmity. Their philosophers, called *Gymnosophists*, remain from morning to night staring at the sun, with eyes immovable, lifting their feet alternately from the burning sand, (so they make turkeys dance in Paris on a hot floor)—this is the sole occupation of their lives. There are others, who walk in the fire without injury." The author of this story is Apolonides, a Greek writer of great veracity.

"There are others, who bark like dogs, and live on vipers' flesh." These are said to be exceedingly jealous of each others' reputation for barking.

"There is a tribe in Asia, where the women have but one child, which is gray from its birth. Others of the same country have but one leg, and are of wonderful agility, surpassing all the inhabitants of the east in the art of hopping.

"In the interior of Ethiopia are a people, whose feet are immense, and in wet weather they lie on their backs and turn them up for umbrellas. To the west of these are a people without heads—distinguished for the excellence of their statesmen and tranquillity of their government. On the borders of this region is a tribe destitute of voice. They are, however, eminent as public speakers, having a kind of utterance resembling the sound of a saw." But a bad chorus for an opera.

"In the south of India is a tribe, of whom the males have feet a cubit long, and the females no feet at all—called the *Struthopedes*.

"The *Megasthenes* have no noses. At the source of the Ganges, also is a people, who have no mouths, called *Atomones*. Their bodies are covered with leaves and moss. They subsist on the odour of trees, of flowers, or apples, which they carry with them on a journey. Too strong odours give them indigestions of which they often die. There is also a small race in this country, who by day are blind, and (like certain modern critics) have eyes only to guard against the light.

"The *Pigmies* are three inches long. These people are of great antiquity and are mentioned by Homer. They are indefatigable, warlike, and extremely ambitious. Whole regiments seated on the backs of goats or rams, and armed with pikes, descended from the Trispithamian Mountains to the sea shore, committing horrible depredations among the eggs and

young of the cranes, till at length these birds for mutual preservation formed an alliance and after long and dreadful hostilities, were vanquished and destroyed." Caricles, on a visit to this nation, counted to the number of three hundred villages. Their palaces, according to this author, are constructed of egg shells, and feathers, and cemented by the glutinous substance of the egg. Aristotle, however, avers that they reside in subterranean caverns. These are the people noticed by Milton—

"The small infantry, warr'd on by cranes."

"In those parts of India where there are no trees, the inhabitants are one hundred feet high. They live a thousand years, and always die in the bloom and vigour of youth. Others are old, and feeble, and gray-headed at their birth—towards the close of life, their cheeks become ruddy and their hair black as the raven's wing, and die in all the grace and strength of adolescence.

"In the deserts of Africa are a people who just appear and then vanish from sight—peep into the world, then peep out. It requires good eyes to see them as they pass through."

So you see, gentle reader, "nature has made strange fellows in her time." Of the remarkable ones mentioned by Pliny, we have not given you the twentieth part. Don't you wish Captain Hall had lived in those days?—What materials for a "Patchwork!"

Examination of Dr. Edwards's Treatise on the Will.

By Jeremiah Day, D. D., L.L.D., President of Yale College. New Haven: Durrie and Peck. Philadelphia: Smith and Peck, corner of Third and Arch streets, 1841.

Quite a rarity! A new book of thought—of close metaphysical reasoning; a book which exacts thought and compels reflection in the reader, and exhibits profound learning, study, and inquiry in the writer. Real, hard, close thinking has been out of fashion so long, that it seems like old times to receive a publication of this class; and it is quite refreshing to sit down for a few hours and lose one's self in following out these nice, abstract entities and quiddities of the metaphysicians. Formerly not only clergymen, but professional men, and men of letters and leisure, used to take an interest in the progress of philosophical inquiry and the advance of metaphysical science. But matter, not mind, is now attracting the regard of the learned as well as the busy; and but for the exertions of such men as President Day, the field of inquiry most interesting to an immortal being would be utterly abandoned.

The work before us will receive attention from the religious world, on account of its able discussion of the question, how far and in what manner reason and philosophy are to be applied to the explanation of the Scriptures. Other questions of a kindred nature, are incidentally brought forward, and ably and earnestly debated.

We commend President Day's work to the notice of all who are willing to submit to the labour of thought and reflection. Whether they subscribe to his theological dogmas or not, they will be pleased to recognise in him, a worthy commentator on the acknowledged Coryphæus of American metaphysicians, the renowned Jonathan Edwards.

Christ Our Example. By Caroline Fry, author of the *Listener*, &c. R. S. H. George, Philadelphia, 1841.

This excellent book of practical Christianity, is printed in very large type for the special accommodation of aged people, with whom it is understood to be a great favorite. The name of the author is so well known in her own useful department of religious literature, that it is always regarded as a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of any work appearing under its sanction.

The Kinemen, or the Black Riders of Congaree.—A Tale. By the author of *Guy Rivers*. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia, 1841.

Mr. Simms, having taken a longer time than usual for the writing of this novel, has produced an unusually fine one. He is an artist who can elaborate his productions to any degree he chooses, without impairing their breadth and freedom, or detracting from their general effect. His capabilities in description, narrative, and the development of individual character, appear to great advantage in the work before us, which was evidently composed in a genial season, and has its scene in the natural home of his genius, the sunny clime of the South. He may be truly denominated one of our happiest *national* novelists, as he always pays his own country the compliment of making its characters and history form the materials of his works.

Who shall be Greatest?—By Mary Howitt. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 1841.

This is a capital story; designed to show the folly of rivalry in equipage and style of living. The conversations and soliloquies of the rival ladies are inimitable. The opening part of the narrative is given in a style of grave banter which would do credit to Boz himself, who, all the world knows, is the phoenix of grave humourists—the writer of all others who keeps his countenance best, if we may so express ourselves, while he sets his readers all in a roar.

BULWER'S LAST WORK.

In our next we shall commence "Night and Morning," the latest production of the author of "Pelham," &c. &c. This work has the usual display of power, for which the author is so celebrated, and is free from many of the objectionable traits pervading his previous works. We hope to issue our next number on Saturday next.

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EDITED BY JOHN SANDERSON, ESQ.

PART I.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1841.

NO. 10.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE & CO. No. 46 CARPENTER STREET, PHILADELPHIA. \$5 for 60 numbers, payable in advance.

We commence this number with "Night and Morning," the new novel of Sir Edward Bulwer. This book is already much talked about; and seems to be more generally admired than any work of the kind, that has made its appearance for the last twelve-month. To us, it appears to be no way inferior to the very best of its predecessors, from the same hand. The story is of the most engaging interest, the characters well drawn, and the descriptions moral and physical, are powerfully written. However, it is not difficult to perceive in this, many of the defects from which none of Bulwer's productions are entirely free—to wit, the unskilful introduction of the episodes—scenes, incidents, and characters, are frequently forced upon the reader, which impede the action, and contribute nothing to the development of the catastrophe—and, again, the improbability of a man's associating with low and wicked people without becoming either vulgar or vicious. But, notwithstanding these considerable faults, we look upon this as the very best novel that we have read in a long time, and superior to several by the same ingenious author.

SPRING.

We cannot lift up our eyes, in this delightful season, without being tempted to ask, on what principle can we account for the beauty of Spring? Winter has shades as deep, and colours as brilliant; and the great forms of nature are substantially the same, through all the revolutions of the year. We shall seek in vain, therefore, in the accidents of mere organic matter, for the sources of that "vernal delight," which subject all finer spirits to an annual intoxication, and strike home the sense of beauty even to hearts that seem proof against it under all other respects. And it is not among the dead, but among the living, that this beauty originates. It is the renovation of life and joy to all animated beings, that constitutes the great jubilee of nature; the young of animals bursting into existence—the simple and universal pleasures which are diffused by the mere temperature of the air: and the profusion of sustenance—the pairing of birds—the cheerful resumption of rustic toils—the great alleviation of all the miseries of poverty and sickness—our sympathy with the young life, and the promise and the hazards of the vegetable creation—the solemn, yet cheering impression of the constancy of na-

ture to her great periods of renovation—and the hopes that dart spontaneously forward into the new circle of exertions and enjoyments that is opened up by her hand and her example. Such are some of the conceptions that are forced upon us by the appearances of returning Spring, and that seem to account for the emotions of delight with which these appearances are hailed, by every mind endowed with any degree of sensibility, somewhat better than the brightness of colours, or the agreeableness of the smells, that are then presented to our senses.—*Lord Jeffrey.*

TWILIGHT.—By Mrs. NORTON.

It is the twilight hour,
The daylight toil is done,
And the last rays are departing
Of the cold and wintry sun:
It is the time when Friendship
Holds converse fair and free,
It is the time when children
Dance round the mother's knees.
But my soul is faint and heavy,
With a yearning sad and deep,
By the fireside lone and dreary
I sit me down and weep!
Where are ye, merry voices?
Whose clear and bird-like tone,
Some other ear now blesses,
Less anxious than my own!
Where are ye, steps of lightness,
Which fell like blossom showers?
Where are ye, sounds of laughter,
That cheer'd the pleasant hours?
Through the dim light slow declining,
Where my wistful glances fall,
I can see your pictures hanging
Against the silent wall;—
They gleam athwart the darkness,
With their sweet and changeless eyes,
But mute are ye, my children!
No voice to mine replies,
Where are ye? are ye playing
By the stranger's blazing hearth;
Forgetting in your gladness,
Your old home's former mirth!
Are ye dancing? are ye singing?
Are ye full of childish glee?
Or do your light hearts madden
With the memory of me?
Round whom, oh gentle darlings,
Do your young arms fondly twine,
Does she press you to her bosom
Who hath taken you from mine?
Oh! boys, the twilight hour
Such a heavy time hath grown,—
It recalls with such deep anguish
All I used to call my own,—
That the harshest word that ever
Was spoken to me there

Would be trivial—would be welcome,
In this depth of my despair!
Yet, no! Despair shall not sink,
While life and love remain,—
Tho' the weary struggle haunt me,
And my prayer be made in vain:
Tho' at times my spirit fail me,
And the bitter tear drops fall,
Tho' my lot be hard and lonely,
Yet I hope—I hope thro' all!

By the sudden joy which bounded
In the banish'd Hagar's heart,
When she saw the gushing fountain
From the sandy desert start;—
By the living smile which greeted
The lonely one of Nain,
When her long last watch was over,
And her hope seem'd wild and vain;
By all the tender mercy
God has shown to human grief
When fate or man's perverseness
Denied and barr'd relief,—
By the helpless woe which taught me
To look to Him alone,
From the vain appeals for justice
And wild efforts of my own,—
By the light—thou unseen future,
And thy tears—thou bitter past,
I will hope—tho' all forsake me
In His mercy to the last!

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

The *Aberdeen Journal* has recently published a letter, first written soon after the publication of Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of My Landlord," by a descendant of the Earl of Stair, stating that the original of the Bride of Lammermoor was the Hon. Janet Dalrymple, sister of the first Earl of Stair, in the time of William and Mary, and that she has always been spoken of in the family by the name of "The Bride of Baldoon." The lover to whom she had plighted her faith was Lord Rutherford, but her enforced husband was David Dunbar, eldest son of the Laird of Baldoon. On the wedding night young Baldoon was killed, not as Sir Walter has left it to be inferred, by the hands of his bride to free herself from her hateful fate, but by the lover who had secreted himself in the bridal chamber, and escaped by the window; the bridegroom obstinately refused, while he survived, to give an account of the fray; and the bride was found in the chimney corner a raving maniac; she refused all food, and died soon after; the only words she ever spoke are those recorded by Sir Walter Scott, "Ye has ta'en up your bonnie bridegroom." The general fidelity of the characters is admitted by the writer, except that he says justice is not done to the character of Lord Stair, under the guise of Sir William Ashton, and that the fictitious bridegroom is a much more respectable person than was the real one in young Baldoon.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

The delight of the court and the darling of the Muses; at least, such are the encomiums of his cotemporaries. He was the sweetest poet, the most refined gentleman, and perhaps the wildest and most reckless cavalier of the age in which he lived. There were many among the younger of Charles's followers, who, in proportion as the Puritans cropped their hair closer, and affected an increased sourness in their looks, considered it imperative on their part to add to the gaudiness of their attire, and to startle by the dissipation of their lives. Such may have been, in some degree, the case with Suckling; but, on the other hand, he had faults of the heart as well as of the age. There is fortunately some interest in the memoir of his life, though his reputation as a poet has faded in the eyes of posterity.

He was the son of Sir John Suckling, one of the principal secretaries of state in the reign of James, and who was afterwards a privy councillor, and comptroller of the household, in the reign of Charles. The father is spoken of as a person of great gravity, though Aubrey passes him over as a "dull fellow."

His son, the poet, according to Lloyd, was born at Witham, in Middlesex, in April, 1613. The writers, however, of the "Biographia Dramatica," without stating their authority, place his birth at Twickenham, in February, 1608-9. As his death is generally stated to have taken place either in his twenty-ninth or thirtieth year, the period to which Lloyd ascribes his birth is probably correct.* When only eleven years of age he was sent to Cambridge, where he remained three or four years, though, like most persons of a vivacious genius, he appears never to have taken a degree. He is said to have conversed in Latin when only five years old.

Shortly after leaving Cambridge, he set out on his travels over Europe, and eventually made a campaign under the celebrated Gustavus Adolphus, during which he was present in three battles and five sieges. He returned to England with somewhat of foreign effeminacy in his manners, but with an openness of heart, a sprightliness of conversation, and an utter recklessness of conduct, which distinguished him to the close of his career.

His agreeable discourse, and showy person, rendered him a great favourite at court. Aubrey styles him an "extraordinary and accomplished gentleman;" and adds, that "he was incomparably ready at repartee; and his wit was most sparkling when set upon and provoked." As long as his finances lasted, he presented a splendid figure at the court of Charles. His entertainments were costly in the extreme; and one of them is especially mentioned, to which only the young and the beautiful appear to have been invited, and where every rarity that gold could purchase met the eye, and gratified the taste, of his guest. The last service was fantastic enough: it consisted of silk stockings, gloves, and garters. When his play of "Aglaura" was acted at court, he thought proper to provide the splendid dresses of the actors out of his own purse. There was no tinsel, we are told, but all was "pure gold and silver." Such lavish expenditure would naturally reduce a moderate fortune to its lowest ebb; and after a time, we are informed, that there

* However, Anthony Wood states, that at the decease of his father, in March, 1627, he was nineteen, which would place his birth in 1608.

was not a single shopkeeper who would trust him with sixpence.

Probably he practised gaming, or rather the foul arts which insure success, to a greater extent than had hitherto been known in England. Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, declared to Pope, on the authority of Lady Dorset, that Suckling had contrived certain marks, known only to himself, to be affixed to all the cards that came from the principal makers in Paris. Like all who follow that most unhappy vice, he was affluent at one time and a beggar at another. However, he always affected the most splendour when in the greatest distress. He contended that it raised his spirits. He used to practise cards in bed.

He was a skilful player at bowls, at that time the most fashionable game in England. The great resort of the bowlers, and indeed of all the gay society of London, was the Peccadillo, a place then far removed from the bustle of the metropolis, but which has given a name to one of our principal streets, Piccadilly. On one occasion, we are told, his sisters followed him to this place, and, finding him engaged in his favourite pastime, entreated him, with tears in their eyes, not to risk their all. In his "Session of the Poets" Suckling himself alludes to his delight in the game:

Suckling was next called, but did not appear;
But strait one whispered Apollo i' the ear,
That of all men living he cared not for 't,
He loved not the Muses so well as his sport;
And prized black eyes and a lucky hit
At bowls, above all the trophies of wit.
And Apollo was angry, and publicly said—
'Twere fit that a fine were set on his head.

The goddess of his poetry was Lady Frances Cranfield, daughter of Lionel, first Earl of Middlesex, and wife of Richard Sackville, fifth Earl of Dorset. As she was only seventeen at the time of her marriage, it is probable that her intimacy with Suckling commenced after that event; she was, indeed, scarcely twenty-one when Suckling died. As Lady Dorset survived till 1692, (at which period she must have been in her seventy-third year,) she became the cotemporary of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, to whom she related some of the scandal of former times. The duke told Pope, that so vain was she of her intimacy with Suckling, that she used herself to send to the printer the verses which he had addressed to her. He added, that she took a singular pride in boasting of the familiarities which had passed between them.

Aubrey mentions a Countess of Middlesex, with whom Suckling had been in love, and on whom he had squandered several thousand pounds. This must be a mistake. There was only one Countess of Middlesex, a cotemporary of Suckling, and, unhappily, that lady was the mother of his idol. As Lady Dorset, however, afterwards became sole heiress of her brother Lionel, third Earl of Middlesex, and as her son Charles eventually united the titles of Dorset and Middlesex in his own person, this close connection of names probably led Aubrey into the error. Lady Middlesex and Lady Dorset are undoubtedly the same person.

Notwithstanding his campaign under the great Gustavus, Suckling was but little formed for a soldier. A quarrel is recorded to have taken place between the poet and Sir John Digby, brother to Sir Kenelm, of which the origin was either a mistress or a dispute at a gaming-table. Suckling, supported by two or three friends, set

upon Digby as he was leaving the theatre; a dastardly mode of revenge not unfrequently resorted to at the period. The poet was of a slight figure, while Digby was one of the most powerful men, and one of the best swordsmen in England. The latter, with only the aid of his servant, gallantly flew at his assailants, and the affray ended by his putting them to a disreputable flight.

In a letter from Mr. Gerrard to the Earl of Strafford, dated 10th November, 1634, the story of Suckling's adventure with Digby is differently related, but the circumstances are scarcely less discreditable to the unfortunate poet. The narration is a curious one, as throwing a light on the manners of the time. "I come now to arodomantado of such a nature as is scarce credible. Sir John Suckling, a young man, son to him that was comptroller, famous for nothing before, but that he was a great gamester, was a suitor to a daughter of Sir Henry Willoughby's, in Derbyshire, heir to a thousand a year. By some friend he had in court, he got the king to write for him to Sir Henry Willoughby, by which means he hoped to get her; for he thought he had interest enough in the affections of the young woman, so her father's consent could be got. He spoke somewhat boldly that way, which coming to her knowledge, she entreated a young gentleman, who also was her suitor, a brother of Sir Kenelm Digby's, to draw a paper in writing, which she dictated, and to get Sir John Suckling's hand unto it; therein he must disavow any interest he hath in her, either by promise or other ways. If he would undertake this, she said, it was the readiest way he could use to express his affection to her. He willingly undertakes it, gets another young man, a Digby, into his company, and having each of them a man, goes out upon this adventure, intending to come to London, where he thought to find him; but meeting Suckling on the way, he saluted him, and asked him whither he was going; he said on the king's business, but would not tell him whither, though he pressed him, if not to Sir Henry Willoughby's! He then drew forth his paper and read it to him, and pressed him to underwrite it; he would not, and with oaths confirms his denial. He told him he must force him to it. He answers, nothing could force him. Then he asked him whether he had any such promise from her as he gave out: in that he said he would not satisfy him. Mr. Digby then falls upon him with a cudgel, which being a yard long, he beat out upon him almost to an handful, he never offering to draw his sword; Suckling's two men standing by and looking on. Then comes in Philip Willoughby with his man, a proper gentleman, a man held stout, and of a very fair reputation, who was assistant to this Suckling in all his wooing business. Mr. Digby presses him also to avow by word of mouth, that Suckling had no such interest in his kinswoman as he pretended. He denies to do it; whereupon he struck him three or four blows on the face with his fist. They then cried out that they were the king's messengers, and that they should have some other time to speak with them. This report comes quickly to London; Sir Kenelm Digby comes to Hampton Court before the king comes up; to his friends there avows every particle of this business. Since, Suckling and Philip Willoughby are both in London, but they stir not. Also Sir Henry Willoughby and his daughter are come hither, Lawrence Whitaker being sent by the king for them. One affront he did them more, for finding them the next day after he

NIGHT AND MORNING.

A NOVEL.

By the Author of "Pelham," "Rienzi," "Eugene Aram," &c.

BOOK I.

"Noch in meines Lebens Renz:
 So ich und ich wandel' aus,
 Und der Tugend frohe Zanz:
 Alst ich in des Vaters haus."

SCHILLER: *Der Pilgrim*.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

"Now rests our vicar. They who knew him best,
 Proclaim his life to have been entirely rest;
 Nor one so old has left this world of sin,
 More like the being that he entered in."—*Crabbe*.

In one of the Welsh counties is a small village called A——. It is somewhat removed from the high-road, and is, therefore, but little known to those luxurious amateurs of the picturesque who view Nature through the windows of a carriage and four. Nor, indeed, is there anything, whether of scenery or association, in the place itself, sufficient to allure the more sturdy enthusiast from the beaten tracks which tourists and guide-books prescribe to those who search the sublime and beautiful amid the mountain homes of the ancient Britons. Still, on the whole, the village is not without its attractions. It is placed in a small valley, through which winds and leaps, down many a rocky fall, a clear, babbling, noisy rivulet, that affords excellent sport to the brethren of the angle. Thither, accordingly, in the summer season, occasionally resort the Waltons of the neighbourhood—young farmers, retired traders, with now and then a stray artist, or a roving student from one of the universities. Hence the solitary hostelry of A——, being somewhat more frequented, is also more clean and comfortable than could be reasonably anticipated from the insignificance and remoteness of the village.

At the time in which my narrative opens, the village boasted a sociable, agreeable, careless, half-starved parson, who never failed to introduce himself to any of the anglers who, during the summer months, passed a day or two in the little valley. The Reverend Mr. Caleb Price had been educated at the University of Cambridge, where he had contrived, in three years, to run through a little fortune of £3500, without gaining in return any more valuable mental acquisitions than those of making the most admirable milk-punch, and becoming the most redoubted boxer in his college; or any more desirable reputation than that of being one of the best natured, rattling, open-hearted companions whom you could desire by your side in a tandem to Newmarket or in a row with the bargemen. He had not failed, by the help of these gifts and accomplishments, to find favour, while his money lasted, with the young aristocracy of the "Gentle Mother." And, though the very reverse of an ambitious or calculating man, he had certainly nourished the belief that some one of the hats or tinsel gowns—i.e., young lords or fellow-commoners, with whom he was on such excellent terms, and who supped with him so often—would do something for him in the way of a living. But it so happened that when Mr. Caleb Price had, with a little difficulty, scrambled through his degree, and found himself a Bachelor of Arts and at the end of his finances, his grand acquaintances

parted from him to their various posts in the State-Militant of Life. And, with the exception of one, joyous and reckless as himself, Mr. Caleb Price found that, when money makes itself wings, it flies away with our friends. As poor Price had earned no academical distinction, so he could expect no advancement from his college—no fellowship—no tutorship leading hereafter to livings, stalls, and deaneries. Poverty began already to stare him in the face, when the only friend who, having shared his prosperity, remained true to his adverse fate—a friend, fortunately for him, of high connections and brilliant prospects—succeeded in obtaining for him the humble living of A——. To this primitive spot the once jovial roister cheerfully retired—contrived to live contented upon an income somewhat less than he had formerly given to his groom—preached very short sermons to a very scanty and ignorant congregation, some of whom only understood Welsh—did good to the poor and sick in his own careless, slovenly way—and, uncheered or unvexed by wife and children, he rose in summer with the lark, and in winter went to bed at nine precisely, to save coals and candles. For the rest, he was the most skilful angler in the whole county; and so willing to communicate the results of his experience as to the most taking colour of the flies and the most favoured haunts of the trout, that he had given especial orders at the inn, that whenever any strange gentleman came to fish, Mr. Caleb Price should be immediately sent for. In this, to be sure, our worthy pastor had his usual recompense. First, if the stranger were tolerably liberal, Mr. Price was asked to dinner at the inn; and, secondly, if this failed, from the poverty or churlishness of the obliged party, Mr. Price still had an opportunity to hear the last news—to talk about the Great World—in a word, to exchange ideas, and perhaps to get an old newspaper or an odd number of a magazine.

Now it so happened that, one afternoon in October, when the periodical excursions of the anglers, becoming rarer and more rare, had altogether ceased, Mr. Caleb Price was summoned from his parlour, in which he had been employed in the fabrication of a net for his cabbages, by a little white-headed boy, who came to say there was a gentleman at the inn who wished immediately to see him; a strange gentleman, who had never been there before.

Mr. Price threw down his net, seized his hat, and in less than five minutes he was in the best room of the little inn.

The person there awaiting him was a man who, though plainly clad in a velvetene shooting-jacket, had an air and mien greatly above those common to the pedestrian visitors of A——. He was tall, and of one of those athletic forms in which vigour in youth is too often purchased by corpulence in age. At this period, however, in the full prime of manhood, the ample chest and sinewy limbs, seen to full advantage in their simple and manly dress, could not fail to excite that popular admiration which is always given to strength in the one sex as to delicacy in the other. The stranger was walking impatiently to and fro the small apartment when Mr. Price entered; and then, turning to the clergyman a countenance handsome and striking, but yet more prepossessing from its expression of frankness than from the regularity of its features, he stopped short, held out his hand, and said, with a gay laugh, as he glanced over the parson's threadbare and slovenly costume, "My poor Caleb! what a

metamorphosis! I should not have known you again!"

"What! *you!* Is it possible, my dear fellow? How glad I am to see you! What on earth can bring you to such a place? No! not a soul would believe me if I said I had seen you in this miserable hole."

"That is precisely the reason why I am here. Sit down, Caleb, and we'll talk over matters as soon as our landlord has brought up the materials for—"

"The milk-punch," interrupted Mr. Price, rubbing his hands. "Ah, that will bring us back to old times indeed!"

In a few minutes the punch was prepared, and, after two or three preparatory glasses, the stranger thus commenced:

"My dear Caleb, I am in want of your assistance, and, above all, of your secrecy."

"I promise you both beforehand. It will make me happy the rest of my life to think I have served my patron—my benefactor—the only friend I possess."

"Tush, man! don't talk of that: we shall do better for you one of these days. But now to the point: I have come here to be married—married, old boy!—married!"

And the stranger threw himself back in his chair, and chuckled with the glee of a school-boy.

"Humph!" said the parson, gravely. "It is a serious thing to do, and a very odd place to come to."

"I admit both propositions: this punch is superb. To proceed. You know that my uncle's immense fortune is at his own disposal; if I disoblige him, he would be capable of leaving all to my brother. I *should* disoblige him irrevocably if he knew that I had married a tradesman's daughter. I am going to marry a tradesman's daughter—a girl in a million! The ceremony must be as secret as possible. And in this church, with you for the priest, I do not see a chance of discovery."

"Do you marry by licence?"

"No; my intended is not of age; and we keep the secret even from her father. In this village you will mumble over the bans without one of your congregation ever taking heed of the name. I shall stay here a month for the purpose. She is in London, on a visit to a relation in the city. The bans on her side will be published with equal privacy in a little church near the Tower, where my name will be no less unknown than here. Oh, I've contrived it famously!"

"But, my dear fellow, consider what you risk."

"I have considered all, and find every chance in my favour. The bride will arrive here on the day of our wedding: my servant will be one witness; some stupid old Welshman, as antediluvian as possible—I leave it to you to select him—shall be the other. My servant I shall dispose of, and the rest I can depend on."

"But—"

"I detest buts; if I had to make a language, I would not admit such a word in it. And now, before I run on upon Catharine, a subject quite inexhaustible, tell me, my dear friend, something about yourself."

* * * * *

Somewhat more than a month had elapsed since the arrival of the stranger at the village inn. He had changed his quarters for the parsonage; went out but little, and then chiefly on

foot-excursions among the sequestered hills in the neighbourhood: he was, therefore, but partially known by sight even in the village; and the visit of some old college friend to the minister, though indeed it had never chanced before, was not, in itself, so remarkable an event as to excite any particular observation. The bans had been duly, and half inaudibly, hurried over, after the service was concluded, and while the scanty congregation were dispersing down the little aisle of the church, when one morning a chaise and pair arrived at the parsonage. A servant out of livery leaped from the box. The stranger opened the door of the chaise, and uttering a joyous exclamation, gave his arm to a lady, who, trembling and agitated, could scarcely, even with that stalwart support, descend the steps. "Ah!" she said, in a voice choked with tears, when they found themselves alone in the little parlour, "ah! if you knew how I have suffered!"

How is it that certain words, and those the homeliest—which the hand writes and the eye reads as trite and commonplace expressions—when *spoken*, convey so much—so many meanings complicated and refined? "Ah, if you knew how I have suffered!"

When the lover heard these words, his gay countenance fell—he drew back—his conscience smote him: in that complaint was the whole history of a clandestine love—not for both the parties, but for the woman—the painful secrecy—the remorseful deceit—the shame—the fear—the sacrifice. She who uttered those words was scarcely sixteen. It is an early age to leave childhood behind for ever!

"My own love! you have suffered indeed; but it is over now."

"Over! And what will they say of me—what will they think of me *at home*? Over! Ah!"

"It is but for a short time, in the course of nature, my uncle cannot live long: all then will be explained. Our marriage once made public, all connected with you will be proud to own you. You will have wealth—station—a name among the first in the gentry of England. But, above all, you will have the happiness to think that your forbearance for a time has saved me, and, it may be, our children, sweet one! from poverty and—"

"It is enough," interrupted the girl: and the expression of her countenance became serene and elevated. "It is for you—for your sake. I know what you hazard: how much I must owe you! Forgive me; this is the last murmur you shall ever hear from these lips."

An hour after those words were spoken the marriage ceremony was concluded.

"Caleb," said the bridegroom, drawing the clergyman aside as they were about to re-enter the house, "you will keep your promise, I know; and you think I may depend implicitly upon the good faith of the witness you have selected?"

"Upon his good faith?—no," said Caleb, smiling: "but upon his deafness, his ignorance, and his age. My poor old clerk! he will have forgotten all about it before this day three months. Now I have seen your lady, I no longer wonder that you incur so great a risk. I never beheld so lovely a countenance. You will be happy!" And the village priest sighed, and thought of the coming winter and his own lonely hearth.

"My dear friend, you have only seen her beauty: it is her least charm. Heaven knows how often I have made love—and this is the only woman that I have ever really loved. Caleb, there is an excellent living that adjoins my uncle's

house. The rector is old; when the house is mine, you will not be long without the living. We shall be neighbours, Caleb, and then you shall try and find a bride for yourself. Smith"—and the bridegroom turned to the servant who had accompanied his wife, and served as a second witness to the marriage—"tell the postboy to put to the horses immediately."

"Yes, sir. May I speak a word with you?"

"Well, what!"

"Your uncle, sir, sent for me to come to him the day before we left town."

"Aha! indeed!"

"And I could just pick up among his servants that he had some suspicion—at least, that he had been making inquiries—and seemed very cross, sir."

"You went to him?"

"No, sir, I was afraid. He has such a way with him! Whenever his eye is fixed on mine, I always feel as if it was impossible to tell a lie; and—and—in short, I thought it was best not to go."

"You did right. Confound this fellow!" muttered the bridegroom, turning away; "he is honest, and loves me; yet, if my uncle sees him, he is clumsy enough to betray all. Well, I always meant to get him out of the way—the sooner the better. Smith!"

"Yes, sir!"

"You have often said that you should like, if you had some capital, to settle in Australia—your father is an excellent farmer—you are above the situation you hold with me—you are well educated, and have some knowledge of agriculture—you can scarcely fail to make a fortune as a settler; and, if you are of the same mind still, why, look you, I have just £1000 at my banker's: you shall have half if you like to sail by the first packet."

"Oh, sir, you are too generous."

"Nonsense; no thanks—I am more prudent than generous; for I agree with you that it is all up with me if my uncle gets hold of you. I dread my prying brother, too; in fact the obligation is on my side: only stay abroad till I am a rich man and my marriage made public, and then you may ask of me what you will. It's agreed, then—order the horses—we'll go round by Liverpool, and learn about the vessels. By the way, my good fellow, I hope you see nothing now of that good-for-nothing brother of yours?"

"No, indeed, sir. It's a thousand pities he has turned out so ill, for he was the cleverest of the family, and could always twist me round his little finger."

"That's the very reason I mentioned him. If he learned our secret, he would take it to an excellent market. Where is he?"

"Hiding, I suspect, sir."

"Well, we shall put the sea between you: so now all's safe."

Caleb stood by the porch of his house as the bride and bridegroom entered their humble vehicle. Though then November, the day was exquisitely mild and calm, the sky without a cloud, and even the leafless trees seemed to smile beneath the cheerful sun. And the young bride wept no more: she was with him she loved—she was his for ever. She forgot the rest. The hope—the heart of sixteen—spoke brightly out through the blushes that mantled over her fair cheeks. The bridegroom's frank and manly countenance was radiant with joy. As he waved his hand to Caleb from the window, the postboy cracked his whip, the servant settled himself on

the dickey, the horses started off in a brisk trot—the clergyman was left alone!

To be married is certainly an event in life; to marry other people is, for a priest, a very ordinary occurrence; and yet, from that day, a great change began to operate in the spirits and the habits of Caleb Price. Have you ever, my gentle reader, buried yourself for some time quietly in the lazy ease of a dull country life? Have you ever become gradually accustomed to its monotony and inured to its solitude; and, just at the time when you have half forgotten the great world—that *mare magnum* that frets and roars in the distance—have you ever received in your calm retreat some visiter, full of the busy and excited life which you imagined yourself contented to relinquish? If so, have you not perceived that, in proportion as his presence and communication either revived old memories, or brought before you new pictures of "the bright tumult" of that existence of which your guest made a part, you began to compare him curiously with yourself; you began to feel that what before was to rest is now to rot; that your years are gliding from you unenjoyed and wasted; that the contrast between the animal life of passionate civilisation and the vegetable torpor of motionless seclusion is one that, if you are still young, it tasks your philosophy to bear—feeling all the while that the torpor may be yours to your grave? And when your guest has left you, when you are again alone, is the solitude the same as it was before!

Our poor Caleb had for years rooted his thoughts to his village. His guest had been, like the bird in the fairy tale, settling upon the quiet branches, and singing so loudly and so gladly of the enchanted skies afar, that, when it flew away the tree pined, nipped and withering in the sober sun in which before it had basked contented. The guest was, indeed, one of those men whose animal spirits exercise upon such as come within their circle the influence and power usually ascribed only to intellectual qualities. During the month he had sojourned with Caleb, he had brought back to the poor parson all the gaiety of the brisk and noisy novitiate that preceded the solemn vow and the dull retreat: the social parties, the merry suppers, the open-handed, open-hearted fellowship of riotous, delightful extravagant, thoughtless youth. And Caleb was not a bookman—not a scholar; he had no resources in himself, no occupation but his indolent and ill-paid duties. The emotions, therefore, of the active man were easily aroused within him. But if this comparison between his past and present life rendered him restless and disturbed, how much more deeply and lastingly was he affected by a contrast between his own future and that of his friend! not in those points where he could never hope equality—wealth and station—the conventional distinctions to which, after all, a man of ordinary sense must sooner or later reconcile himself—but in that *one* respect wherein all, high and low, pretend to the same rights; rights which a man of moderate warmth of feeling can never willingly renounce, viz: a partner in a lot however obscure; a kind face by a hearth, no matter how mean it be! And his happier friend, like all men full of life, was full of himself—full of his love, of his future, of the blessings of home, and wife, and children. Then, too, the young bride seemed so fair, so confiding, and so tender; so formed to grace the noblest or to cheer the humblest home! And both were so happy, so all in all to each other,

as they left that barren threshold! And the priest felt all this as, melancholy and envious, he turned from the door in that November day to find himself thoroughly alone. He now began seriously to muse upon those fancied blessings which men wearied with celibacy see springing heavenward behind the altar. A few weeks afterward a notable change was visible in the good man's exterior. He became more careful of his dress—he shaved every morning—he purchased a croppered Welsh cob—and it was soon known in the neighbourhood that the only journey the cob was condemned to take was to the house of a certain squire, who, amid a family of all ages, boasted two very pretty marriageable daughters. That was the second holyday-time of poor Caleb—the love romances of his life: it soon closed. On learning the amount of the pastor's stipend, the squire refused to receive his addresses; and, shortly after, the girl to whom he had attached himself made what the world calls a happy match. And perhaps it was one, for I never heard that she regretted the forsaken lover. Perhaps Caleb was not one of those whose place in a woman's heart is never to be supplied. The lady married, the world went round as before, the brook danced as merrily through the village, the poor worked the week-days, and the urchins gambolled round the gravestones on the Sabbath, and the curate's heart was broken. He languished gradually and silently away. The villagers observed that he had lost his old good-humoured smile—that he did not stop every Saturday evening at the carrier's gate, to ask if there were any news stirring in the town which the carrier weekly visited—that he did not come to borrow the stray newspapers that now and then found their way into the village—that, as he sauntered along the brook-side, his clothes hung loose on his limbs—and that he no longer "whistled as he went:" alas! he was no longer in want of thought. By degrees, the walks themselves were suspended; the parson was no longer visible: a stranger performed his duties.

One day—it might be some three years after the fatal visit I have commemorated—one very wild, rough day in early March, the postman who made the round of the district rung at the parson's bell. The single, female servant, her red hair loose in her neck, replied to the call.

"And how is the master?"

"Very bad;" and the girl wiped her eyes.

"He should leave you something handsome," remarked the postman, kindly, as he pocketed the money for the letter.

The pastor was in bed: the boisterous wind rattled down the chimney, and shook the ill-fitting casement in its rotting frame. The clothes he had last worn were thrown carelessly about, unsmoothed, unbrushed; the scanty articles of furniture were out of their proper places: slovenly discomfort marked the death-chamber. And by the bedside stood a neighbouring clergyman, a stout, rustic, homely, thoroughly Welsh priest, who might have sat for the portrait of Parson Adams.

"Here's a letter for you," said the visitor.

"For me!" echoed Caleb, feebly. "Ah! well; is it not very dark, or are my eyes failing?" The clergyman and the servant drew aside the curtains and propped the sick man up: he read as follows, slowly and with difficulty:

"Dear Caleb,—At last I can do something for you. A friend of mine, has a living in his gift just vacant, worth, I understand, from three to four hundred a year; pleasant neighbourhood—

small parish. And my friend keeps the hounds!—just the thing for you. He is, however, a very particular sort of person—wants a companion, and has a horror of anything evangelical—wishes, therefore, to see you before he decides. If you can meet me in London some day next month, I'll present you to him, and I have no doubt it will be settled. You must think it strange I never wrote to you since we parted, but you know I never was a very good correspondent; and as I had nothing to communicate advantageous to you, I thought it a sort of insult to enlarge on my own happiness, and so forth. All I shall say on that score is, that I've sown my wild oats; and that you may take my word for it, there's nothing that can make a man know how large the heart is, and how little the world, till he comes home (perhaps after a hard day's hunting), and sees his own fireside, and hears one dear welcome; and—oh, by the way, Caleb, if you could but see my boy, the sturdiest little rogue! But enough of this. All that vexes me is, that I've never yet been able to declare my marriage; my uncle, however, suspects nothing: my wife bears up against all, like an angel as she is; still, in the case of any accident, it occurs to me, now I'm writing to you, especially if you leave the place, that it may be as well to send me an examined copy of the register. In those remote places registers are often lost or mislaid; and it may be useful hereafter, when I proclaim the marriage, to clear up all doubt as to the fact.

"Good-bye, old fellow,

"Yours most truly," &c. &c.

"It comes too late," sighed Caleb, heavily, and the letter fell from his hands. There was a long pause. "Close the shutters," said the sick man at last; I think I could sleep: and—and—pick up that letter."

With a trembling but eager gripe, he seized the paper as a miser would seize the deeds of an estate on which he has a mortgage. He smoothed the folds, looked complacently at the well-known hand, smiled—a ghastly smile!—and then placed the letter under his pillow and sank down: they left him alone. He did not wake for some hours, and that good clergyman, poor as himself, was again at his post. The only friendships that are really with us in the hour of need are those which are cemented by equality of circumstance. In the depths of home, in the hour of tribulation, by the bed of death, the rich and the poor are seldom found side by side. Caleb was evidently much feebler, but his sense seemed clearer than it had been, and the instincts of his native kindness were the last that left him. "There is something he wants me to do for him," he muttered. "Ah! I remember: Jones, will you send for the parish register? It is somewhere in the vestry-room, I think—but nothing's kept properly. Better go yourself—its important."

Mr. Jones nodded, and sallied forth. The register was not in the vestry; the churchwardens knew nothing about it; the clerk, a new clerk who also was the sexton, and rather a wild fellow, had gone ten miles off to a wedding; every place was searched; till, at last, the book was found, amid a heap of old magazines and dusty papers, in the parlour of Caleb himself. By the time it was brought to him, the sufferer was fast declining; with some difficulty his dim eye discovered the place where, amid the pothooks of the parishioners, the large, clear hand of his old friend, and the trembling characters of the bride, looked forth distinguished.

"Extract this for me, will you?" said Caleb. Mr. Jones obeyed.

"Now just write above the extract:

"Sir,—By Mr. Price's desire I send you the enclosed. He is too ill to write himself. But he bids me say that he has never been quite the same man since you left him; and that, if he should not get well again, still your kind letter has made him easier in his mind."

Caleb stopped.

"Go on."

"That is all I have to say: sign your name, and put the address—here it is. "Ah, the letter," he muttered, "must not lie about! If any thing happen to me, it may get him into trouble."

And as Mr. Jones sealed his communication, Caleb feebly stretched his wan hand, and held the letter which had "come too late" over the flame of the candle. As the paper dropped on the carpetless floor, Mr. Jones prudently set thereon the broad sole of his top-boot, and the maid-servant brushed it into the grate.

"Ah, trample it out; hurry it among the ashes. The last as the rest," said Caleb, hoarsely. "Friendship, fortune, hope, love, life—a little flame, and then—and then—"

"Don't be uneasy—it's quite out!" said Mr. Jones.

Caleb turned his face to the wall. He lingered till the next day, when he passed insensibly from sleep to death. As soon as the breath was out of his body, Mr. Jones felt that his duty was discharged—that other duties called him home. He promised to return to read the burial service over the deceased, gave some hasty orders about the plain funeral, and was turning from the room, when he saw the letter he had written by Caleb's wish still on the table. "I pass the postoffice—I'll put it in," said he to the weeping servant; "and just give me that scrap of paper." So he wrote on the scrap, "P. S. He died this morning at half past twelve, without pain.—R. J.;" and, without the trouble of breaking the seal, thrust the final bulletin into the folds of the letter, which he then carefully placed in his vast pocket and safely transferred to the post. And that was all that the jovial and happy man to whom the letter was addressed ever heard of the last days of his college friend.

The living vacant by the death of Caleb Price was not so valuable as to plague the patron with many applications. It continued vacant nearly the whole of the six months prescribed by law. And the desolate parsonage was committed to the charge of one of the villagers, who had occasionally assisted Caleb in the care of his little garden. The villager, his wife, and half a dozen noisy, ragged children, took possession of the quiet bachelor's abode. The furniture had been sold to pay the expenses of the funeral and a few trifling bills; and, save the kitchen and the two attics, the empty house, uninhabited, was surrendered to the sportive mischief of the idle urchins, who prowled about the silent chambers in fear of the silence and in ecstasy at the space. The bedroom in which Caleb had died was, indeed, long held sacred by infantine superstition. But, one day, the eldest boy having ventured across the threshold, two cupboards, the doors standing ajar, attracted the child's curiosity. He opened one, and his exclamation soon brought the rest of the children round him. Have you ever, reader, when a boy, suddenly stumbled on that El Dorado, called by the grown-up folks a lumber-room? Lumber, indeed! what *Virtù*

double locks in cabinets is the real lumber to the boy! Lumber, reader, to thee it was a treasury! Now this cupboard had been the lumber-room in Caleb's household. In an instant the whole troop had thrown themselves on the motley contents. Stray joints of clumsy fishing-rods—artificial baits—a pair of worn-out top-boots, in which one of the urchins, whooping and shouting buried himself up to the middle—moth-eaten, stained, and ragged, the collegian's gown: relic of the dead man's palmy time—a bag of carpenter's tools, chiefly broken—a cricket-bat—an odd boxing-glove—a fencing foil, snapped in the middle—and more than all, some half-finished attempts at rude toys: a boat, a cart, a doll's house, in which the good natured Caleb had busied himself for the younger ones of that family in which he had found the fatal ideal of his trite life. One by one were these lugged forth from their dusty slumber—profane hands struggling for the first right of appropriation. And now, revealed against the wall, glared upon the startled violators of the sanctuary, with glassy eyes and horrent visage, a grim monster. They huddled back one upon the other, pale and breathless, till the eldest, seeing that the creature moved not, took heart—approached on tiptoe—twice receded, and twice again advanced, and finally drew out, daubed, painted, and tricked forth in the semblance of a griffin, a gigantic kite?

The children, alas! were not old and wise enough to know all the dormant value of that imprisoned aeronaut, which had cost poor Caleb many a dull evening's labour—the intended gift to the false one's favourite brother. But they guessed that it was a thing or spirit appertaining of right to them; and they resolved, after mature consultation, to impart the secret of their discovery to an old wooden legged villager who had served in the army, who was the idol of all the children of the place; and who, they firmly believed, knew every thing under the sun except the mystical arts of reading and writing. Accordingly, having seen that the coast was clear—for they considered their parents (as the children of the hard working often do) the natural foes to amusement—they carried the monster into an old outhouse, and ran to the veteran to beg him to come up slyly and inspect its properties.

Three months after this memorable event arrived the new pastor: a slim, prim, orderly, and starch young man, framed by nature and trained by practice to bear a great deal of solitude and starving. Two loving couples had waited to be married till His Reverence should arrive. The ceremony performed, where was the registry book? The vestry was searched, the churchwardens interrogated; the gay clerk, who, on the demise of his deaf predecessor, had come into office a little before Caleb's last illness, had a dim recollection of having taken the registry up to Mr. Price at the time the vestry room was whitewashed. The house was searched; the cupboard, the mysterious cupboard, was explored. "Here it is, sir!" cried the clerk; and he pounced upon a pale parchment volume. The thin clergyman opened it, and recoiled in dismay: more than three fourths of the leaves had been torn out.

"It is the moths, sir," said the gardener's wife, who had not yet removed from the house.

The clergyman looked round: one of the children was trembling. "What have you done to this book, little one?"

"That book?—the—hi!—hi!—"

"Speak the truth, and you sha'n't be punished."

"I did not know it was any harm—hi!—hi!—"

"Well, and—"

"And old Ben helped us."

"Well!"

"And—and—and—hi!—hi!—The tail of the kite, sir!—"

"Where is the kite?"

Alas! the kite and its tail were long ago gone to that undiscovered limbo, where all things lost, broken, vanished, and destroyed—things that lose themselves, for servants are too honest to steal: things that break themselves, for servants are too careful to break—find an everlasting and impenetrable refuge.

"It does not signify a pin's head," said the clerk; "the parish must find a new 'un!"

"It is no fault of mine," said the pastor. "Are my chops ready?"

CHAPTER II.

"And soothed with idle dreams the
Frowning fate."—CRASSÉ.

"Why does not my father come back? What a time he has been away!"

"My dear Philip, business detains him: but he will be here in a few days—perhaps to-day!"

"I should like him to see how much I am improved."

"Improved in what, Philip?" said the mother, with a smile. "Not Latin, I am sure; for I have not seen you open a book since you insisted on poor Todd's dismissal."

"Todd! Oh, he was such a scrub, and spoke through his nose: what could he know of Latin?"

"More than you ever will, I fear, unless—" and here there was a certain hesitation in the mother's voice, "unless your father consents to your going to school."

"Well, I should like to go to Eton! That's the only school for a gentleman. I've heard my father say so."

"Philip, you are too proud."

"Proud! You often call me proud, but then you kiss me when you do so. Kiss me now, mother."

The lady drew her son to her breast, put aside the clustering hair from his forehead, and kissed him; but the kiss was sad, and a moment after she pushed him away gently, and muttered, unconscious that she was overheard.

"If, after all, my devotion to the father should wrong the children!"

The boy started, and a cloud passed over his brow; but he said nothing. A light step entered the room through the French casements that opened on the lawn, and the mother turned to her youngest-born, and her eye brightened.

"Mamma! mamma! here is a letter for you. I snatched it from John: it is papa's handwriting."

The lady uttered a joyous exclamation, and seized the letter. The younger child nestled himself on a stool at her feet, looking up while she read it; the elder stood apart, leaning on his gun, and with something of thought, even of gloom upon his countenance.

There was a strong contrast in the two children. The elder, who was about fifteen, seemed older than he was, not only from his height, but from the darkness of his complexion, and a certain proud, nay, imperious expression upon features that, without having the soft and fluent

graces of childhood, were yet regular and striking. His dark green shooting-dress, with the belt and pouch; the cap, with its gold tassel set upon his luxuriant curls, which had the purple gloss of the raven's plume, blended, perhaps, something prematurely manly in his own tastes with the love of the fantastic, and the picturesque which bespeaks the presiding genius of the proud mother. The younger son had scarcely told his ninth year; and the soft auburn ringlets, descending half way down the shoulders; the rich and delicate bloom that exhibits at once the hardy health and the gentle fostering; the large, deep blue eyes; the flexile and almost effeminate contour of the harmonious features, altogether made such an ideal of childlike beauty as Lawrence had loved to paint or Chantrey model.

And the daintiest cares of a mother, who, as yet, has her darling all to herself—her toy, her plaything—were visible in the large falling collar of finest cambric, and the blue velvet dress, with its filigree buttons and embroidered sash. Both the boys had about them the air of those whom Fate ushers blandly into life: the air of wealth, and birth, and luxury, spoiled and pampered as if earth had no thorn for their feet, and heaven not a wind to visit their young cheeks too roughly. The mother had been extremely handsome, and though the first bloom of youth was now gone, she had still the beauty that might captivate new love: an easier task than to retain the old. Both her sons, though differing from each other, resembled her. She had the *features* of the younger; and probably any one who had seen her in her own earlier youth, would have recognised in that child's gay, yet gentle countenance, the mirror of the mother when a girl. Now, however, especially when silent or thoughtful, the *expression* of her face was rather that of the elder boy; the cheek, once so rosy, was now pale, though clear, with something which time had given, of pride and thought, in the curved lip and the high forehead. They who could have looked on her in her more lonely hours, might have seen that the pride had known shame, and the thought was the shadow of the passions of fear and sorrow.

But now, as she read those hasty, brief, but well-remembered characters—read as one whose heart was in her eyes—joy and triumph alone were visible in that eloquent countenance. Her eyes flashed, her breast heaved; and at length, clasping the letter to her lips, she kissed it again and again with passionate transport. Then, as her eyes met the dark, inquiring, earnest gaze of her eldest born, she flung her arms round him and wept vehemently.

"What is the matter, mamma, dear mamma?" said the youngest, pushing himself between Philip and his mother.

"Your father is coming back this day—this very hour; and you—you—child—you, Philip—" Here sobs broke in upon her words, and left her speechless.

The letter that had produced this effect ran as follows:

"To MRS. MORTON, Fernside Cottage.

"Dearest Kate,—My last letter prepared you for the news I have now to relate—my poor uncle is no more. Though I have seen so little of him, especially of late years, his death sensibly affected me: but I have at least the consolation of thinking that there is nothing now to prevent my doing justice to you. I am the sole heir to his fortune. I have it in my power, dearest

Kate, to offer you a tardy recompense for all you have put up with for my sake; a sacred testimony to your long forbearance, your unapproachable love, your wrongs, and your devotion. Our children, too—my noble Philip—kiss them, Kate—kiss them for me a thousand times.

"I write in great haste; the burial is just over, and my letter will only serve to announce my return. My darling Catharine, I shall be with you almost as soon as these lines meet your eyes—those dear eyes, that, for all the tears they have shed for my faults and follies, have never looked the less kind.

"Yours, ever as ever,
PHILIP BEAUFORT."

This letter has told its tale, and little remains to explain. Philip Beaufort was one of those men of whom there are many in his peculiar class of society—easy, thoughtless, good-humoured, generous, with feelings infinitely better than his principles.

Inheriting himself but a moderate fortune, which was three parts in the hands of the Jews before he was twenty-five, he had the most brilliant expectations from his uncle; an old bachelor, who, from a courtier, had turned a misanthrope; cold, shrewd, penetrating, worldly, sarcastic, and imperious; and from this relation he received, meanwhile, a handsome, and, indeed, munificent allowance. About sixteen years before the date at which this narrative opens, Philip Beaufort had "run off," as the saying is, with Catharine Morton, then little more than a child—a motherless child—educated at a boarding-school to notions and desires far beyond her station; for she was the daughter of a provincial tradesman. And Philip Beaufort, in the prime of life, was possessed of most of the qualities that dazzle the eyes, and many of the arts that betray the affections. It was suspected by some that they were privately married: if so, the secret had been closely kept, and baffled all the inquiries of the stern old uncle. Still there was much, not only in the manner, at once modest and dignified, but in the character of Catharine, which was proud and high-spirited, to give colour to the suspicion. Beaufort, a man naturally careless of forms, paid her a marked and punctilious respect; and his attachment was evidently one, not only of passion, but of confidence and esteem. Time developed in her mental qualities far superior to those of Beaufort; and for these she had ample leisure of cultivation. To the influence derived from her mind and person she added that of a frank, affectionate, and winning disposition; their children cemented the bond between them. Mr. Beaufort was passionately attached to field-sports. He lived the greater part of the year with Catharine at the beautiful cottage, to which he had built hunting-stables that were the admiration of the county; and, though the cottage was near to London, the pleasures of the metropolis seldom allured him for more than a few days—generally but a few hours—at a time; and he always hurried back with renewed relish to what he considered his home.

Whatever the connection between Catharine and himself (and of the true nature of that connection, the introductory chapter has made the reader more enlightened than the world), her influence had at least weaned from all excesses, and many follies, a man who, before he knew her, had seemed likely, from the extreme joviality and carelessness of his nature, and a very imperfect education, to contract whatever vices

were most in fashion as preservatives against *ennui*. And if their union had been openly hallowed by the church, Philip Beaufort had been universally esteemed the model of a tender husband and a fond father. Ever, as he became more and more acquainted with Catharine's natural good qualities, and more and more attached to his home, had Mr. Beaufort, with the generosity of true affection, desired to remove from her the pain of an equivocal condition by a public marriage. But Mr. Beaufort, though generous, was not free from the worldliness which had met him everywhere amid the society in which his youth had been spent. His uncle, the head of one of those families which yearly vanish from the commonality into the peerage, but which once formed a distinguished peculiarity in the aristocracy of England—families of ancient birth, immense possessions, at once noble and untitled—held his estates by no other tenure than his own caprice. Though he professed to like Philip, yet he saw but little of him. When the news of the illicit connection his nephew was reported to have formed reached him, he at first resolved to break it off; but, observing that Philip no longer gambled nor run in debt, and had retired from the turf to the safer and more economical pastimes of the field, he contented himself with inquiries which satisfied him that Philip was not married; and perhaps he thought it, on the whole, more prudent to wink at an error that was not attended by the bills which had heretofore characterised the human infirmities of his reckless nephew. He took care, however, incidentally, and in reference to some scandal of the day, to pronounce his opinion, not upon the fault, but upon the only mode of repairing it.

"If ever," said he, and he looked grimly at Philip while he spoke, "a gentleman were to disgrace his ancestry by introducing into his family one whom his own sister could not receive at her house, why, he ought to sink to her level, and wealth would but make his disgrace the more notorious. If I had an only son, and that son were booby enough to do any thing so discreditable as to marry beneath him, I would rather have my footman for my successor. You understand, Phil?"

Philip did understand, and looked round at the noble house and the stately park, and his generosity was not equal to the trial. Catharine—so great was her power over him—might, perhaps, have easily triumphed over his more selfish calculations; but her love was too delicate ever to breathe, of itself, the hope that lay deepest at her heart. And her children!—ah! for them she pined, but for them she also hoped. Before them was a long future; and she had all confidence in Philip. Of late, there had been considerable doubts how far the elder Beaufort would realise the expectations in which his nephew had been reared. Philip's younger brother had been much with the old gentleman, and appeared to be in high favour; this brother was a man in every respect the opposite to Philip: sober, supple, decorous, ambitious, with a face of smiles and a heart of ice.

But the old gentleman was taken dangerously ill, and Philip was summoned to his bed of death. Robert, the younger brother, was there also, with his wife (for he had married prudently) and his children—he had two, a son and daughter. Not a word did the uncle say as to the disposition of his property till an hour before he died. And then, turning in his bed, he looked

first at one nephew, then at the other, and faltered out,

"Philip, you are a scapegrace, but a gentleman: Robert, you are a careful, sober, plausible man, and it is a great pity you were not in business: you would have made a fortune!—you won't inherit one, though you think it: I have marked you, sir. Philip, beware of your brother. Now let me see the parson."

The old man died, the will was read, and Philip succeeded to a rental of £20,000 a year; Robert to a diamond ring, a gold repeater, £5000, and a curious collection of bottled snakes.

CHAPTER III.

"Stay delightful Dream;
Let him within his pleasant garden walk;
Give him her arm—of blessings let them talk."

CHABRE.

"There, Robert, there! now you can see the new stables. By Jove, they are the completest thing in the three kingdoms!"

"Quite a pile! But is that the house? You lodge your horses more magnificently than yourself."

"But is it not a beautiful cottage?—to be sure, it owes every thing to Catharine's taste. Dear Catharine!"

Mr. Robert Beaufort—for this colloquy took place between the brothers as their britska rapidly descended the hill, at the foot of which lay Fernside Cottage and its miniature demesnes—Mr. Robert Beaufort pulled his traveling cap over his brows, and his countenance fell, whether at the name of Catharine, or the tone in which the name was uttered; and there was a pause, broken by a third occupant of the britska, a youth of about seventeen, who sat opposite the brothers.

"And who are those boys on the lawn, uncle?"

"Who are those boys?" It was a simple question, but it grated on the ear of Mr. Robert Beaufort: it struck discord at his heart. "Who were those boys?" as they ran across the sward, eager to welcome their father home—the westering sun shining full on their joyous faces—their young forms so lithe and so graceful—their merry laughter ringing in the still air. "Those boys," thought Mr. Robert Beaufort, "the sons of shame, rob mine of his inheritance." The elder brother turned round at his nephew's question, and saw the expression on Robert's face. He bit his lip, and answered gravely,

"Arthur, they are my children."

"I did not know you were married," replied Arthur, bending forward to take a better view of his cousins.

Mr. Robert Beaufort smiled bitterly, and Philip's brow grew crimson.

The carriage stopped at the little lodge. Philip opened the door and jumped to the ground; the brother and his son followed. A moment more, and Philip was locked in Catharine's arms, her tears falling fast upon his breast, his children plucking at his coat, and the younger one crying, in his shrill, impatient treble, "Papa! papa! you don't see Sidney, papa!"

Mr. Robert Beaufort placed his hand on his son's shoulder and arrested his steps as they contemplated the group before them.

"Arthur," said he in a hollow whisper, "those children are our disgrace and your supplanters; they are bastards! bastards! and they are to be his heirs!"

Arthur made no answer, but the smile with which he had hitherto gazed on his new relations vanished.

"Kate," said Mr. Beaufort, as he turned from Mrs. Morton, and lifted his youngest born in his arms, "this is my brother and his son: they are welcome, are they not?"

Mr. Robert bowed low, and extended his hand, with stiff affability, to Mrs. Morton, muttering something equally complimentary and inaudible.

The party proceeded towards the house. Philip and Arthur brought up the rear.

"Do you shoot?" asked Arthur, observing the gun in his cousin's hand.

"Yes. I hope this season to bag as many head as my father: he is a famous shot. But this is only a single barrel, and an old-fashioned sort of detonator. My father must get me one of the new guns. I can't afford it myself."

"I should think not," said Arthur, smiling.

"Oh, as to that," resumed Philip, quickly, and with a heightened colour, "I *could* have managed it very well if I had not given thirty guineas for a brace of pointers the other day: they are the best dogs you ever saw."

"Thirty guineas!" echoed Arthur, looking with *naïve* surprise at the speaker; "why, how old are you?"

"Just fifteen last birthday. Holla, John! John Green!" cried the young gentleman, in an imperious voice, to one of the gardeners who was crossing the lawn, "see that the nets are taken down to the lake to-morrow, and that my tent is pitched properly, by the lime-trees, by nine o'clock. I hope you will understand me this time: Heaven knows you take a great deal of telling before you understand any thing!"

"Yes, Mr. Philip," said the man, bowing obsequiously; and then muttered as he went off, "Drat the nat'el! he speaks to a poor man as if he warn't flesh and blood."

"Does your father keep hunters?" asked Philip.

"No."

"Why?"

"Perhaps one reason may be that he is not rich enough."

"Oh! that's a pity. Never mind, we'll mount you whenever you like to pay us a visit."

Young Arthur drew himself up, and his air, naturally frank and gentle, became haughty and reserved. Philip gazed on him and felt offended; he scarce knew why, but from that moment he conceived a dislike to his cousin.

CHAPTER IV.

"For a man is helpless and vain, of a condition so exposed to calamity that a raisin is able to kill him: any trooper out of the Egyptian army—a fly can do it, when it goes on God's errand."

JEREMY TAYLOR.

The two brothers sat at their wine after dinner. Robert sipped claret, the sturdy Philip quaffed his more generous port. Catharine and the boys might be seen at a little distance, and by the light of a soft August moon, among the shrubs and *bosquets* of the lawn.

Philip Beaufort was about five-and-forty, tall, robust, nay, of great strength of frame and limb, with a countenance extremely winning, not only from the comeliness of its features, but its frankness, manliness, and good nature. His was the bronzed, rich complexion, the inclination towards *embonpoint*, the athletic girth of chest, which denote redundant health, and mirthful temper, and sanguine blood. Robert, who had lived the life of cities, was a year younger than his bro-

ther; nearly as tall, but pale, meager, stooping, and with a careworn, anxious, hungry look, which made the smile that hung upon his lips seem hollow and artificial. His dress, though plain, was neat and studied; his manner bland and plausible; his voice sweet and low: there was that about him which, if it did not win liking, tended to excite respect; a certain decorum, a nameless propriety of appearance and bearing, that approached a little to formality: his every movement, slow and measured, was that of one who paced in the circle that fences round the habits and usages of the world.

"Yes," said Philip, "I had always decided to take this step whenever my poor uncle's death should allow me to do so. You have seen Catharine, but you do not know half her good qualities; she would grace any station: and, besides, she nursed me so carefully last year, when I broke my collar-bone in that cursed steeple-chase. Egad, I am getting too heavy and growing too old for such schoolboy pranks."

"I have no doubt of Mrs. Morton's excellence, and I honour your motives; still, when you talk of her gracing any station, you must not forget, my dear brother, that she will be no more received as Mrs. Beaufort than she is now as Mrs. Morton."

"But I tell you, Robert, that I am really married to her already—that she would never have left her home but on that condition—that we were married the very day we met after her flight."

Robert's thin lips broke into a slight sneer of incredulity.

"My dear brother, you do right to say this: any man in your situation would. But I know that my uncle took every pains to ascertain if the report of a private marriage were true."

"And you helped him in the search. Eh, Bob?"

Bob slightly blushed. Philip went on:

"Ha, ha, to be sure you did; you knew that such a discovery would have done for me in the old gentleman's good opinion. But I blinded you both, ha, ha! The fact is, that we were married with the greatest privacy; that even now, I own, it would be difficult for Catharine herself to establish the fact unless I wished it. I am ashamed to think that I have never even told her where I keep the main proof of the marriage. I induced one witness to leave the country, the other must be long since dead: my poor friend, too, who officiated, is no more. Even the register, Bob, the register itself has been destroyed; and yet, notwithstanding, I will prove the ceremony and clear up poor Catharine's fame; for I have the attested copy of the register safe and sound. Catharine not married! Why, look at her, man!"

Mr. Robert Beaufort glanced at the window for a moment, but his countenance was still that of one unconvinced.

"Well, brother," said he, dipping his fingers in the water-glass, "it is not for me to contradict you. It is a very curious tale—parson dead—witnesses missing. But still, as I said before, if you are resolved on a public marriage, you are wise to insist that there has been a previous private one. Yet, believe me, Philip," continued Robert, with solemn earnestness, "the world—"

"D—the world! What do I care for the world? We don't want to go to routs and balls, and give dinners to fine people. I shall live much the same as I have always done; only I shall now keep the hounds—they are very indifferently kept at present—and have a yacht, and engage

the best masters for the boys. Phil wants to go to Eton; but I know what Eton is. Poor fellow! his feelings might be hurt there, if others are as sceptical as yourself. I suppose my old friends will not be less civil now I have £20,000 a year. And as for the society of women, between you and me, I don't care a rush for any woman but Catharine: poor Katty!"

"Well, you are the best judge of your own affairs: you don't misinterpret my motives!"

"My dear Bob, no. I am quite sensible how kind it is in you—a man of your starch habits and strict views—coming here to pay a mark of respect to Kate (Mr. Robert turned uneasily in his chair) even before you knew of the private marriage; and I am sure I don't blame you for never having done it before. You did quite right to try your chance with my uncle."

Mr. Robert turned in his chair again, still more uneasily, and cleared his voice as if to speak. But Philip tossed off his wine, and proceeded without heeding his brother.

"And though the poor old man does not seem to have liked you the better for consulting his scruples, yet we must make up for the partiality of his will. Let me see—what, with your wife's fortune, you must £2000 a year?"

"Only £1500," Philip, and Arthur's education is growing expensive. Next year he goes to college. He is certainly very clever, and I have great hopes—"

"That he will do honour to us all—so have I. He is a noble young fellow; and I think my Philip may find a great deal to learn from him. Phil is a sad, idle dog, but with a devil of a spirit, and sharp as a needle. I wish you could see him ride. Well, to return to Arthur. Don't trouble yourself about his education: that shall be my care. He shall go to Christ Church—a gentleman commoner, of course—and when he's of age we'll get him into Parliament. Now for yourself, Bob. I shall sell the town-house in Berkeley Square, and whatever it brings you shall have. Besides that, I'll add £1500 a year to your £1500: so that's said and done. Pshaw! brothers should be brothers. Let's come out and play with the boys!"

The two Beauforts stepped through the open casement into the lawn.

"You look pale, Bob—all you London fellows do. As for me, I feel as strong as a horse; much better than when I was one of your gav dogs, straying loose about the town! 'Gad! I have never had a moment's ill health, except a fall now and then: I feel as if I should live for ever, and that's the reason why I could never make a will."

"Have you never, then, made your will?"

"Never as yet. Faith, till now, I had little enough to leave. But, now that all this great Beaufort property is at my own disposal, I must think of Kate's jointure. By Jove! now I speak of it, I will ride to ***** to-morrow, and consult the lawyer there both about the will and the marriage. You will stay for the wedding?"

"Why, I *must* go into—shire to-morrow evening, to place Arthur with his tutor. But I'll return for the wedding, if you particularly wish it: only Mrs. Beaufort is a woman of very strict—"

"I *do* particularly wish it," interrupted Philip, gravely; "for I desire, for Catharine's sake, that you, my sole surviving relation, may not seem to withhold your countenance from an act of justice to her. And as for your wife, I fancy £1500 a year would reconcile her to my marrying out of the Penitentiary."

Mr. Robert bowed his head, coughed huskily, and said, "I appreciate your generous affection, Philip."

The next morning, while the elder parties were still over the breakfast-table, the young people were in the grounds: It was a lovely day, one of the last of the luxuriant August; and Arthur, as he looked round, thought he had never seen a more beautiful place. It was, indeed, just the spot to captivate a youthful and susceptible fancy. The village of Fernside, though in one of the counties adjoining Middlesex, and as near to London as the owner's passionate pursuits of the field would permit, was yet as rural and sequestered as if a hundred miles distant from the smoke of the huge city. Though the dwelling was called a cottage, Philip had enlarged the original modest building into a villa of some pretensions. On either side a graceful and well proportioned portico stretched verandahs, covered with roses and clematis: to the right extended a range of costly conservatories, terminating in vistas of trellis-work, which formed those elegant alleys called roseries, and served to screen the more useful gardens from view. The lawn, smooth and even, was studded with American plants and shrubs in flower, and bounded on one side by a small lake, on the opposite bank of which limes and cedars threw their shadows over the clear waves. On the other side, a light fence separated the grounds from a large paddock, in which three or four hunters grazed in indolent enjoyment. It was one of those cottages which bespeak the ease and luxury not often found in more ostentatious mansions: an abode which the visitor of sixteen contemplates with vague notions of poetry and love—which at forty he might think dull and d—d expensive—which at sixty he would pronounce to be damp in winter, and full of earwigs in the summer. Master Philip was leaning on his favourite gun; Master Sidney was chasing a peacock butterfly; Arthur was silently gazing on the shining lake and the still foliage that drooped over its surface. In the countenance of this young man there was something that excited a certain interest. He was less handsome than Philip, but the expression of his face was more prepossessing. There was something of pride in the forehead; but of good-nature, not unmixed with irresolution and weakness, in the curves of the mouth. He was more delicate of frame than Philip, and the colour of his complexion was not that of a robust constitution. His movements were graceful and self-possessed, and he had his father's sweetness of voice.

"This is really beautiful! I envy you, cousin Philip."

"Has not your father got a country-house?"

"No: we live either in London or at some hot, crowded watering-place."

"Yes; this is very nice during the shooting and hunting season. But my old nurse says we shall have a much finer place now. I liked this very well till I saw Lord Belville's place. But it is very unpleasant not to have the finest house in the country: *aut Cesar aut nihil*—that's my motto. Ah! do you see that swallow? I'll bet you a guinea I hit it."

"No, poor thing! don't hurt it." But, ere the remonstrance was uttered, the bird lay quivering on the ground.

"It is just September, and one must keep one's hand in," said Philip, as he reloaded his gun.

To Arthur this action seemed a wanton cruelty; it was rather the wanton recklessness which belongs to a wild boy accustomed to gratify the im-

pulse of the moment; the recklessness which is not cruelty in the boy, but which prosperity may pamper into cruelty in the man. And scarce had he reloaded his gun before the neigh of a young colt came from a neighbouring paddock, and Philip bounded to the fence. "He calls me, poor fellow; you shall see him feed from my hand. Run in for a piece of bread—a large piece, Sidney." The boy and the animal seemed to understand each other. "I see you don't like horses," he said to Arthur. "As for me, I love dogs, horses—every dumb creature."

"Except swallows!" said Arthur, with a half smile, and a little surprised at the inconsistency of the boast.

"Oh! that is *sport*—all fair: it is not to hurt the swallow—it is to obtain skill," said Philip, colouring; and then, as if not quite easy with his own definition, he turned away abruptly.

"This is dull work: suppose we fish. By Jove! (he had caught his father's expletive,) that blockhead has put the tent on the wrong side of the lake, after all. Holla, you, sir!" and the unhappy gardener looked up from his flower-beds; "what ails you? I have a great mind to tell my father of you: you grow stupider every day. I told you to put the tent under the lime-trees."

"We could not manage it, sir; the boughs were in the way."

"And why did not you cut the boughs, block-head?"

"I did not dare do so, sir, without master's orders," said the man, doggedly.

"My orders are sufficient, I should think: so none of your impertinence," cried Philip, with a raised colour; and lifting his hand, in which he held his ramrod, he shook it menacingly over the gardener's head: I've a great mind to—"

"What's the matter, Philip?" cried the good-humoured voice of his father: "fy!"

"This fellow does not mind what I say, sir."

"I did not like to cut the boughs of the lime-trees without your orders, sir," said the gardener.

"No, it would be a pity to cut them. You should consult me there, Master Philip;" and the father shook him by the collar with a good-natured and affectionate, but rough sort of caress.

"Be quiet, father!" said the boy, petulantly and proudly, "or," he added, in a lower voice, but one which showed emotion, "my cousin may think you mean less kindly than you always do, sir."

The father was touched. "Go and cut the lime-boughs, John; and always do as Mr. Philip tells you."

The mother was behind, and she sighed audibly, "Ah! dearest, I fear you will spoil him."

"Is he not your son—and do we not owe him the more respect for having hitherto allowed others to—"

He stopped, and the mother could say no more. And thus it was that this boy of powerful character and strong passions had, from motives the most amiable, been pampered from the darling into the despot.

"And now, Kate, I will, as I told you last night, riddle over to — and fix the earliest day for our marriage. I will ask the lawyer to dine here, to talk about the proper steps for proving the private one."

"Will that be difficult?" asked Catharine, with natural anxiety.

"No; for, if you remember, I had the precaution to get an examined copy of the register; otherwise, I own to you, I should have been

alarmed. I don't know what has become of Smith. I heard some time since from his father that he had left the colony; and (I never told you before—it would have made you uneasy) once, a few years ago, when my uncle again got it into his head that we might be married, I was afraid poor Caleb's successor might, by chance, betray us. So I went over to A— myself, being near it when I was staying with Lord C—, in order to see how far it might be necessary to secure the parson; and, only think! I found an accident had happened to the register: so, as the clergyman could know nothing, I kept my own council. How lucky I have the copy! No doubt the lawyer will set all to rights; and, while I am making settlements, I may as well make my will. I have plenty for both boys, but the dark one must be the heir. Does he not look born to be an eldest son?"

"Ah, Philip!"

"Pshaw! one don't die the sooner for making a will. Have I the air of a man in a consumption?" and the sturdy sportsman glanced complacently at the strength and symmetry of his manly limbs. "Come, Phil, let's go to the stables. Now, Robert, I will show you what is better worth seeing than those miserable flower-beds." So saying, Mr. Beaufort led the way to the courtyard at the bank of the cottage. Catharine and Sidney remained on the lawn, the rest followed the host. The grooms, of whom Beaufort was the idol, hastened to show how well the horses had thriven in his absence.

"Do see how Brown Bess has come on, sir; but, to be sure, Master Philip keeps her in exercise. Ah, sir, he will be as good a rider as your honour one of these days."

"He ought to be, Tom, for I think he'll never have my weight to carry. Well, saddle Brown Bess for Mr. Philip. What horse shall I take? Ah! here's my old friend Puppet!"

"I don't know what's come to Puppet, sir; he's off his feed and turned sulky. I tried him over the bar yesterday, but he was quite restif like."

"The devil he was! So, so, old boy, you shall go over the six-barred gate to-day, or we'll know why." And Mr. Beaufort patted the sleek neck of his favourite hunter. "Put the saddle on him, Tom."

"Yes, your honour. I sometimes think he is hurt in the loins somehow: he don't take to his leaps kindly, and he always tries to bite when we bridles him. Be quiet, sir!"

"Only his airs," said Philip. "I did not know this, or I would have taken him over the gate. Why did not you tell me, Tom?"

"Lord love you, sir! because you have such a spurret; and if anything had come to you—"

"Quite right; you are not weight enough for Puppet, my boy; and he never did like any one to back him but myself. What say you, brother; will you ride with us?"

"No, I must go to — to-day with Arthur. I have engaged the posthorses at two o'clock; but I shall be with you to-morrow or the day after. You see his tutor expects him; and as he is backward in his mathematics, he has no time to lose."

"Well, then, good-bye, nephew!" and Beaufort slipped a pocket-book into the boy's hand. "Tush! whenever you want money, don't trouble your father—write to me; we shall be always glad to see you; and you must teach Philip to like his book a little better—eh, Phil!"

"No, father, I shall be rich enough to do with-

out books," said Philip, rather coarsely; but then, observing the heightened colour of his cousin, he went up to him, and with a generous impulse said, "Arthur, you admired this gun: pray accept it. Nay, don't be shy; I can have as many as I like for the asking: you're not so well off, you know."

The intention was kind, but the manner was so patronising that Arthur felt offended. He put back the gun, and said dryly, "I shall have no occasion for a gun, thank you."

If Arthur was offended by the offer, Philip was much more offended by the refusal. "As you like: I hate pride," said he; and he gave the gun to the groom as he vaulted into his saddle with the lightness of a young Mercury. "Come, father!"

Mr. Beaufort had now mounted his favourite hunter: a large, powerful horse, well known for its prowess in the field. The rider trotted him once or twice through the spacious yard.

"Nonsense, Tom: no more hurt in the loins than I am. Open that gate; we will go across the paddock, and take the gate yonder—the old six-bar—eh, Phil?"

"Capital! to be sure!"

The gate was opened; the grooms stood watchful to see the leap; and a kindred curiosity arrested Robert Beaufort and his son.

How well they looked, those two horsemen; the ease, lightness, spirit of the one, with the finelimbbed and fiery steed that literally "bounded beneath him as a barb," seemingly as gay, as ardent, and as haughty as the boy-rider. And the manly and almost Herculean form of the elder Beaufort, which, from the buoyancy of its movements, and the supple grace belonging to the perfect mastership of any athletic art, possessed an elegance and dignity, especially on horseback, which rarely accompanies proportions equally sturdy and robust. There was, indeed, something knightly and chivalrous in the bearing of the elder Beaufort; in his handsome aquiline features, the erectness of his mien, the very wave of his hand, as he spurred from the yard.

"What a fine-looking fellow my uncle is!" said Arthur, with involuntary admiration.

"Ay, an excellent life—amazingly strong!" returned the pale father, with a slight sigh.

"Philip," said Mr. Beaufort, as they cantered across the paddock, "I think the gate is too much for you. I will just take Puppet over, and then we will open it for you."

"Pooh, my dear father! you don't know how I'm improved!" And slackening the rein, and touching the side of his horse, the young rider darted forward and cleared the gate, which was of no common height, with an ease that extorted a loud bravo from the proud father.

"Now, Puppet," said Mr. Beaufort, spurring his own horse. The animal cantered towards the gate, and then suddenly turned round with an impatient and angry snort. "For shame, Puppet! for shame, old boy!" said the sportsman, wheeling him again to the barrier. The horse shook his head as if in remonstrance: but the spur, vigorously applied, showed him that his master would not listen to his mute reasonings. He bounded forward—made at the gate—struck his hoofs against the top bar—fell forward, and threw his rider head foremost on the road beyond. The horse rose instantly—not so the master. The son dismounted, alarmed and terrified. His father was speechless! and blood gushed from the mouth and nostrils as the head drooped heavily on the boy's breast. The by-

standers had witnessed the fall—they crowded to the spot—they took the fallen man from the weak arms of the son—the head groom examined him with the eye of one who had picked up science from his experience in such casualties.

"Speak, brother! where are you hurt?" exclaimed Robert Beaufort.

"He will never speak more!" said the groom, bursting into tears. "His neck is broken!"

"Send for the nearest surgeon," cried Mr. Robert. "Good God! boy! don't mount that devilish horse!"

But Arthur had already leaped on the unhappy steed which had been the cause of this appalling affliction. "Which way?"

"Straight on to *****, only two miles; every one knows Mr. Powis's house. God bless you!" said the groom.

Arthur vanished.

"Lift him carefully, and take him to the house," said Mr. Robert. "My poor brother! my dear brother!"

He was interrupted by a cry—a single, shrill, heart-breaking cry—and Philip fell senseless to the ground.

No one heeded him at that hour; no one heeded the fatherless BASTARD. "Gently, gently," said Mr. Robert, as he followed the servants and their load. And he then muttered to himself, and his sallow cheek grew bright, and his breath came short: "He has made no will! he never made a will!"

CHAPTER V.

"Constance. Oh, boy, then where are art thou?
... What becomes of me?"

King John.

It was three days after the death of Philip Beaufort—for the surgeon arrived only to confirm the judgment of the groom; in the drawing-room of the cottage, the windows closed, lay the body in its coffin, the lid not yet nailed down. There, prostrate on the floor, tearless, speechless, was the miserable Catharine; poor Sidney, too young to comprehend all his loss, sobbing at her side; while Philip, apart, seated beside the coffin, gazed abstractedly on that cold, rigid face, which had never known one frown for his boyish follies.

In another room, that had been appropriated to the late owner, called his study, sat Robert Beaufort. Every thing in this room spoke of the deceased. Partially separated from the rest of the house, it communicated by a winding staircase with a chamber above, to which Philip had been wont to betake himself whenever he returned late and over-exhilarated from some rural feast crowning a hard day's hunt. Above a quaint, old-fashioned bureau of Dutch workmanship (which Philip had picked up at a sale in the earlier years of his marriage,) was a portrait of Catharine, taken in the bloom of her youth. On a peg on the door that led to the staircase still hung his rough driving-coat. The window commanded the view of the paddock, in which the worn-out hunter or the unbroken colt grazed at will. Around the walls of the "study" (a strange misnomer!) hung prints of celebrated fox-hunts and renowned steeple-chases. Guns, fishing-rods, and foxes' brushes, ranged with a sportsman's neatness, supplied the place of books. On the mantelpiece lay a cigar-case, a well-worn volume on the veterinary art, and the last number of *The Sporting Magazine*. And in that room—thus witnessing of the hardy, masculine,

and rural life that had passed away—sallow, stooping, town-worn, sat, I say, Robert Beaufort, the heir-at-law—alone: for the very day of his death he had remanded his son home with the letter that announced to his wife the change in their fortunes, and directed her to send his lawyer post-haste to the house of death. The bureau, and the drawers, and the boxes which contained the papers of the deceased, were open; their contents had been ransacked; no certificate of the private marriage, no hint of such an event; not a paper found to signify the last wishes of the rich dead man. He had died and made no sign. Mr. Robert Beaufort's countenance was still and composed.

A knock at the door was heard: the lawyer entered.

"Sir, the undertakers are here, and Mr. Greaves has ordered the bells to be rung; at three o'clock he will read the service."

"I am obliged to you, Blackwell, for taking these melancholy offices on yourself. My poor brother! It is so sudden! But the funeral, you say, ought to take place to-day?"

"The weather is so warm!" said the lawyer, wiping his forehead. As he spoke, the death-bell was heard.

There was a pause.

"It would have been a terrible shock to Mrs. Morton if she had been his wife," observed Mr. Blackwell. "But I suppose persons of that kind have very little feeling. I must say it was very fortunate for the family that the event happened before Mr. Beaufort was wheedled into so improper a marriage."

"It *was* fortunate, Blackwell. Have you ordered the post-horses? I shall start immediately after the funeral."

"What is to be done with the cottage, sir,"

"You may advertise it for sale."

"And Mrs. Morton and the boys?"

"Hum—we will consider. She was a tradesman's daughter. I think I ought to provide for her suitably, eh?"

"It is more than the world could expect from you, sir: it is very different from a wife."

"Oh, very! very much so, indeed! Just ring for a lighted candle; we will seal up these boxes. And—I think I could take a sandwich. Poor Philip!"

The funeral was over—the dead shoveled away. What a strange thing it does seem, that the very form which we prized so charily, for which we prayed the winds to be gentle, which we lapped from the cold in our arms, from whose footstep we would have removed a stone, should be suddenly thrust out of sight—an abomination that the earth must not look upon—a despicable loathsomeness, to be concealed and to be forgotten! And this same composition of bone and muscle, that was yesterday so strong—which men respected and women loved, and children clung to—to-day so lamentably powerless, unable to defend or protect those who lay nearest to its heart; its riches wrested from it, its wishes spat upon, its influence expiring with its last sigh! A breath from its lips making all that mighty difference between what it was and what it is!

The post-horses were at the door as the funeral procession returned to the house.

Mr. Robert Beaufort bowed slightly to Mrs. Morton, and said, with his pocket-handkerchief still before his eyes,

"I will write to you in a few days, ma'am; you will find that I shall not forget you. The cottage will be sold; but we sha'n't hurry you.

Good-bye, ma'am; good-bye, my boys;" and he patted his nephews on the head.

Philip winced aside, and scowled haughtily at his uncle, who muttered to himself, "That boy will come to no good!" Little Sydney put his hand into the rich man's, and looked up pleadingly into his face: "Can't you say something pleasant to poor mamma, uncle Robert?"

Mr. Beaufort hemmed huskily and entered the britska—it had been his brother's: the lawyer followed, and they drove away.

A week after the funeral, Philip stole from the house into the conservatory, to gather some fruit for his mother: she had scarcely touched food since Beaufort's death. She was worn to a shadow: her hair had turned gray. Now she had at last found tears, and she wept noiselessly but unceasingly.

The boy had plucked some grapes, and placed them carefully in his basket: he was about to select a nectarine that seemed riper than the rest, when his hand was roughly seized, and the gruff voice of John Green, the gardener, exclaimed,

"What are you about, Master Philip! You must not touch them 'ere fruit!"

"How dare you, fellow!" cried the young gentleman, in a tone of equal astonishment and wrath.

"None of your airs, Master Philip! What I means is, that some great folks are coming to look at the place to-morrow, and I won't have my show of fruit spoiled by being pawed about by the like of you; so, that's plain, Master Philip!"

The boy grew very pale, but remained silent. The gardener, delighted to retaliate the insolence he had received, continued,

"You need not go for to look so spiteful, master; you are not the great man you thought you were; you are nobody now, and so you will find ere long. So, march out, if you please: I wants to lock up the glass."

As he spoke, he took the lad roughly by the arm; but Philip, the most irascible of mortals, was strong for his years, and fearless as a young lion. He caught up a watering-pot, which the gardener had deposited while he expostulated with his late tyrant, and struck the man across the face with it so violently and so suddenly that he fell back over the beds, and the glass crackled and shattered under him. Philip did not wait for the foe to recover his equilibrium; but, taking up his grapes, and possessing himself quietly of the disputed nectarine, quitted the spot; and the gardener did not think it prudent to pursue him.

To boys under ordinary circumstances—boys who have buffeted their way through a scolding nursery, a wrangling family, or a public school—there would have been nothing in this squabble to dwell on the memory or vibrate on the nerves after the first burst of passion; but to Philip Beaufort it was an era in life; it was the first insult he had ever received; it was his initiation into that changed, rough, and terrible career, to which the spoiled darling of vanity and love was henceforth condemned. His pride and his self-esteem had incurred a fearful shock. He entered the house, and a sickness came over him; his limbs trembled; he sat down in the hall, and, placing the fruit beside him, covered his face with his hands and wept. Those were not the tears of a boy, drawn from a shallow source; they were the burning, agonising, reluctant tears that men shed, wrung from the heart as if it were its blood. He had never been sent to school lest he should meet with mortification. He had had

various tutors, trained to show rather than to exact respect; one succeeding another at his own whim and caprice. His natural quickness, and a very strong, hard, inquisitive turn of mind, had enabled him, however, to pick up more knowledge, though of a desultory and miscellaneous nature, than boys of his age generally possess; and his roving, independent, out-of-door existence had served to ripen his understanding. He had certainly, in spite of every precaution, arrived at some, though not very distinct, notions of his peculiar position; but none of its inconveniences had visited him till that day. He began now to turn his eyes to the future; and vague and dark forebodings—a consciousness of the shelter, the protector, the station he had lost in his father's death—crept coldly over him. While thus musing, a ring was heard at the bell—he lifted his head—it was the postman with a letter. Philip hastily rose, and averting his face, on which the tears were not yet dried, took the letter; and then snatching up his little basket of fruit, repaired to his mother's room.

The shutters were half closed on the bright day—oh, what a mockery is there in the smile of the happy sun when it shines on the wretched! Mrs. Morton sat, or rather crouched, in a distant corner, her streaming eyes fixed on vacancy—listless, drooping—a very image of desolate woe: and Sidney was weaving flower-chains at her feet.

"Mamma! mother!" whispered Philip, as he threw his arms round her neck; "look up! look up! My heart breaks to see you. Do taste this fruit: you will die too if you go on thus; and what will become of us—of Sidney?"

Mrs. Morton did look up vaguely into his face, and strove to smile.

"See, too, I have brought you a letter: perhaps good news: shall I break the seal?"

Mrs. Morton shook her head gently, and took the letter—alas! how different from that one which Sidney had placed in her hands not two short weeks since: it was Mr. Robert Beaufort's handwriting. She shuddered and laid it down. And then there suddenly, and for the first time, flashed across her the sense of her strange position—the dread of the future. What were her sons to be henceforth? What herself? Whatever the sanctity of her marriage, the law might fail her. At the disposition of Mr. Robert Beaufort the fate of three lives might depend. She gasped for breath, again took up the letter, and hurried over the contents: they ran thus:

"Dear Madam,—Knowing that you must naturally be anxious as to the future prospects of your children and yourself, left by my poor brother destitute of all provision, I take the earliest opportunity which it seems to me that propriety and decorum allow, to apprise you of my intentions. I need not say that, properly speaking, you can have no kind of claim upon the relations of my late brother; nor will I hurt your feelings by those moral reflections which at this season of sorrow cannot, I hope, fail involuntarily to force themselves upon you. Without more than this mere allusion to your peculiar connection with my brother, I may, however, be permitted to add, that that connection tended very materially to separate him from the legitimate branches of his family; and in consulting with them as to a provision for you and your children, I find that, besides scruples that are to be respected, some natural degree of soreness exists upon their minds. Out of regard, however, to my poor

brother (though I saw very little of him of late years), I am willing to waive those feelings which, as a father and a husband, you may conceive that I share with the rest of my family. You will probably now decide on living with some of your own relations; and that you may not be entirely a burden to them, I beg to say that I shall allow you a hundred a year, paid, if you prefer it, quarterly. You may also select certain articles of linen and plate, of which I enclose a list. With regard to your sons, I have no objection to place them at a grammar-school, and, at a proper age, to apprentice them to any trade suitable to their future station, in the choice of which your own family can give you the best advice. If they conduct themselves properly, they may always depend on my protection. I do not wish to hurry your movements; but it will probably be painful to you to remain longer than you can help in a place crowded with unpleasant recollections; and as the cottage is to be sold—indeed, my brother-in-law, Lord Lilburne, thinks it would suit him—you will be liable to, the interruption of strangers to see it; and, indeed, your prolonged residence at Fernside, you must be sensible, is rather an obstacle to the sale. I beg to enclose you a draft for £100 to pay any present expenses; and to request, when you are settled, to know where the first quarter shall be paid.

"I shall write to Mr. Jackson (who, I think, is the bailiff) to detail my instructions as to selling the crops, &c., and discharging the servants, so that you may have no farther trouble.

"I am, madam,

"Your obedient servant,

"ROBERT BEAUFORT.

"Berkeley square, Sept. 12, 18—"

The letter fell from Catharine's hands. Her grief was changed to indignation and scorn.

"The insolent!" she exclaimed, with flashing eyes. "This to me! to me! the wife, the lawful wife of his brother! the wedded mother of his brother's children!"

"Say that again, mother! again—again!" cried Philip, in a loud voice. "His wife! wedded!"

"I swear it," said Catharine, solemnly. "I kept the secret for your father's sake. Now, for yours, the truth must be proclaimed."

"Thank God!" thank God!" murmured Philip, in a quivering voice, throwing his arms round his brother. "We have no brand on our names, Sidney."

At those accents, so full of suppressed joy and pride, the mother felt at once all that her son had suspected and concealed. She felt that beneath his haughty and wayward character there had lurked delicate and generous forbearance for her; that from his equivocal position his very faults might have arisen; and a pang of remorse for her long sacrifice of the children to the father shot through her heart. It was followed by a fear, an appalling fear, more painful than the remorse. The proofs that were to clear herself and them! The words of her husband that last awful morning rang in her ear. The minister dead—the witness absent—the register lost! But the copy of that register! the copy! Might not that suffice? She groaned, and closed her eyes as if to shut out the future: then starting up, she hurried from the room, and went straight to Beaufort's study. As she laid her hand on the latch of the door, she trembled and drew back. But care for the living was stronger at that mo-

ment than even anguish for the dead: she entered the apartment; she passed with a firm step to the bureau. It was locked; Robert Beaufort's seal upon the lock: on every cupboard, every box, every drawer, the same seal, that spoke of rights more valued than her own. But Catharine was not daunted: she turned and saw Philip by her side; she pointed to the bureau in silence; the boy understood the appeal. He left the room, and returned in a few moments with a chisel. The lock was broken: tremblingly and eagerly Catharine ransacked the contents; opened paper after paper, letter after letter, in vain: no certificate—no will—no memorial. Could the brother have abstracted the fatal proof? A word sufficed to explain to Philip what she sought for, and his search was more minute than hers. Every possible receptacle for papers in that room, in the whole house, was explored, and still the search was fruitless..

Three hours afterward they were in the same room into which Philip had brought Robert Beaufort's letter to his mother. Catharine was seated, tearless, but deadly pale with heart-sickness and dismay.

"Mother," said Philip, "may I now read the letter?"

"Yes, boy, and decide for us all." She paused, and examined his face as he read. He felt her eye was upon him, and restrained his emotions as he proceeded. When he had done, he lifted his dark gaze upon Catharine's watchful countenance.

"Mother, whether or not we obtain our rights, you will still refuse this man's charity. I am young—a boy; but I am strong and active. I will work for you day and night. I have it in me—I feel it; any thing rather than eating *his* bread."

"Philip! Philip! you are indeed my son—your father's son! And have you no reproach for your mother, who so weakly, so criminally concealed your birthright, till, alas! discovery may be too late? Oh! reproach me, reproach me! it will be kindness. No! do not kiss me! I cannot bear it. Boy! boy! if, as my heart tells me, we fail in proof, do you understand what, in the world's eye, I am—what you are?"

"I do!" said Philip, firmly; and he fell on his knees at her feet. "Whatever others call you, you are a mother, and I your son. You are, in the judgment of Heaven, my father's wife, and I his heir."

Catharine bowed her head, and, with a gush of tears, fell into his arms. Sidney crept up to her, and forced his lips to her cold cheek. "Mamma! what vexes you? Mamma, mamma!"

"Oh, Sidney! Sidney! How like his father! Look at him, Philip! Shall we do right to refuse even this pittance? Must *he* be a beggar too?"

"Never a beggar!" said Philip, with a pride that showed what hard lessons he had yet to learn. "The lawful sons of a Beaufort were not born to beg their bread!"

CHAPTER VI.

"The storm above, and frozen world below.

The olive bough
Faded and cast upon the common wind,
And earth a doveless ark."—LAMAN BLANCHARD.

Mr. Robert Beaufort was generally considered by the world a very worthy man. He had never committed any excess—never gambled or incur-

red debt—or fallen into the warm errors most common with his sex. He was a good husband—a careful father—an agreeable neighbour—rather charitable than otherwise to the poor. He was honest and methodical in his dealings, and had been known to behave handsomely in different relations of life. Mr. Robert Beaufort, indeed, always meant to do what was right—in *the eyes of the world!* He had no other rule of action but that which the world supplied: his religion was decorum—his sense of honour was regard to opinion. His heart was a dial to which the world was the sun: when the great eye of the public fell on it, it answered every purpose that a heart could answer; but, when that eye was invisible, the dial was mute—a piece of brass, and nothing more.

It is just to Robert Beaufort to assure the reader that he wholly disbelieved his brother's story of a private marriage. He considered that tale, when heard for the first time, as a mere invention (and a shallow one) of a man wishing to make the imprudent step he was about to take as respectable as he could. The careless tone of his brother when speaking upon the subject—his confession that of such a marriage there was no distinct proofs, except a copy of a register (which copy Robert had not found)—made his incredulity natural. He therefore deemed himself under no obligation of delicacy or respect to a woman through whose means he had very nearly lost a noble succession—a woman who had not even borne his brother's name—a woman whom nobody knew. Had Mrs. Morton been Mrs. Beaufort, and the natural sons legitimate children, Robert Beaufort, supposing their situation of relative power and dependence to have been the same, would have behaved with careful and scrupulous generosity. The world would have said, "Nothing could be handsomer than Mr. Robert Beaufort's conduct!" Nay, if Mrs. Morton had been some divorced wife of birth and connections, he would have made very different dispositions in her favour: he would not have allowed the connections to have called him *shabby*. But here he felt that, all circumstances considered, the world, if it spoke at all (which it would scarcely think it worth while to do,) would be on his side. An artful woman—low-born, and, of course, low-bred—who wanted to inveigle the rich and careless paramour into marriage: what could be expected from the man she had sought to injure—the rightful heir? Was it not very good in him to do anything for her; and, if he provided for the children suitably to the original station of the mother, did he not go to the very utmost of reasonable expectation? He certainly thought in his conscience, such as it was, that he had acted well; not extravagantly, not foolishly, but *well*. He was sure the world would say so if it knew all: he was not bound to do anything. He was not, therefore, prepared for Catharine's short, haughty, but temperate reply to his letter; a reply which conveyed a decided refusal of his offers—asserted positively her own marriage, and the claims of her children—intimated legal proceedings—and was signed in the name of Catharine Beaufort! Mr. Beaufort put the letter in his bureau, labelled "Impertinent answer from Mrs. Morton, Sept. 14," and was quite contented to forget the existence of the writer, until his lawyer, Mr. Blackwell, informed him that a suit had been instituted by Catharine. Mr. Robert turned pale, but Blackwell composed him.

"Pooh, sir! you have nothing to fear. It is but an attempt to extort money: the attorney is a

low practitioner, accustomed to get up bad cases: they can make nothing of it."

This was true: whatever the rights of the case, poor Catharine had no proofs—no evidence—which could justify a respectable lawyer to advise her proceeding to a suit. She named two witnesses of her marriage: one dead, the other could not be heard of. She selected for the alleged place in which the ceremony was performed a very remote village, in which it appeared that the register had been destroyed. No attested copy thereof was to be found; and Catharine was stunned on hearing that, even if found, it was doubtful whether it could be received as evidence, unless to corroborate actual personal testimony. It so happened that when Philip, many years ago, had received the copy, he had not shown it to Catharine, nor mentioned Mr. Jones's name as the copyist. In fact, then only three years married to Catharine, his worldly caution had not yet been conquered by confident experience of her generosity. As for the mere moral evidence dependent on the publication of her bans in London, that amounted to no proof whatever; nor, on inquiry at A—, did the Welsh villagers remember anything farther than that, some fifteen years ago, a handsome gentleman had visited Mr. Price, and one or two rather thought that Mr. Price had married him to a lady from London; evidence quite inadmissible against the deadly, damning fact, that for fifteen years Catharine had *openly* borne another name, and lived with Mr. Beaufort ostensibly as his mistress. Her generosity in this destroyed her case. Nevertheless, she found a low practitioner, who took her money and neglected her cause; so her suit was heard and dismissed with contempt. Henceforth, then, indeed, in the eyes of the law and the public, Catharine was an impudent adventurer, and her sons were nameless outcasts.

And now, relieved from all fear, Mr. Robert Beaufort entered upon the full enjoyment of his splendid fortune. The house in Berkeley Square was furnished anew. Great dinners and gay routs were given in the ensuing spring. Mr. and Mrs. Beaufort became persons of considerable importance. The rich man had, even when poor, been ambitious; his ambition now centred in his only son. Arthur had always been considered a boy of talents and promise: to what might he not now aspire? The term of his probation with the tutor was abridged, and Arthur Beaufort was sent at once to Oxford.

Before he went to the University, during a short preparatory visit to his father, Arthur spoke to him of the Mortons.

"What has become of them, sir? and what have you done for them?"

"Done for them!" said Mr. Beaufort, opening his eyes, "What should I do for persons who have just been harassing me with the most unprincipled litigation? My conduct to them has been too generous—that is, all things considered. But when you are my age you will find there is very little gratitude in the world, Arthur."

"Still, sir," said Arthur, with the goodness that belonged to him, "still, my uncle was greatly attached to them; and the boys, at least, are guiltless."

"Well, well!" replied Mr. Beaufort, a little impatiently, "I believe they want for nothing; I fancy they are with the mother's relations. Whenever they address me in a proper manner, they shall not find me revengeful or hard-hearted; but, since we are on this topic," continued the father, smoothing his shirt-frill with a care that

showed his decorum even in trifles, "I hope you see the results of that kind of connection, and that you will take warning by your poor uncle's example. And now let us change the subject: it is not a very pleasant one, and, at your age, the less your thoughts turn on such matters the better."

Arthur Beaufort, with the careless generosity of youth, that gauges other men's conduct by its own sentiments, believed that his father, who had never been niggardly to himself, had really acted as his words implied; and, engrossed by the pursuits of the new and brilliant career opened, whether to his pleasures or his studies, suffered the objects of his inquiries to pass from his thoughts.

Meanwhile Mrs. Morton, for by that name we must still call her, and her children were settled in a small lodging in an humble suburb, situated on the high road between Fernside and the metropolis. She saved from her hopeless lawsuit, after the sale of her jewels and ornaments, a sufficient sum to enable her, with economy, to live respectably for a year or two at least, during which time she might arrange her plans for the future. She reckoned, as a sure resource, upon the assistance of her relations; but it was one to which she applied with natural shame and reluctance. She had kept up a correspondence with her father during his life. To him she never revealed the secret of her marriage, though she did not write like a person conscious of error. Perhaps, as she always said to her son, she had made to her husband a solemn promise never to divulge or even hint that secret until he himself should authorise its disclosure. For neither he nor Catharine ever contemplated separation or death. Alas! how all of us, when happy, sleep secure in the dark shadows which ought to warn us of the sorrows that are to come! Still Catharine's father, a man of coarse mind and not rigid principles, did not take much to heart that connection which he assumed to be illicit. She was provided for, that was some comfort: doubtless Mr. Beaufort would act like a gentleman—perhaps, at last, make her an honest woman and a lady. Meanwhile, she had a fine house, and a fine carriage, and fine servants; and, so far from applying to him for money, was constantly sending him little presents. But Catharine only saw, in his permission of her correspondence, kind, forgiving, and trustful affection, and she loved him tenderly: when he died, the link that bound her to her family was broken. Her brother succeeded to the trade: a man of probity and honour, but somewhat hard and unamiable. In the only letter she had received from him—the one announcing her father's death—he told her plainly and very properly that he could not countenance the life she led—that he had children growing up—that all intercourse between them was at an end, unless she left Mr. Beaufort; when, if she sincerely repented, he would still prove her affectionate brother.

Though Catharine had at the time resented this letter as unfeeling, now, humbled and sorrow-stricken, she recognised the propriety of principle from which it emanated. Her brother was well off for his station; she would explain to him her real situation, and he would believe her story. She would write to him, and beg him, at least, to give aid to her poor children.

But this step she did not take till a considerable portion of her pittance was consumed—till nearly three parts of a year since Beaufort's death had expired—and till sundry warnings, not to be light-

ly heeded, had made her forebode the probability of an early death for herself. From the age of sixteen, when she had been placed by Mr. Beaufort at the head of his household, she had been cradled, not in extravagance, but in an easy luxury, which had not brought with it habits of economy and thrift. She could grudge anything to herself, but to her children—his children, whose every whim had been anticipated, she had not the heart to be saving. She could have starved in a garret had she been alone, but she could not see them wanting a comfort while she possessed a guinea. Philip, to do him justice, evinced a consideration not to have been expected from his early and arrogant recklessness. But Sidney—who could expect consideration from such a child? What could he know of the change of circumstances—of the value of money? Did he seem dejected, Catharine would steal out and spend a week's income on the lapful of toys which she brought home. Did he seem a shade more pale—did he complain of the slightest ailment, a doctor must be sent for. Alas! her own ailments, neglected and unheeded, were growing beyond the reach of medicine. Anxious—fearful—gnawed by regret for the past, the thought of famine in the future, she daily fretted and wore herself away. She had cultivated her mind during her secluded residence with Mr. Beaufort, but she had learned none of the arts by which decayed gentlewomen keep the wolf from the door; no little holiday accomplishments, which in the day of need turn to useful trade; no water-colour drawings, no paintings on velvet, no fabrication of pretty gewgaws, no embroidery and fine needlework. She was helpless—utterly helpless—not strong enough even for a servant; and, even in that capacity, could she have got a character? A great change at this time was apparent in Philip. Had he fallen then into kind hands and guiding eyes, his passions and energies might have ripened into rare qualities and great virtues. But perhaps, as Goethe has somewhere said, "Experience, after all, is the best teacher." He kept a constant guard on his vehement temper—his wayward will; he would not have vexed his mother for the world. But, strange to say (it was a great mystery in the woman's heart,) in proportion as he became more amiable, it seemed that his mother loved him less. Perhaps she did not, in that change, recognise so closely the darling of the old time; perhaps the very weaknesses and importunities of Sidney, the hourly sacrifices the child entailed upon her, endeared him more to her from that natural sense of dependence and protection which forms the great bond between mother and child; perhaps, too, as Philip had been one to inspire as much pride as affection, so the pride faded away with the expectations that had fed it, and carried off in its decay some of the affection that was intertwined with it. However this be, Philip had formerly appeared the more spoiled and favoured of the two, and now Sidney seemed all in all. Thus, beneath the younger son's caressing gentleness, there grew up a certain regard for self; it was latent—it took amiable colours—it had even a certain charm and grace in so sweet a child, but selfishness it was not the less: in this he differed from his brother. Philip was self-willed, Sidney self-loving. A certain timidity of character, endearing, perhaps, to the anxious heart of a mother, made this fault in the younger boy more likely to take root; for in bold natures there is a lavish and uncalculating recklessness, which scorns self unconsciously: and what is fear, but, when physical, the regard

for one's own person; when moral, the anxiety for one's own interests?

It was in a small room in a lodging-house in the suburb of H—that Mrs. Morton was seated by the window, anxiously awaiting the knock of the postman, who was expected to bring her brother's reply to her letter. It was, therefore, between ten and eleven o'clock—a morning in the merry month of June. It was hot and sultry, which is rare in an English June. A flytrap, red, white, and yellow, suspended from the ceiling, swarmed with flies; flies were on the ceiling, flies buzzed at the windows; the sofa and chairs of horsehair seemed stuffed with flies. There was an air of heated discomfort in the gaudy paper, in the bright-staring carpet, in the very looking-glass over the chimney-piece, where a strip of mirror lay in an embrace of frame covered with yellow muslin. We may talk of the dreariness of winter—and winter, no doubt, is desolate—but what in the world is more dreary to eyes inured to the verdure and bloom of nature—"the pomp of groves and garniture of fields"—than a close room in a suburban lodging-house; the sun piercing every corner; nothing fresh, nothing cool, nothing fragrant to be seen, felt, or inhaled; all dust, glare, noise, with a chandler's shop, perhaps, next door? Sidney, armed with a pair of scissors, was cutting the pictures out of a story-book which his mother had bought him the day before. Philip, who, of late, had taken much to rambling about the streets—it may be, in hopes of meeting one of those benevolent, eccentric elderly gentlemen he had read of in old novels, who suddenly come to the relief of distressed virtue; or, more probably, from the restlessness that belonged to his adventurous temperament—Philip had left the house since breakfast.

"Oh! how hot this nasty room is! exclaimed Sidney, abruptly looking up from his employment. "Shan't we ever go into the country again, mamma?"

"Not at present, my love."

"I wish I could have my pony: why can't I have my pony, mamma?"

"Because—because—the pony is sold, Sidney."

"Who sold it?"

"Your uncle."

"He is a very naughty man, my uncle: is not he? But can't I have another pony? It would be so nice this fine weather!"

"Ah! my dear, I wish I could afford it: but you shall have a ride this week! Yes," continued the mother, as if reasoning with herself in excuse of the extravagance, "he does not look well: poor child! he *must* have exercise."

"A ride! Oh! that is my own kind mamma!" exclaimed Sidney, clapping his hands. "Not on a donkey, you know!—a pony. The man down the street, there, lets ponies. I must have the white pony with the long tail. But, I say, mamma, don't tell Philip—pray don't—he would be jealous."

"No, not jealous, my dear: why do you think so?"

"Because he is always angry when I ask you for anything. It is very unkind in him, for I don't care if he has a pony too—only not the white one."

Here the postman's knock, loud and sudden, startled Mrs. Morton from her seat. She pressed her hands tightly to her heart as if to still its beating, and went nervously to the door, thence

to the stairs, to anticipate the lumbering step of the slipshod maid-servant.

"Give it me, Jane! give it me."

"One shilling and eightpence—charged double—if you please, ma'am! 'Thank you.'"

"Mamma, may I tell Jane to engage the pony?"

"Not now, my love: sit down—be quiet: I—I am not well."

Sidney, who was affectionate and obedient, crept back peaceably to the window, and, after a short, impatient sigh, resumed the scissors and the story book. I do not apologise to the reader for the various letters I am obliged to lay before him, for character often betrays itself more in letters than in speech. Mr. Roger Morton's reply was couched in these terms:

"DEAR CATHARINE,—I have received your letter of the 14th inst., and write per return. I am very much grieved to hear of your afflictions; but, whatever you say, I cannot think the late Mr. Beaufort acted like a conscientious man in forgetting to make his will, and leaving his little ones destitute. It is all very well to talk of his intentions; but the proof of the pudding is in the eating. And it is hard upon me, who have a large family of my own, and get my living by honest industry, to have a rich gentleman's children to maintain. As for your story about the private marriage, it may or may not be. Perhaps you were taken in by that worthless man, for a *real* marriage it could not be. And as you say the law has decided that point, therefore the less you say on the matter the better. It all comes to the same thing. People are not bound to believe what can't be proved. And even if what you say is true, you are more to be blamed than pitied for holding your tongue so many years, and discrediting an honest family, as ours has always been considered. I am sure *my* wife would not have thought of such a thing for the finest gentleman that ever wore shoe leather. However, I don't want to hurt your feelings; and I am sure I am ready to do whatever is right and proper. You cannot expect that I should ask you to my house. My wife, you know, is a very religious woman—what is called evangelical; but that's neither here nor there: I deal with all people, churchmen and dissenters—even Jews—and don't trouble my head much about differences in opinion. I dare say there are many ways to heaven, as I said the other day to Mr. Thwaites, our member. But it is right to say my wife will not hear of your coming here; and, indeed, it might do harm to my business; for there are several elderly single gentlewomen who buy flannel for the poor at my shop, and they are very particular—as they ought to be, indeed; for morals are very strict in this county, and particularly in this town, where we certainly do pay very high church rates. Not that I grumble; for, though I am as liberal as any man, I am for an Established Church—as I ought to be, since the dean is my best customer. With regard to yourself, I will enclose you £10, and you will let me know when it is gone, and I will see what more I can do. You say you are very poorly, which I am sorry to hear; but you must pluck up your spirits, and take in plain work; and I really think you ought to apply to Mr. Robert Beaufort. He bears a high character; and, notwithstanding your lawsuit, which I cannot approve of, I dare say he might allow you £40 or £50 a year, if you apply properly, which would be the right thing in him. So much for you. As for the boys—poor, father-

less creatures!—it is very hard that they should be so punished for no fault of their own; and my wife, who, though strict, is a good hearted woman, is ready and willing to do what I wish about them. You say the eldest is near sixteen, and well come on in his studies. I can get him a very good thing in a light, genteel way. My wife's brother, Mr. Christopher Plaskwith, is a bookseller and stationer, with pretty practice, in R—. He is a clever man, and has a newspaper, which he kindly sends me every week; and, though it is not my county, it has some very sensible views, and is often noticed in the London papers as 'our provincial cotemporary.' Mr. Plaskwith owes me some money, which I advanced him when he set up the paper, and he has several times most honestly offered to pay me in shares in the said paper. But, as the thing might break, and I don't like concerns I don't understand, I have not taken advantage of his very handsome proposals. Now Plaskwith wrote me word, two days ago that he wanted a genteel, smart lad as assistant and 'prentice, and offered to take my eldest boy; but we can't spare him. I write to Christopher by this post; and if your youth will run down on the top of the coach, and inquire for Mr. Plaskwith—the fare is trifling—I have no doubt he will be engaged at once. But you will say, 'There's the premium to consider!' No such thing; Kit will set off the premium against his debt to me, so you will have nothing to pay. 'Tis a very pretty business, and the lad's education will get him on; so that's off your mind. As to the little chap, I'll take him at once. You say he is a pretty boy, and a pretty boy is always a help in a linen draper's shop. He shall share and share with my own young folks, and Mrs. Morton will take care of his washing and morals. I conclude (this is Mrs. M.'s suggestion) that he has had the measles, cowpock, and whooping-cough, which please let me know. If he behave well, which, at his age, we can easily break him into, he is settled for life. So now you have got rid of two mouths to feed, and have nobody to think of but yourself, which must be a great comfort. Don't forget to write to Mr. Beaufort; and if he don't do something for you, he's not the gentleman I take him for: but you are my own flesh and blood, and sha'n't starve; for, though I don't think it right in a man in business to encourage what's wrong, yet, when a person's down in the world, I think an ounce of help is better than a pound of preaching. My wife thinks otherwise, and wants to send you some tracts; but every body can't be as correct as some folks. However, as I said before, that's neither here nor there. Let me know when your boy comes down, and also about the measles, cowpock, and whooping-cough; also if all's right with Mr. Plaskwith. So now I hope you will feel more comfortable; and remain,

"Dear Catharine,

"Your forgiving and affectionate brother,

"ROGER MORTON.

"High-street, N—, June 13.

"P. S.—Mrs. M. says that she will be a mother to your little boy, and that you had better mend up all his linen before you send him."

As Catharine finished this epistle, she lifted up her eyes and beheld Philip. He had entered noiselessly, and he remained silent, leaning against the wall, and watching the face of his mother, which crimsoned with painful humiliation while she read. Philip was not now the

trim and dainty stripling first introduced to the reader. He had outgrown his faded suit of funeral mourning; his long, neglected hair hung elf-like and matted down his cheeks; there was a gloomy look in his bright dark eyes. Poverty never betrays itself more than in the features and form of pride. It was evident that his spirit endured rather than accommodated itself to his fallen state; and, notwithstanding his soiled and thread-bare garments, and a haggardness that ill becomes the years of palmy youth, there was about his whole mien and person a wild and savage grandeur, more impressive than his former ruffling arrogance of manner.

"Well, mother," said he, with a strong mixture of sternness in his countenance and pity in his voice, "well, mother, and what says your brother?"

"You decided for us once before, decide again. But I need not ask you; you would never—"

"I don't know," interrupted Philip, vaguely; "let me see what we are to decide on."

Mrs. Morton was naturally a woman of high courage and spirit, but sickness and grief had worn down both; and, though Philip was but sixteen, there is something in the very nature of woman, especially in trouble, which makes her seek to lean on some other will than her own. She gave Philip the letter, and went quietly to sit down by Sidney.

"Your brother means well," said Philip, when he had concluded the epistle.

"Yes, but nothing is to be done: I cannot, cannot send poor Sidney to—to—" and Mrs. Morton sobbed.

"No, my dear, dear mother, no; it would be terrible, indeed, to part you and him. But this bookseller—Plaskwith—perhaps I shall be able to support you both."

"Why you do not think, Philip, of being an apprentice! you, who have been so brought up! you, who are so proud!"

"Mother, I would sweep the crossings for your sake! Mother, for your sake, I would go to my uncle Beaufort with my hat in my hand, for halfpence. Mother, I am not proud; I would be honest if I can; but when I see you pining away, and so changed, the devil comes into me, and I often shudder lest I should commit some crime—what, I don't know!"

"Come here, Philip—my own Philip—my son—my hope—my firstborn!" and the mother's heart gushed forth in all the fondness of early days. "Don't speak so terribly; you frighten me!"

She threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him soothingly. He laid his burning temples on her bosom, and nestled himself to her, as he had been wont to do after some stormy paroxysm of his passionate and wayward infancy. So there they remained, their lips silent, their hearts speaking to each other—each from each taking strange succour and holy strength—till Philip rose, calm, and with a quiet smile, "Good-by, mother; I will go at once to Mr. Plaskwith."

"But you have no money for the coach-fare; here, Philip;" and she placed her purse in his hand, from which he reluctantly selected a few shillings. "And, mind, if the man is rude, and you dislike him—mind, you must not subject yourself to insolence and mortification."

"Oh, all will go well, don't fear," said Philip, cheerfully; and he left the house.

Towards evening he had reached his destination. The shop was of goodly exterior, with a private entrance; over the shop was written,

had so used them, in a great chamber at Sir Henry Willoughby's, he asked the young gentlewoman, what she did with such baffled fellows in her company? Incredible things to be suffered by flesh and blood, but that England is the land of peace."

The world laughed at the poet, and the ill-natured were delighted at his discomfiture. At an entertainment given shortly afterwards by Lady Moray, he was taxed by his mistress, Lady Dorset, with having run away, and, we are told, "some other ladies had their flirts." His hostess perceiving his discomposure, kindly drew towards him: "Well," she said, "I am a merry wench, and will never forsake an old friend in disgrace, so come and sit down by me, Sir John." He of course obeyed her. His spirits rose, and he again became the delight of the company, and his wit and good humour sparkled as before.

What man is there of so little taste or imagination, with whom the romance of the past has not at times predominated over the reality of the present. Who is there that has not dreamed himself into the society of former days! There is in the retrospect of every age a kind of literary oasis, a particular knot of gifted beings, to whose eloquence it would have been rapture to listen, or in whose social mirth it would have been delight to join. To have drunk sack with Shakspeare and his brother actors; to have made a third with Ben Jonson and Drummond of Hawthornden; to have listened to the wild wit of Charles, Buckingham, Rochester, and Killgrew; to have dived into Will's and Button's; to have been with Pope, Swift, Bolingbroke, and Atterbury, or in later times with Johnson, Burke, Reynolds and Garrick; who is there that has not imagined some such intellectual treat, and perhaps improved himself by the contemplation?

There are some who will consider it an affront to such names as the above, to speak of Suckling, D'Avenant, Lovelace and Carew. But wit will always have its charms; and at a period when there was a more universal religious as well as political gloom than perhaps ever pervaded a country, when the people were sad because it was the fashion, and the court because it was in danger; the gay meetings, the wild humour and jollity of the cavalier poets, must have been in strong contrast to the moroseness of the age.

Considering that his literary productions consist of the scattered and careless verses of a fine gentleman, Suckling has great merit as a poet. With the exception of the beautiful love-verses of Sedley, and the general and undoubted claims of Waller, there are none of his school that can compete with him. He has as much wit and poetry as either Rochester, Carew, Dorset, or Lansdowne, and he has more nature than any one of them. Though much of his Session of the Poets has lost its point with modern readers, it is still rich in wit and humour. His verses on Lady Carlisle are as smoothly versified, and have as much real beauty as any thing in the language; and his ballad on a wedding, supposed to be Lord Orrery's, has great merit:

I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen, &c.

But what can exceed the description of the bride, as she is supposed to be represented by a gaping rustic to his friend?—

The maid, and thereby hangs a tale,
For such a maid no Whiston-ale
Could ever yet produce;
No grape that's kindly ripe could be

So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring,
It was too wide a peck.
And, to say truth, for out it must,
It looked like the great collar, just
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light.
But oh! she dances such a way
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

He would have kissed her once or twice,
But she would not, she was so nice,
She would not do it in sight;
And then she looked as who would say,
I will do what I list to-day,
And you shall do it at night.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison,
Who sees them is undone;
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red and one was thin;
Compared to that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly;
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small when she does speak,
Thoud'st swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours or better,
And are not spent a whit.

His "Dream," besides possessing considerable merit as a poem, is perhaps the origin of a conceit which has since become extremely popular. The song, "Why so pale and wan, fond lover?" is still a universal favourite. Of Suckling's prose, his "Account of Religion by Reason," addressed to Lord Dorset, is an extraordinary production. It will prove to the philosopher, that the most dissipated have their moments of reflection, and that the gamester, the drunkard, and the debauchee, have at least their conceptions of right and wrong. The letters, published as Suckling's, are without merit. The wit is over-strained, and the sentiment frequently unnatural.

At the expedition against the rebellious Scots, Suckling raised a splendid troop, at the expense of twelve thousand pounds, for the service of the king. We are told that it was one of the most gallant sights of the period. Their dress is described as "white doublets and scarlet breeches, scarlet coats, hats and feathers." They were well armed and horsed. But, alas! in an encounter with the enemy on the English border, in 1639, it was not their lace alone that was tarnished. Poor Sir John! the darling of the wits and the ladies—at whose departure from London easements had been thrown open and white handkerchiefs had waved,—the hour of danger no sooner came, than he and his glittering troopers took to their heels. His former friend, Sir John Mennes, (the poetical admiral,) wrote his once celebrated ballad on this occasion. It was adapted to a gay tune; and not only became popular with the republicans, but for many years afterwards was sung by those, who had, perhaps, never so much as heard of Suckling or his disaster. The following is another song on the same subject. It is less known, but is not without its merit:

Sir John got on a bonny brown beast,
To Scotland for to ride-a;
A brave buff coat upon his back,
A short sword by his side-a:
Alas, young man, we Sucklings can
Pull down the Scottish pride-a.

He danced and pranced and pranked about,
Till people him espied-a;
With pye-ball'd apparel, he did so quarrel,
As none durst come him nigh-a.
But soft, Sir John, e'er you come home,
You will not look so high-a.

Both wife and maid and widow prayed,
To the Scots he would be kind-a;
He stormed the more, and deeply swore
They should no favour find-a.
But if you had been at Berwick and seen,
He was in another mind-a.

His men and he, in their jollity,
Did quarrel, drink, and quaff-a;
Till away he went like a Jack of Lent;
But it would have made you laugh-a,
How away they did creep like so many sheep,
And he like an Essex calf-a.

When he came to the camp he was in a damp,
To see the Scots in sight-a,
And all his brave troops, like so many droops,
They had no heart to fight-a;
And when the alarm called all to arm,
Sir John * * * *

They prayed him to mount and ride in the front,
To try his courage good-a;
He told them the Scots had dangerous plots,
As he well understood-a;
Which they denied, but he replied,
It's shame for to shed blood-a.

He did repent the money he spent,
Got by unlawful game-a;
His curled locks could endure no knocks,
Then let none go again-a;
Such a carpet knight as durst not fight,
For fear he should be slain-a.

The lampoon of Sir John Mennes commences,

Sir John he got on an ambling nag,
To Scotland for to go,
With a hundred horse, without remorse,
To keep ye from the foe.
No carpet knight ever went to fight
With half so much bravado:
Had you seen but his look you would swear on a book
He'd conquered a whole armado.

About two years from this event, we find Suckling taking a very active part in Lord Strafford's projected escape from the Tower. The plot reached the ears of the commons, who, after an investigation of the circumstances, voted him guilty of treason. Suckling fled into France, and survived his escape but a few days. According to Spence, who quotes Pope as his authority, his death was attended by some singular circumstances:—"Sir John Suckling died about the beginning of the civil war. He entered warmly into the king's interests, and was sent over to the continent by him with some letters of great importance to the queen. He arrived late at Calais, and in the night his servant ran away with his portmanteau, in which were his money and papers. When he was told of this in the morning, he immediately inquired which way his servant had taken; ordered his horses to be got ready instantly; and, in putting on his boots, found one of them extremely uneasy to him; but as the horses were at the door, he leaped into the saddle, and forgot his pain. He pursued his servant so eagerly, that he overtook him two or three posts off; recovered his portmanteau, and soon after complained of a vast pain in one of his

feet, and fainted away with it. When they came to pull off his boots, to fling him into bed, they found one of them full of blood. It seems his servant, who knew his master's temper well, and was sure he would pursue him as soon as his villany should be discovered, had driven a nail up into one of his boots, in hopes of disabling him from pursuing him. Sir John's impetuosity made him regard the pain only just at first, and his pursuit hurried him from the thoughts of it for some time after: however, the wound was so bad, and so much inflamed, that it flung him into a violent fever, which ended his life in a very few days. 'This incident, strange as it may seem, might be proved from some original letters in Lord Oxford's collection.'

Oldys had the same story from Lord Oxford himself. In his MS. notes on Langbaine, in the British Museum, there is the following insertion: "Recollect where I have got down the story my lord told me he had from Dean Chetwood, who had it from Lord Roscommon, of Sir John's being robbed of a casket of gold and jewels, when he was going to France, by his valet, who, I think, poisoned him, and so stuck the blade of a penknife in Sir John's boot to prevent his pursuit of him, as wounded him incurably in the heel besides. 'Tis in one of my pocket-books; white vellum cover, I think; the white journal that is not gilt." Aubrey's account differs materially from those both of Pope and Oldys. He says that Suckling went into France, and being in the most destitute condition, destroyed himself by taking poison. He adds, that he died "miserably with vomiting," and that he was buried in the Protestant churchyard at Paris. In how deep a mine is truth concealed! From these conflicting accounts we can glean little more than that the once brilliant Suckling died under peculiar circumstances of distress in a foreign land. His death is generally placed on the 7th of May, 1641, only two days after his flight from England. There is a portrait of him by Vandyke.

LACONICS.—Colton.

Those orators who give us much noise and many words, but little argument and less wit, and who are most loud when they are the least lucid, should take a lesson from the great volume of nature; she often gives us the lightning, even without the thunder, but never the thunder without the lightning.

No improvement that takes place in either of the sexes can possibly be confined to itself; each is a universal mirror to each; and the respective refinement of the one, will always be in reciprocal proportion to the polish of the other.

Pedantry crams our heads with learned lumber, and takes out our brains to make room for it.

An ambassador from Naples, once said of the young ladies of Paris, that they loved with their heads, and thought with their hearts; and could the same ambassador now see a certain class of young gentlemen in London, he might as truly say of them, that they did neither, with either.

So idle are dull readers, and so industrious are dull authors, that puffed nonsense bids fair to blow unpuffed sense wholly out of the field.

If you cannot inspire a woman with love of you, fill her above the brim with love of herself;—all that runs over will be yours.

Every fool knows how often he has been a rogue, but every rogue does not know how often he has been a fool.

Oratory is the puffing and blustering spoilt-child of a semi-barbarous age. The Press is the foe of Rhetoric, but the friend of Reason: and the art of declamation has been sinking in value, from the moment that speakers were foolish enough to publish, and hearers wise enough to read.

We seek the society of the ladies with a view to be pleased, rather than to be instructed, and are more gratified by those who will talk, than by those that are silent; for if they talk well, we are doubly delighted to receive information from so pleasant a source, and if they are at times a little out in their conclusions, it is flattering to our vanity to set them right. Therefore, I would have the ladies indulge with somewhat less of reserve in the freedom of conversation, notwithstanding the remark of him who said with more of point than of politeness, that they were the very reverse of their own mirrors; for the one reflected without talking, but the other talked without reflecting.

It is curious that some learned dunces, because they can write nonsense in languages that are dead, should despise those that can talk sense, in languages that are living; to acquire a few tongues, says a French writer, is the task of a few years, but to be eloquent in one, is the labour of a whole life.

Ladies of fashion starve their happiness to find their vanity, and their love to feed their pride.

There is this of good in real wills, they deliver us while they last, from the petty despotism of all that were imaginary.

Great wits, who pervert their talents to sap the foundations of morality, have to answer for all the evil that lesser wits may accomplish through their means, even to the end of time. A heavy load of responsibility, where the mind is still alive to do mischief, when the hand it animated is dust. Men of talent may make a breach in morality, at which men of none may enter, as a citadel may be carried by muskets, after a road has been battered out for them by cannon.

He that knowingly defends the wrong side of a question, pays a very bad compliment to all his hearers; it is in plain English this, falsehood supported by my talents, is stronger than truth supported by yours.

The upright, if he suffer calumny to move him, fears the tongue of man, more than the eye of God.

Philosophy is a bully that talks very loud, when the danger is at a distance, but the moment she is hard pressed by the enemy, she is not to be found at her post, but leaves the brunt of the battle to be borne by her humbler but steadier comrade Religion, whom on all other occasions she affects to despise.

There are many who despise half of the world, but if there be any that despise the whole of it, it is because the other half despises them.

WINTER AMUSEMENTS IN CHINA.

The amusements of the Emperor of China's Court on the ice, during the severe winters of Pekin, are thus given by Van Braam, who was one of the Dutch mission which proceeded from Canton, soon after Lord Macartney's embassy;—"The Emperor made his appearance on a sort of sledge, supported by the figures of four dragons. This machine was moved about by several mandarins, some dragging before and others pushing behind! The four principal Ministers of State were also drawn upon the ice, in the

sledges, by inferior mandarins. Whole troops of civil and military officers soon appeared, some on sledges, some on skates, and others playing at football on the ice; and he that kicked up the ball was rewarded by the Emperor. The ball was then hung up in a kind of arch, and several mandarins shot at it, in passing on skates, with their bows and arrows. Their skates were cut off short under the heel, and the fore part was turned up at right angles." These diversions are more in the spirit of the Tartars than of the Chinese, whose original habits were more effeminate and quiet.

MOURN NOT THE DEAD.

Mourn not the dead—shed not a tear
Above the moss stained sculptured stone
But weep for those whose living woes
Still yield the bitter, rending groan.

Grieve not to see the eyelids close
In rest that has no fevered start,
Wish not to break the deep repose
That curtains round the pulseless heart.

But keep thy pity for the eyes
That pray for night, yet fear to sleep,
Lest wilder, sadder visions rise
Than those o'er which they waking weep.

Mourn not the dead—'tis they alone
Who are the peaceful and the free;
The purest olive branch is known
To twine about the cypress tree.

Crime, pride, and passion hold no more
The willing or the struggling slave;
The throbbing pangs of love are o'er,
And hatred dwells not in the grave.

The world may pour its venom'd blame,
And fiercely spurn the shroud-wrapped bier,
Some few may call upon the name,
And sigh to meet a "dull, cold ear."

But vain the scorn that would offend,
In vain the lips that would beguile;
The coldest foe, the warmest friend,
Are mocked by Death's unchanging smile.

The only watchword that can tell
Of peace and freedom won by all,
Is echoed by the tolling bell,
And traced upon the sable pall. ELIZA COOK.

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EDITED BY JOHN SANDERSON, ESQ.

PART I.

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No. 11.

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A writer who enjoyed much celebrity in the beginning of the seventeenth century was Owen Felltham. His book called "Resolves" passed through a dozen of editions in as many years. His style is highly figurative and sententious, and has the rare merit of inducing one to think as well as read. Some of his chapters are excellent readings for a Sunday morning; for example the following.

ON THE WORSHIP OF ADMIRATION.

Whatsoever is rare and passionate, carries the soul to the thought of eternity, and by contemplation gives it some glimpses of more absolute perfection, than here it is capable of. When I see the royalty of a state-show at some unwonted solemnity, my thoughts present me something more royal than this. When I see the most enchanting beauties that earth can show me, I yet think there is something far more glorious; methinks I see a kind of higher perfection peeping through the frailty of a face. When I hear the ravishing strains of a sweet-tuned voice, married to the warbles of the artful instrument, I apprehend by this a higher diapason, and do almost believe I hear a little deity whispering through the pory substance of the tongue. But this I can but grope after; I can neither find nor say what it is. When I read a rarely sententious man, I admire him to my own impatiency. I cannot read some parts of Seneca, above two leaves together. He raises my soul to a contemplation, which sets me a thinking on more than I can imagine. So I am forced to cast him by and subside to an admiration. Such effects works poetry, when it looks to towering virtues. It gives up a man to raptures, and irradiates the soul with such high apprehensions, that all the glories which this world hath, hereby appear contemptible; of which the soft-souled Ovid gives a touch, when he complains the want.

"Impetus ille sacer, qui vatam pectora nutrit,
Qui prius in nobis esse solebat, abest."
Ex Ponto, iv. 2.

"That sacred vigour, which had wont alone,
Th' enflame the poet's noblest breast, is gone."

But this is when these excellencies incline to gravity and seriousness. For otherwise light airs turn us into sprightly actions, which breathe away in a loose laughter, not leaving half that impression behind them which serious considerations do; as if mirth were the excellency for the body, and meditation for the soul; as if one were for the contentment of this life and the other eye-

ing to that of the life to come. All endeavours aspire to eminency; all eminencies do beget an admiration; and this makes me believe, that contemplative admiration is a large part of the worship of the Deity. It is an adoration purely of the spirit, a more sublime bowing of the soul to the Godhead. And this is it which that Homer of philosophers avowed could bring a man to perfect happiness, if to his contemplation he joined a constant imitation of God, in justice, wisdom, holiness. Nothing can carry us so near to God and heaven as this. The mind can walk beyond the sight of the eye, and, though in a cloud, can lift us into heaven while we live. Meditation is the soul's perspective glass, whereby, in her long remove, she discerneth God as if he were nearer hand. I persuade no man to make it his whole life's business. We have bodies as well as souls. And even this world, while we are in it, ought somewhat to be cared for. As those states are likely to flourish, where execution follows sound advisements, so is man, when contemplation is seconded by action. Contemplation generates; action propagates. Without the first, the latter is defective. Without the last, the first is but abortive and embryous. Saint Bernard compares contemplation to Rachel, which was the more fair; but action to Leah, which was the more fruitful. I will neither always be busy and doing, nor ever shut up in nothing but thoughts. Yet that which some would call idleness, I will call the sweetest part of my life, and that is, my thinking. Surely God made so many varieties in his creatures as well for the inward soul as the outward senses; though he made them primarily for his own free will and glory. He was a monk of an honest age, that, being asked how he could endure that life without the pleasure of books, answered, the nature of the creatures was his library, wherein, when he pleased, he could muse upon God's deep oracles.

ON MORNING PRAYER.

There is no doubt but prayer is needful daily, ever profitable, and at all times commendable. If it be for ourselves alone, it is necessary; and it is charitable when it is for others. At night it is our covering; In the morning it is our armour. So at all times it defends us from the malice of Satan, our own subornations and betrayings, the unequal weather that the world assaults us with, and preserves us in the favour and esteem of Heaven. We are dependents upon the court while we are but petitioners there; so till we be denied and dismissed we have the pro-

tection thereof, which certainly is a privilege that a stranger cannot claim.

And albeit prayer should be the key of the day and the lock of the night, yet I hold it, of the two, more needful in the morning, than when in the evening we commit ourselves to repose. It is true we have enough to induce us to it then. The day could not but present us with something either worthy our thanks, or that needed our begging and pardon, for removing or continuing something; and though we be immured with walls and darkness, yet we are not exempted so from perils, but that, without our God's assistance, we are left a prey to all that is at enmity with man. Besides, sleep is the image or shadow of death; and when the shadow is so near, the substance cannot be far remote. The dying Gorgias being in a slumber, and asked by a friend how he did, he answered, "Pretty well; only sleep is recommending me up to his brother." Some, we know, in health have gone to rest eternal; and without thinking of the other world, have taken their leave of this, not knowing themselves that they were on their way, till they had fully despatched their journey.

But notwithstanding all this, a man at rest in his chamber, like a sheep penned in the fold, is subject only to unusual events, and such as rarely happen; to the emissions of the more immediate and unavoidable hand of God. Danger seems shut out of doors; we are secured from the injury of the elements, and guarded with a fence of iron against the force of such as would invade. We are removed from the world's bustle and the crowd of occasions that jostle against us as we walk abroad. He that is barred up in his house, is in his garrison with his guard about him, and not so soon attacked by his enemy, as he that roves in the open and unsheltered field. Who knows not the ship to be safer in the bay or harbour, than tossed and beaten in the boiling ocean? Retiredness is more safe than business. We are withdrawn when the veil of night and rest in-wraps us in their dark and silent cabinet.

But with the sun we do disclose and are discovered to our prying enemies. We go abroad to meet what at home does not look after us. He that walks through a fair of beasts, is in hazard to be gored, or kicked, or bruised, or beaten. We pass through briars and thorns and nettles, that will prick and scratch and sting. We are in the day as travelling through a wilderness, where wild and savage creatures are, as well as tamer animals. All the world is Africa, where heat and drought, venom, or something new, does still disturb us. The air, the fire, the earth, and water, are apter all to wound us. The frays,

the trains, the incitements, the opportunity, the occasions of offence, the lures and temptings from abroad, and the businesses and accidents of life, deny us any safety but what we have from the favour of protective Providence.

Besides, prayer does sacre all our actions. It is the priming of the soul, that, laying us in the oil of grace, preserves us from the worm and weather. When the mind in the morning opens to God, as the eye to the sun's clear light, by the radiance of the divine beams we become enlightened inwardly all the day. He is lifted in God's service and protection, that makes it his first work to be enrolled by prayer under the standard of the Almighty. It was from hence, sure, that devotion sprung of Christians crossing themselves at their entering upon business. All thriving states have ever sought the gods in their first infancy. The morning in the day is as youth to the life of a man. If that be well seasoned, it is likely that his age may answer it, and be progressive in the path of virtue. To live well every day is the greatest and most important business of man; and being unable for it of himself alone, he needs the more to gain divine assistance. In works of moment, even heathen never ventured without their seeking first such deities as they believed might help them.

"Nothing's well done
But what at first is with the gods begun."

He carries an assistant angel with him for his help that begs his benediction from above; and without it he is lame and unarmed. We do not find that Saul's devotion ever was superlative; yet he was troubled for fear the Philistines should catch him before he had said his prayers. (1 Sam. xiii. 12.) And because he had neglected this he stumbled up an offering, thinking that way to supply it. He that commences with heaven, goes out in all a cataphract. But if any thing happen ill, he walks upon his own's hearts check, if God were not taken along.—*Felltham.*

ON GRACE IN COMPOSITION.

June 26, 1785.

To your book, sir, I am much obliged on many accounts, particularly for having recalled my mind to subjects of delight, to which it was grown dulled by age and indolence. In consequence of your reclaiming it, I asked myself whence you feel so much disregard for certain authors whose fame is established. You have assigned good reasons for withholding your approbation from some, on the plea of their being imitators—it was natural, then, to ask myself again, whence they had obtained so much celebrity? I think I have discovered a cause, which I do not remember to have seen noted; and that cause I suspect to have been, that certain of those authors possessed *grace*—do not take me for a disciple of Lord Chesterfield, nor imagine that I mean to erect grace into a capital ingredient of writing—but I do believe that it is a perfume that will preserve from putrefaction; and is distinct even from style, which regards *expression*; grace, I think, belongs to *manner*. It is from the charm of grace that I believe some authors, not in your favour, obtained part of their renown. Virgil in particular—and yet I am far from disagreeing with you on his subject in general. There is such a dearth of invention in the *Æneid* [and when he did invent, it was often so foolishly]: so little good sense, so little variety, and so little

power over the passions, that I have frequently said, from contempt for his matter, and from the charm of his harmony, that I believe I should like his poem better, if I was to hear it repeated, and did not understand Latin. On the other hand, he has more than harmony; whatever he utters is said gracefully, and he ennobles his images, especially in the *Georgics*, or at least it is more sensible there from the humility of the subject. A Roman farmer might not understand his diction in agriculture—but he made a Roman courtier understand farming, the farming of that age; and could captivate a lord of Augustus's bed-chamber, and tempt him to listen to themes of rusticity. Statius and Claudian, though talking of war, would make a soldier despise them as bullies. That graceful manner of thinking in Virgil seems to me to be more than style, if I do not refine too much; and I admire, I confess, Mr. Addison's phrase, that Virgil tossed about his dung with an air of majesty. A style may be excellent without grace—for instance, Dr. Swift's. Eloquence may bestow an immortal style, and one of more dignity; yet eloquence may want that ease, that genteel air that flows from, or constitutes, grace. Addison himself was master of that grace, even in his pieces of humour, and which do not owe their merit to style; and from that combined secret he excels all men that ever lived, but Shakspeare, in humour, by never dropping into an approach towards burlesque and buffoonery, even when his humour descended to characters that, in any other hands, would have been vulgarly low. Is it not clear that Will Whimble was a gentleman, though he always lived at a distance from good company? Fielding had as much humour perhaps as Addison? but having no idea of grace, is perpetually disgusting. His innkeepers and parsons are the grossest of their profession; and his gentlemen are awkward when they should be at their ease.

The Grecians had grace in everything, in poetry, in oratory, in statuary, in architecture, and probably in music and painting. The Romans, it is true, were their imitators; but having grace, too, imparted it to their copies, which gave them a merit that almost raises them to the rank of originals. Horace's odes acquired their fame, no doubt, from the graces of his manner, and purity of his style; the chief praise of Tibullus and Propertius, who certainly cannot boast of more meaning than Horace's odes.

Waller, whom you proscribe, sir, owed his reputation to the graces of his manner, though he frequently stumbled, and even fell flat: but a few of his small pieces are as graceful as possible: one might say, that he excelled in painting ladies in enamel, but could not succeed in portraits in oil large as life. Milton had such superior merit, that I will only say, that if his angels, his Satan, and his Adam, have as much dignity as the Apollo Belvedere, his Eve has all the delicacy and graces of the Venus of Medici, as his descriptions of Eden has the colouring of Albano. Milton's tenderness imprints ideas as graceful as Guido's *Madonnas*; and the *Allegro*, *Penseroso*, and *Comus*, might be denoted from the three Graces; as the Italians give singular titles to two or three of Petrarch's best sonnets.

Cowley, I think, would have grace (for his mind was graceful) if he had had any ear, or if his taste had not been vitiated by the pursuit of wit; which, when it does not offer itself naturally, degenerates into tinsel or pertness. Pertness is the mistaken affectation of grace, as pedantry

produces erroneous dignity; the familiarity of the one, and the clumsiness of the other, distort, or prevent grace. Nature, that furnishes samples of all qualities, and in the scale of gradation exhibits all possible shades, affords us types that are more apposite than words. The eagle is sublime, the lion majestic, the swan graceful, the monkey pert, the bear ridiculously awkward. I mention these as more expressive and comprehensive than I could make definitions of my meaning; but I will apply the swan only, under whose wings I will shelter an apology for Racine, whose pieces give me an idea of that bird. The colouring of the swan is pure, his attitudes are graceful, he never displeases you when sailing on his proper element. His feet may be ugly, his notes hissing, not musical, his walk not natural; he can soar, but it is with difficulty. Still the impression the swan leaves is that of grace—so does Racine.

Boileau may be compared to the dog, whose sagacity is remarkable, as well as its fawning on its master, and its snarling at those it dislikes. If Boileau was too austere to admit the pliability of grace, he compensates by sense and propriety. He is like (for I will drop animals) an upright magistrate whom you respect; but whose justice and severity leave an awe that discourages familiarity. His copies of the ancients may be too servile—but if a good translator deserve praise, Boileau deserves more: he certainly does not fall below his originals; and, considering at what period he wrote, has greater merit still. By his imitations he held out to his countrymen models of taste, and banished totally the bad taste of his predecessors. For his *Lutrin*, replete with excellent poetry, wit, humour, and satire, he certainly was not obliged to the ancients. Excepting Horace, how little idea had either Greeks or Romans of wit and humour! Aristophanes and Lucian, compared with moderns were, the one a blackguard, the other a buffoon. In my eyes, the *Lutrin*, the *Dispensary*, and the *Rape of the Lock* are standards of grace and elegance not to be paralleled by antiquity; and eternal reproaches to Voltaire, whose indelicacy in the *Pucelle* degraded him as much, when compared with the three authors I have named, as his *Henriade* leaves Virgil, and even Lucan, whom he more resembles, by far his superiors. The *Dunciad* is blemished by the offensive images of the games, but the poetry appears to me admirable; and, though the fourth book has obscurities, I prefer it to the three others. It has descriptions not surpassed by any poet that ever existed; and which surely a writer, merely ingenious, will never equal. The lines on Italy, on Venice, on Convents have all the grace for which I contend, as distinct from poetry, though united with the most beautiful; and the *Rape of the Lock*, besides the originality of great part of the invention, is a standard of graceful writing.

In general, I believe that what I call *grace* is denominated elegance; but by grace I mean something higher. I will explain myself by instances; Apollo is graceful, Mercury elegant.

Petrarch perhaps owed his whole merit to the harmony of his numbers and the graces of his style. They conceal his poverty of meaning, and want of variety. His complaints, too, may have added an interest which, had his passion been successful, and had expressed itself with equal sameness, would have made the number of his sonnets insupportable. Melancholy, in poetry, I am inclined to think, contributes to grace, when it is not disgraced by pitiful lamentations, such

"Christopher Plaskwith, Bookseller and Stationer;" on the private door a brass plate, inscribed with "R— and *— Mercury Office, Mr. Plaskwith." Philip applied at the private entrance, and was shown by a "neat-handed Phillis" into a small office-room. In a few minutes the door opened, and the bookseller entered.

Mr. Christopher Plaskwith was a short, stout man, in drab-coloured breeches, and gaiters to match—a black coat and waistcoat—a large watch-chain, with a prodigious bunch of seals, alternated by small keys and old fashioned mourning rings. His complexion was pale and sodden, and his hair short, dark, and sleek. The bookseller valued himself on a likeness to Bonaparte, and affected a short, brusque, peremptory manner, which he meant to be the indication of the vigorous and decisive character of his prototype.

"So you are the young gentleman Mr. Roger Morton recommends?" Here Mr. Plaskwith took out a huge pocket book, slowly unclasped it, staring hard at Philip, with what he designed for a piercing and penetrative survey.

"This is the letter—no! this is Sir Thomas Champerdown's order for fifty copies of the last *Mercury*, containing his speech at the county meeting. Your age, young man? Only sixteen! look older—that's not it—that's not it—and this is it! Sit down. Yes, Mr. Roger Morton recommends you—a relation—unfortunate circumstances—well educated—my benevolence—hum! Well, young man, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Sir?"

"Can you cast accounts—know bookkeeping?"

"I know something of algebra, sir."

"Algebra! Oh, what else?"

"French and Latin."

"Hum! may be useful. Why do you wear your hair so long? Look at mine. What's your name?"

"Philip Morton."

"Mr. Philip Morton, you have an intelligent countenance—I go a great deal by countenances. You know the terms?—most favourable to you. No premium—I settle that with Roger. I give board and bed—find your own washing. Habits regular—'prenticeship only five years; when over, must not set up in the same town. I will see to the indentures. When can you come?"

"When you please, sir."

"Day after to-morrow, by six o'clock coach."

"But, sir," said Philip, "will there be no salary? Something, ever so small, that I could send to my mother?"

"Salary at sixteen? Board and bed—no premium! Salary! what for? 'Prentices have no salary! You will have every comfort."

"Give me less comfort, that I may give my mother more; a little money, ever so little, and take it out of my board: I can do with one meal a day, sir."

The bookseller was moved; he took a huge pinchful of snuff out of his waistcoat pocket, and mused a moment. He then said as he re-examined Philip,

"Well, young man, I'll tell you what we will do. You shall come here first upon trial—see if we like each other before we sign the indentures—allow you, meanwhile, 5s. a week. If you show talent, will see if I and Roger can settle about some little allowance. That do, eh?"

"I thank you, sir, yes," said Philip, gratefully.

"Settled, then. Follow me—present you to Mrs. P."

Thus saying, Mr. Plaskwith returned the letter to the pocket-book, and the pocket-book to the pocket; and, putting his arms behind his coat tails, threw up his chin, and strode through the passage into a small parlour, that looked upon a small garden. Here, seated round the table, were a thin lady, with a squint, Mrs. Plaskwith; two little girls, the Misses Plaskwith, also with squints and pinafores; a young man of three or four and twenty, in nankeen trousers, a little the worse for washing, and a black velvet jacket and waistcoat. This young gentleman was very much freckled; wore his hair, which was dark and wiry, up at one side, down at the other; had a short, thick nose, full lips, and, when close to him, smelt of cigars. Such was Mr. Plimmins, Mr. Plaskwith's *factotem*, foreman in the shop, assistant editor to the *Mercury*. Mr. Plaskwith formally went the round of the introduction: Mrs. P. nodded her head; the Misses P. nudged each other and grinned; Mr. Plimmins passed his hand through his hair, glanced at the glass, and bowed very politely.

"Now, Mrs. P., my second cup, and give Mr. Morton his dish of tea. Must be tired, sir—hot day. Jemima, ring—no, go to the stairs, and call out, 'more buttered toast.' That's the shorter way—promptitude is my rule in life, Mr. Morton. Pray—hum, hum—have you ever, by chance, studied the biography of the great Napoleon Bonaparte?"

Mr. Plimmins gulped down his tea, and kicked Philip under the table. Philip looked fiercely at the foreman, and replied sullenly,

"No, sir."

"That's a pity. Napoleon Bonaparte was a very great man—very! You have seen his cast? There it is, on the dumb waiter! Look at it! See a likeness, eh?"

"Likeness, sir! I never saw Napoleon Bonaparte."

"Never saw him! No! just look round the room. Who does that bust put you in mind of? who does it resemble?"

Here Mr. Plaskwith rose and put himself into an attitude; his hand in his waistcoat, and his face pensively inclined towards the tea-table. "Now fancy me at St. Helena—this table is the ocean. Now, then, who is that cast like, Mr. Philip Morton?"

"I suppose, sir, it is like you!"

"Ah, that it is! Strikes every one! Does it not, Mrs. P., does it not? And, when you have known me longer, you will find a moral similitude—a moral, sir! Straightforward—short—to the point—bold—determined!"

"Bless me, Mr. P.!" said Mrs. Plaskwith, very querulously, "do make haste with your tea: the young gentleman, I suppose, wants to go home, and the coach passes in a quarter of an hour."

"Have you seen Kean in Richard the Third, Mr. Morton?" asked Mr. Plimmins.

"I have never seen a play."

"Never seen a play! How very odd!"

"Not at all odd, Mr. Plimmins," said the stationer. "Mr. Morton has known troubles—so hand him the hot toast."

Silent and morose, but rather disdainful than sad, Philip listened to the babble round him, and observed the ungenial characters with which he was to associate. He cared not to please (*that*, alas! had never been especially his study;) it was enough for him if he could see, stretching to

his mind's eye beyond the walls of that dull room, the long vistas into fairer fortune. At sixteen, what sorrow can freeze the hope, or what prophetic fear whisper "fool" to the ambitious? He would bear back into ease and prosperity, if not into affluence and station, the dear ones left at home. From the eminence of five shillings a week he looked over the Promised Land.

At length, Mr. Plaskwith, pulling out his watch, said, "just in time to catch the coach—make your bow and be off—smart's the word!" Philip rose, took up his hat, made a stiff bow that included the whole group, and vanished with his host.

Mrs. Plaskwith breathed more easily when he was gone.

"I never seed a more odd, fierce ill-bred looking young man! I declare I am quite afraid of him. What an eye he has!"

"Uncommonly dark; what, I may say, gipsy-like," said Mr. Plimmins.

"He! he! You always do say such good things, Plimmins. Gipsy-like! he! he! So he is. I wonder if he can tell fortunes?"

"He'll be long before he has a fortune of his own to tell. Ha! ha!" said Plimmins.

"He! he! how very good! You are so pleasant, Plimmins."

While these strictures on his appearance were still going on, Philip had already ascended the roof of the coach; and waving his hand with the condescension of old times to his future master, was carried away by the "Express" in a whirlwind of dust.

"A very warm evening, sir," said a passenger seated at his right, puffing, while he spoke, from a short German pipe, a volume of smoke into Philip's face.

"Very warm. Be so good as to smoke into the face of the gentleman on the other side of you," returned Philip, petulantly.

"Ho! ho!" replied the passenger, with a loud, powerful laugh—the laugh of a strong man. "You don't take to the pipe yet; you will by and by, when you have known the cares and anxieties that I have gone through. A pipe! It is a great soother! a pleasant comforter! Blue-devils fly before its honest breath! It ripens the brain—it opens the heart; and the man who smokes, thinks like a sage and acts like a Samaritan!"

Roused from his reverie by this quaint and unexpected declamation, Philip turned his quick glance at his neighbour. He saw a man of great bulk and immense physical power—broad shouldered—deep chested—not corpulent, but taking the same girth from bone and muscle that a corpulent man does from flesh. He wore a blue coat—frogged, braided, and buttoned to the throat. A broad brimmed straw hat, set on one side, gave a jaunty appearance to a countenance which, notwithstanding its jovial complexion and smiling mouth, had, in repose, a bold and decided character. It was a face well suited to the frame, inasmuch as it betokened a mind capable of wielding and mastering the brute physical force of body. Light eyes of piercing intelligence; rough, but resolute and striking features, and a jaw of iron. There was thought, there was power, there was passion in the shaggy brow, the deep ploughed lines, the dilated nostril, and the restless play of the lips. Philip looked hard and gravely, and the man returned his look.

"What do you think of me, young gentleman?" asked the passenger, as he replaced the pipe in his mouth. "I am a fine looking man, am I not?"

"You seem a strange one."

"Strange! Ay, I puzzle you, as I have done, and shall do many. You cannot read me as easily as I can read you. Come, shall I guess at your character and circumstances? You are a gentleman, or something like it, by birth—that the tone of your voice tells me. You are poor, devilish poor—that the hole in your coat assures me. You are proud, fiery, discontented, and unhappy—all that I see in your face. It was because I saw those signs that I spoke to you. I volunteer no acquaintance with the happy."

"I dare say not; for, if you know all the unhappy, you must have a sufficiently large acquaintance," returned Philip.

"Your wit is beyond your years! What is your calling, if the question does not offend you?"

"I have none as yet," said Philip, with a slight sigh and a deep blush.

"More's the pity!" grunted the smoker, with a long, emphatic, nasal intonation. "I should have judged that you were a raw recruit in the camp of the enemy."

"Enemy! I don't understand you."

"In other words, a plant growing out of a lawyer's desk. I will explain. There is one class of spiders, industrious, hard working octopodes, who, out of the sweat of their brains (I take it, by the by, that a spider must have a fine cranio-logical development,) make their own webs and catch their own flies. There is another class of spiders who have no stuff in them wherewith to make webs; they, therefore, wander about, looking out for food provided by the toil of their neighbours. Whenever they come to the web of a smaller spider, whose larder seems well supplied, they rush upon his domain—pursue him to his hole—eat him up if they can—reject him if he is too tough for their maws—and quietly possess themselves of all the legs and wings they find dangling in his meshes: these spiders I call enemies—the world calls them lawyers!"

Philip laughed. "And who are the first class of spiders?"

"Honest creatures, who openly confess that they live upon flies. Lawyers fall foul upon them, under pretence of delivering flies from their clutches. They are wonderful bloodsuckers, these lawyers, in spite of all their hypocrisy! Ha! ha! Ho! ho!"

And with a loud, rough chuckle more expressive of malignity than mirth, the man turned himself round, applied himself vigorously to his pipe, and sank into a silence which, as mile after mile glided past the wheels, he did not seem disposed to break. Neither was Philip inclined to be communicative. Considerations for his own state and prospects swallowed up the curiosity he might otherwise have felt as to his singular neighbour. He had not touched food since the early morning. Anxiety had made him insensible to hunger till he arrived at Mr. Plaskwith's; and then, feverish, sore, and sick at heart, the sight of the luxuries gracing the tea-table only revolted him. He did not now feel hunger, but he was fatigued and faint. For several nights the sleep which youth can so ill dispense with had been broken and disturbed; and now, the rapid motion of the coach, and the free current of a fresher and more exhausting air than he had been accustomed to for many months, began to operate on his nerves like the intoxication of a narcotic. His eyes grew heavy; indistinct mists, through which there seemed to glare the various squints of the female Plaskwiths, succeeded the gliding road and the dancing trees. His head fell on his

bosom; and thence instinctively seeking the strongest support at hand, inclined towards the stout smoker, and finally nestled itself composedly on that gentleman's shoulder. The passenger, feeling this unwelcome weight, took the pipe, which he had already thrice refilled, from his lips, and emitted an angry and impatient snort; finding that this produced no effect, and that the load grew heavier as the boy's sleep grew deeper, he cried, in a loud voice, "Holla! I did not pay my fare to be your bolster, young man!" and shook himself lustily. Philip started, and would have fallen sidelong from the coach if his neighbour had not gripped him hard with a hand that could have kept a young oak from falling.

"Rouse yourself! You might have had an ugly tumble."

Philip muttered something inaudible between sleeping and waking, and turned his dark eyes towards the man; in that glance there was so much unconscious but sad and deep reproach, that the passenger felt touched and ashamed. Before, however, he could say anything in apology or conciliation, Philip had again fallen asleep. But this time, as if he had felt and resented the rebuff he had received, he inclined his head away from his neighbour, against the edge of a box on the roof: a dangerous pillow, from which any sudden jolt might transfer him to the road below.

"Poor lad! he looks pale!" muttered the man; and he knocked the weed from his pipe, and placed it gently in his pocket. "Perhaps the smoke was too much for him? he seems ill and thin;" and he took the boy's long, lean fingers in his own. "His cheek is hollow! What do I know but it may be with fasting? Pooh! I was a brute. Hush, coachee, hush? Don't talk so loud, and he d—d to you—he will certainly be off;" and the man softly and creepingly encircled the boy's waist with his huge arm. "Now, then, to shift his head; so—so—that's right." Philip's sallow cheek and long hair were now tenderly lapped on the soliloquist's bosom. "Poor wretch! he smiles; perhaps he is thinking of home, and the butterflies he ran after when he was an urchin; they never come back, those days—never—never—never! I think the wind veers to the east; he may catch cold;" and with that, the man, gliding the head for a moment, and with the tenderness of a woman, from his breast to his shoulder, unbuttoned his coat (as he replaced the weight, no longer unwelcome, in its former part,) and drew the lappets closely round the slender frame of the sleeper, exposing his own sturdy breast—for he wore no waistcoat—to the sharpening air. Thus cradled on that stranger's bosom, wrapped from the present, and dreaming, perhaps—while a heart scorched by fierce and terrible struggles with life and sin made his pillow—of a fair and unsullied future, slept the fatherless and friendless boy.

CHAPTER VII.

"*Constance. My life, my joy, my food, my all the world,
My widow comfort.*"—*King John.*

Amid the glare of the lamps, the rattle of carriages, the lumbering of carts and wagons—the throng, the clamour, the reeking life and dissonant roar of London, Philip woke from his happy sleep. He woke, uncertain and confused, and saw strange eyes bent on him kindly and watchfully.

"You have slept well, my lad!" said the pas-

senger, in the deep, ringing voice which made itself heard above all the noises round.

"And you have suffered me to incommode you thus?" said Philip, with more gratitude in his voice and look than, perhaps, he had shown to any one out of his own family since his birth.

"You have had but little kindness shown you, my poor boy, if you think so much of this?"

"No—all people were very kind to me once. I did not value it then." Here the coach rolled heavily down the dark arch of the inn yard.

"Take care of yourself, my boy! You look ill;" and in the dark the man slipped a sovereign into Philip's hand.

"I don't want money, though I thank you heartily all the same; it would be a shame at my age to be a beggar. But can you think of an employment where I can make something?—what they offer me is so trifling. I have a mother and a brother—a mere child, sir—at home."

"Employment!" repeated the man; and, as the coach now stopped at the tavern door, the light from the lamp fell full on his marked face. "Ay, I know of employment; but you should apply to some one else to obtain it for you! As for me, it is not likely that we shall meet again!"

"I am sorry for that! What and who are you?" asked Philip, with rude and blunt curiosity.

"Me!" returned the passenger, with his deep laugh; "oh! I know some people who call me an honest fellow. Take the employment offered you, no matter how trifling: keep out of harm's way. Good night to you!"

So saying, he quickly descended from the roof; and, as he was directing the coachman where to look for his carpet-bag, Philip saw three or four well-dressed-looking men make up to him, shake him heartily by the hand, and welcome him with great seeming cordiality.

Philip sighed. "He has friends," he muttered to himself; and, paying his fare, he turned from the bustling yard, and took his solitary way home.

A week after his visit to R—, Philip was settled on his probation at Mr. Plaskwith's, and Mrs. Morton's health was so decidedly worse, that she resolved to know her fate, and consult a physician. The oracle was at first ambiguous in its response. But when Mrs. Morton said firmly, "I have duties to perform: upon your candid answer rest my plans with respect to my children—left, if I die suddenly, destitute in the world," the doctor looked hard in her face, saw its calm resolution, and replied frankly.

"Lose no time, then, in arranging your plans: life is uncertain with all—with you especially; you may live some time yet, but your constitution is much shaken; I fear there is water on the chest." No, ma'am, no fee. I will see you again."

The physician turned to Sidney, who played with his watch-chain, and smiled up in his face.

"And that child, sir?" said the mother, wistfully, forgetting the dread fiat pronounced against herself; "he is so delicate!"

"Not at all, ma'am—a very fine little fellow;" and the doctor patted the boy's head and abruptly vanished.

"Ah! mamma, I wish you would ride—I wish you would take the white pony!"

"Poor boy! poor boy!" muttered the mother; "I must not be selfish." She covered her face with her hands, and began to think.

Could she, thus doomed, resolve on declining

her brother's offer? Did it not, at least, secure bread and shelter to her child? When she was dead, might not a tie between the uncle and nephew be snapped asunder? Would he be as kind to the boy as now, when she could commend him with her own lips to his care—when she could place that precious charge into his hands? With these thoughts, she formed one of those resolutions which have all the strength of self-sacrificing love. She would put the boy from her, her last solace and comfort; she would die alone—alone!

CHAPTER VIII.

"Constance. When I shall meet him in the court of heaven, I shall not know him."—KING JOHN.

ONE evening, the shop closed and the business done, Mr. Roger Morton and his family sat in that snug and comfortable retreat which generally back the ware-rooms of an English tradesman. Happy often, and indeed happy, is that little sanctuary, near to, and yet remote from, the toil and care of the busy mart from which its homely ease and peaceful security are drawn. Glance down those rows of silenced shops in a town at night, and picture the glad and quiet groups gathered within, over that nightly and social meal which custom has banished from the more indolent tribes who neither toil nor spin. Placed between the two extremes of life, the tradesman who ventures not beyond his means, and sees clear books and sure gains, with enough of occupation to give healthful excitement, enough of fortune to greet each new-born child without a sigh, might be envied alike by those above and those below his state—if the restless heart of man ever envied content!

"And so the little boy is not to come?" said Mrs. Morton as she crossed her knife and fork, and pushed away her plate, in token that she had done supper.

"I don't know. Children, go to bed; there—there—that will do. Good-night! Catharine does not say either yes or no. She wants time to consider."

"It was a very handsome offer on our part: some folks never know when they are well off."

"That is very true, my dear, and you are a very sensible person. Kate herself might have been an honest woman, and, what is more, a very rich woman by this time. She might have married Spencer, the young brewer—an excellent man, and well to do!"

"Spencer! I don't remember him."

"No: after she went off, he retired from business and left the place. I don't know what's become of him. He was mightily taken with her, to be sure. She was uncommonly handsome, my sister Catharine."

"Handsome is as handsome does, Mr. Morton," said the wife, who was very much marked with the smallpox. "We all have our temptations and trials: this is a vale of tears, and without grace we are whited sepulchres."

Mr. Morton mixed his brandy and water, and moved his chair into its customary corner.

"You saw your brother's letter," said he, after a pause; "he gives young Philip a very good character."

"The human heart is very deceitful," replied Mrs. Morton, who, by-the-way, spoke through her nose. "Pray Heaven he may be what he

seems; but what's bred in the bone comes out in the flesh."

"We must hope the best," said Mr. Morton, mildly; "and—put another lump into the grog, my dear."

"It is a mercy, I'm thinking, that we didn't have the other little boy. I dare say he has never even been taught his catechism; them people don't know what it is to be a mother. And, besides, it would have been very awkward, Mr. M.; we could never have said who he was; and I've no doubt Miss Pryinall would have been very curious."

"Miss Pryinall be ——!" Mr. Morton checked himself, took a large draught of the brandy and water, and added, "Miss Pryinall wants to have a finger in every-body's pie."

"But she buys a deal of flannel, and does great good to the town: it was she who found out that Mrs. Giles was no better than she should be."

"Poor Mrs. Giles? she came to the workhouse."

"Poor Mrs. Giles indeed! I wonder, Mr. Morton, that you, a married man, with a family, should say *poor* Mrs. Giles!"

"My dear, when people who have been well off come to the workhouse, they may be called poor: but that's neither here nor there; only, if the boy does come to us, we must look sharp upon Miss Pryinall."

"I hope he won't come; it will be very unpleasant. And when a man has a wife and family, the less he meddles with other folks and their little ones, the better. For, as the Scripture says, 'A man shall cleave to his wife, and—'"

Here a sharp, shrill ring at the bell was heard, and Mrs. Morton broke off into,

"Well! I declare! at this hour—who can that be? and all gone to bed! Do go and see, Mr. Morton."

Somewhat reluctantly and slowly, Mr. Morton rose, and, proceeding to the passage, unbarred the door. A brief and muttered conversation followed, to the great irritability of Mrs. Morton, who stood in the passage, the candle in her hand.

"What is the matter, Mr. M.?"

Mr. Morton turned back, looking agitated.

"Where's my hat? Oh, here. My sister is come at the inn."

"Gracious me! She does not go for to say she is *your* sister?"

"No, no—here's her note—calls herself a lady that's ill. I shall be back soon."

"She can't come here—she sha'n't come here, Mr. M. I'm an honest woman—she can't come here. You understand—"

Mr. Morton had naturally a stern countenance—stern to every one but his wife. The shrill tone to which he was so long accustomed jarred then on his heart as well as ear. He frowned:

"Pshaw! woman, you have no feeling!" said he, and walked out of the house, pulling his hat over his brows.

That was the only rude speech Mr. Morton had ever made to his better half. She treasured it up in her heart and memory; it was associated with the sister and the child; and she was not a woman who ever forgave.

Mr. Morton walked rapidly through the still, moon-lit streets till he reached the inn. A club was held that night in one of the rooms below; and, as he crossed the threshold, the sound of "hip—hip—hurrah!" mingled with the stamping of feet and the jingling of glasses, saluted his entrance. He was a stiff, sober, respectable man; a man who, except at elections—he was a

great politician—mixed in none of the revels of his more boisterous townsmen. The sounds, the spot, were ungenial to him. He paused, and the colour of shame rose to his brow. He was ashamed to be there; ashamed to meet the desolate, and, as he believed, erring sister.

A pretty maid-servant, heated and flushed with orders and compliments, crossed his path with a tray full of glasses.

"There's a lady come by the Telegraph?"

"Yes, sir, up stairs, No. 2, Mr. Morton."

Mr. Morton! He shrunk at the sound of his own name. "My wife's right," he muttered. "After all, this is more unpleasant than I thought for."

The slight stairs shook under his hasty tread. He opened the door of No. 2, and that Catharine whom he had last seen at the age of gay sixteen, radiant with bloom, and, but for her air of pride, the model for a Hebe—that Catharine, old ere youth was gone, pale, faded, the dark hair silvered over, the cheeks hollow, and the eye dim—that Catharine fell upon his breast!

"God bless you, brother! How kind to come! How long since we have met!"

"Sit down, Catharine, my dear sister. You are faint—you are very much changed—very. I should not have known you."

"Brother, I have brought my boy: it is painful to part from him—very—very painful; but it is right, and God's will be done." She turned as she spoke towards a little, deformed, rickety dwarf of a sofa, that seemed to hide itself in the darkest corner of the low, gloomy room; and Morton followed her. With one hand she removed the shawl that she had thrown over the child, and, placing the fore finger of the other upon her lips—lips that smiled *then*—she whispered, "We will not wake him, he is so tired. But I would not put him to bed till you had seen him."

And there slept poor Sidney, his fair cheek pillowed on his arm; the soft, silky ringlets thrown from the delicate and unclouded brow; the natural bloom increased by warmth and travel; the lovely face so innocent and hushed; the breathing so gentle and regular as if never broken by a sigh.

Mr. Morton drew his hand across his eyes.

There was something very touching in the contrast between that wakeful, anxious, forlorn woman, and the slumber of the unconscious boy. And in that moment, what breast upon which the light of Christian pity—of natural affection, had ever dawned, would, even supposing the world's judgment were true, have recalled Catharine's reputed error? There is so divine a holiness in the love of a mother, that, no matter how the tie that binds her to the child was formed, she becomes, as it were, consecrated and sacred; and the past is forgotten, and the world and its harsh verdicts swept away when *that* love alone is visible; and the God who watches over the little one sheds his smile over the human deputy, in whose tenderness there breathes His own!

"You will be kind to him—will you not?" said Mrs. Morton; and the appeal was made with that trustful, almost cheerful, tone which implies, "Who would not be kind to a thing so fair and helpless?" "He is very sensitive and very docile; you will never have occasion to say a hard word to him—never! You have children of your own, brother!"

"He is a beautiful boy—beautiful. I will be a father to him!"

As he spoke, the recollection of his wife—sour, querulous, austere—came over him; but he said to himself, “She must take to such a child: women always take to beauty.”

He bent down, and gently pressed his lips to Sidney's forehead. Mrs. Morton replaced the shawl, and drew her brother to the other end of the room.

“And now,” she said, colouring as she spoke, “I must see your wife, brother: there is much to say about a child that only a woman will recollect! Is she very good-tempered and kind, your wife? You know I never saw her; you married after—after I left.”

“She is a very worthy woman,” said Mr. Morton, clearing his throat, “and brought me some money; she has a will of her own, as most women have—but that's neither here nor there; she is a good wife as wives go, and prudent and painstaking; I don't know what I should do without her.”

“Brother, I have one favour to request—a great favour.”

“Anything I can do in the way of money?”

“It has nothing to do with money. I can't live long—don't shake your head—I can't live long. I have no fear for Philip; he has so much spirit—such strength of character; but *that child!* I cannot bear to leave him altogether: let me stay in this town—I can lodge anywhere; but to see him sometimes—to know I shall be in reach if he is ill—let me stay here—let me die here!”

“You must not talk so sadly: you are young yet—younger than I am: I don't think of dying.”

“Heaven forbid! but—”

“Well, well!” interrupted Mr. Morton, who began to fear his feelings would hurry him into some promise which his wife would not suffer him to keep, “you shall talk to Margaret—that is, to Mrs. Morton; I will get her to see you—yes, I think I can contrive that; and if you can arrange with her to stay—but, you see, as she brought the money, and is a very particular woman—”

“I will see her—thank you, thank you—she cannot refuse me.”

“And, brother,” resumed Mrs. Morton, after a short pause, and speaking in a firm voice, “and is it possible that you disbelieve my story? that you, like all the rest, consider my children the sons of shame?”

There was an honest earnestness in Catharine's voice as she spoke that might have convinced many. But Mr. Morton was a man of facts—a practical man—a man who believed that law was always right, and that the improbable was never true.

He looked down as he answered, “I think you have been a very ill-used woman, Catharine, and that is all I can say on that matter: let us drop the subject.”

“No! I was not ill-used; my husband—yes, my husband—was noble and generous from first to last. It was for the sake of his children's prospects, for the expectations they, through him, might derive from his proud uncle, that he concealed our marriage. Do not blame Philip—do not condemn the dead.”

“I don't want to blame any one,” said Mr. Morton, rather angrily; “I am a plain man, a tradesman, and can only go by what in my class seems fair and honest, which I can't think Mr. Beaufort's conduct was, put it how you will; if he marries you as you think, he gets rid of a witness, he destroys a certificate, and he dies without a will. However, all that's neither here nor there. You do quite right not to take the name

of Beaufort, since it is an uncommon name, and would always make the story public. Least said soonest mended. You must always consider that your children will be called natural children, and have their own way to make. No harm in that! Warm day for your journey.” Catharine sighed and wiped her eyes: she no longer reproached the world, since the son of her own mother disbelieved her.

The relations talked together for some minutes on the past—the present; but there was embarrassment and constraint on both sides—it was so difficult to avoid one subject; and, after sixteen years of absence, there is little left in common, even between those who once played together round their parents' knees. Mr. Morton was glad at last to find an excuse in Catharine's fatigue to leave her. “Cheer up, and take a glass of something warm before you go to bed. Good-night!” These were his parting words.

Long was the conference and sleepless the couch of Mr. and Mrs. Morton. At first, that estimable lady positively declared she would not and could not visit Catharine: as to receiving her, that was out of the question. But she secretly resolved to give up that point, in order to insist with greater strength upon another, viz., the impossibility of Catharine remaining in the town, such concession for the purpose of resistance being a very common and sagacious policy with married ladies. Accordingly, when suddenly, and with a good grace, Mrs. Morton appeared affected by her husband's eloquence, and said, “Well, poor thing! if she is so ill, and you wish it so much, I will call to-morrow,” Mr. Morton felt his heart softened towards the many excellent reasons which his wife urged against allowing Catharine to reside in the town. He was a political character; he had many enemies; the story of his seduced sister, now forgotten, would certainly be raked up; it would affect his comfort, perhaps his trade, certainly his eldest daughter, who was now thirteen; it would be impossible, then, to adopt the plan hitherto resolved upon—of passing off Sidney as the legitimate orphan of a distant relation; it would be made a great handle for gossip by Miss Pryinall. Added to all these relations, one not less strong occurred to Mr. Morton himself: the uncommon and merciless rigidity of his wife would render all the other women in the town very glad of any topic that would humble her own sense of immaculate propriety. Moreover, he saw that, if Catharine did remain, it would be a perpetual source of irritation in his own home; he was a man who liked an easy life, and avoided, as far as possible, all food for domestic worry. And thus, when at length the wedded pair turned back to back, and composed themselves to sleep, the conditions of peace were settled, and the weak party, as usual in diplomacy, sacrificed to the interests of the united powers.

After breakfast the next morning, Mrs. Morton sallied out on her husband's arm. Mr. Morton was rather a handsome man, with an air and look grave, composed, severe, that had tended much to raise his character in the town. Mrs. Morton was short, wiry, and bony. She had won her husband by making desperate love to him, to say nothing of a dower that enabled him to extend his business, new paint as well as new stock his shop, and rise into the very first rank of tradesmen in his native town. He still believed that she was excessively fond of him; a common delusion of husbands, especially when henpecked. Mrs. Morton *was*, perhaps, fond

of him in her own way; for, though her heart was not warm, there may be a great deal of fondness with very little feeling. The worthy lady was now clothed in her best. She had a proper pride in showing the rewards that belong to female virtue. Flowers adorned her *Leghorn* bonnet, and her green silk gown boasted four flounces—such then was, I am told, the fashion. She wore, also, a very handsome black shawl, extremely heavy, though the day was oppressively hot, and with a deep border; a smart *Sevigné* brooch of yellow topazes glittered in her breast; a huge gilt serpent glared from her waistband; her hair, or, more properly speaking, her *front*, was tortured into very tight curls, and her feet into very tight half-laced boots, from which the fragrance of new leather had not yet departed. It was this last infliction, for *il faut souffrir pour être belle*, which somewhat yet more acerbated the ordinary acid of Mrs. Morton's temper. The sweetest disposition is ruffled when the shoe pinches; and it happened that Mrs. Roger Morton was one of those ladies who always have chilblains in the winter and corns in the summer.

“So you say your sister is a beauty?”

“*Was* a beauty, Mrs. M.—*was* a beauty. People alter.”

“A bad conscience, Mr. Morton, is—”

“My dear, can't you walk faster?”

“If you had my corns, Mr. Morton, you would not talk in that way!”

The happy pair sank into silence, only broken by sundry “How d'ye do's!” and “Good-mornings!” interchanged with their friends, till they arrived at the inn.

“Let us go up quickly,” said Mrs. Morton.

And quiet—quiet to gloom, did the inn, so noisy over-night, seem by morning. The shutters partially closed to keep out the sun; the tap-room deserted; the passage smelling of stale smoke; an elderly dog, lazily snapping at the flies, at the foot of the staircase—not a soul to be seen at the bar. The husband and wife, glad to be unobserved, crept on tiptoe up the stairs, and entered Catharine's apartment.

Catharine was seated on the sofa, and Sidney—dressed, like Mrs. Roger Morton, to look his prettiest, nor yet aware of the change that awaited his destiny, but pleased at the excitement of seeing new friends, as handsome children sure of praise and petting usually are—stood by her side.

“My wife—Catharine,” said Mr. Morton. Catharine rose eagerly, and gazed seawardly on her sister-in-law's hard face. She swallowed the convulsive rising at her heart as she gazed, and stretched out both her hands, not so much to welcome as to plead. Mrs. Roger Morton drew herself up, and then dropped a courtesy—it was an involuntary piece of good breeding—it was extorted by the noble countenance, the matronly mien of Catharine, different from what she had anticipated—she dropped the courtesy, and Catharine took her hand and pressed it.

“This is my son;” she turned away her head. Sidney advanced towards his protectress who was to be, and Mrs. Roger muttered,

“Come here, my dear! A fine little boy!”

“As fine a child as ever I saw!” said Mr. Morton, heartily, as he took Sidney on his lap, and stroked down his golden hair.

This displeased Mrs. Roger Morton, but she sat herself down, and said it was “Very warm.”

“Now go to that lady, my dear,” said Mr. Morton. “Is she not a very nice lady? Don't you think you shall like her very much?”

Sidney, the best-mannered child in the world, went boldly up to Mrs. Morton as he was bid. Mrs. Morton was embarrassed. Some folks are so with other folks' children: a child either removes all constraint from a party, or it increases the constraint tenfold. Mrs. Morton, however, forced a smile, and said, "I have a little boy at home about your age."

"Have you?" exclaimed Catharine, eagerly; and, as if that confession made them friends at once, she drew a chair close to her sister-in-law's: "My brother has told you all?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And I shall stay here—in the town somewhere—and see him sometimes?"

Mrs. Roger Morton glanced at her husband, her husband glanced at the door, and Catharine's quick eye turned from one to the other.

"Mr. Morton will explain ma'am," said the wife.

"E-hem! Catharine, my dear, I am afraid *that* is out of the question," began Mr. Morton, who, when fairly put to it, could be business-like enough. "You see by-gones are by-gones, and it is no use raking them up. But many people in the town will recollect you."

"No one will see me—no one, but you and Sidney."

"It will be sure to creep out; won't it, Mrs. Morton?"

"Quite sure. Indeed, ma'am, it is impossible. Mr. Morton is so very respectable, and his neighbours pay so much attention to all he does; and then, if we have an election in the autumn—you see, ma'am, he has a great stake in the place, and is a public character."

"That's neither here nor there," said Mr. Morton. "But, I say, Catharine, can your little boy go into the other room for a moment? Margaret, suppose you take him and make friends."

Delighted to throw on her husband the burden of explanation, which she had originally meant to have all the importance of giving herself, in her most proper and patronising manner, Mrs. Morton twisted her fingers into the boy's hand, and, opening the door that communicated with the bedroom, left the brother and sister alone. And then Mr. Morton, with more tact and delicacy than might have been expected from him, began to soften to Catharine the hardship of the separation he urged. He dwelt principally on what was best for the child. Boys were so brutal in their intercourse with each other. He had even thought it better to represent Philip to Mr. Plaskwith as a more distant relation than he was; and he begged, by-the-by, that Catharine would tell Philip to take the hint. But as for Sidney, sooner or later, he would go to a day-school—have companions of his own age; if his birth were known, he would be exposed to many mortifications—so much better, and so very easy to bring him up as the lawful, that is, as the *legal* offspring of some distant relation.

"And," cried poor Catharine, clasping her hands, "when I am dead, is he never to know that I was his mother?"

The anguish of that question thrilled the heart of the listener. He was affected below all the surface that worldly thoughts and habits had laid, stratum by stratum, over the humanities within. He threw his arms round Catharine, and strained her to his breast:

"No, my sister, my poor sister, he shall know it when he is old enough to understand and to keep his own secret. He shall know, too, how we all loved and prized you once—how young

you were—how flattered and tempted—how you were deceived; for I know *that*—on my soul I do—I know it was not your fault. He shall know, too, how fondly you loved your child, and how you sacrificed, for his sake, the very comfort of being near him. He shall know it all—all!"

"My brother, my brother, I resign him—I am content. God reward you. I will go—go quickly. I know you will take care of him now."

"And you see," resumed Mr. Morton, resetting himself and wiping his eyes, "it is best, between you and me, that Mrs. Morton should have her own way in this. She is a very good woman—very; but it is prudent not to vex her. You may come in now, Mrs. Morton."

Mrs. Morton and Sidney reappeared.

"We have settled it all," said the husband. "When can we have him?"

"Not to-day," said Mrs. Roger Morton; "you see, ma'am, we must get his bed ready, and his sheets well aired: I am very particular."

"Certainly, certainly. Will he sleep alone?—pardon me."

"He shall have a room to himself," said Mr. Morton. "Eh, my dear? Next to Martha's. Martha is our parlour-maid—very good-natured girl, and fond of children."

Mrs. Morton looked grave, thought a moment, and said, "Yes, he can have that room."

"Who can have that room?" asked Sidney, innocently.

"You, my dear," replied Mr. Morton.

"And where will mamma sleep? I must sleep near mamma."

"Mamma is going away," said Catharine, in a firm voice, in which the despair would only have been felt by the acute ear of sympathy; "going away for a little time; but this gentleman and lady will be very, very kind to you."

"We will do our best, ma'am," said Mrs. Morton.

And, as she spoke, a sudden light broke on the boy's mind; he uttered a loud cry, broke from his aunt, rushed to his mother's breast, and hid his face there, sobbing bitterly.

"I am afraid he has been very much spoiled," whispered Mrs. Roger Morton. "I don't think we need stay any longer—it will look suspicious. Good-morning, ma'am; we shall be ready to-morrow."

"Good-bye, Catharine," said Mr. Morton; and he added, as he kissed her, "Be of good heart; I will come up by myself and spend the evening with you."

It was the night after this interview. Sidney had gone to his new home; they had been all kind to him—Mr. Morton, the children, Martha the parlour-maid. Mrs. Roger herself had given him a large slice of bread and jam, but had looked gloomy all the rest of the evening, because, like a dog in a strange place, he refused to eat. His little heart was full, and his eyes, swimming with tears, were turned at every moment to the door. But he did not show the violent grief that might have been expected. He was naturally timid, and his very desolation, amid the unfamiliar faces, awed and chilled him. But when Martha took him to bed, and undressed him, and he knelt down to say his prayers, and came to the words, "Pray God bless dear mamma, and make me a good child," his heart could contain its load no longer, and he sobbed with a passion that alarmed the good-natured servant. She had been used, however, to children, and she soothed and

caressed him, and told him of all the nice things he would do, and the nice toys he would have; and at last, silenced, if not convinced, his eyes closed, and, the tears yet wet on their lashes, fell asleep.

It had been arranged that Catharine should return home that night by a late coach, which left the town at twelve. It was already past eleven. Mrs. Morton had retired to bed; and her husband, who had, according to his wont, lingered behind to smoke a cigar over his last glass of brandy and water, had just thrown aside the stump and was winding up his watch, when he heard a low tap at his window. He stood mute and alarmed, for the window opened on a back lane, dark and solitary at night, and, from the heat of the weather, the iron-cased shutter was not yet closed; the sound was repeated, and he heard a faint voice. He glanced at the poker, and then cautiously moved to the window, and looked forth: "Who's there?"

"It is I—it is Catharine! I cannot go without seeing my boy. I must see him—I must once more!"

"My dear sister, the place is shut up—it is impossible. God bless me, if Mrs. Morton should hear you!"

"I have walked before this window for hours—I have waited till all is hushed in your house—till no one, not even a menial, need see the mother stealing to the bed of her child. Brother! by the memory of our own mother, I command you to let me look, for the last time, upon my boy's face!"

As Catharine said this, standing in that lone street—darkness and solitude below, God and the stars above—there was about her a majesty which awed the listener. Though she was so near, her features were not very clearly visible; but her attitude—her hand raised aloft, the outline of her wasted but still commanding form, were more impressive from the shadowy dimness of the air.

"Come round, Catharine," said Mr. Morton, after a pause; "I will admit you."

He shut the window, stole to the door, unbarred it gently, and admitted his visitor. He bade her follow him; and, shading the light with his hand, crept up the stairs. Catharine's step made no sound.

They passed, unmolested and unheard, the room in which the wife was drowsily reading, according to her custom, before she tied her night-cap and got into bed, a chapter in some pious book. They ascended to the chamber where Sidney lay; Morton opened the door cautiously, and stood at the threshold, so holding the candle that its light might not wake the child, though it sufficed to guide Catharine to the bed. The room was small, perhaps close, but scrupulously clean; for cleanliness was Mrs. Roger Morton's capital virtue. The mother, with a tremulous hand, drew aside the white curtains, and checked her sobs as she gazed on the young, quiet face that was turned towards her. She gazed some moments in passionate silence; who shall say, beneath that silence, what thoughts, what prayers moved and stirred? Then bending down, with pale, convulsive lips, she kissed the little hands thrown so listlessly on the coverlid of the pillow on which the head lay. After this, she turned her face to her brother, with a mute appeal in her glance, took a ring from her finger—a ring that had never till then left it—the ring which Philip Beaufort had placed there the day after that child was born. "Let him wear this round his neck,"

said she, and stopped, lest she should sob aloud and disturb the boy. In that gift she felt as if she invoked the father's spirit to watch over the friendless orphan; and then, pressing together her own hands firmly, as we do in some paroxysm of great pain, she turned from the room, descended the stairs, gained the street, and muttered to her brother, "I am happy now; peace be on these thresholds!" Before he could answer she was gone.

CHAPTER IX.

"Thus things are strangely wrought,
While joyful May doth last;
Take May in time, when May is gone
The pleasant time is past."

RICHARD EDWARDS: from the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*.

It was that period of the year when, to those who look on the surface of society, London wears its most radiant smile; when shops are gayest and trade most brisk; when down the thoroughfares roll and glitter the countless streams of indolent and voluptuous life; when the upper class spend and the middle class make: when the ball-room is the market of beauty, and the clubhouse the school for scandal: when the hells yawn for their prey, and the opera-singers and fiddlers—creatures hatched from gold, as the dung-flies from the dung—swarm, and buzz, and fatten round the hide of the gentle Public. In the cant phrase, it was "the London season." And happy, take it altogether, happy above the rest of the year, even for the hapless, is that period of ferment and fever. It is not the season for duns, and the debtor glides about with less anxious eye; and the weather is warm, and the vagrant sleeps, unfrozen, under the starlit portico: and the beggar thrives, and the thief rejoices—for the rankness of the civilisation has superfluities clutched by all. And out of the general corruption things sordid and things miserable crawl forth to bask in the common sunshine—things that perish when the first autumn-winds whistle along the melancholy city. It is the gay time for the heir and the beauty, and the statesman and the lawyer, the mother with her young daughters, and the artist with his fresh pictures, and the poet with his new book. It is the gay time, too, for the starved journeyman, and the ragged outcast, that, with long stride and patient eyes, follows, for pence, the equestrian, who bids him go and be d—d in vain. It is a gay time for the painted harlot in a crimson pelisse; and a gay time for the old hag that loiters round the thresholds of the gin-shop, to buy back, in a draught, the dreams of departed youth. It is gay, in fine, as the fulness of a vast city is ever gay—for Vice as for Innocence, for Poverty as for Wealth. And the wheels of every single destiny wheel on the merrier, no matter whether they are bound to Heaven or to Hell.

Arthur Beaufort, the young heir, was at his father's house. He was fresh from Oxford, where he had already discovered that learning is *not* better than house and land. Since the new prospects opened to him, Arthur Beaufort was greatly changed. Naturally studious and prudent, had his fortunes remained what they had been before his uncle's death, he would probably have become a laborious and distinguished man. But, though his abilities were good, he had not those restless impulses which belong to genius—often not only its glory, but its curse. The golden rod cast his energies asleep at once.

Good-natured to a fault, and vacillating in character, he adopted the manner and the code of the rich young idlers who were his equals at college. He became, like them, careless, extravagant, and fond of pleasure. This change, if it deteriorated his mind, improved his exterior. It was a change that could not but please women; and, of all women, his mother the most. Mrs. Beaufort was a lady of high birth, and, in marrying her, Robert had hoped much from the interest of her connections; but a change of ministry had thrown her relations out of power; and, beyond her dowry, he obtained no worldly advantage with the lady of his mercenary choice. Mrs. Beaufort was a woman whom a word or two will describe. She was thoroughly common-place; neither bad nor good, neither clever nor silly. She was what is called well-bred; that is, languid, silent, perfectly dressed, and insipid. Of her two children, Arthur was almost the exclusive favourite, especially after he became the heir to such brilliant fortunes. For she was so much the mechanical creature of the world, that even her affection was warm or cold in proportion as the world shone on it. Without being absolutely in love with her husband, she liked him: they suited each other; and (in spite of all the temptations that had beset her in their earlier years—for she had been esteemed a beauty, and lived, as worldly people must do, in circles where examples of unpunished gallantry are numerous and contagious) her conduct had ever been scrupulously correct. She had little or no feeling for misfortunes with which she had never come into contact; for those with which she had—such as the distresses of younger sons, or the errors of fashionable women, or the disappointments of "a proper ambition"—she had more sympathy than might have been supposed, and touched on them with all the tact of well-bred charity and lady-like forbearance. Thus, though she was regarded as a strict person in point of moral decorum, yet in society she was popular—as women at once pretty and inoffensive generally are.

To do Mrs. Beaufort justice, she had not been privy to the letter her husband wrote to Catharine, although not wholly innocent of it. The fact is, that Robert had never mentioned to her the peculiar circumstances that made Catharine an exception from ordinary rules—the generous propositions of his brother to him the night before his death; and, whatever his incredulity as to the alleged private marriage—the perfect loyalty and faith that Catharine had borne to the deceased—he had merely observed, "I must do something, I suppose, for that woman: she very nearly entrapped my poor brother into marrying her; and he would then, for what I know, have cut Arthur out of the estates. Still, I must do something for her—eh?"

"Yes, I think so. What was she—very low?"

"A tradesman's daughter."

"The children should be provided for according to the rank of the mother; that is the general rule in such cases: and the mother should have about the same provision she might have looked for if she had married a tradesman and been left a widow. I dare say she was a very artful kind of person, and don't deserve any thing; but it is always handsomer, in the eyes of the world, to go by the general rules people lay down as to money matters."

So spoke Mrs. Beaufort. She concluded her husband had settled the matter, and never again recurred to it. Indeed, she had never liked the

late Mr. Beaufort, whom she considered *marvais ton*.

In the breakfast-room at Mr. Beaufort's, the mother and son were seated; the former at work, the latter lounging by the window: they were not alone. In a large elbow-chair sat a middle-aged man, listening, or appearing to listen, to the prattle of a beautiful little girl—Arthur Beaufort's sister. This man was not handsome, but there was a certain elegance in his air, and a certain intelligence in his countenance which made his appearance pleasing. He had that kind of eye which is often seen with red hair—an eye of a reddish hazel, with very long lashes; the eyebrows were dark and clearly defined; and the short hair showed to advantage the contour of a small, well-shaped head. His features were irregular; the complexion had been sanguine, but was now faded, and a yellow tinge mingled with the red. His face was more wrinkled, especially round the eyes—which, when he laughed, were scarcely visible—than is usual even in men ten years older. But his teeth were still of a dazzling whiteness; nor was there any trace of decayed health in his countenance. He seemed one who had lived hard, but who had much yet left in the lamp wherewith to feed the wick. At the first glance he appeared slight, as he lolled listlessly in his chair—almost fragile. But, at a nearer examination, you perceived that, in spite of the small extremities and delicate bones, his frame was constitutionally strong. Without being broad in the shoulders, he was exceedingly deep in the chest—deeper than men who seemed giants by his side; and his gestures had the ease of one accustomed to an active life. He had, indeed, been celebrated in his youth for his skill in athletic exercises; but a wound, received in a duel many years ago, had rendered him lame for life—a misfortune which interfered with his former habits, and was said to have soured his temper. This personage, whose position and character will be described hereafter, was Lord Lilburne, the brother of Mrs. Beaufort.

"So, Camilla," said Lord Lilburne to his niece, as carelessly, not fondly, he stroked down her glossy ringlets, "you don't like Berkeley Square as much as you did Gloucester Place?"

"Oh, no! not half as much! You see I never walk out in the fields,* nor make daisy-chains at Primrose Hill. I don't know what mamma means," added the child, in a whisper, "in saying we are better off here."

Lord Lilburne smiled, but the smile was a half sneer.

"You will know quite soon enough, Camilla; the understandings of young ladies grow up very quickly on this side of Oxford-street. Well, Arthur, and what are your plans to-day?"

"Why," said Arthur, suppressing a yawn, "I have promised to ride out with a friend of mine to see a horse that is for sale somewhere in the suburbs."

As he spoke, Arthur rose, stretched himself, looked in the glass, and then glanced impatiently at the window.

"He ought to be here by this time."

"He! who?" said Lord Lilburne; "the horse or the animal—I mean, the friend?"

"The friend," answered Arthur, smiling, but colouring while he smiled, for he half suspected the quiet sneer of his uncle.

"Who is your friend, Arthur?" asked Mrs. Beaufort, looking up from her work.

* Now the Regent's Park.

"Watson, an Oxford man. By the by, I must introduce him to you."

"Watson! What Watson? what family of Watson? Some Watsons are good and some are bad," said Mrs. Beaufort, musingly.

"Then they are very unlike the rest of mankind," observed Lord Lilburne, drily.

"Oh! my Watson is a very gentlemanlike person, I assure you," said Arthur, half laughing, "and you need not be ashamed of him." Then, rather desirous of turning the conversation, he continued, "So my father will be back from Beaufort Court to-day?"

"Yes; he writes in excellent spirits. He says the rents will bear raising at least ten per cent., and that the house will not require much repair."

Here Arthur threw open the window.

"Ah, Watson, how are you? How d'ye do, Marsden? Danvers too! that's capital! the more the merrier! I will be down in an instant. But would you not rather come in?"

"An agreeable inundation," murmured Lord Lilburne. "Three at a time: he takes your house for Trinity College."

A loud, clear voice, however, declined the invitation; the horses were heard pawing without. Arthur seized his hat and whip, and glanced to his mother and uncle smilingly "Good-bye! I shall be out till dinner. Kiss me, my pretty 'Milly!'" And as his sister, who had run to the window, sickening for the fresh air and exercise he was about to enjoy, now turned to him wistful and mournful eyes, the kind-hearted young man took her in his arms, and whispered while he kissed her,

"Get up early to-morrow, and we'll have such a nice walk together."

Arthur was gone; his mother's gaze had followed his young and graceful figure to the door.

"Own that he is handsome, Lilburne. May I not say more—has he not the proper air?"

"My dear sister, your son will be rich. As for his air, he has plenty of airs, but wants graces."

"Then who could polish him like yourself?"

"Probably no one. But had I a son—which Heaven forbid!—he should not have me for his Mentor. Place a young man (go and shut the door, Camilla!) between two vices—women and gambling—if you want to polish him into the fashionable smoothness. Between you and me, the varnish is a little expensive!"

Mrs. Beaufort sighed. Lord Lilburne smiled. He had a strange pleasure in hurting the feelings of others. Besides, he disliked youth: in his own youth he had enjoyed so much that he grew sour when he saw the young.

Meanwhile Arthur Beaufort and his friends, careless of the warmth of the day, were laughing merrily and talking gaily as they made for the suburb of H—.

"It is an out-of-the-way place for a horse, too," said Sir Harry Danvers.

"But I assure you," insisted Mr. Watson, earnestly, "that my groom, who is a capital judge, says it is the cleverest hack he ever mounted. It has won several trotting matches. It belonged to a sporting tradesman, now done up. The advertisement caught me."

"Well," said Arthur, gaily, "at all events, the ride is delightful. What weather! You must all dine with me at Richmond to-morrow—we will row back."

"And a little chicken hazard at the M— afterward," said Mr. Marsden, who was an elder,

not a better man than the rest—a handsome saturnine man—who had just left Oxford, and was already known on the turf.

"Anything you please," said Arthur, making his horse curvet.

Oh, Mr. Robert Beaufort! Mr. Robert Beaufort! could you prudent, scheming, worldly heart but feel what devil's tricks your wealth was playing with a son who, if poor, had been the pride of the Beauforts! On one side of our pieces of gold we see the saint trampling down the dragon—false emblem! Reverse it on the coin! In the real use of the gold, it is the dragon who tramples down the saint! But on—on! the day is bright, and your companions merry; make the best of your green years, Arthur Beaufort!

The young men had just entered the suburb of H—, and were spurring on, four abreast, at a canter. At that time an old man, feeling his way before him with a stick—for, though not quite blind, he saw imperfectly—was crossing the road. Arthur and his friends, in loud converse, did not observe the poor passenger. He stopped abruptly, for his ear caught the sound of danger: it was too late: Mr. Marsden's horse, hard-mouthed and high-stepping, came full against him. Mr. Marsden looked down:

"Hang these old men! *always* in the way," said he, plaintively, and in the tone of a much injured person; and, with that, Mr. Marsden rode on. But the others, who were younger—who were not gamblers—who were not yet grinded down into stone by the world's wheels—the others halted. Arthur Beaufort leaped from his horse, and the old man was already in his arms; but he was severely hurt. The blood trickled from his forehead; he complained of pain in his side and limbs.

"Lean on me, my poor fellow! I will take you home. Do you live far off?"

"Not many yards. This would not have happened if I had had my dog. Never mind, sir, go your way. It is only an old man—what of that? I wish I had my dog."

"I will join you," said Arthur to his friends: "my groom has the direction. I will just take the poor old man home, and send for a surgeon. I shall not be long."

"So like you, Beaufort! the best fellow in the world!" said Mr. Watson, with some emotion. "And there's Marsden positively dismounted and looking at his horse's knees as if they could be hurt! Here's a sovereign for you, my man."

"And here's another," said Sir Harry; "so that's settled. Well, you will join us, Beaufort? You see the yard yonder. We'll wait twenty minutes for you. Come on, Watson."

The old man had not picked up the sovereigns thrown at his feet, neither had he thanked the donors. And on his countenance there was a sour, querulous, resentful expression.

"Must a man be a beggar because he is run over or because he is half blind?" said he, turning his dim, wandering eyes painfully towards Arthur. "Well, I wish I had my dog!"

"I will supply his place," said Arthur, soothingly. "Come, lean on me—heavier—that's right. You are not so bad, eh?"

"Um! the sovereigns! it is wicked to leave them in the kennel!"

Arthur smiled. "Here they are, sir."

The old man slid the coins into his pocket, and Arthur continued to talk, though he got but short answers, and those only in the way of direction,

till at last the old man stopped at the door of a small house near the churchyard.

After twice ringing the bell, the door was opened by a middle aged woman, whose appearance was above that of a common menial; dressed, somewhat gaily for her years, in a cap seated very far back on a black *toupee*, and decorated with red ribands, an apron made out of an Indian silk handkerchief, a puce coloured saracen gown, black silk stockings, long gilt earrings, and a watch at her girdle.

"Bless us and save us, sir! what has happened?" exclaimed this worthy personage, holding up her hands.

"Pish! I am faint; let me in. I don't want your aid any more, sir. Thank you. Good-day!"

Not discouraged by this farewell, the churlish tone of which fell harmless on the invincibly sweet temper of Arthur, the young man continued to assist the sufferer along the narrow passage into a little old fashioned parlour; and no sooner was the owner deposited on his worm-eaten leather chair than he fainted away. On reaching the house, Arthur had sent his servant (who had followed him with the horses) for the nearest surgeon; and while the old lady was still employed, after taking off the sufferer's cravat, in burning feathers under his nose, there was heard a sharp rap and a shrill ring. Arthur opened the door, and admitted a smart little man in nankeen breeches and gaiters. He bustled into the room,

"What's this—bad accident—rode over? Sad thing—very sad. Open the window. A glass of water—a towel. So—so: I see—I see: no fracture—contusion. Help him off with his coat. Another chair, ma'am; put up his poor legs. What age is he, ma'am? Sixty-eight! Too old to bleed. Thank you. How is it, sir? Poorly, to be sure: will be comfortable presently—faintish still? Soon put all to rights."

"Tray! Tray! Where's Tray? Where's my dog, Mrs. Boxer?"

"Lord, sir! what do you want with your dog now? He is in the back yard."

"And what business has my dog in the back yard?" almost screamed the sufferer, in accents that denoted no diminution of vigour. "I thought, as soon as my back was turned, my dog would be ill used! Why did I go without my dog? Let in my dog directly, Mrs. Boxer!"

"All right, you see, sir," said the apothecary, turning to Beaufort; "no cause for alarm—very comforting, that little passion—does him good—sets one's mind easy. How did it happen? Ah, I understand! knocked down—might have been worse. Your groom (sharp fellow!) explained in a trice sir. Thought it was my old friend here by the description. Worthy man—settled here a many year—very odd—eccentric (this in a whisper.) Came off instantly—just at dinner—cold lamb and salad. 'Mrs. Perkins,' says I, 'if any one calls for me, I shall be at No. 4 Prospect Place.' Your servant observed the address, sir. Oh, very sharp fellow! See how the old gentleman takes to his dog—fine little dog—what a stump of a tail! Deal of practice—expect two accouchements every hour. Hot weather for childbirth. So says I to Mrs. Perkins, 'if Mrs. Plummer is taken, or Mrs. Everat, or if old Mr. Grub has another fit, send off at once to No. 4.' Medical men should be always in the way—that's my maxim. Now, sir, where do you feel the pain?"

"In my ears, sir."

"Bless me, that looks bad. How long have you felt it?"

"Ever since you have been in the room."

"Oh, I take. Ha! ha! very eccentric—very!" muttered the apothecary, a little disconcerted. "Well, let him lie down, ma'am. I'll send him a little quieting draught to be taken directly—pill at night, aperient in the morning. If wanted, send for me—always to be found. Bless me, that's my boy Bob's ring! Please to open the door, ma'am. Know his ring—very peculiar knack of his own. Lay ten to one it is Mrs. Plummer, or perhaps Mrs. Everat—her ninth child in eight years—in the grocery line. A woman in a thousand, sir!"

Here a thin boy, with very short coat sleeves and very large hands, burst into the room with his mouth open.

"Sir—Mr. Perkins—sir!"

"I know—I know—coming. Mrs. Plummer or Mrs. Everat?"

"No, sir, it be the poor lady at Mrs. Lacy's; she be taken desperate. s. Lacy's girl has just been over to the shop, and made me run here to you, sir."

"Mrs. Lacy's! Oh, I know. Poor Mrs. Morton! Bad case—very bad—must be off. Keep him quiet, ma'am. Good-day! Look in to-morrow—nine o'clock. Put a little lint with the lotion on the head, ma'am. Mrs. Morton! Ah! bad job that."

Here the apothecary had shuffled himself off to the street door, when Arthur laid his hand on his arm.

"Mrs. Morton! Did you say *Morton*, sir? What kind of a person—is she very ill?"

"Hopeless case, sir—general break-up. Nice woman—quite the lady—known better days, I'm sure."

"Has she any children—sons?"

"Two—both away now—fine lads—quite wrapped up in them—youngest especially."

"Good Heavens! it must be she—ill, and dying, and destitute, perhaps," exclaimed Arthur, with real and deep feeling; "I will go with you, sir. I fancy that I know this lady—that (he added, generously) I am *related* to her."

"Do you? Glad to hear it. Come along, then; she ought to have some one near her besides servants: not but what Jenny, the maid, is uncommonly kind. Dr. ———, who attends her sometimes, said to me, says he, 'it is the mind, Mr. Perkins; I wish we could get back her boys.'"

"And where are they?"

"Prenticed out, I fancy. Master Sidney—"

"Sidney!"

"Ah! that was his name—pretty name. D'ye know Sir Sidney Smith!—extraordinary man, sir! Master Sidney was a beautiful child—quite spoiled. She always fancied him ailing—always sending for me. 'Mr. Perkins,' said she, 'there's something the matter with my child; I'm sure there is, though he won't own it. He has lost his appetite—had a headache last night.' 'Nothing the matter, ma'am,' says I; 'wish you'd think more of yourself.' These mothers are silly, anxious, poor creatures. Nater, sir, nater—wonderful thing—nater! Here we are."

And the apothecary knocked at the private door of a milliner and hosier's shop.

CHAPTER X.

"Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourished."
Titus Andronicus.

As might be expected, the excitement and fatigue of Catharine's journey to N—— had considerably accelerated the progress of disease. And when she reached home, and looked round the cheerless rooms, all solitary, all hushed—Sidney gone, gone from her for ever—she felt, indeed, as if the last reed on which she had leaned was broken, and her business upon earth was done. Catharine was not condemned to absolute poverty: the poverty which grinds and gnaws, the poverty of rags and famine. She had still left nearly half of such portion of the little capital, realised by the sale of her trinkets, as had escaped the clutch of the law; and her brother had forced into her hands a note for 20*l.*, with an assurance that the same sum should be paid to her half yearly. Alas! there was little chance of her needing it again! She was not, then, in want of means to procure the common comforts of life. But now a new passion had entered into her breast—the passion of the miser; she wished to hoard every sixpence as some little provision for her children. What was the use of her feeding a lamp nearly extinguished, and which was fated to be soon broken up, and cast amid the vast lumber-house of death! She would willingly have removed into a more homely lodging, but the servant of the house had been so fond of Sidney, so kind to *him*. She clung to one familiar face on which there seemed to live the reflection of her child's. But she relinquished the first floor for the second; and there, day by day, she felt her eyes grow heavier and heavier beneath the clouds of the last sleep. Besides the aid of Mr. Perkins, a kind enough man in his way, the good physician whom she had before consulted still attended her, and—refused his fee. Shocked at perceiving that she rejected every little alleviation of her condition, and wishing, at least, to procure for her last hours the society of one of her sons, he had inquired the address of the elder; and on the day preceding the one in which Arthur discovered her abode, he despatched to Philip the following letter:

"Sir,—Being called in to attend your mother in a lingering illness, which I fear may prove fatal, I think it my duty to request you to come to her as soon as you receive this. Your presence cannot but be a great comfort to her. The nature of her illness is such that it is impossible to calculate exactly how long she may be spared to you; but I am sure that her fate might be prolonged, and her remaining days more happy, if she could be induced to remove into a better air and a more quiet neighbourhood, to take more generous sustenance, and, above all, if her mind could be set more at ease as to your and your brother's prospects. You must pardon me if I have seemed inquisitive; but I have sought to draw from your mother some particulars as to her family and connections, with a wish to represent to them her state of mind. She is, however, very reserved on these points. If, however, you have relations well to do in the world, I think some application to them should be made. I fear the state of her affairs weighs much upon your poor mother's mind; and I must leave you to judge how far it can be relieved by the good feeling of any persons upon whom she may have legitimate claims. At all events, I repeat my wish that you should come to her forthwith. I am, &c.,

"———"

After he had despatched this letter, a sudden and marked alteration for the worse took place in his patient's disorder; and in the visit he had paid that morning, he saw cause to fear that her hours on earth would be much fewer than he had before anticipated. He had left her, however, comparatively better; but, two hours after his departure, the symptoms of her disease had become very alarming, and the good natured servant girl, her sole nurse, and who had, moreover, the whole business of the other lodgers to attend to, had, as we have seen, thought it necessary to summon the apothecary in the interval that must elapse before she could reach the distant part of the metropolis in which Dr. ——— resided.

On entering the chamber, Arthur felt all the remorse, which of right belonged to his father, press heavily on his soul. What a contrast, that mean and solitary chamber, and its comfortless appurtenances, to the graceful and luxurious abode, where, full of health and hope, he had last beheld her, the mother of Philip Beaufort's children! He remained silent till Mr. Perkins, after a few questions, retired to send his drugs. He then approached the bed; Catharine, though very weak and suffering much pain, was still sensible. She turned her dim eyes on the young man, but she did not recognise his features.

"You do not remember me?" said he, in a voice struggling with tears: "I am Arthur—Arthur Beaufort."

Catharine made no answer.

"Good God! why do I see you here? I believed you with your friends—your children; provided for, as became my father to do. He assured me that you were so."

Still no answer.

And then the young man, overpowered with the feelings of a sympathising and generous nature, forgetting for a while Catharine's weakness, poured forth a torrent of inquiries, regrets, and self-upbraidings, which Catharine at first little heeded. But the name of her children, repeated again and again, struck upon that chord which, in a woman's heart, is the last to break; and she raised herself in her bed, and looked at her visitor wistfully.

"Your father," she said, then, "your father was unlike my Philip: but I see things differently now. For me, all bounty is too late; but my children—to-morrow they may have no mother. The law is with you, but not justice! You will be rich and powerful—will you befriend my children?"

"Through life, so help me Heaven!" exclaimed Arthur, falling on his knees beside the bed.

What then passed between them it is needless to detail; for it was little, save broken repetitions of the same prayer and the same response. But there was so much truth and earnestness in Arthur's voice and countenance, that Catharine felt as if an angel had come there to administer comfort. And when, late in the day, the physician entered, he found his patient leaning on the breast of her young visitor, and looking on his face with a happy smile.

The physician gathered enough from the appearance of Arthur and the gossip of Mr. Perkins to conjecture that one of the rich relations he had attributed to Catharine was arrived. Alas for her it was now too late!

CHAPTER XI.

"D'ye stand amazed? Look o'er thy head, Maximilian
Look to the terror which overhangs thee."

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *The Prophetess.*

Philip had been five weeks in his new home: in another week he was to enter on his articles of apprenticeship. With a stern, unbending gloom of manner, he had entered on the duties of his novitiate. He submitted to all that was enjoined him. He seemed to have lost for ever the wild and unruly waywardness that had stamped his boyhood; but he was never seen to smile—he scarcely ever opened his lips. His very soul seemed to have quitted him with its faults; and he performed all the functions of his situation with the quiet, listless regularity of a machine. Only when the work was done and the shop closed, instead of joining the family circle in the back parlour, he would stroll out in the dusk of evening, away from the town, and not return till the hour at which the family retired to rest. Punctual in all he did, he never exceeded that hour. He had heard once a week from his mother; and only on the mornings in which he expected a letter did he seem restless and agitated. Till the postman entered the shop he was pale as death; his hand trembling, his lips compressed. When he read the letter he became composed; for Catharine sedulously concealed from her son the state of her health; she wrote cheerfully, besought him to content himself with the state into which he had fallen, and expressed her joy that in his letters he intimated that content; for the poor boy's letters were not less considerate than her own. On her return from her brother, she had so far silenced or concealed her misgivings as to express satisfaction at the home she had provided for Sidney; and she even held out hopes of some future, when, their probation finished and their independence secured, she might reside with her sons alternately. These hopes redoubled Philip's assiduity, and he saved every shilling of his weekly stipend; and sighed as he thought that, in another week, his term of apprenticeship would commence, and the stipend cease.

Mr. Plaskwith could not but be pleased, on the whole, with the diligence of his assistant, but he was chafed and irritated by the sullenness of his manner. As for Mrs. Plaskwith, poor woman! she positively detested the taciturn and moody boy, who never mixed in the jokes of the circle, nor played with the children, nor complimented her, nor added, in short, anything to the sociability of the house. Mr. Plimmins, who had at first sought to condescend, next sought to bully; but the gaunt frame and savage eye of Philip awed the smirk youth in spite of himself; and he confessed to Mrs. Plaskwith that he should not like to meet "the gipsy" alone on a dark night; to which Mrs. Plaskwith replied, as usual, "that Mr. Plimmins always *did* say the best things in the world!"

One morning Philip was sent some miles into the country, to assist in cataloguing some books in the library of Sir Thomas Champerdown; that gentleman, who was a scholar, having requested that some one acquainted with the Greek character might be sent to him, and Philip being the only one in the shop who possessed such knowledge.

It was evening before he returned. Mr. and Mrs. Plaskwith were both in the shop as he entered; in fact, they had been employed in talking him over.

"I can't abide him!" cried Mrs. Plaskwith. "If you choose to take him for good, I sha'n't have an easy moment. I'm sure the 'prentice that cut his master's throat at Chatham last week was just like him."

"Pshaw, Mrs. P.!" said the bookseller, taking a huge pinch of snuff, as usual, from his waistcoat pocket. "I myself was reserved when I was young—all reflective people are. I may observe, by the by, that it was the case with Napoleon Bonaparte: still, however, I must own he is a disagreeable youth, though he attends to his business."

"And how fond of his money he is!" remarked Mrs. Plaskwith; "he won't buy himself a new pair of shoes! quite disgraceful! And did you see what a look he gave Plimmins, when he joked about his indifference to his *sole*? Plimmins always does say such good things!"

"He is shabby, certainly," said the bookseller; "but the value of a book does not always depend on the binding."

"I hope he is honest!" observed Mrs. Plaskwith; and here Philip entered.

"Hum!" said Mr. Plaskwith, "you have had a long day's work; but I suppose it will take a week to finish!"

"I am to go again to-morrow morning, sir: two days more will conclude the task."

"There's a letter for you," cried Mrs. Plaskwith; "you owes me for it."

"A letter!" It was not his mother's hand—it was a strange writing; he gasped for breath as he broke the seal. It was the letter of the physician.

His mother, then, was ill—dying—wanting, perhaps, the necessaries of life. She would have concealed from him her illness and her poverty. His quick alarm exaggerated the last into utter want; he uttered a cry that rang through the shop, and rushed to Mr. Plaskwith.

"Sir, sir! my mother is dying! She is poor, poor—perhaps starving; money, money!—lend me money!—ten pounds!—five! I will work for you all my life for nothing, but lend me the money!"

"Hoity-toity!" said Mrs. Plaskwith, nudging her husband; "I told you what would come of it; it will be 'money or life' next time."

Philip did not heed or hear this address, but stood immediately before the bookseller, his hands clasped, wild impatience in his eyes. Mr. Plaskwith, somewhat stupefied, remained silent.

"Do you hear me? Are you human?" exclaimed Philip, his emotion revealing at once all the fire of his character. "I tell you my mother is dying; I must go to her! Shall I go empty-handed? Give me money!"

Mr. Plaskwith was not a bad hearted man; but he was a formal man, and an irritable one. The tone his shopboy (for so he considered Philip) assumed to him, before his own wife too, (examples are very dangerous,) rather exasperated than moved him.

"That's not the way to speak to your master! You forget yourself, young man!"

"Forget! But, sir, if she has not necessaries—if she is starving!"

"Fudge!" said Mr. Plaskwith. "Mr. Morton writes me word that he has provided for your mother! Does not he, Hannah?"

"More fool he, I'm sure, with such a fine family of his own! Don't look at me in that way, young man; I won't take it—that I won't! I declare my blood friz to see you!"

"Will you advance me money? Five pounds—only five pounds, Mr. Plaskwith?"

"Not five shillings! Talk to *me* in this style!—not the man for it, sir!—highly improper. Come, shut up the shop, and recollect yourself; and perhaps, when Sir Thomas's library is done, I may let you go to town. You can't go to-morrow. All a sham, perhaps—eh, Hannah?"

"Very likely! Consult Plimmins. Better come away now, Mr. P. He looks like a young tiger."

Mrs. Plaskwith quitted the shop for the parlour. Her husband, putting his hands behind his back, and throwing back his chin, was about to follow her. Philip, who had remained for the last moment mute and white as stone, turned abruptly: and his grief taking rather the tone of rage than supplication, he threw himself before his master, and, laying his hand on his shoulder, said,

"I leave you—do not let it be with a curse. I conjure you, have mercy on me!"

Mr. Plaskwith stopped; and, had Philip then taken but a milder tone, all had been well. But, accustomed from childhood to command—all his fierce passions loose within him—despising the very man he thus implored, the boy ruined his own cause. Indignant at the silence of Mr. Plaskwith, and too blinded by his emotions to see that in that silence there was relenting, he suddenly shook the little man with a vehemence that almost overset him, and cried,

"You, who demand for five years my bones and blood—my body and soul—a slave to your vile trade—do you deny me bread for a mother's lips?"

Trembling with anger, and perhaps fear, Mr. Plaskwith extricated himself from the gripe of Philip, and hurrying from the shop, said, as he banged the door,

"Beg my pardon for this to-night, or out you go to-morrow, neck and crop! Zounds! a pretty pass the world's come to! I don't believe a word about your mother. Baugh!"

Left alone, Philip remained for some moments struggling with his wrath and agony. He then seized his hat, which he had thrown off on entering, pressed it over his brows, and turned to quit the shop, when his eye fell upon the till. Plaskwith had left it open, and the gleam of the coin struck his gaze—that deadly smile of the arch tempter. Intellect, reason, conscience—all, in that instant, were confusion and chaos. He cast a hurried glance round the solitary and darkening room; plunged his hand into the drawer; clutched—he knew not what—silver or gold, as it came uppermost, and burst into a loud and bitter laugh. That laugh itself startled him; it did not sound like his own. His cheek turned white, and his knees knocked together; his hair bristled; he felt as if the very fiend had uttered that yell of joy over a fallen soul.

"No, no, no!" he muttered; "no, my mother, not even for thee!" And, dashing the money to the ground, he fled like a maniac from the house.

At a later hour that same evening, Mr. Robert Beaufort returned from his country mansion to Berkeley Square. He found his wife very uneasy and nervous about the non-appearance of their only son. He had sent home his groom and horses about seven o'clock, with a hurried scroll, written in pencil on a blank page torn from his pocket-book, and containing only these words:

"Don't wait dinner for me—I may not be home for some hours. I have met with a melan-

choly adventure. You will approve what I have done when we meet."

This note a little perplexed Mr. Beaufort; but, as he was very hungry, he turned a deaf ear both to his wife's conjectures and his own surmises till he had refreshed himself; and then he sent for the groom, and learned that, after the accident to the blind man, Mr. Arthur had been left at a hosier's in H——. This seemed to him extremely mysterious; and, as hour after hour passed away, and still Arthur came not, he began to imbibe his wife's fears, which were now wound up almost to hysterics; and, just at midnight, he ordered his carriage, and, taking with him the groom as a guide, set off to the suburban region. Mrs. Beaufort had wished to accompany him; but the husband observing that young men would be young men, and that there *might* possibly be a lady in the case, Mrs. Beaufort, after a pause of thought, passively agreed that, all things considered, she had better remain at home. No lady of proper decorum likes to run the risk of finding herself in a false position. Mr. Beaufort accordingly set out alone. Easy was the carriage, swift were the steeds, and luxuriously the wealthy man was whirled along. Not a suspicion of the true cause of Arthur's detention crossed him; but he thought of the snares of London—of artful females in distress; "a melancholy adventure" generally implies love for the adventure, and money for the melancholy; and Arthur was young—generous—with a heart and a pocket equally open to imposition. Such scrapes, however, do not terrify a father when he is a man of the world, so much as they do an anxious mother; and, with more curiosity than alarm, Mr. Beaufort, after a short doze, found himself before the shop indicated.

Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, the door to the private entrance was ajar: a circumstance which seemed very suspicious to Mr. Beaufort. He pushed it open with caution and timidity; a candle, placed upon a chair in the narrow passage, threw a sickly light over the flight of stairs, till swallowed up by the deep shadow thrown from the sharp angle made by the ascent. Robert Beaufort stood a moment in some doubt whether to call, to knock, to recede, or to advance, when a step was heard upon the stairs above—it came nearer and nearer—a figure emerged from the shadow of the last landing place—and Mr. Beaufort, to his great joy, recognised his son.

Arthur did not, however, seem to perceive his father; and was about to pass him, when Mr. Beaufort laid his hand on his arm.

"What means all this, Arthur? What place are you in? How you have alarmed us!"

Arthur cast a look upon his father of sadness and reproach.

"Father," he said, in a tone that sounded stern—almost commanding, "I will show you where I have been: follow me—nay, I say, follow."

He turned, without another word reascended the stairs, and Mr. Beaufort, surprised and awed into mechanical obedience, did as his son desired. At the landing place of the second floor, another long-wicked, neglected, ghastly candle emitted its cheerless ray. It gleamed through the open door of a small bedroom to the left, through which Beaufort perceived the forms of two women. One (it was the kindly maid-servant) was seated on a chair, and weeping bitterly; the other (it was a hireling nurse, in the first and last day of her attendance) was unpinning her dingy shawl before she lay down to take a nap. She turned

her vacant, listless face upon the two men, put on a doleful smile, and decently closed the door.

"Where are we, I say, Arthur?" repeated Mr. Beaufort.

Arthur took his father's hand, drew him into a room to the right, and taking up the candle, placed it on a small table beside a bed, and said, "Here, sir—in the presence of Death!"

Mr. Beaufort cast a hurried and fearful glance on the still, wan, serene face beneath his eyes, and recognised in that glance the features of the neglected and the once adored Catharine.

"Yes—she whom your brother so loved—the mother of his children—died in this squalid room, and far from her sons, in poverty, in sorrow!—died of a broken heart! Was that well, father? Have you in this nothing to repent?"

Conscience stricken and appalled, the worldly man sank down on a seat beside the bed, and covered his face with his hands.

"Ay," continued Arthur, almost bitterly, "ay, we, his nearest kin—we, who have inherited his lands and gold—we have been thus heedless of that great legacy your brother bequeathed to us: the things dearest to him—the woman he loved—the children his death cast, nameless and branded, on the world. Ay, weep, father: and while you weep, think of the future—of reparation. I have sworn to that clay to befriend her sons; join you, who have all the power, to fulfil the promise—join in that vow; and may Heaven not visit on us both the woes of this bed of death."

"I did not know—I—I—" faltered Mr. Beaufort.

"But we should have known," interrupted Arthur, mournfully. "Ah, my dear father! do not harden your heart by false excuses. The dead still speaks to you, and commends to your care her children. My task here is done: oh, sir! yours is to come. I leave you alone with the dead."

So saying, the young man, whom the tragedy of the scene had worked into a passion and a dignity above his usual character, unwilling to trust farther to his emotions, turned abruptly from the room, fled rapidly down the stairs, and left the house. As the carriage and liveries of his father met his eye, he groaned, for their evidences of comfort and wealth seemed a mockery to the deceased: he averted his face and walked on. Nor did he perceive or heed a form that at that instant rushed by him—pale, haggard, breathless—towards the house which he had quitted, and the door of which he left open, as he had found it—open, as the physician had left it when hurrying, ten minutes before the arrival of Mr. Beaufort, from the spot where his skill was impotent. Wrapped in gloomy thought, alone, and on foot—at that dreary hour, and in that remote suburb—the heir of the Beauforts sought his splendid home. Anxious, fearful, hoping, the outcast orphan flew on to the death-room of his mother.

Mr. Beaufort, who had but imperfectly heard Arthur's parting accents, lost and bewildered by the strangeness of his situation, did not at first perceive that he was left alone. Surprised, and chilled by the sudden silence of the chamber, he rose, withdrew his hands from his face, and again he saw that countenance so mute and solemn. He cast his gaze round the dismal room for Arthur; he called his name—no answer came; a superstitious tremour seized upon him; his limbs shook; he sunk once more on his seat, and closed his eyes, muttering, for the first time, perhaps, since his childhood, words of penitence and prayer. He was roused from the bitter self-

abstraction by a deep groan. It seemed to come from the bed. Did his ears deceive him? Had the dead found a voice? He started up in an agony of dread, and saw opposite to him the livid countenance of Philip Morton: the Son of the Corpse had replaced the Son of the Living Man! The dim and solitary light fell upon that countenance. There, all the bloom and freshness natural to youth seemed blasted! There, on those wasted features, played all the terrible power and glare of precocious passions—rage, wo, scorn, despair. Terrible is it to see upon the face of a boy the storm and whirlwind that should visit only the strong heart of a man!

"She is dead! dead! and in your presence!" shouted Philip, with his wild eyes fixed upon the cowering uncle; "dead with care, perhaps with famine. And *you* have come to look upon your work!"

"Indeed," said Beaufort, deprecatingly, "I have but just arrived: I did not know she had been ill or in want, upon my honour. This is all a—a—mistake: I—I—came in search of—of—another—"

"You did *not*, then, come to relieve her!" said Philip, very calmly. "You had not learned her suffering and distress, and flown hither in the hope that there was yet time to save her! You did not do this? Ha! ha! why did I think it?"

"Did any one call, gentlemen?" said a whining voice at the door; and the nurse put in her head.

"Yes—yes—you may come in," said Beaufort, shaking with nameless and cowardly apprehension; but Philip had flown to the door, and, gazing on the nurse, said.

"She is a stranger! see, a *stranger*! The son now has assumed his post. Begone, woman!" And he pushed her away, and drew the bolt across the door.

And then there looked upon him, as there had looked upon his reluctant companion, calm and holy, the face of the peaceful corpse. He burst into tears, and fell on his knees so close to Beaufort that he touched him; he took up the heavy hand, and covered it with burning kisses.

"Mother! mother! do not leave me! Wake—smile once more on your son! I would have brought you money, but I could not have asked for your blessing *then*; mother, I ask it *now*!"

"If I had but known—if you had but written to me, my dear young gentleman—but my offers had been refused and—"

"Offers of a hireling's pittance to her—to her for whom my father would have coined his heart's blood into gold! My father's wife! his wife! offers—"

He rose suddenly, folded his arms, and, facing Beaufort with a fierce, determined brow, said,

"Mark me; you hold the wealth that I was trained from my cradle to consider my heritage. I have worked with these hands for bread, and never complained, except to my own heart and soul. I never hated and never cursed you—robber as you were—yes, robber! For, even were there no marriage save in the sight of God, neither my father, nor Nature, nor Heaven meant that you should seize all, and that there should be nothing due to the claims of affection and blood. He was not the less my father, even if the Church spoke not on my side. Despoiler of the orphan and derider of human love, you are not the less a robber, though the law fences you round, and men call you honest! But I did not hate you for this. Now, in the presence of my dead

mother—dead far from both her sons—now I abhor and curse you. You may think yourself safe when you quit this room—safe, and from my hatred; you may be so; but do not deceive yourself; the curse of the widow and the orphan shall pursue—it shall cling to you and yours—it shall gnaw your heart in the midst of splendour—it shall cleave to the heritage of your son! There shall be a deathbed yet, beside which you shall see the spectre of her, now so calm, rising for retribution from the grave! These words—no, you never shall forget them—years hence they shall ring in your ears, and freeze the marrow of your bones! And now begone, my father's brother—begone from my mother's corpse to your luxurious home!"

He opened the door and pointed to the stairs. Beaufort, without a word, turned from the room and departed. He heard the door closed and locked as he descended the stairs; but he did not hear the deep groans and vehement sobs in which the desolate orphan gave vent to the anguish which succeeded to the less sacred paroxysm of revenge and wrath.

BOOK II.

"Abend ward's und wurde Morgen,
Nimmer, nimmer stand ich still!"
SCHILLER: *Der Pilgrim*.

CHAPTER I.

"*Incubo.* Look to the cavalier What ails he?"

"*Estrus.* And in such good clothes, too!"
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *Love's Pilgrimage*.

"*Theod.* I have a brother—there my last hope!
Thus as you find me, without fear or wisdom,
I now am only child of Hope and Danger."—*Ibid.*

The time employed by Mr. Beaufort in reaching his home was haunted by gloomy and confused terrors. He felt inexplicably as if the denunciations of Philip were to visit less himself than his son. He trembled at the thought of Arthur meeting this strange, wild, exasperated scatterling—perhaps on the morrow—in the very height of his passions. And yet, after the scene between Arthur and himself, he saw cause to fear that he might not be able to exercise a sufficient authority over his son, however naturally facile and obedient, to prevent his return to the house of death. In this dilemma he resolved, as is usual with cleverer men, even when yoked to yet feebler helpmates, to hear if his wife had anything comforting or sensible to say upon the subject. Accordingly, on reaching Berkeley Square, he went straight to Mrs. Beaufort, and, having relieved her mind as to Arthur's safety, related the scene in which he had been so unwilling an actor. With that more lively susceptibility which belongs to most women, however comparatively unfeeling, Mrs. Beaufort made greater allowance than her husband for the excitement Philip had betrayed. Still Beaufort's description of the dark menaces, the fierce countenance, the brigand-like form of the bereaved son, gave her very considerable apprehensions for Arthur, should the young men meet: and she willingly coincided with her husband in the propriety of using all means of parental persuasion or command to guard against such an encounter. But, in the mean while, Arthur returned not, and new fears seized the anxious parents. He had gone forth

alone, in a remote suburb of the metropolis, at a late hour, himself under strong excitement. He might have returned to the house, or have lost his way amid some dark haunts of violence and crime; they knew not where to send or what to suggest. Day already began to dawn, and still he came not. At length, towards five o'clock, a loud rap was heard at the door, and Mr. Beaufort, hearing some bustle in the hall, descended. He saw his son borne into the hall from a hackney-coach by two strangers, pale, bleeding, and apparently insensible. His first thought was that he had been murdered by Philip. He uttered a feeble cry, and sank down beside his son.

"Don't be darnted, sir," said one of the strangers, who seemed an artisan; "I don't think he be much hurt. You sees he was crossing the street, and the coach ran against him; but it did not go over his head; it be only the stones that make him bleed so; and that's a mercy."

"A providence, sir," said the other man; "but Providence watches over us all, night and day, sleep or wake. Hem! We were passing at the time from the meeting—the Odd Fellows, sir—and so we took him, and got him a coach; for we found his card in his pocket. He could not speak just then; but the rattling of the coach did him a deal of good, for he groaned—my eyes! how he groaned—did not he, Burrows?"

"It did one's heart good to hear him."

"Run for Astley Cooper—you—go to Brodie. Good God! he is dying. Be quick—quick!" cried Mr. Beaufort to his servants, while Mrs. Beaufort, who had now gained the spot, with greater presence of mind, had Arthur conveyed into his room.

"It is a judgment upon me!" groaned Beaufort, rooted to the stone of his hall, and left alone with the strangers.

"No, sir, it is not a *judgment*, it is a *providence*," said the more sanctimonious and better dressed of the two men: "for, put the question, if it had been a judgment, the wheel would have gone over him; and, whether he dies or not, I shall always say that if that's not a providence, I don't know what is. We have come a long way, sir; and Burrows is a poor man, though I'm well to do."

This hint for money restored Beaufort to his recollection; he put his purse into the nearest hand outstretched to clutch it, and muttered out something like thanks.

"Sir, may the Lord bless you! and I hope the young gentleman will do well. I am sure you have cause to be thankful that he was within an inch of the wheel; was not he, Burrows? Well, it's enough to convert a heathen. But the ways of Providence are mysterious, and that's the truth of it. Good-night, sir."

Certainly it did seem as if the curse of Philip was already at its work. An accident almost similar to that which, in the adventure of the blind man, had led Arthur to the clew of Catharine, within twenty-four hours stretched Arthur himself upon his bed. The sorrow Mr. Beaufort had not relieved was now at his own hearth. But *there* were parents and nurses, and great physicians and skilful surgeons, and all the army that combine against Death; and *there* were ease, and luxury, and kind eyes, and pitying looks, and all that can take the sting from pain. And thus, the very night on which Catharine had died, broken down and worn-out, upon a strange breast, with a feeble doctor, and by the ray of a single candle, the heir to the fortunes once destined to her son wrestled also with the

grim tyrant, that seemed, however, scared from his prey by the arts and luxuries which the world of rich men raises up in defiance of the grave.

Arthur was, indeed, very seriously injured; one of his ribs broken, and two severe contusions on the head. To insensibility succeeded fever, followed by delirium. He was in imminent danger for several days. If anything could have consoled his parents for such an affliction, it was the thought that, at least, he was saved from the chance of meeting Philip. Mr. Beaufort, in the instinct of that capricious and fluctuating conscience which belongs to weak minds—which remains still, and drooping, and lifeless as a flag on a masthead during the calm of prosperity, but flutters, and flaps, and tosses when the wind blows and the wave heaves—thought very acutely and remorsefully of the condition of the Mortons during the danger of his own son. So far, indeed, from his anxiety for Arthur monopolising all his care, it only sharpened his charity towards the orphans; for many a man becomes devout and good when he fancies he has an *immediate* interest in appeasing Providence. The morning after Arthur's accident, he sent for Mr. Blackwell. He commissioned him to see that Catharine's funeral rites were performed with all due care and attention: he bade him obtain an interview with Philip, and assure the youth of Mr. Beaufort's good and friendly disposition towards him, and to offer to forward his views in any course of education he might prefer, or any profession he might adopt; and he earnestly counselled the lawyer to employ all his tact and delicacy in conferring with one of so proud and fiery a temper. Mr. Blackwell, however, had no tact or delicacy to employ: he went to the house of mourning, forced his way to Philip, and the very exordium of his harangue, which was devoted to praises of the extraordinary generosity and benevolence of his employer, mingled with condescending admonitions towards gratitude from Philip, so exasperated the boy, that Mr. Blackwell was extremely glad to get out of the house with a whole skin. He, however, did not neglect the more formal part of his mission; but communicated immediately with a fashionable undertaker, and gave orders for a very genteel funeral. He thought, after the funeral, that Philip would be in a less excited state of mind, and more likely to hear reason; he therefore deferred a second interview with the orphan till after that event; and, in the mean while, despatched a letter to Mr. Beaufort, stating that he had attended to his instructions; that the orders for the funeral were given; but that, at present, Mr. Philip Morton's mind was a little disordered, and that he could not calmly discuss, just at present, the plans for the future suggested by Mr. Beaufort. He did not doubt, however, that in another interview all would be arranged according to the wishes his client had so nobly conveyed to him. Mr. Beaufort's conscience on this point was therefore set at rest.

It was a dull, close, oppressive morning upon which the remains of Catharine Morton were consigned to the grave. With the preparations for the funeral Philip did not interfere; he did not inquire by whose orders all that solemnity of mutes, and coaches, and black plumes, and crapebands was appointed. If his vague and undeveloped conjecture ascribed this last and vain attention to Robert Beaufort, it neither lessened the sullen resentment he felt against his uncle, nor, on the other hand, did he conceive that he had a right to forbid respect to the dead, though he might reject

service for the survivor. He had remained in a sort of apathy or torpor since Mr. Blackwell's visit, which seemed to the people of the house to partake rather of indifference than wo.

The funeral was over, and Philip had returned to the apartments occupied by the deceased; and now, for the first time, he set himself to examine what papers, &c. she had left behind. In an old escritoire he found, first, various packets of letters in his father's handwriting, the characters in many of them faded by time. He opened a few; they were the earliest love-letters. He did not dare to read above a few lines, so much did their living tenderness, and breathing, frank, hearty passion, contrast with the fate of the adored one. In these letters the very heart of the writer seemed to beat! Now both hearts alike were stilled! and GHOST called vainly unto GHOST!

He came, at length, to a letter in his mother's hand, and dated two days before her death. He went to the window, and gasped in the midst of the sultry air for breath. Below were heard the noises of London: the shrill cries of itinerant venders, the rolling carts, the whoop of boys returned for a while from school; amid all these rose one loud, merry peal of laughter, which drew his attention mechanically to the spot whence it came; it was at the threshold of a public house, before which stood the hearse that had conveyed his mother's coffin, and the gay undertakers, halting there to refresh themselves. He closed the window with a groan, retired to the farthest corner of the room, and read as follows:

"My dearest Philip,—When you read this I shall be no more. You and poor Sidney will have neither father nor mother, nor fortune nor name. Heaven is more just than man, and in Heaven is my hope for you. You, Philip, are a ready past childhood; your nature is one formed, I think, to wrestle successfully with the world. Guard against your own passions, and you may bid defiance to the obstacles that will beset your path in life. And lately, in our reverses, Philip, you have so subdued these passions, so schooled the pride and impetuosity of your childhood, that I have contemplated your prospects with less fear than I used to do, even when they seemed so brilliant. Forgive me, my dearchild, if I have concealed from you my state of health, and if death be a sudden and unlooked-for shock. Do not grieve for me too long. For myself, my release is indeed escape from the prison-house and the chain—from bodily pain and mental torture, which may, I fondly hope, prove some expiation for the errors of a happier time. For I did err when, even from the least selfish motives, I suffered my union with your father to remain concealed, and thus ruined the hopes of those who had rights upon me equal even to *his*. But oh! Philip, beware, too, of the passions, which do not betray their fruit till years and years after the leaves that look so green and the blossoms that seem so fair.

"I repeat my solemn injunction. Do not grieve for me, but strengthen your mind and heart to receive the charge that I now confide to you—my Sidney, my child, your brother! He is so soft, so gentle; he has been so dependant for very life upon me, and we are parted now for the first and last time. He is with strangers; and—and—oh Philip, Philip, watch over him for the love you bear, not only to him, but to me! Be to him a father as well as a brother. Put your stout heart against the world so that you may screen him, the weak child, from its malice. He has not your talents nor strength of character; without you he

is nothing. Live, toil, rise for his sake not less than your own. If you knew how this heart beats as I write to you—if you could conceive what comfort I take for *him* from my confidence in you, you would feel a new spirit—my spirit—my mother-spirit of love, and forethought, and vigilance, enter into you while you read. See him when I am gone; comfort and soothe him. Happily, he is too young yet to know all his loss; and do not let him think unkindly of me in the days to come; for he is a child now, and they may poison his mind against me more easily than they can yours. Think, if he is unhappy hereafter, he may forget how I loved him—he may curse those who gave him birth. Forgive me all this, Philip, my son, and heed it well.

"And now, where you find this letter you will see a key; it opens a well in the bureau in which I have hoarded my little savings. You will see that I have not died in poverty. Take what there is; young as you are, you may want it more now than hereafter. But hold it in trust for your brother as well as yourself. If he is harshly treated (and you will go and see him, and you will remember that *he* would writhe under what *you* might scarcely feel), or if they overtask him, he is so young to work yet, it may find him a home near you. God watch over and guard you both. You are orphans now. But He has told even the orphans to call him "Father!"

When he had read this letter, Philip Morton fell upon his knees and prayed.

CHAPTER II.

"His Curse! Dost comprehend what that word means? Sho from a Father's angry breath."

JAMES SHIRLEY: *The Brothers*.

"This term is fatal, and affrights me."—*Ibid.*

"Those fond philosophers that magnify
Our human nature
Conversed but little with the world—they knew not
The fierce vexation of community."—*Ibid.*

After he had recovered his self-possession, Philip opened the well of the bureau, and was astonished and affected to find that Catharine had saved more than £100. Alas! how much must she have pinched herself to have hoarded this little treasure. After burning his father's love-letters, and some other papers which he deemed useless, he made up a little bundle of those trifling effects belonging to the deceased which he valued as memorials and relics of her, quitted the apartment, and descended to the parlour behind the shop. On the way he met with the kind servant, and, recalling the grief that she had manifested for his mother since he had been in the house, he placed two sovereigns in her hand, and bade her keep the scanty wardrobe poor Catharine had left behind. "And now," said he, as the servant wept while he spoke, "now I can bear to ask you what I have not before done. How did my poor mother die? Did she suffer much—or—"

"She went off like a lamb, sir," said the girl, drying her eyes. "You see the gentleman had been with her all the day, and she was much more easy and comfortable in her mind after he came."

"The gentleman! Not the gentleman I found here?"

"Oh dear, no! Not the pale, middle-aged gentleman nurse and I saw go down as the clock struck two. But the young, soft-spoken gentle-

man, who came in the morning, and said as how he was a relation. He stayed with her till she slept; and, when she woke, she smiled in his face—I shall never forget that smile—for I was standing on the other side, as it might be here, and the doctor was by the window, pouring out the doctor's stuff in the glass; and so she looked on the young gentleman, and then looked round at us all, and shook her head very gently, but did not speak. And the gentleman asked her how she felt, and she took both his hands and kissed them; and then he put his arms around and raised her up, to take the physic, like, and she said then, 'You will never forget *them*?' and he said, 'Never.' I don't know what that meant, sir!"

"Well, well—go on."

"And her head fell back on his buzzom, and she looked so happy; and, when the doctor came to the bedside, she was quite gone."

"And the stranger had my post! No matter—God bless him! God bless him! Who was he? What was his name?"

"I don't know, sir; he did not say. He stayed after the doctor went, and cried very bitterly; he took on more than you did, sir."

"Ay."

"And the other gentleman came just as he was a going, and they did not seem to like each other; for I heard him through the wall, as nurse and I were in the next room, speak as if he was scolding; but he did not stay long."

"And has never been since?"

"No sir! Perhaps missus can tell you more about him. But won't you take something, sir! Do—you look so pale."

Philip, without speaking, pushed her gently aside, and went slowly down the stairs. He entered the parlour, where two or three children were seated, playing at dominoes; he despatched one for their mother, the mistress of the shop, who came in, and dropped him a courtesy with a very grave, sad face, as was proper.

"I am going to leave your house, ma'am; and I wish to settle my little arrears of rent, &c."

"Oh! sir, don't mention it," said the landlady; and, as she spoke, she took a piece of paper from her bosom, very neatly folded, and laid it on the table. "And here, sir," she added, taking from the same depository a card, "here is the card left by the gentleman who saw to the funeral. He called half an hour ago, and bade say, with his compliments, that he would wait on you to-morrow at eleven o'clock. So I hope you won't go yet, for I think he means to settle everything for you; he said as much, sir."

Philip glanced over the card, and read, "Mr. George Blackwell, Lincoln's Inn." His brow grew dark; he let the card fall on the ground, put his foot on it with a quiet scorn, and muttered to himself, "The lawyer shall not bribe me out of my curse!" He turned to the total of the bill—not heavy, for poor Catharine had paid regularly for her scanty maintenance and humble lodging—paid the money, and, as the landlady wrote the receipt, he asked, "Who was the gentleman—the younger gentleman—who called in the morning of the day my mother died?"

"Oh, sir, I am sorry I did not get his name! Mr. Perkins said that he was some relation. Very odd he has never been since. But he'll be sure to call again, sir; you had better much stay here."

"No: it does not signify. All that he could do is done. But stay; give him this note if he should call."

as Ovid's and Cicero's in their banishments. We respect melancholy, because it imparts a similar affection, pity. A gay writer, who should only express satisfaction without variety, would soon be nauseous.

Madame de Sevigné shines both in grief and gaiety. There is too much of sorrow for her daughter's absence; yet it is always expressed by new turns, new images; and often by wit, whose tenderness has a melancholy air. When she forgets her concern, and returns to her natural disposition, gaiety, every paragraph has novelty: her allusions, her applications are the happiest possible. She has the art of making you acquainted with all her acquaintance; and attaches you even to the spots she inhabited. Her language is correct, though unstudied; and when her mind is full of any great event, she interests you with the warmth of a dramatic writer, not with the chilling impartiality of an historian. Pray read her accounts of the death of Turenne, and of the arrival of King James in France, and tell me whether you do not know their persons as if you had lived at the time. For my part, if you will allow me a word of digression, (not that I have written with any method,) I hate the cold impartiality recommended to historians; *si vis me flesc, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi*—but that I may not wander again, nor tire, nor contradict you any more, I will finish now; and shall be glad if you will dine at Strawberry Hill next Sunday, and take a bed there; when I will tell you how many more parts of your book have pleased me than have startled my opinions, or, perhaps, prejudices.

I am, sir, your obedient, humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. Be so good as to let me know, by a line by the post to Strawberry Hill, whether I shall have the pleasure of seeing you on Sunday.

MR. JUSTICE TWISDEN.

The following anecdote of this learned Judge, is related by Roger North, in his Examen. North is speaking of the elevation of Lord Shaftesbury to the Woolsack. "His Lordship had an early fancy, or rather freak, the first day of term (when all the officers of the law, King's Counsel, and Judges, used to wait upon the Great Seal to Westminster Hall) to make this procession on horseback, as in old time the way was, when coaches were not so rife. And accordingly the Judges, &c. were spoken to, to get horses, as they and all the rest did, by borrowing and hiring, and so equipped themselves with black foot-cloths, in the best manner they could. And divers of the nobility, as usual, in compliment and honour to the new Lord Chancellor, attended also in their equipments. Upon notice in town of this cavalcade, all the show company took their places at windows and balconies, with the foot-guard in the streets, to partake of the fine sight, and being once settled for the march, it moved, as the design was, stately along. But when they came to straights and interceptions, for want of gravity in the beasts, and too much in the riders, there happened some curvetting which made no little disorder. Judge Twisden, to his great affright, and the consternation of his grave brethren, was laid along in the dust. But all at length arrived safe, without the loss of life or limb in the service. This accident was enough to divert the like frolic for the future, and the

very next term after, they fell to their coaches, as before.

ANNE OF AUSTRIA.

Cardinal de Retz thus speaks of Anne of Austria:—"The Queen had more than any body whom I ever knew, of that sort of wit which was necessary for her not to appear a fool to those who did not know her. She had in her more of harshness than haughtiness; more of haughtiness than of greatness; more of outward appearance than reality; more regard to money than liberality; more of liberality than of self-interest; more of self-interest than disinterestedness; she was more tied to persons by habit than by affection; she had more of insensibility than of cruelty; she had a better memory of injuries than for benefits; her intention towards piety was greater than her piety; she had in her more of obstinacy than of firmness; and more incapacity than of all the rest which is mentioned before."—*Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 247.

FACE-PAINTING.

Lady Coventry, the celebrated beauty, killed herself with painting. She bedaubed herself with white, so as to stop the perspiration. Lady Wortley Montague was more prudent; she went often into the hot bath to scrape off the paint, which was almost as thick as plaster on a wall.—*Walpole*.

APPLAUSE, THE NURSE OF GENIUS.

One quality I may safely arrogate to myself; I am not afraid to praise. Many are such timid judges of composition that they hesitate and wait for the public opinion. Show them a manuscript, though they highly approve it in their hearts, they are afraid to commit themselves by speaking out. Several excellent works have perished from this cause; a writer of real talents being often a mere sensitive plant with regard to his own productions. Some cavils of Mason (how inferior a poet and judge!) had almost induced Grey to destroy his two beautiful and sublime odes. We should not only praise, but hasten to praise.—*H. Walpole*.

TWO MINISTERS.

"Mr. Pitt's plan, when he had the gout, was to have no fire in his room, but to load himself with clothes. At his house at Hayes he slept in a long room; at the one end of which was his bed, and his lady's at the other. His way was, when he thought the Duke of New-Castle had fallen into any mistake, to send for him and read him a lecture. The Duke was sent for once and came, when Mr. Pitt was confined to his bed with the gout. There was, as usual, no fire in the room; the day was very chilly, and the Duke, as usual, afraid of catching cold. The Duke first sat down on Mrs. Pitt's bed, as the warmest place; then drew up his legs into it, as he got colder. The lecture unluckily continuing a considerable time, the Duke at length fairly lodged himself under Mrs. Pitt's bed clothes. A person, from whom I had the story, suddenly going in saw the two ministers in bed, at the two ends of the room, while Pitt's long nose and black beard

unshaved for some days, added to the grotesque of the scene.—*H. Walpole*.

SONG, WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

BY MISS JOANNA BAILLIE.

The bride she is winsome and bonny,
Her hair it is snooded sae sleek;
And faithfu' and kind is her Johnny,
Yet fast fa' the tears on her cheek.
New pearlins are cause of her sorrow,
New pearlins and plenshing too:
The bride that has a' to borrow,
Has e'en right mickle ado.
Woo'd and married and a'!
Woo'd and married and a'!
Is na' she very weel aff
To be woo'd and married at a'?

Her mither then hastily spak,
"The lassie is glakit wi' pride;
In my pouch I had never a plack
On the day when I was a bride.
E'en tak' to your wheel, and be clever,
And draw out your thread in the sun;
The gear that is gifted it never
Will last like the gear that is won.
Woo'd and married and a'!
Wi' havins and tocher sae sma'!
I think ye are very weel aff,
To be woo'd and married at a'!"

"Toot, toot!" quo' her gray-headed faither,
"She's less o' a bride than a bairn.
She's ta'en like a coult frae the heather,
Wi' sense and discretion to learn.
Half husband, I trow, and half daddy,
As humour inconstantly leans,
The chiel maun be patient and steady
That yokes wi' a mate in her teens.
A kerchief sae douce and sae neat,
O'er her locks that the winds used to blaw!
I'm baith like to laugh and to greet,
When I think o' her married at a'!"

Then out spak' the wily bridegroom,
Weel waled were his wordies, I ween,
"I'm rich, though my coffer be toom,
Wi' the blinks o' your bonny blue een.
I'm prouder o' thee by my side,
Though thy ruffles or ribbons be few,
Than Kate o' the croft were my bride,
Wi' purfics and pearlins enow.
Dear, and dearest of ony!
Ye're woo'd and buikit and a'!
And do ye think scorn o' your Johnny,
And grieve to be married at a'!"

She turn'd, and she blush'd, and she smiled,
And she looket sae bashfully down;
The pride o' her heart was beguiled,
And she played wi' the sleeves o' her gown;
She twirled the tag o' her lace,
And she nippet her boddice sae blue,
Sine blinket sae sweet in his face,
And aff like a maukin she flew.
Woo'd and married and a'!
Wi' Johnny to roose her and a'!
She thinks hersel very weel aff,
To be woo'd and married at a'.

Coaches were first introduced into England in the year 1564. Taylor, the water-poet, says, "one William Boonen, a Dutchman, brought first the use of coaches hither; and the said Boonen was Queen Elizabeth's coachman; for, indeed, a coach was a strange monster in those days, and the sight of them put both horses and men into amazement." Dr. Percy observes, they were first drawn by two horses, and that it was the favourite Buckingham, who, about 1663, began to draw with six horses. About the same time he introduced the sedan.

The Duchess of Marlborough was pressing the Duke to take a medicine, and with his usual warmth said, "I'll be hanged if it do not prove serviceable." Dr. Garth, who was present, exclaimed. "Do take it then, my Lord Duke, it must be of service in one way or the other."—*Walpole*.

The Duke of Orleans, the Regent, had four daughters, distinguished by the names of the four cardinal sins. A wag wrote on their mother's tomb, "*Ci-gît l'oisiveté*," "Here lies idleness," which, you know, is termed the mother of all the vices.—*Walpole*.

Louis XIV. playing at tric-trac, disputed a throw with his opponent; the bystanders were appealed to, and could not decide the matter. It was referred to Grammont, who, from the farther end of the gallery, declared against the king. "But you have not heard the case," said Louis. "Ah! sire," replied the Count, "if your majesty had but a shadow of right, would these gentlemen have failed to decide in your favour."

Madame Royale, a worthy daughter of Henry Fourth, rendered her little court the most agreeable in the world. She inherited such of her father's virtues, as compose the proper ornament of her sex, and with regard to what are termed the foibles of great souls, her highness had in no wise degenerated.—*De Grammont*.

NEW BOOKS.

Heads of the People. Carey and Hart. Philadelphia, 1841.

Hogarth printed one picture for the express purpose of showing John Bull the difference between *character* and *caricature*. The artists and authors engaged in the production of the admirable series of portraits before us, appear to have had the same intention. The pictures are capitally drawn. Without being caricatures, they are characteristic heads so strongly marked as to designate the class in society to which they apply, without the possibility of mistake. The *Stock-broker*, for example, and the *Debtor and Creditor* are given with a graphic fidelity worthy of Hogarth himself.

Among the writers who have contributed sketches of the several characters, we recognise some of the ablest in England, each in his own department—William Howitt, for the country folks; Nimrod, for the sporting characters, and so on. Under such auspices it is not at all surprising that "*Heads of the People*" should come out, as it has, one of the most elegant and entertaining books of the season. We particularly commend the spirit of the publishers, who, aware that engravings on wood are almost always murdered in the printing in this country, have had all the embellishments done on steel plates. They were determined that the volume should be splendidly got up, and their success is every way worthy of their resolution and enterprise.

The Old Curiosity Shop. By Boz. Philad. Lea and Blanchard, 1841.

This is a splendid octavo volume, with all the embellishments of the English edition, faithfully copied by our best Philadelphia engravers. The story is undoubtedly one of Boz's best. The moral effect of such characters as those of Nell, Kit, and the poor schoolmaster, can never be too highly appreciated. They are incomparable in their

way. Dickens has indulged in his peculiar vein of pathos more freely in this than in any of his previous efforts; and in the character of Quilp, we find the most original of all his delineations. How so amiable a person as Dickens appears to be, could imagine such a demon, it is difficult to conceive. In point and humour, as well as descriptive power and invention, "*the Old Curiosity Shop*" is first rate.

Charles O'Malley. Philadelphia, Carey and Hart, 1841.

The number for this week finishes the first volume of this excellent story. The description of the battle of Talavera, in the last number but one of the volume, is the best thing of the kind which we have read for many a day. Most accounts of battles are perfectly confused and unintelligible, a mere chaos, at least to any but a field marshal; but this conveys to the mind of the common reader so clear an idea of the thing, that a drawing or even a series of drawings would hardly increase the vividness of the impression. Commend us to Dr. Lover for battle scenes.

The Flying Dutchman. Philadelphia, Carey and Hart, 1841.

This is a very clever nautical novel, founded on the old legend which has already furnished a subject for Marryat. The author, Neal, handles it in a different style and more to our taste. There is more of nature and reality in this than in the wild story of the Phantom Ship. The description of a sea fight in the night is more than graphic—it is sublime. In point of interest, the story is not a whit behind Marryat's. The adventures of the hero and heroine on the island, form a picture perfectly Arcadian.

THE ROSE TO THE BUTTERFLY.

FROM VICTOR HUGO.

To the bright butterfly the rose, complaining,
Said, "Leave me not
To wander 'mid the heavens, while here remaining
I mourn my lot.

Are we not lovers, in our joys united?
Do they not say
That we are flowers alike, living delighted
Our summer day?

Alas! while I am chain'd to earth, thy fleetness
In the vast air
Bears thee so fast, not e'en my balmy sweetness
Can reach thee there.

Thy flight is still too distant—ever ranging
Mid countless flowers;
I, sadly fixed, see the dull shadows changing
That mark the hours.

Now here, and now some happier spot adorning
Thy light appears;
Then wonder not to find me every morning
Bedew'd with tears.

So that our days may flow in tranquil seeming,
By storms unmoved,
Take root with me, or give me bright wings gleam-
ing
Like thee, beloved!"

MRS. HOLME.

SONNET FROM PETRARCA.

TO A FRIEND, CONGRATULATING HIM ON HIS RETURN TO
THE RIGHT PATH.

Love wept, and I with him mingled my tears
For thee from whom my thoughts were distant
never:
After so many pains and doubts and fears,
At last to see thy soul unchained for ever.
Now to the throne of God lift up thy heart.
Since thou again hast turned to wisdom's way,
Thank him whose mercy could such grace impart,
Who turns not from his children's prayer away;
And if on turning to the high emprise
Some obstacle have checked thy onward course,
'Tis that thy soul may spread its wings and rise,
To meet the daring flight with all its force;
The path thou tread'st is thorny, dark, and steep,—
Then be thou strong, nor let thy valour sleep.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

Mr. Godey possesses and applies an energy really enviable in the management of his long established and favourite publication. It is truly gratifying to know that his exertions are sufficiently rewarded. The names of the ladies who superintend the editorial department, conjoined with his own, guarantee the fulfilment of all reasonable expectation. To the ladies it must be very acceptable.

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NOVELS AND NOVELISTS.

There is an exclamation in one of Gray's letters—"Be mine to read eternal new romances of *Mari-vaux* and *Crebillon*!" Without going quite so far as Gray, we must confess, that there are few works to which we oftener turn for profit or delight, than to the standard productions in this species of composition. With the exception of the violently satirical, and the violently sentimental specimens of the art, we find there the closest imitation of men and manners; and are admitted to examine the very web and texture of society, as it really exists, and as we meet with it when we come into the world. If the style of poetry has "something more divine in it," this savours more of humanity. We are brought acquainted with an infinite variety of characters—all a little more amusing, and, for the greater part, more true to general nature than those which we meet with in actual life—and have our moral impressions far more frequently called out, and our moral judgments exercised, than in the busiest career of existence. As a record of past manners and opinions, too, such writings afford both more minute and more abundant information than any other. To give one example only:—We should really be at a loss where to find, in any authentic documents of the same period, so satisfactory an account of the general state of society, and of moral, political and religious feeling, in the reign of George II., as we meet with in the *Adventures of Joseph Andrews* and his friend *Mr. Abraham Adams*. This work, indeed, we take to be a perfect piece of statistics in its kind; and do not know from what other quarter we could have acquired the solid information it contains, even as to this comparatively recent period. What a thing it would be to have such a work of the age of *Pericles* or *Alexander*! and how much more would it teach us as to the true character and condition of the people among whom it was produced, than all the tragedies and histories, and odes and orations, that have been preserved of their manufacture! In looking into such grave and ostentatious performances, we see little but the rigid skeleton of public transactions—exaggerations of party zeal, and vestiges of literary ambition; and if we wish really to know what was the state of manners and morals, and in what way, and into what forms, principles and institutions were actually moulded in practice, we cannot do better than refer to the works of those writers, who having no other object than to imitate nature, could only hope for success from the fidelity of their pictures; and were bound (in their own defence) to reduce the boasts of vague theorists, and the exaggerations of angry disputants, to the mortifying standard of reality.

The most moral writers, are indeed those who do not intend to inculcate any moral: the professed moralist almost unavoidably degenerates into the partisan of a system; and the philosopher warps the evidence to his own purpose. But the painter of manners gives the facts of human nature, and leaves us to draw the inference: if we are not able to do this, or do it ill, at least it is our own fault.—*Ed. Review.*

RICHARDSON.

It is not, in our opinion, a very difficult attempt to class *Fielding* or *Smollett*:—the one as an observer of the characters of human life; the other as a describer of its various eccentricities. But it is by no means so easy to dispose of *Richardson*, who was neither an observer of the one, nor a describer of the other; but who seemed to spin his materials entirely out of his own brain, as if there had been nothing existing in the world beyond the little shop in which he sat writing. There is an artificial reality about his works, which is nowhere to be met with. They have the romantic air of a pure fiction, with the literal minuteness of a common diary. The author had the strangest matter of fact imagination that ever existed, and wrote the oddest mixture of poetry and prose. He does not appear to have taken advantage of any thing in actual nature, from one end of his works to the other; and yet, throughout all his works (voluminous as they are—and this, to be sure, is one reason why they are so,) he sets about describing every object and transaction, as if the whole had been given in on evidence by an eye-witness. This kind of high finishing from imagination is an anomaly in the history of human genius; and certainly nothing so fine was ever produced, by the same accumulation of minute parts. There is not the least distraction, the least forgetfulness of the end: every circumstance is made to tell. We cannot agree that this exactness of detail produces heaviness; on the contrary, it gives an appearance of truth, and a positive interest to the story; and we listen with the same attention as we should to the particulars of a confidential communication. We at one time used to think some parts of *Sir Charles Grandison* rather trifling and tedious, especially the long description of *Miss Harriet Byron's* wedding clothes, till we met with two young ladies who had severally copied out the whole of that very description for their own private gratification. After this, we could not blame the author.

The effect of reading this work, is like an increase of kindred: you find yourself all of a sudden introduced into the midst of a large family, with aunts and cousins to the third and fourth generation, and grandmothers both by the father's and mother's side, —and a very odd set of people too, but people whose real existence and personal identity you can no more dispute than your own senses,—for you see and hear all that they do or say. What is still more extraordinary, all this extreme elaborateness in working out the story, seems to have cost the author nothing; for it is said that the published works are mere abridgments. We have heard (though this, we suppose, must be a pleasant exaggeration) that *Sir Charles Grandison* was originally written in eight and twenty volumes.

Pamela is the first of his productions, and the very child of his brain. Taking the general idea of the character of a modest and beautiful country girl, and of the situation in which she is placed, he makes out all the rest, even to the smallest circumstance, by the mere force of a reasoning imagination. It would seem as if a step lost would be as fatal here as in a mathematical demonstration. The development of

the character is the most simple, and comes the nearest to nature that it can do, without being the same thing. The interest of the story increases with the dawn of understanding and reflection in the heroine. Her sentiments gradually expand themselves, like opening flowers. She writes better every time, and acquires a confidence in herself, just as a girl would do, writing such letters in such circumstances; and yet it is certain that *no girl would write such letters in such circumstances*. What we mean is this: *Richardson's* nature is always the nature of sentiment and reflection, not of impulse or situation. He furnishes his characters, on every occasion, with the presence of mind of the author. He makes them act, not as they would from the impulse of the moment, but as they might upon reflection, and upon a careful review of every motive and circumstance in their situation. They regularly sit down to write letters; and if the business of life consisted in letter writing, and was carried on by the post (like a Spanish game at chess,) human nature would be what *Richardson* represents it. All actual objects and feelings are blunted and deadened by being presented through the medium which may be true to reason, but is false in nature. He confounds his own point of view with that of the immediate actors in the scene; and hence presents you with a conventional and factitious nature, instead of that which is real. *Dr. Johnson* seems to have preferred this truth of reflection to the truth of nature, when he said that there was more knowledge of the human heart in a page of *Richardson* than in all *Fielding*. *Fielding*, however, saw more of the practical results, and understood the principles as well; but he had not the same power of speculating upon their possible results, and combining them in certain ideal forms of passion and imagination, which was *Richardson's* real excellence.

It must be observed, however, that it is this mutual good understanding, and comparing of notes between the author and the persons he describes; his infinite circumspection; his exact process of ratiocination and calculation, which gives such an appearance of coldness and formality to most of his characters,—which makes prudes of his women and coxcombs of his men. Every thing is too conscious in his works. Every thing is distinctly brought home to the mind of the actors in the scene, which is a fault undoubtedly; but then, it must be confessed, every thing is brought home in its full force to the mind of the reader also; and we feel the same interest in the story as if it were our own. Can any thing be more beautiful or affecting than *Pamela's* reproaches to her "lumpish heart" when she is sent away from her master's at her own request—its lightness, when she is sent for back—the joy which the conviction of the sincerity of his love diffuses in her heart, like the coming on of spring—the artifice of the stuff gown—the meeting with *Lady Davers* after her marriage—and the trial scene with her husband? Who ever remained insensible to the passion of *Lady Clementina*, except *Sir Charles Grandison* himself, who was the object of it? *Clarissa* is, however, his masterpiece, if we except *Lovelace*. If she is fine in herself, she is still finer in his account of her.

With that foil, her purity is dazzling indeed; and she who could triumph by her virtue, and the force of her love, over the regality of Lovelace's mind, his wit, his person, his accomplishments and his spirit, conquers all hearts. We should suppose that never sympathy more deep or sincere was excited than by the heroine of Richardson's romance, except by the calamities of real life. The links in this wonderful chain of interest are not more finely wrought, than their whole weight is overwhelming and irresistible. Who can forget the exquisite gradations of her long dying scene, or the closing of the coffin-lid, when Miss Howe comes to take her last leave of her friend; or the heart breaking reflection that Clarissa makes on what was to have been her wedding day? Well does a modern writer exclaim—

"Fools are a real world, both pure and good,
Round which, with tendris strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness may grow!"

Richardson's wit was unlike that of any other writer;—his humour was so too. Both were the effect of intense activity of mind;—laboured, and yet completely effectual. We might refer to Lovelace's reception and description of Hickman, when he calls out Death in his ear, as the name of the person with whom Clarissa had fallen in love: and to the scene at the gloveshop. What can be more magnificent than his enumeration of his companions—"Belton so pert and so pimply—Tourville so fair and so foppish," etc.? In casuistry, he is quite at home; and, with a boldness greater even than his puritanical severity, has exhausted every topic on virtue and vice. There is another peculiarity in Richardson, not perhaps so uncommon, which is, his systematically preferring his most insipid characters to his finest, though both were equally his own invention, and he must be supposed to have understood something of their qualities. Thus he preferred the little, selfish, affected, insignificant Miss Byron, to the divine Clementina; and again, Sir Charles Grandison, to the nobler Lovelace. We have nothing to say in favour of Lovelace's morality; but Sir Charles is the prince of coxcombs,—whose eye was never once taken from his own person, and his own virtues; and there is nothing which excites so little sympathy as this excessive egotism.

MEN OF GENIUS DEFICIENT IN CONVERSATION.

The student who may, perhaps, shine a luminary of learning and of genius in the pages of his volume, is found not rarely to lie obscured beneath a heavy cloud in colloquial discourse.

If you love the man of letters, seek him in the privacies of his study. It is in the hour of confidence and tranquillity his genius shall elicit a ray of intelligence more fervid than the labours of polished composition.

The great Peter Corneille, whose genius resembled that of our Shakspeare, and who has so forcibly expressed the sublime sentiments of the hero, had nothing in his exterior that indicated his genius; on the contrary, his conversation was so insipid, that it never failed of wearying. Nature, who had lavished on him the gifts of genius, had forgotten to blend with them her more ordinary ones. He did not even *speaking* correctly that language of which he was such a master.

When his friends represented to him how much more he might please by not disdaining to correct these trivial errors, he would smile and say—"I am not the less Peter Corneille!" Descartes, whose habits were formed in solitude and meditation, was silent in mixed company; and Thomas described his mind by saying that he had received his intellectual wealth from nature in solid bars, but not in current coin; or as Addison expressed the same idea, by comparing himself to a banker who possessed the wealth of his friends at home, though he carried none of it in his pocket; or as that judicious moralist Nicolle, one of the Port-Royal Society, who said of a scintillant wit—"He conquers me in the drawing-room, but he surrenders to me at discretion on the staircase." Such may say with Themistocles, when

asked to play on a lute—"I cannot fiddle, but I can make a little village a great city."

The deficiencies of Addison in conversation are well known. He preserved a rigid silence amongst strangers; but if he was silent, it was the silence of meditation. How often at that moment he laboured at some future Spectator!

Mediocrity can talk; but it is for genius to observe.

The cynical Mandeville compared Addison, after having passed an evening in his company, to "a silent parson in a tie-wig." It is no shame for an Addison to receive the censures of a Mandeville; he has only to blush when he calls down those of a Pope.

Virgil was heavy in conversation, and resembled more an ordinary man than an enchanting poet.

La Fontaine, says La Bruyere, appeared coarse, heavy, and stupid; he could not speak or describe what he had just seen; but when he wrote, he was the model of poetry.

It is very easy, said a humorous observer on La Fontaine, to be a man of wit or a fool; but to be both, and that, too, in the extreme degree, is indeed admirable, and only to be found in him. This observation applies to that fine natural genius, Goldsmith. Chaucer was more facetious in his tales than in his conversation, and the Countess of Pembroke used to rally him by saying that his silence was more agreeable to her than his conversation.

Isocrates, celebrated for his beautiful oratorical compositions, was of so timid a disposition that he never ventured to speak in public. He compared himself to the whetstone, which will not cut, but enables other things to do this; for his productions served as models to other orators. Vaucanson was said to be as much a machine as any he had made.

Dryden said of himself—"My conversation is slow and dull, my humour saturnine and reserved. In short, I am none of those who endeavour to break jests in company, or make repartees."—*D'Israeli*.

Of the conversational powers of great men, the following remarks are made in a late number of Blackwood's Magazine:—

Sir James Mackintosh.—The talent of conversation is not quite so simple a thing as it is generally conceived. Even in the extensive and varied circle of London society, there have not been a half dozen in the last half century who had established any kind of name to this rather private path to renown. A man may have considerable knowledge, may have seen a great deal of the world, and may, besides, know well the ambition of figuring in the conversational world, without the talent of a good conversationalist. The late Sir James Mackintosh had all these—he had fluency of speech, and now and then brilliancy of conception. But he was given to talking over much—he often *proceeded* alarmingly; his anecdotes were from hacks; his sentences had the formality with but seldom the point of Johnson, and his recitations of verse, which were frequent, and of merciless length, showed that he had taken the trouble of preparing his memory for the occasion, and that he was determined not to have his trouble thrown away.

Rogers.—Rogers, the Poet of Memory, has abundance of anecdote, but it lies chiefly among the dead and gone. The mention of Sheridan acts upon him with the effect of a match put to a firework. The composition goes off in a long succession of explosions, all of the bluest kind, until every ear is tired, and then the *feu d'artifice*, in every sense, drops dead to the ground, and every one flies from the rocket case. Yet he has mixed a good deal in society—not the best, however, for it has been chiefly with the set gathered round the table of Holland House, where people are assembled for the purpose of talk—a process which makes every thing as formal as a parade in St. James's Park—as sets men minuet dancing in odes, epodes, and the last new tragedy, and of course reduces all conversation to the dregs of an article in the Edinburgh Review.

Curran, the Irish barrister, had perhaps the highest conversational ability of any man of his day. He

certainly had astonishing wit. There are more showy conceptions of Curran on record, than any man in his time or ours; and the period was remarkable for the animation and cultivated eloquence of society. Devonshire House and the prince's table were the centres around which perpetual pleasure antr'y gathered—where a perpetual rivalry of wit was sustained, and where political disappointments forced the associates to look to their resources in sporting contempt and showy ridicule. As men are forced to the gloom and tempest without, to shut their door light candles, and forget the inclemency of the night in the double comfort and gaiety within, in the assemblages, all men learned to adopt the tone, they could not seize the spirit of the hour. Charles Fisk became a wit for the time, and wrote epigrams; Fitzpatrick turned poet, and wrote sentimental songs; Hare, Harding, Courtenay, and a crowd of those inferior names which float on the surface of gay society, and sink after the agitation of the day has passed—those notes in the sunshine, of whose existence one would have dreamed but for the casual entrance of the beam, were all busy with their little live contributions; and the showy and good-natured duchess, and the not less showy and good-natured prince, received all like divinites, equally welcoming the incense streaming from golden wine, and the fragrance of the flower.

William Sotheby.—The late William Sotheby was a favourite everywhere. He was a man of fortune, without any of the airs belonging to the "landed interest"—a man of general literature without pedantry—and a poet, too, without pressing his poetry on any one, unless after a considerable term of acquaintance. This rendered his old friendship somewhat formidable; but it was seldom inflicted under an intercourse of four or five years; and by that time his bosom friends were sufficiently on their guard to escape, by very weak eyes, an habitual headache, an immediate engagement out of town, or some other ingenious expedient found effectual in previous cases of difficulty. Their escapes were now and then narrow enough.

"Take that tragedy home with you, and let me know your opinion of it as an old friend and excellent critic, as I know you to be," said an author to his visitor. The friend put it in his pocket. On their next meeting, "Have you read my tragedy? and what do you think of it? I ask your candid opinion," said the author. "The fact is, I have not read it yet, but intend to take the first opportunity," said the old friend. "Then lose no time, I beg; for if you think that it will answer for either the press or the stage, I have five more ready, of which you shall have the first reading, in preference to any man in England," said the author. The old friend next day discovered that he had particular business at Paris, or the Antipodes, and set off by the mail, returning the tragedy, with a thousand regrets for its non-perusal.

Coleridge was not a converser; he was a lecturer. His sentences were dissertations; his very metaphors had beginning, middle, and end; his divisions were as numerous, parenthetical, and positive, as those of a preacher of the Moravian connection; and in the briskest conversation he seemed never able to disengage himself from the idea, that it was duty at once to enlighten and astound the whole living race of mankind, besides leaving a handsome legacy for all generations to come. He was an honest man, and without a stain on his reputation, except the praises of the small gang of literatists who constantly follow him, as flies wing and cling round a corpulent alderman. He wrote good poetry in his youth, but muddled his Helicon with metaphysics as he fell into years. It is remarkable that his politics purified as his poetry grew thick. Beginning with proposals for throwing off the incumbrances of coat and pantaloons, and founding an original commonwealth in the western wilderness, he ended with Christian habiliments, a cottage at Highgate, and an honest devotion to conservatism. But he was no conversationalist. He declaimed—he harangued—he talked long and loftily—his reveries were of the pagan *mulhoi*, of the Mesmetism, of the Samothracian impostures, and the profundities of science lost to man-

Philip, taking the pen from the landlady's hand, hastily wrote (while Mrs. Lacy went to ring him sealing-wax and a light) these words:

"I cannot guess who you are: they say that you call yourself a relation; that must be some mistake. I knew not that my poor mother had relations so kind. But, whoever you be, you soothed her last hours—she died in your arms; and if ever—years, long years hence—we should chance to meet, and I can do anything to aid another, my blood, and my life, and my heart, and my soul all are slaves to your will. If you are really of her kindred, I commend to you my mother; he is at — with Mr. Morton. If you can serve him, my mother's soul will watch over you as a guardian angel. As for me, I ask no help for any one: I go into the world, and will carve out my own way. So much do I shrink from the thought of charity from others, that I do not believe I could bless you as I do now if your kindness to me did not close with the stone upon my mother's grave.

PHILIP."

He sealed his letter and gave it to the woman. "Oh, by-the by," said she, "I had forgot; the doctor said that if you would send for him, he would be most happy to call on you and give you any advice."

"Very well."

"And what shall I say to Mr. Blackwell?"

"That he may tell his employer to remember our last interview."

With that Philip took up his bundle and strode from the house. He went first to the churchyard, where his mother's remains had been that day interred. It was near at hand: a quiet, almost a rural spot. The gate stood ajar, for there was a public path through the churchyard, and Philip entered with a noiseless tread. It was then near evening: the sun had broke out from the mists of the earlier day, and the westering rays shone bright and holy upon the solemn place.

"Mother! mother!" sobbed the orphan, as he fell prostrate before the green mound: "here—here I have come to repeat my oath—to swear again that I will be faithful to the charge you have intrusted to your wretched son! And at this hour I dare ask if there be on this earth one more miserable and forlorn!"

As words to this effect struggled from his lips, a loud, shrill voice—the cracked, painful voice of weak age wrestling with strong passion—rose close at hand.

"Away, reprobate! thou art accursed!"

Philip started, and shuddered as if the words were addressed to himself, and from the grave. But, as he rose on his knee, and, tossing the wild hair from his eyes, looked confusedly round, he saw at a short distance, and in the shadow of the wall, two forms: the one an old man with grey hair, who was seated on a crumbling wooden tomb facing the setting sun; the other a man apparently yet in the vigour of life, who appeared bent as in humble supplication. The old man's hands were outstretched over the head of the younger, as if suiting the terrible action to the terrible words, and, after a moment's pause—a moment, but it appeared far longer to Philip—there was heard a deep, wild, ghastly howl from a dog that cowered at the old man's feet; a howl, perhaps, of fear at the passion of his master, which the animal might associate with danger.

"Father! father!" said the suppliant, reproachfully, "your very dog rebukes your curse."

"Be dumb! My dog! What hast thou left me on earth but him? Thou hast made me loathe the sight of friends, for thou hast made me loathe mine own name. Thou hast covered it with disgrace—thou hast made mine old age a by-word—thy crimes leave me solitary in the midst of my shame!"

"It is many years since we met, father; we may never meet again—shall we part thus?"

"Time, ah!" said the old man, in a tone of withering sarcasm; "I comprehend—you are come for money!"

At this taunt the son started as if stung by a serpent, raised his head to its full height, folded his arms, and replied,

"Sir, you wrong me; for more than twenty years I have maintained myself—no matter how, but without taxing you—and now I felt remorse for having suffered you to discard me—now, when you are old and helpless, and, I heard, blind; and you might want aid even from your poor, good-for-nothing son. But I have done. Forget not my sins, but this interview. Repeal your curse, father; I have enough on my head without yours; and so—let the son at least bless the father who curses him. Farewell!"

The speaker turned as he thus said, with a voice that trembled at the close, and brushed rapidly by Philip, whom he did not, however, appear to perceive; but Philip, by the last red beam of the sun, saw again that marked, storm-beaten face which it was difficult, once seen, to forget, and recognised the stranger on whose breast he had slept the night of his first fatal visit to R—.

The old man's imperfect vision did not detect the departure of his son, but his face changed and softened as the latter strode silently through the rank grass.

"William!" he said at last, gently; "William!" and the tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks: "my son!" but that son was gone; the old man listened for reply—none came. "He has left me—poor William!—we shall never meet again;" and he sank once more on the old tombstone, dumb, rigid, motionless: an image of Time himself in his own domain of Graves. The dog crept closer to his master and licked his hand. Philip stood for a moment in thoughtful silence: his exclamation of despair had been answered as by his better angel. There *was* a being more miserable than himself; and the Accursed would have envied the Bereaved!

The twilight had closed in: the earliest star—the star of Memory and Love, the Hesperus hymned by every poet since the world began—was fair in the arch of heaven, as Philip quitted the spot with a spirit more reconciled to the future, more softened, chastened, attuned to gentle and pious thoughts, than perhaps ever yet had made his soul dominant over the deep and dark tide of his gloomy passions. He went thence to a neighbouring sculptor, and paid beforehand for a plain tablet to be placed above the grave he had left. He had just quitted that shop, in the same street, not many doors removed from the house in which his mother had breathed her last. He was pausing by a crossing, irresolute whether to repair at once to the home assigned to Sidney, or to seek some shelter in town for that night, when three men who were on the opposite side of the way suddenly caught sight of him.

"There he is—there he is; stop, sir! stop."

Philip heard these words, looked up, and recognised the voice and the person of Mr. Plimmins.

with; the bookseller was accompanied by Mr. Plimmins and a sturdy, ill-favoured stranger.

A nameless feeling of fear, rage, and disgust seized the unhappy boy, and, at the same moment, a ragged vagabond whispered to him, "Stump it, my cove; that's a Bow-street runner."

Then there shot through Philip's head the recollection of the money he had seized, though but to dash away: was he now—he, still, to his own conviction, the heir of an ancient and spotless name—to be hunted as a thief; or, at the best, what right over his person and his liberty had he given to this taskmaster? Ignorant of the law, the law only seemed to him, as it ever does to the ignorant and the friendless, a foe. Quicker than lightning, these thoughts, which it takes so many words to describe, flashed through the storm and darkness of his breast; and, at the very instant that Mr. Plimmins had laid hands on his shoulder, his resolution was formed. The instinct of self beat loud at his heart. With a bound—a spring, that sent Mr. Plimmins sprawling in the kennel, he darted across the road, and fled down an opposite lane.

"Stop him! stop!" cried the bookseller; and the officer rushed after him with almost equal speed. Lane after lane, alley after alley, fled Philip; dodging, winding, breathless, panting; and lane after lane, alley after alley, thickened at his heels the crowd that pursued. The idle and the curious, and the officious—ragged boys, ragged men, from stall and from cellar, from corner and from crossing—joined in that delicious chase, which runs down young crime till it sinks, too often, at the door of the jail or the foot of the gallows. But Philip slackened not his pace; he began to distance his pursuers. He was now in a street which they had not yet entered; a quiet street, with few, if any, shops. Before the threshold of a better kind of public house, or, rather, tavern, to judge by its appearance, lounged two men; and, as Philip flew on, the cry of "Stop him!" had changed, as the shout passed to new voices, into "Stop the thief!" That cry yet howled in the distance. One of the loungers seized him; Philip, desperate and ferocious, struck at him with all his force; but the blow was scarcely felt by that Herculean frame.

"Pish!" said the man, scornfully: "I am no spy; if you run from justice, I would help you to a signpost."

Struck by the voice, Philip looked hard at the speaker. It was the voice of the Accursed Son.

"Save me! You remember me!" said the orphan faintly.

"Ah! I think I do; poor lad! Follow me—this way!"

The stranger turned within the tavern, passed the hall through a sort of corridor that led into a back yard which opened upon a nest of courts or passages.

"You are safe for the present; I will take you where you can tell me all at your ease. See!" As he spoke, they emerged into an open street, and the guide pointed to a row of hackney-coaches. "Be quick—get in. Coachman, drive fast to—" Philip did not hear the rest of the direction.

Our story returns to Sidney.

CHAPTER III.

"Nous vous mettrons à couvert
Repondit le pot de fer.
Si quelque matière dure
Vous menace d'aventure,
Entre deux je passerai,
Et du coup vous sauverai

Le pot de terre en souffre!"—LA FONTAINE.

"Sidney, come here, sir! What have you been at? You have torn your frill into tatters! How did you do this? Come, sir, no lies."

"Indeed, ma'am, it was not my fault. I just put my head out of the window to see the coach go by, and a nail caught me here."

"Why, you little plague! you have scratched yourself: you are always in mischief. What business had you to look after the coach?"

"I don't know," said Sidney, hanging his head ruefully.

"La, mother!" cried the youngest of the cousins, a square built, ruddy, coarse featured urchin about Sidney's age, "la mother, he never sees a coach in the street when we are at play but he runs arter it."

"After, not arter," said Mr. Roger Morton, taking the pipe from his mouth.

"Why do you go after the coaches, Sidney?" said Mrs. Morton; "it is very naughty; you will be run over some day."

"Yes, ma'am," said Sidney, who, during the whole colloquy, had been trembling from head to foot.

"Yes, ma'am, and 'no, ma'am:' you have no more manners than a cobbler's boy."

"Don't tease the child, my dear—he is crying," said Mr. Morton, more authoritatively than usual. "Come here, my man!" and the worthy uncle took him in his lap, and held his glass of brandy and water to his lips. Sidney, too frightened to refuse, sipped hurriedly, keeping his large eyes fixed on his aunt, as children do when they fear a cuff.

"You spoil the boy more than you do your own flesh and blood," said Mrs. Morton, greatly displeased.

Here Tom, the youngest-born before described, put his mouth to his mother's ear, and whispered, loud enough to be heard by all, "He runs arter the coach 'cause he thinks his ma may be in it. Who's homesick, I should like to know? Ba! baa!"

The boy pointed his finger over his mother's shoulder, and the other children burst into a loud giggle.

"Leave the room, all of you—leave the room?" said Mr. Morton, rising angrily and stamping his foot.

The children, who were in great awe of their father, huddled and hustled each other to the door; but Tom, who went last, bold in his mother's favour, popped his head through the doorway, and cried, "Good-bye, little homesick?"

A sudden slap in the face from his father changed his chuckle into a very different kind of music, and a loud, indignant sob was heard without for some moments after the door was closed.

"If that's the way you behave to your children, Mr. Morton, I vow you sha'n't have any more if I can help it. Don't come near me—don't touch me!" and Mrs. Morton assumed the resentful air of offended beauty.

"Pshaw!" growled the spouse; and he reseated himself and resumed his pipe. There was a dead silence. Sidney crouched near his uncle, looking very pale. Mrs. Morton, who was knitting, knitted away with the excited energy of nervous irritation.

"Ring the bell, Sidney," said Mr. Morton. The boy obeyed—the parlour-maid entered. "Take Master Sidney to his room; keep the boys away from him, and give him a large slice of bread and jam, Martha."

"Jam, indeed! Treacle," said Mrs. Morton.

"Jam, Martha!" repeated the uncle, authoritatively.

"Treacle!" reiterated the aunt.

"Jam, I say!"

"Treacle, you hear: and, for that matter Martha has no jam to give!"

The husband had nothing more to say.

"Good-night, Sidney; there's a good boy, go and kiss your aunt and make your bow; and, I say, my lad, don't mind those plagues. I'll talk to them to-morrow, that I will; no one shall be unkind to you in my house."

Sidney muttered something, and went timidly up to Mrs. Morton. His look, so gentle and subdued; his eyes full of tears; his pretty mouth, which, though silent, pleaded so eloquently; his willingness to forgive, and his wish to be forgiven, might have melted many a heart harder, perhaps, than Mrs. Morton's. But there reigned, what is worse than hardness, prejudice and wounded vanity—maternal vanity. His contrast to her own rough, coarse children grated on her, and set the teeth of her mind on edge.

"There, child, don't tread on my gown; you are so awkward: say your prayers, and don't throw off the counterpane! I don't like slovenly boys."

Sidney put his finger in his mouth, drooped, and vanished.

"Now, Mrs. M.," said Mr. Morton abruptly, and knocking out the ashes of his pipe, "now, Mrs. M., one word for all: I have told you that I promised poor Catharine to be a father to that child, and it goes to my heart to see him so snubbed. Why you dislike him I can't guess for the life of me; I never saw a sweeter-tempered child."

"Go on, sir—go on: make your personal reflections on your own lawful wife. They don't hurt me—oh, no, not at all! Sweet-tempered, indeed! I suppose your own children are not sweet-tempered?"

"That's neither here nor there," said Mr. Morton; "my own children are such as God made them, and I am very well satisfied."

"Indeed, you may be proud of such a family; and to think of the pains I have taken with them, and how I have saved you in nurses, and the bad times I have had; and now, to find their noses put out of joint, by that little mischief-making interloper—it is too bad of you, Mr. Morton; you will break my heart, that you will!"

Mrs. Morton put her handkerchief to her eyes and sobbed.

The husband was moved; he got up and attempted to take her hand. "Indeed, Margaret I did not intend to vex you."

"And I, who have been such a fa—fa—faithful wi—wi—wife, and brought you such a deal of mon—mon—monee, and always stud—stud—studied your interests; many's the time when you have been fast asleep, that I have sat up half the night men—men—mending the house linen; and you have not been the same man, Roger, since that boy came!"

"Well, well!" said the good man, quite overcome, and fairly taking her round the waist and kissing her, "no words between us; it makes life quite unpleasant. If it pains you to have Sidney here, I will put him to some school in the

town where they'll be kind to him. Only, if you would, Margaret, for my sake—old girl! come, now! there's a darling!—just be more tender with him. You see he frets so after his mother. Think how little Tom would fret if he was away from you! Poor little Tom!"

"La! Mr. Morton, you are such a man! there's no resisting your ways! You know how to come over me, don't you?"

And Mrs. Morton smiled benignly as she escaped from his conjugal arms and smoothed her cap.

Peace thus restored, Mr. Morton refilled his pipe, and the good lady after a pause, resumed, in a very mild, conciliatory tone,

"I'll tell you what it is, Roger, that vexes me with that there child. He is so deceitful, and he does tell such fibs!"

"Fibs! That is a very bad fault," said Mr. Morton, gravely. "That must be corrected."

"It was but the other day that I saw him break a pane of glass in the shop; and, when I taxed him with it, he denied it; and with such a face! I can't abide story-telling."

"Let me know the next story he tells; I'll cure him," said Mr. Morton, sternly. "You know how I broke Tom of it. Spare the rod and spoil the child. And when I promised to be kind to the boy, of course I did not mean that I was not to take care of his morals, and see that he grew up an honest man. Tell truth and shame the devil—that's my motto."

"Spoke like yourself, Roger!" said Mrs. Morton, with great animation. "But you see he has not had the advantage of such a father as you. I wonder your sister don't write to you. Some people make a great fuss about their feelings; but out of sight out of mind."

"I hope she is not ill. Poor Catharine! she looked in a very bad way when she was here," said Mr. Morton, and he turned uneasily to the fire place and sighed.

Here the servant entered with the supper-tray, and the conversation fell upon other topics.

Mrs. Roger Morton's charge against Sidney was, alas! too true! He had acquired under that roof a terrible habit of telling stories. He had never incurred that vice with his mother, because then and there he had nothing to fear; now he had every thing to fear; the grim aunt—even the quiet, cold, austere uncle—the apprentices—the strange servants—and, oh! more than all, those hard-eyed, loud-laughing tormentors, the boys of his own age! Naturally timid, severity made him actually a coward; and, when the nerves tremble, a lie sounds as surely as, when I vibrate that wire, the bell at the end of it will ring. Beware of the man who has been roughly treated as a child.

The day after the conference just narrated, Mr. Morton, who was subject to erysipelas, had taken a little cooling medicine. He breakfasted, therefore, later than usual—after the rest of the family; and at this meal—pour lui soulager—he ordered the luxury of a muffin. Now it so chanced that he had only finished half the muffin and drank one cup of tea, when he was called into the shop by a customer of great importance: a prosy old lady, who always gave her orders with remarkable precision, and who valued herself on a character for affability, which she maintained by never buying a penny riband, without asking the shopman how all his family were, and talking news about every other family in the place. At the time Mr. Morton left the parlour, Sidney and Master Tom were therein, seated on two stools, and casting up division sums on their respective

slates; a point of education to which Mr. Morton attended with great care. As soon as his father's back was turned, Master Tom's eyes wandered from the slate to the muffin, as it leered at him from the slop-basin. Never did Pythian sibyl, seated above the bubbling spring, utter more oracular eloquence to her priest than did that muffin—at least the parts of it yet extant—utter to the fascinated senses of Master Tom. First he sighed; then he moved round on his stool; then he got up; then he peered at the muffin from a respectful distance; then he gradually approached, and walked round, and round, and round it, his eyes getting bigger and bigger; then he peeped through the glass-door into the shop, and saw his father busily engaged with the old lady; then he began to calculate and philosophise—perhaps his father had done breakfast; perhaps he would not come back at all; if he came back, he would not miss one corner of the muffin; and if he did miss it, why should Tom be supposed to have taken it? As he thus communed with himself, he drew nearer to the fatal vortex, and at last, with a desperate plunge, he seized the triangular temptation:

"And ere a man had power to say 'Behold,'
The jaws of Thomas had devoured it up."

Sidney, disturbed from his studies by the agitation of his companion, witnessed this proceeding with great and conscientious alarm. "Oh, Tom!" said he, "what will your papa say!"

"Look at that!" said Tom, putting his fist under Sidney's reluctant nose. "If father misses it, you will say the cat took it. If you don't, my eye! what a wapping I will give you!"

Here Mr. Morton's voice was heard wishing the lady "Good-morning!" and Master Tom, thinking it better to leave the credit of the invention solely to Sidney, whispered, "Say I am gone up stairs for my pocket-handker," and hastily absconded.

Mr. Morton, already in a very bad humour, partly at the effects of the cooling medicine, partly at the suspension of his breakfast, stalked into the parlour. His tea—the second cup already poured out—was cold. He turned towards the muffin, and missed the lost piece at a glance.

"Who has been at my muffin!" said he in a voice that seemed to Sidney like the voice he had already supposed an ogre to possess. "Have you, Master Sidney!"

"N—n—no, sir; indeed, sir!"

"Then Tom has. Where is he?"

"Gone up stairs for his handkerchief, sir."

"Did he take my muffin? Speak the truth!"

"No, sir; it was the—it was the—the cat, sir!"

"Oh you wicked, wicked boy!" cried Mrs. Morton, who had followed her husband into the shop: "the cat kittened last night, and is locked up in the coal-cellar!"

"Come here, Master Sidney! No first go down, Margaret, and see if the cat is in the cellar; it might have got out, Mrs. M." said Mr. Morton, just even in his wrath.

Mrs. Morton went, and there was a dead silence, except, indeed, in Sidney's heart, which beat louder than a clock ticks. Mr. Morton, meanwhile, went to a little cupboard: while still there, Mrs. Morton returned: the cat *was* in the cellar—the key turned on her—in no mood to eat muffins, poor thing!—she would not even lap her milk! Like her mistress, she had had a very bad time!

"Now come here, sir!" said Mr. Morton, withdrawing himself from the cupboard, with a

small horsewhip in his hand. "I will teach you how to speak the truth in future! Confess that you have told a lie!"

"Yes, sir, it was a lie! Pray—pray forgive me; but Tom made me!"

"What! when poor Tom is up stairs? Worse and worse!" said Mrs. Morton, lifting up her hands and eyes. "What a viper!"

"For shame, boy, for shame! Take that—and that—and that—"

Writhing, shrinking, still more terrified than hurt, the poor child cowered beneath the lash.

"Mamma! mamma!" he cried at last, "oh why—why did you leave me?"

At these words Mr. Morton stayed his hand—the whip fell to the ground.

"Yet it is all for the boy's good," he muttered. "There, child, I hope this is the last time. There, you are not much hurt. Zounds, don't cry so!"

"He will alarm the whole street," said Mrs. Morton: "I never see such a child! Here take this parcel to Mrs. Birnie's—you know the house—only next street, and dry your eyes before you get there. Don't go through the shop, this way out."

She pushed the child, still sobbing with vehemence that she could not comprehend, through the private passage into the street, and returned to her husband.

"You are convinced now, Mr. M.?"

"Pshaw! ma'am, don't talk. But, to be sure, that's how I cured Tom of fibbing. The tea's as cold as a stone!"

CHAPTER IV.

"La bien nous le faisons; le mal c'est la Fortune,
On a toujours raison, le Destin toujours tort."
LA FONTAINE.

Upon the early morning of the day commemorated by the historical events of our last chapter, two men were deposited by a branch coach at the inn of a hamlet about ten miles distant from the town in which Mr. Roger Morton resided. Though the hamlet was small, the inn was large, for it was placed close by a huge finger-post that pointed to three great roads; one led to the town before mentioned; another to the heart of a manufacturing district; and a third to a populous seaport. The weather was fine, and the two travellers ordered breakfast to be taken into an arbour in the garden, as well as the basins and towels necessary for ablution. The elder of the travellers appeared to be unequivocally foreign; you would have guessed him at once for a German. He wore what was then very uncommon in this country, a loose brown linen *blouse*, buttoned to the chin, with a leathern belt, into which were stuck a German meerschaum and a tobacco pouch. He had very long flaxen hair, false or real, that streamed half way down his back, large light mustaches, and a rough, sunburned complexion, which made the fairness of the hair more remarkable. He wore an enormous pair of green spectacles, and complained much, in broken English, of the weakness of his eyes. All about him, even to the smallest minutiae, indicated the German; not only the large, muscular frame, the broad feet, and vast though well-shaped hands, but the brooch—evidently purchased of a Jew in some great fair—stuck ostentatiously and superfluously into his stock; the quaint, droll-looking carpet-bag, which he refused to trust to the boots; and the great, massive, dingy ring which he wore on his fore-finger. The other was a slender, remarka-

bly upright and sinewy youth, in a blue frock, over which was thrown a large cloak; a travelling cap, with a shade that concealed all of the upper part of his face except a dark, quick eye of uncommon fire, and a shawl handkerchief, which was equally useful in concealing the lower part of the countenance. On descending from the coach, the German, with some difficulty, made the hostler understand that he wanted a post-chaise in a quarter of an hour; and then, without entering the house, he and his friend strolled to the arbour. While the maid-servant was covering the table with bread, butter, tea, eggs, and a huge round of beef, the German was busy in washing his hands, and talking in his national tongue to the young man, who returned no answer. But, as soon as the servant had completed her operations, the foreigner turned round, and, observing her eyes fixed on his brooch with much female admiration, he made one stride to her.

"Der Teufel, mein goot madchen, but you are von var—pretty—vat you call it?" and he gave her, as he spoke, so hearty a smack, that the girl was more flustered than flattered by the courtesy.

"Keep yourself to yourself, sir!" said she, very tartly—for chambermaids never like to be kissed by middle-aged gentlemen when a younger one is by: whereupon the German replied by a pinch—it is immaterial to state the exact spot to which that delicate caress was directed. But this last offence was so inexpiable, that the "madchen" bounced off with a face of scarlet, and a "Sir, you are no gentleman—that's what you arn't!" The German thrust his head out of the arbour, and followed her with a loud laugh; then, drawing himself in again, he said, in quite another accent and in excellent English, "There, Master Philip, we have got rid of the girl for the rest of the morning, and that's exactly what I wanted to do; women's wits are confoundedly sharp. Well, did I not tell you right; we have baffled all the bloodhounds!"

"And here, then, Gawtreys, we are to part," said Philip mournfully.

"I wish you would think better of it my boy," returned Mr. Gawtreys, breaking an egg; "how can you shift for yourself—no kith nor kin—not even that important machine for giving advice called a friend—no, not a friend, when I am gone? I foresee how it must end. [D— it, salt butter, by Jove!]"

"If I were alone in the world, as I have told you again and again, perhaps I might pin my fate to yours. But my brother!"

"There it is; always wrong when we act from our feelings. My whole life, which some day or other I will tell you, proves that. Your brother—bah! Is he not very well off with his own uncle and aunt? Plenty to eat and drink, I dare say. Come, man, you must be as hungry as a hawk—a slice of the beef. Let well alone, and shift for yourself. What good can you do your brother?"

"I don't know, but I must see him; I have sworn it."

"Well, go and see him, and then strike across the country to me. I will wait a day for you—there, now!"

"But tell me first," said Philip, very earnestly, and fixing his dark eyes on his companion, "tell me—yes, I must speak frankly—tell me, you who would link my fortune with your own—tell me what and who are you?"

"Gawtreys looked up.

"What do you suppose?" said he, drily.

"I fear to suppose anything, lest I wrong

you: but the strange place to which you took me the evening on which you saved me from pursuit—the persons I met there—”

“Well-dressed, and very civil to you?”

“True; but with a certain wild looseness in their talk that—But I have no right to judge others by mere appearance. Nor is it this that has made me anxious, and if you will, suspicious.”

“What then?”

“Your dress, your disguise.”

“Disguised yourself! ha! ha! Behold the world's charity! You fly from some danger, some pursuit, disguised—you, who hold yourself guiltless: I do the same, and you hold me criminal—a robber, perhaps—a murderer, it may be! I will tell you what I am: I am a son of Fortune—an adventurer; I live by my wits—so do poets and lawyers, and all the charlatans of the world; I am a charlatan—a chameleon. ‘Each man in his time plays many parts;’ I play any part in which the Manager of the Vast Boards—Money—promises me a livelihood. Are you satisfied?”

“Perhaps,” answered the boy, sadly, “when I know more of the world, I shall understand you better. Strange, strange, that you out of all men should have been kind to me in distress!”

“Not at all strange. Ask the beggar whom he gets the most pence from: the fine lady in her carriage, the beau smelling Eau de Cologne? Pish! the people nearest to being beggars themselves keep the beggar alive. You were friendless, and the man who has all earth for a foe befriends you. It is the way of the world, sir—the way of the world. Come, eat while you can, this time next year you may have no beef to your bread.”

Thus masticating and moralising at the same time, Mr. Gawtreys finished a breakfast that would have astonished the whole Corporation of London; and then taking out a large old watch with an enameled back—doubtless more German than its master—he said, as he lifted up his carpet-bag, “I must be off—*tempus fugit*, and I must arrive just in time to nick the vessels. Shall get to Ostend or Rotterdam safe and snug, thence to Paris. How my pretty Fan will have grown! Ah; you don't know Fan; make you a nice little wife one of these days! Cheer up, man, we shall meet again. Be sure of it; and, hark ye, that strange place, as you call it, where I took you—you can find it again!

“Not I.”

“Here, then, is the address. Whenever you want me, go there; ask to see Mr. Gregg—old fellow with one eye, you recollect—shake him by the hand just so—you catch the trick—practise it again. No, the fore-finger thus—that's right. Say ‘blater,’ no more—‘blater’—stay, I will write it down for you—and then ask for William Gawtreys's direction. He will give it to you at once, without questions, these signs understood; and, if you want money for your passage, he will give you that also, with advice into the bargain. Always a warm welcome with me. And so take care of yourself, and good-bye. I see my chaise is at the door.”

As he spoke, Gawtreys shook the young man's hand with cordial vigour, and strode off to his chaise, muttering, “Money well laid out—fee money; I shall have him, and, Gad, I like him—poor devil!”

CHAPTER V.

“He is a cunning coachman that can turn well in a narrow room.”—*Old Play: from LAMB'S Specimen.*

“Here are two pilgrims,
And neither knows one footstep of the way.”
HATWOOD'S Duties of Selfish. Ibid.

The chaise had scarce driven from the inn door, when a coach stopped to change horses on its last stage to the town to which Philip was bound. The name of the destination in gilt letters on the coach-door, caught his eye as he walked from the harbour towards the road, and in a few moments he was seated as the fourth passenger in the “Nelson Slow and Sure.” From under the shade of his cap he darted that quick, quiet glance which a man who hunts or is hunted—in other words, who observes or shuns—soon acquires. At his left hand sat a young woman in a cloak lined with yellow; she had taken off her bonnet and pinned it to the roof of the coach, and looked fresh and pretty in a silk handkerchief which she had tied round her head, probably to serve as a nightcap during the drowsy length of the journey. Opposite to her was a middle-aged man of pale complexion, and a grave, pensive, studious expression of face; and *vis-a-vis* to Philip sat an overdressed, showy, very good-looking man of about two or three-and-forty. This gentleman wore auburn whiskers, which met at the chin; a foraging cap, with a gold tassel; a velvet waistcoat, across which, in various folds, hung a golden chain, at the end of which dangled an eyeglass, that from time to time he screwed, as it were, into his right eye; he wore, also, a blue silk stock, with a frill much crumpled; dirty kid gloves; and over his lap lay a cloak lined with red silk. As Philip glanced towards this personage, the latter fixed his glass also at him with a scrutinising stare, which drew fire from Philip's dark eyes. The man dropped his glass, and said, in a half provincial, half *haw-haw* tone, like the stage-exquisite of a minor theatre. “Pawdon me, and split legs!” therewith stretching himself between Philip's limbs, in the approved fashion of inside passengers! A young man in a white greatcoat now came to the door with a glass of warm sherry and water.

“You must take this—you *must* now; it will keep the cold out,” (the day was broiling,) said he to the young woman.

“Gracious me!” was the answer, “but I never drink wine of a morning, James; it will get into my head.”

“To oblige me!” said the young man, sentimentally; whereupon the young lady took the glass, and, looking very kindly at her Ganymede, said, “Your health!” and sipped, and made a wry face; then she looked at the passengers, tittered, and said, “I can't bear wine!” and so, very slowly and daintily, supped up the rest. A silent and expressive squeeze of the hand, on returning the glass, rewarded the young man, and proved the salutary effect of his prescription.

“All right!” cried the coachman: the hostler twitched the cloths from the leaders, and away went the “Nelson Slow and Sure,” with as much pretension as if it had meant to do the ten miles in an hour. The pale gentleman took from his waistcoat-pocket a little box containing gum Arabic, and, having inserted a couple of morsels between his lips, he next drew forth a little thin volume, which, from the manner the lines were printed, was evidently devoted to poetry.

The smart gentleman, who, since the episode of the sherry and water, had kept his glass fixed upon the young lady, now said, with a genteel

smirk, “That young gentleman seems very attentive, miss!”

“He is a very good young man, sir, and takes great care of me.”

“Not your brother, miss, eh?”

“La, sir, why not?”

“No family likeness—noice-looking fellow enough! But your oyes and mouth—ah miss!”

Miss turned away her head and uttered with pert vivacity,

“I never likes compliments, sir! But the young man is not my brother.”

“A sweetheart, eh?” Oh fy, miss! Haw! haw! and the auburn-whiskered Adonis Philip in the knee with one hand, and the pale gentleman in the ribs with the other. The latter looked up, and reproachfully; the former drew in his legs, and uttered an angry ejaculation.

“Well, sir, there is no harm in a sweetheart, is there?”

“None in the least, ma'am; I advise you to double the dose. We often hear of two strings to a bow. Daun't you think it would be noicer to have two *beaux* to your string?”

As he thus wittily expressed himself, the gentleman took off his cap, and thrust his fingers through a very curling and comely head of hair; the young lady looked at him with evident coquetry, and said, “How you *do* run on, you gentlemen!”

“I may well run on, miss, as long as I run aufter you,” was the gallant reply.

Here the pale gentleman, evidently annoyed by being talked across, shut his book up and looked round. His eye rested on Philip, who, whether from the heat of the day or from the forgetfulness of thought, had pushed his cap from his brows; and the gentleman, after staring at him for a few moments with great earnestness, sighed so heavily that it attracted the notice of all the passengers.

“Are you unwell, sir?” asked the young lady, compassionately.

“A little pain in my side—nothing more!”

“Change plauces with me, sir,” cried the Lothario, officiously. “Now do!” The pale gentleman, after a short hesitation and a bashful excuse, accepted the proposal. In a few moments the young lady and the beau were in deep and whispered conversation, their heads turned towards the window. The pale gentleman continued to gaze at Philip, till the latter, perceiving the notice he excited, coloured and replaced his cap over his face.

“Are you going to N——?” asked the gentleman, in a gentle, timid voice.

“Yes!”

“Is it the first time you have ever been there?”

“Sir!” returned Philip, in a voice that spoke surprise and distaste at his neighbour's curiosity.

“Forgive me,” said the gentleman, shrinking back; “but you remind me of—of—a family I once knew in the town. Do you know the—the Mortons?”

One in Philip's situation, with, as he supposed, the officers of justice in his track (for Gawtreys, for reasons of his own, rather encouraged than allayed his fears,) might well be suspicious. He replied therefore, shortly, “I am quite a stranger to the town,” and ensconced himself in the corner, as if to take a nap. Alas! that answer was of the many obstacles he was doomed to build between himself and a fairer fate.

The gentleman sighed again, and never spoke more to the end of the journey. When the coach halted at the inn—the same inn which had before

given its shelter to poor Catharine—the young man in the white coat opened the door, and offered his arm to the young lady.

"Do you make any stay here, sir?" said she to the beau, as she unpinned her bonnet from the roof.

"Perhaps so: I am waiting for my phe-aton, which my faellow is to bring down—tauking a little tour."

"We shall be very happy to see you, sir," said the young lady, on whom the phe-aton completed the effect produced by the gentleman's previous gallantries; and with that she dropped a very neat card, on which was printed "Wavers and Snow, Staymakers, High-street," into his hand.

The beau put it gracefully into his pocket, leaped from the coach, nudged aside his rival of the white coat, and offered his arm to the lady, who leaned on it affectionately as she descended.

"This gentleman has been so perlit to me, James," said she. James touched his hat, the beau clapped him on the shoulder: "Ah! you are not a happy man—are you? Oh no, not at all a happy man! Good-day to you! Guard, that hatbox is mine."

While Philip was paying the coachman, the beau passed and whispered him,

"Recollect old Gregg—anything on the lay here!—don't spoil my sport if we meet!" and bustled off into the inn, whistling "God save the King!"

Philip started, then tried to bring to mind the faces which he had seen at the "strange place," and thought he recalled the features of his fellow-traveller. However, he did not seek to renew the acquaintance, but enquired the way to Mr. Morton's house, and thither he now proceeded.

He was directed, as a short cut, down one of those narrow passages at the entrance of which poets are placed, as an indication that they are appropriated solely to foot-passengers. A dead white wall, which screened the garden of the physician of the place, ran on one side; a high fence to a nursery-ground was on the other; the passage was lonely, for it was now the hour when few persons walk either for business or pleasure in a provincial town, and no sound was heard save the fall of his own step on the broad flagstones. At the end of the passage in the main street to which it led, he saw already the large, smart, showy shop, with the hot sun shining full on the gilt letters that conveyed to the eyes of the customer the respectable name of "Morton," when, suddenly, the silence was broken by choked and painful sobs. He turned, and beneath a compo portico, jutting from the wall, which adorned the physician's door, he saw a child seated on the stone steps weeping bitterly: a thrill shot through Philip's heart! Did he recognise, disguised as it was by pain and sorrow, that voice? He paused, and laid his hand on the child's shoulder: "Oh, don't—don't—pray don't—I am going, I am, indeed!" cried the child, quailing, and still keeping his hands clasped before his face.

"Sidney!" said Philip. The boy started to his feet, uttered a cry of rapturous joy, and fell upon his brother's breast.

"Oh, Philip! dear, dear Philip! you are come to take me away back to my own, own mamma; I be so good! I will never tease her again—never, never! I have been so wretched!"

"Sit down, and tell me what they have done to you," said Philip, checking the rising heart that heaved at his mother's name.

So there they sat, on the cold stone under the

stranger's porch, these two orphans: Philip's arm round his brother's waist, Sidney leaning on his shoulder, and imparting to him—perhaps with pardonable exaggeration—all the sufferings he had gone through; and, when he came to that morning's chastisement, and showed the wale across the little hands which he had vainly held up in supplication, Philip's passion shook him from limb to limb. His impulse was to march straight into Mr. Morton's shop and gripe him by the throat; and the indignation he betrayed encouraged Sidney to colour yet more highly the tale of his wrongs and pain.

When he had done, and, clinging tightly to his brother's broad chest, said,

"But never mind, Philip; now we will go home to mamma."

Philip replied,

"Listen to me, my dear brother. We cannot go back to my mother. I will tell you why, later. We are alone in the world—we two! If you will come with me—God help you! for you will have many hardships: we shall have to work and drudge, and you may be cold, and hungry, and tired very often, Sidney—very, very often! But you know that, long ago, when I was so passionate, I never was knowingly unkind to you; and I declare now that I would bite out my tongue rather than it should say a harsh word to you. That is all I can promise. Think well. Will you never miss all the comforts you have now?"

"Comforts!" repeated Sidney, ruefully, and looking at the wale over his hand. "Oh! let—let—let me go with you: I shall die if I stay here. I shall indeed, indeed!"

"Hush!" said Philip; for at that moment a step was heard, and the pale gentleman walked slowly down the passage, and started, and turned his head wistfully as he looked at the boys.

When he was gone, Philip rose.

"It is settled, then," said he, firmly. "Come with me at once. You shall return to their roof no more. Come, quick: we shall have many miles to go to-night."

CHAPTER VI.

"He comes—
Yet careless what he brings; his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn;
And, having dropped the expected bag, pass on—
To him indifferent whether grief or joy."
Cowper: *Description of the Postman.*

The pale gentleman entered Mr. Morton's shop; and looking round him, spied the worthy trader showing shawls to a young lady just married. He seated himself on a stool, and said to the bowing foreman,

"I will wait till Mr. Morton is disengaged."

The young lady, having closely examined seven shawls, and declared they were beautiful, said "she would think of it," and walked away. Mr. Morton now approached the stranger.

"Mr. Morton," said the pale gentleman, "you are very little altered. You do not recollect me?"

"Bless me, Mr. Spencer! is it really you? Well, what a time since we met! I am very glad to see you. And what brings you to N—? business?"

"Yes, business. Let us go within."

Mr. Morton led the way to the parlour, where Master Tom, perched on the stool, was rapidly digesting the plundered muffin. Mr. Morton dismissed him to play, and the pale gentleman took a chair.

"Mr. Morton," said he, glancing over his dress, "you see I am in mourning. It is for

your sister. I never got the better of that early attachment—never."

"My sister! Good Heavens!" said Mr. Morton, turning very pale; "is she dead?—poor Catharine!—and I not know of it! When did she die?"

"Not many days since; and—and—" said Mr. Spencer, greatly affected, "I fear, in want. I had been abroad for some months; on my return last week, looking over the newspapers (for I always order them to be filed), I read the short account of her lawsuit against Mr. Beaufort some time back. I resolved to find her out. I did so through the solicitor she employed: it was too late; I arrived at her lodgings two days after her corpse had left it for the grave. I then determined to visit poor Catharine's brother, and learn if anything could be done for the children she had left behind."

"She left but two. Philip, the elder, is very comfortably placed at R—; the youngest has his home with me; and Mrs. Morton is a moth—that is to say, she takes great pains with him. Ehem! and my poor, poor sister!"

"Is he like his mother?"

"Very much, when she was young—poor, dear Catharine!"

"What age is he?"

"About ten, perhaps—I don't know exactly—much younger than the other. And so she's dead!"

"Mr. Morton, I am an old bachelor" (here a sickly smile crossed Mr. Spencer's face); "a small portion of my fortune is settled, it is true, on my relations; but the rest is mine, and I live within my income. The elder one is probably old enough to begin to take care of himself. But the younger—perhaps you have a family of your own and can spare him?"

Mr. Morton hesitated, and twitched up his trowsers.

"Why," said he, "this is very kind in you. I don't know—we'll see. The boy is out now; come and dine with us at two—pot-luck. Well, so she is no more!—heighho! Meanwhile, I'll talk it over with Mrs. M."

"I will be with you," said Mr. Spencer, rising.

"Ah!" sighed Mr. Morton, "if Catharine had but married you, she would have been a happy woman."

"I would have tried to make her so," said Mr. Spencer, as he turned away his face and took his departure.

Two o'clock came, but no Sidney. They had sent to the place whither he had been despatched: he had never arrived there. Mr. Morton grew alarmed; and, when Mr. Spencer came to dinner, his host was gone in search of the truant. He did not return till three. Doomed that day to be belated both at breakfast and dinner, this decided him to part with Sidney whenever he should be found. Mrs. Morton was persuaded that the child only sulked, and would come back fast enough when he was hungry. Mr. Spencer tried to believe her, and ate his mutton, which was burned to a cinder; but when five, six, seven o'clock came, and the boy was still missing, even Mrs. Morton agreed that it was high time to institute a regular search. The whole family set off different ways. It was ten o'clock before they were reunited; and then, all the news picked up was, that a boy answering Sidney's description had been seen with a young man in three several parts of the town; the last time at the outskirts, on the high road towards the manu-

facturing districts. These tidings so far relieved Mr. Morton's mind, that he dismissed the chilling fear that crept there—that Sidney might have drowned himself. Boys will drown themselves sometimes! The description of the young man coincided so remarkably with the fellow-passenger of Mr. Spencer, that he did not doubt it was the same; the more so when he recollected having seen him with a fair-haired child under the portico; and yet more when he recalled the likeness to Catharine that had struck him in the coach, and caused the inquiry that had roused Philip's suspicion. The mystery was thus made clear: Sidney had fled with his brother. Nothing more, however, could be done that night. The next morning active measures should be devised; and, when the morning came, the mail brought to Mr. Morton the two following letters. The first was from Arthur Beaufort,

"Sir,—I have only been prevented by severe illness from writing to you before. I can now scarcely hold a pen; but, the instant my health is recovered, I shall be with you at N—.

"On her deathbed, the mother of the boy under your charge, Sidney Morton, committed him solemnly to me, the heir and representative of his father. I make his fortunes my care, and shall hasten to claim him at your kindly hands. But the elder son—this poor Philip, who has suffered so unjustly; for our lawyer has seen Mr. Plaskwith, and heard the whole story—what has become of him? All our enquiries have failed to track him. Alas! I was too ill to institute them myself while it was yet time. Perhaps he may have sought shelter with you, his uncle; if so, assure him that he is in no danger from the pursuit of the law; that his innocence is fully recognised; and that my father and myself implore him to accept our affection. I can write no more now, but in a few days I shall hope to see you.

"I am, sir, &c.

"ARTHUR BEAUFORT.

"Berkeley Square."

The second letter was from Mr. Plaskwith, and ran thus:

"Dear Morton,—Something very awkward has happened—not my fault, and very unpleasant for me. Your relation, Philip, as I wrote you word, was a painstaking lad, though odd and bad mannered—for want, perhaps, poor boy, of being taught better; and Mrs. P. is, you know, a very genteel woman—women go too much by manners—so she never took much to him. However, to the point, as the French emperor used to say: one evening he asked me for money for his mother, who, he said, was ill, in a very insolent way—I may say, threatening. It was in my own shop, and before Plimmins and Mrs. P.; I was forced to answer with dignified rebuke, and left the shop. When I returned, he was gone, and some shillings—fourteen, I think, and three sovereigns—evidently from the till, scattered on the floor. Mrs. P. and Mr. Plimmins were very much frightened; thought it was clear I was robbed, and that we were to be murdered. Plimmins slept below that night, and we borrowed butcher Johnson's dog. Nothing happened. I did not think I was robbed, because the money, when we came to calculate, was all right. I know human nature: he had thought to take it, but repented—quite clear. However, I was naturally very angry—thought he'd come back again—meant to reprove him properly—waited several days—heard nothing of him—grew uneasy—would not attend longer to Mrs. P. (for as Napo-

leon Bonaparte observed, 'women are well in *their* way, not in *ours*')—made Plimmins go with me to town—hired a Bow-street runner to track him out—cost me £1 1s. and two glasses of brandy and water. Poor Mrs. Morton was just buried—quite shocked! Suddenly saw the boy in the streets. Plimmins rushed forward in the kindest way—was knocked down—hurt his arm—paid 2s. 6d. for lotion. Philip ran off—we ran after him—could not find him. Forced to return home. Next day, a lawyer from a Mr. Beaufort—Mr. George Blackwell, a gentleman-like man called. Mr. Beaufort will do anything for him in reason. Is there anything more I can do? I really am very uneasy about the lad, and Mrs. P. and I have a tiff about it; but that's nothing—thought I had best write to you for instructions.

"Yours truly,

"C. PLASKWITH.

"P. S.—Just open my letter to say, Bow-street officer just been here—has found out that the boy has been seen with a very suspicious character: they think he has left London. Bow-street officer wants to go after him—very expensive: so now you can decide."

Mr. Spencer scarce listened to the former letter, but of the latter he felt jealous. He would fain have been the only protector to Catharine's children; but he was the last man fitted to head the search, now so necessary to prosecute with equal tact and energy.

A soft-hearted, soft-headed man—a confirmed valetudinarian—a day-dreamer, who had wasted away his life in dawdling and maudering over simple poetry, and sighing over his unhappy attachment—no child, no babe, was so thoroughly helpless as Mr. Spencer.

The task of investigation devolved, therefore, on Mr. Morton, and he went about it in a regular, plain, straight-forward way. Handbills were circulated, constables employed, and a lawyer, accompanied by Mr. Spencer, despatched to the manufacturing districts, towards which the orphans had been seen to direct their path.

CHAPTER VII.

"Give the gentle South
Yet leave to court those fairies."
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *Beggar's Bush*.

"Cut your cloth, sir,
According to your calling."—*Ibid.*

Meanwhile the brothers were far away, and He who feeds the young ravens made their paths pleasant to their feet. Philip had broken to Sidney the sad news of their mother's death, and Sidney had wept with bitter passion. But children, what can *they* know of death? Their tears over graves dry sooner than the dews. It is melancholy to compare the depth, the endurance, the far-sighted, anxious, prayerful love of a parent, with the inconsiderate, frail, and evanescent affection of the infant, whose eyes the hues of the butterfly yet dazzle with delight. It was the night of their flight, and in the open air, when Philip (his arms round Sidney's waist) told his brother-orphan that they were motherless. And the air was balmy, the skies filled with the effulgent presence of the August moon: the cornfields stretched round them wide and far, and not a leaf trembled on the beech-tree beneath which they had sought shelter. It seemed as if Nature herself smiled pityingly on their young sorrow, and said to them, "Grieve not for the dead: I, who live for ever, I will be your mother!"

They crept, as the night deepened, into the warmer sleeping-place afforded by stacks of hay, mown that summer, and still fragrant. And the next morning the birds woke them betimes, to feel that Liberty, at least, was with them, and to wander with her at will.

Who in his boyhood has not felt the delight of freedom and adventure—to have the world of woods and sward before him—to escape restriction—to lean, for the first time, on his own resources—to rejoice in the wild but manly luxury of independence—to act the Crusoe—and to fancy a Friday in every footprint—an island of his own in every field? Yes, in spite of their desolation their loss, of the melancholy past, of the friendless future, the orphans were happy; happy in their youth, their freedom, their love, their wanderings in the delicious air of the glorious August. Sometimes they came upon knots of reapers lingering in the shade of the hedgerows over their noonday meal; and, grown sociable by travel and bold by safety, they joined and partook of the rude fare with the zest of fatigue and youth. Sometimes, too, at night, they saw, gleam afar and red by the wood-side, the fires of gipsy tents. But these, with the superstition derived from old nursery tales, they scrupulously shunned, eyeing them with a mysterious awe! What heavenly twilights belong to that golden month! the air so lucidly serene, as the purple of the clouds fades gradually away, and up soars, broad, round, intense, and luminous, the full moon which belongs to the joyous season! The fields then are greener than in the heats of July and June; they have got back the luxury of a second spring. And still, beside the paths of the travellers, lingered on the hedges the clustering honeysuckle; the convolvulus glittered in the tangles of the brake; the hardy heath-flower smiled on the green waste.

And ever, at evening, they came, field after field, upon those circles which recall to children so many charmed legends, and are fresh and frequent in that month—the Fairy rings! They thought, poor boys, that it was a good omen, and half fancied that the fairies protected them, as in the old time they had often protected the desolate and outcast.

They avoided the main roads, and all towns, with suspicious care. But sometimes they paused, for food and rest, at the obscure hostels of some scattered hamlets; though, more often, they loved to spread the simple food they purchased by the way under some thick tree, or beside a stream, through whose limpid waters they could watch the trout glide and play. And they often preferred the chance-shelter of a haystack or a shed to the less romantic repose afforded by the small inns they alone dared to enter. They went, in this, much by the face and voice of the host or hostess. Once only Philip had entered a town, on the second day of their flight, and that solely for the purchase of ruder clothes, and a change of linen for Sidney, with some implements of use necessary in their present course of shift and welcome hardship. A wise precaution; for, thus clad, they escaped suspicion.

So journeying, they consumed several days; and, having taken a direction quite opposite to that which led to the manufacturing districts, whither pursuit had been directed, they were now in the centre of another county—in the neighbourhood of one of the most considerable towns of England: and here Philip began to think their wanderings ought to cease, and it was time to settle on some definite course of life. He had carefully hoarded about his person, and most

thriftily managed, the little fortune bequeathed by his mother. But Philip looked on this capital as a deposit sacred to Sidney; it was not to be spent, but kept and augmented—the nucleus for future wealth. Within the last few weeks his character was greatly ripened, and his powers of thought enlarged. He was no more a boy, he was a man; he had another life to take care of. He resolved, then, to enter the town they were approaching, and to seek for some situation by which he might maintain both. Sidney was very loth to abandon their present roving life; but he allowed that the warm weather could not always last, and that in winter the fields would be less pleasant. He therefore, with a sigh, yielded to his brother's reasonings.

They entered the fair and busy town of — one day at noon; and, after finding a small lodging, at which he deposited Sidney, who was fatigued with their day's work, Philip sallied forth alone.

After his long rambling, Philip was pleased and struck with the broad, bustling streets, the gay shops—the evidences of opulence and trade. He thought it hard if he could not find there a market for the health and heart of sixteen. He strolled slowly and alone along the streets till his attention was caught by a small corner-shop, in the window of which was placed a board bearing this inscription:

**"OFFICE FOR EMPLOYMENT.—RECIPROCAL
ADVANTAGE."**

"Mr. John Clump's bureau open every day from ten till four. Clerks, servants, labourers, &c., provided with suitable situations. Terms moderate. N. B.—The oldest established office in the town.

"Wanted, a good cook. An under-gardener."

What he sought was here. Philip entered, and saw a short, fat man, with spectacles, seated before a desk, poring upon the well-filled leaves of a long register.

"Sir," said Philip, "I wish for a situation; I don't care what."

"Half a crown for entry, if you please. That's right. Now for particulars. Hum! you don't look like a servant!"

"No; I wish for any place where my education can be of use. I can read, write—I know Latin and French—I can draw—I know arithmetic and summing."

"Very well; very genteel young man—prepossessing appearance (that's a fudge!)—highly educated—usher in a school, eh?"

"What you like."

"References?"

"I have none."

"Eh! none?" and Mr. Clump fixed his spectacles full upon Philip.

Philip was prepared for the question, and had the art to perceive that a frank reply was his best policy. "The fact is," said he, boldly, "I was well brought up; my father died; I was bound apprentice to a trade I disliked; I left it, and have now no friends."

"If I can help you, I will," said Mr. Clump, coldly, "Can't promise much. If you were a labourer, character might not matter; but educated young men must have a character. Hands always more useful than head. Education no avail nowadays—common, quite common. Call again on Monday."

Somewhat disappointed and chilled, Philip turned from the bureau; but he had a strong

confidence in his own resources, and recovered his spirits as he mingled with the throng. He passed at length by a livery-stable, and paused, from old associations, as he saw a groom in the news attempting to manage a young, hot horse, evidently unbroken. The master of the stables, in a green short jacket and top boots, with a long whip in his hand, was standing by, with one or two men who looked like horsedealers.

"Come off, clumsy! You can't manage that 'ere fine hanimal," cried the liveryman. "Ah! he's a lamb, sir, if he were backed properly. But I has not a man in the yard as can ride since Will died. Come off, I say, lubber!"

But to come off without being thrown off was more easily said than done. The horse was now plunging as if Juno had sent her gadfly to him; and Philip, interested and excited, came nearer, and nerear, till he stood by the side of the horsedealers. The other hostlers ran to the help of their comrade, who, at last, with white lips and shaking knees, found himself on *terra firma*; while the horse, snorting hard, and rubbing his head against the breast and arms of the hostler who held him tightly by the rein, seemed to ask, in his own way, "Are there any more of you?"

A suspicion that the horse was an old acquaintance crossed Philip's mind; he went up to him, and a white spot over the left eye confirmed his doubts. It had been a foal reserved and reared for his own riding; one that, in his prosperous day, had ate bread from his hand, and followed him round the paddock like a dog; one that he had mounted in sport, without saddle, when his father's back was turned: a friend, in short, of the happy *lang syne*; nay, the very friend to whom he had boasted his affection, when, standing with Arthur Beaufort under the summer sky, the whole world seemed to him full of friends. He put his hand on the horse's neck, and whispered, "Soho! So, Billy!" and the horse turned sharp round with a quick, joyous neigh.

"If you please, sir," said Philip, appealing to the liveryman, "I will undertake to ride this horse, and take him over yon leaping-bar. Just let me try him."

"There's a fine-spirited lad for you!" said the liveryman, much pleased at the offer. "Now, gentlemen, did I not tell you that ere hanimal had no vice if he was properly managed?"

The horsedealers shook their heads.

"May I give him some bread first?" asked Philip; and the hostler was despatched to the house. Meanwhile, the animal evinced various signs of pleasure and recognition as Philip stroked and talked to him; and, finally, when he ate the bread from the young man's hands, the whole yard seemed in as much delight and surprise as if they had witnessed one of Monsieur Van Amburgh's exploits.

And now Philip, still caressing him, slowly and cautiously mounted; the horse made one bound half across the yard—a bound which sent all the horsedealers into a corner—and then went through his paces, one after the other, with as much ease and calm as if he had been broke in at Mr. Fozard's to carry a young lady. And when he crowned all by going thrice over the leaping-bar, and Philip, dismounting, threw the reins to the hostler, and turned triumphantly to the horse-dealer, that gentleman slapped him on the back, and said emphatically, "Sir, you are a man! and I am proud to see you here."

Meanwhile, the horsedealers gathered round the animal; looked at his hoofs, felt his legs, examined his windpipe, and concluded the bargain,

which, but for Philip, would have been very abruptly broken off. When the horse was led out of the yard, the liveryman, Mr. Stubmore, turned to Philip, who, leaning against the wall, followed the poor animal with mournful eyes.

"My good sir, you have sold that horse for me—that you have! Anything as I can do for you? One good turn deserves another. Here's a brace of shiners."

"Thank you, sir; I want no money, but I do want some employment. I can be of use to you, perhaps, in your establishment. I have been brought up among horses all my life."

"Saw it, sir! that's very clear. I say that 'ere horse knows you!" and the dealer put his finger to his nose. "Quite right to be mum! He came from an old customer of mine—famous rider!—Mr. Beaufort. Aha! that's where you knew him, I 'spose. Were you in his stables?"

"Hem—I knew Mr. Beaufort well."

"Did you? You could not know a better man. Well, I shall be very glad to engage you, though you seem, by your hands, to be a bit of a gentleman, eh? Never mind; don't want you to groom, but superintend things. D'ye know how to keep accounts, eh?"

"Yes."

"Character?"

Philip repeated to Mr. Stubmore the story he had imparted to Mr. Clump. Somehow or other, men who live much with horses are always more lax in their notions than the rest of mankind. Mr. Stubmore did not seem to grow more distant at Philip's narration.

"Understand you perfectly, my man. Brought up with them 'ere fine creturs, how could you nail your nose to a desk? I'll take you without more palaver. What's your name?"

"Philips."

"Come to-morrow, and we'll settle about wages. Sleep here?"

"No. I have a brother whom I must lodge with, and for whose sake I wish to work. I should not like him to be at the stables—he is too young. But I can come early every day, and go home late."

"Well, just as you like, man. Good-day."

And thus, not from any mental accomplishment—not from the result of his intellectual education, but from the mere physical capacity and brute habit of sticking fast in his saddle, did Philip Morton, in this great, intelligent, civilised, enlightened community of Great Britain, find the means of earning his bread without stealing it.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Don Salluste (souriant). Je parie
Que vous ne pensiez pas à moi!"—RUY BLAS.

"Don Salluste. Cousin!
"Don César. De vos bienfaits je n'aurai nulle envie,
Tant que je trouverai vivant ma libre vie."—*Ibid.*

Philip's situation was agreeable to his habits. His great courage and skill in horsemanship were not the only qualifications useful to Mr. Stubmore: his education answered a useful purpose in accounts, and his manners and appearance were highly to the credit of the yard. The customers and loungers soon grew to like Gentleman Philips, as he was styled in the establishment. Mr. Stubmore conceived a real affection for him. So passed several weeks; and Philip, in this humble capacity, might have worked out his destinies in peace and comfort, but for a new cause of vexation that arose in Sidney. This

boy was all in all to his brother. For him he had resisted the hearty and joyous invitations of Gawtrey (whose gay manner and high spirits had, it must be owned, captivated his fancy, despite the equivocal mystery of the man's avocations and condition); for him he now worked and toiled, cheerful and contented; and him he sought to save from all to which he subjected himself. He could not bear that that soft and delicate child should ever be exposed to the low and menial associations that now made up his own life—to the obscene slang of grooms and hostlers—to their coarse manners and rough contact. He kept him, therefore, apart and aloof in their little lodging, and hoped in time to lay by, so that Sidney might ultimately be restored, if not to his bright original sphere, at least to a higher grade than that to which Philip was condemned. But poor Sidney could not bear to be thus left alone—to lose sight of his brother from daybreak till bedtime—to have no one to amuse him; he fretted and pined away: all the little inconsiderate selfishness, uneradicated from his breast by his sufferings, broke out the more, the more he felt that he was the first object on earth to Philip. Philip, thinking he might be more cheerful at a day-school, tried the experiment of placing him at one where the boys were much of his own age. But Sidney, on the third day, came back with a black eye, and he would return no more. Philip several times thought of changing their lodging for one where there were young people. But Sidney had taken a fancy to the kind old widow who was their landlady, and cried at the thought of removal. Unfortunately, the old woman was deaf and rheumatic; and, though she bore teasing *ad libitum*, she could not entertain him long on a stretch. Too young to be reasonable, Sidney could not or would not comprehend why his brother was so long away from him; and once he said peevishly,

"If I had thought I was to be moped up so I would not have left Mrs. Morton. Tom was a bad boy, but still it was somebody to play with. I wish I had not gone away with you!"

This speech cut Philip to the heart. What, then, he had taken from the child a respectable and safe shelter—the sure provision of a life—and the child now reproached him! When this was said to him, the tears gushed from his eyes.

"God forgive me, Sidney," said he, and turned away.

But then Sidney, who had the most endearing ways with him, seeing his brother so vexed, ran up and kissed him, and scolded himself for being naughty. Still the words were spoken, and their meaning rankled deep. Philip himself, too, was morbid in his excessive tenderness for this boy. There is a certain age, before the love for the sex commences, when the feeling of friendship is almost a passion. You see it constantly in girls and boys at school. It is the first vague craving of the heart after the master food of human life—Love. It has its jealousies, and humours, and caprices, like love itself. Philip was painfully acute to Sidney's affection—was jealous of every particle of it. He dreaded lest his brother should ever be torn from him.

He would start from his sleep at night, and go to Sidney's bed to see that he was there. He left him in the morning with forebodings, he returned in the dark with fear. Meanwhile, the character of this young man, so sweet and tender to Sidney, was gradually becoming more hard and stern to others. He had now climbed to the post of command in that rude establishment; and

premature command in any sphere tends to make men unsocial and imperious.

One day Mr. Stubmore called him into his own counting-house, where stood a gentleman with one hand in his coat-pocket, the other tapping his whip against his boots.

"Philips, show this gentleman the brown mare. She is a beauty in harness, is not she? This gentleman wants a match for his pheaton."

"She must step very hoigh," said the gentleman, turning round; and Philip recognised the beau in the stagecoach.

The recognition was simultaneous. The beau nodded, then whistled, and winked.

"Come, my man, I am at your service," said he.

Philip, with many misgivings, followed him across the yard. The gentleman then beckoned him to approach.

"You, sir—moind, I never peach—setting up here in the honest line? Dull work, honesty, eh?"

"Sir, I really don't know you."

"Daun't you recollect old Gregg's, the evening you came there with jolly Bill Gawtrey? Recollect that, eh?"

Philip was mute.

"I was among the gentleman in the back-parlour who shook you by the hand. Bill's off to France, then. I am tauking the provinces. I want a good horse—the best in the yard, moind! Cutting such a swell here! My name is Captain De Burgh Smith—never moind yours, my fine fellow. Now, then, out with your rattlers, and keep your tongue in your mouth."

Philip mechanically ordered out the brown mare, which Captain Smith did not seem much to approve of; and after glancing round the stables with great disdain of the collection, he sauntered out of the yard without saying more to Philip, though he stopped and spoke a few sentences to Mr. Stubmore. Philip hoped he had no design of purchasing, and that he was rid, for the present, of so awkward a customer. Mr. Stubmore approached Philip.

"Drive over the grays to Sir John," said he. "My lady wants a pair to job. A very pleasant man, that Captain Smith. I did not know you had been in the yard before—says you were the pet at Elmore's, in London. Served him many a day. Pleasant, gentlemanlike man!"

"Y—e—s!" said Philip, hardly knowing what he said, and hurrying back into the stables to order out the grays.

The place to which he was bound was some miles distant, and it was sunset when he returned. As he drove into the main street, two men observed him closely.

"That is he! I am almost sure it is," said one.

"Oh! then it's all smooth sailing," replied the other.

"But, bless my eyes; you must be mistaken! See whom he's talking to now!"

At that moment Captain De Burgh Smith, mounted on the brown mare, stopped Philip.

"Well, you see I've bought her—hope she'll turn out well. What do you really think she's worth—not to buy, but to sell?"

"Sixty guineas."

"Well, that's a good day's work, and I owe it to you. The old faellow would not have trusted me if you had not served me at Elmore's—ha! ha! If he gets scent and looks shy at you, my lad, come to me. I'm at the Star Hotel for the next few days. I want a tight faellow like you,

and you shall have a fair per centage. I'm none of your stingy ones. I say, I hope this devil is quiet. She cocks up her ears dawningly!"

"Look you, sir!" said Philip, very gravely, and rising up in his break, "I know very little of you, and that little is not much to your credit. I give you fair warning, that I shall caution my employer against you."

"Will you, my fine faellow? Then take care of yourself."

"Stay! and if you dare utter a word against me," said Philip, with that frown to which his swarthy complexion and flashing eyes gave an expression of fierce power beyond his years, "you will find that as I am the last to care for a threat, so I am the first to resent an injury!"

Thus saying, he drove on. Captain Smith affected a cough, and put his brown mare into a canter. The two men followed Philip as he drove into the yard.

"What do you know against the person he spoke to?" said one of them.

"Merely that he is one of cunningest swells on this side the Bay," returned the other. "It looks bad for your young friend."

The first speaker shook his head and made no reply.

On gaining the yard, Philip found that Mr. Stubmore had gone out, and was not expected home till next day. He had some relations who were farmers, whom he often visited; to them he was probably gone.

Philip therefore, deferring his intended caution against the gay captain till the morrow, and musing how the caution might be most discreetly given, walked homeward. He had just entered the lane that led to his lodgings, when he saw the two men I have spoken of on the other side of the street. The taller and better dressed of the two left his comrade, and crossing over to Philip, bowed, and thus accosted him:

"Fine evening, Mr. Philip Morton. I am rejoiced to see you at last. You remember me—Mr. Blackwell, Lincoln's Inn?"

"What is your business?" said Philip, halting, and speaking short and fiercely.

"Now don't be in a passion, my dear sir—now don't. I am here on behalf of my clients, Messrs. Beaufort, sen. and jun. I have had such work to find you! Dear, dear! but you are a sly one! Ha! ha! Well, you see we have settled that little affair of Plaskwith's for you (might have been ugly,) and now I hope you will—"

"To your business, sir! What do you want with me?"

"Why, now, don't be so quick! 'Tis not the way to do business. Suppose you step to my hotel. A glass of wine, now, Mr. Philip! We shall soon understand each other."

"Out of my path, or speak plainly!"

Thus put to it, the lawyer, casting a glance at his stout companion, who appeared to be contemplating the sunset on the other side of the way, came at once to the marrow of his subject.

"Well, then—well, my say is soon said. Mr. Arthur Beaufort takes a most lively interest in you—it is he who has directed this inquiry. He bids me say that he shall be most happy—yes, most happy—to serve you in anything; and if you will but see him—he is in the town—I am sure you will be charmed with him—most amiable young man!"

"Look you, sir," said Philip, drawing himself up; "neither from father, nor from son, nor from one of that family, on whose heads rest the

mother's death and the orphan's curse, will I ever accept boon or benefit—with them, voluntarily, I will hold no communion; if they force themselves in my path, let them beware! I am earning my bread in the way I desire—I am independent—I want them not. Begone!"

With that, Philip pushed aside the lawyer and strode on rapidly. Mr. Blackwell, absorbed and perplexed, returned to his companion.

Philip regained his home, and found Sidney stationed at the window alone, and with wistful eyes noting the flight of the gray moths as they darted to and fro across the dull shrubs, that, variegated with lines for washing, adorned the plot of ground which the landlady called a garden. The elder brother had returned at an earlier hour than usual, and Sidney did not at first perceive him enter. When he did, he clapped his hands and ran to him.

"This is so good in you, Philip! I have been so dull! You will come and play now?"

"With all my heart. Where shall we play?" said Philip, with a cheerful smile.

"Oh, in the garden! it's such a nice time for hide-and-seek."

"But is it not chill and damp for you?" said Philip.

"There, now, you are always making excuses. I see you don't like it. I have no heart to play now."

Sidney seated himself and pouted.

"Poor Sidney! you *must* be dull without me. Yes, let us play; but put on this handkerchief," said Philip, took off his own cravat, and tied it round his brother's neck, and kissed him.

Sidney, whose anger seldom lasted long, was reconciled, and they went into the garden to play. It was a little spot, screened by an old moss-grown paling from the neighbouring garden on the one side, and a lane on the other. They played with great glee till the night grew darker and the dews heavier.

"This must be the last time," cried Philip. "It is my turn to hide."

"Very well! Now, then."

Philip secreted himself behind a poplar; and, as Sidney searched for him, and Philip stole round and round the tree, the latter, happening to look across the paling, saw the dim outline of a man's figure in the lane, who appeared watching them. A thrill shot across his breast. These Beauports, associated in his thoughts with every ill omen and augury, had they set a spy upon his movements? He remained erect and gazing at the form, when Sidney discovered and ran up to him with his noisy laugh.

As the child clung to him, shouting with gladness, Philip, unheeding his playmate, called aloud and imperiously to the stranger,

"What are you gaping at? Why do you stand watching us?"

The man muttered something, moved on, and disappeared.

"I hope there are no thieves here! I am much afraid of thieves," said Sidney, tremulously.

The fear grated on Philip's heart. Had he not himself, perhaps, been judged and treated as a thief? He said nothing, but drew his brother within; and there, in their little room, by the one poor candle, it was touching and beautiful to see these boys—the tender patience of the elder lending itself to every whim of the younger—now building houses with cards—now telling stories of fairy and knight-errant, the sprightliest he could remember or invent. At length, as all was over, and Sidney was undressing for the

night, Philip, standing apart, said to him in a mournful voice,

"Are you sad now, Sidney?"

"No! not when you are with me; but that is so seldom!"

"Do you read none of the story books I bought for you?"

"Sometimes! but one can't read all day."

"Ah! Sidney, if ever we should part, perhaps you will love me no longer!"

"Don't say so," said Sidney. "But we sha'n't part, Philip?"

Philip sighed and turned away as his brother leaped into bed. Something whispered to him that danger was near; and as it was, could Sidney grow up, neglected and uneducated: was it thus that he was to fulfil his trust?

CHAPTER IX.

"But oh, what storm was in that mind!"

CHARLES: Ruth.

While Philip mused and his brother fell into the happy sleep of boyhood, in a room in the principal hotel of the town sat three persons, Arthur Beaufort, Mr. Spencer, and Mr. Blackwell.

"And so," said the first, "he rejected every overture from the Beauports?"

"With a scorn I cannot convey to you!" replied the lawyer. "But the fact is, that he is evidently a lad of low habits—to think of his being a sort of helper to a horsedealer! I suppose, sir, he was always in the stables in his father's time. Bad company depraves the taste very soon; but that is not the worst. Sharp declares that the man he was talking with, as I told you, is a common swindler. Depend on it, Mr. Arthur, he is incorrigible; all we can do is to save the brother."

"It is too dreadful to contemplate!" said Arthur, who, still ill and languid, reclined on a sofa.

"It is, indeed," said Mr. Spencer; "I am sure I should not know what to do with such a character; but the other poor child, it would be a mercy to get hold of him."

"Where is Mr. Sharp?" asked Arthur.

"Why," said the lawyer, "he has followed Philip at a distance to find out his lodgings, and learn if his brother is with him. Oh! here he is!" and Blackwell's companion in the earlier part of the evening entered.

"I have found him out, sir," said Mr. Sharp, wiping his forehead. "What a fierce 'un he is! I thought he would have had a stone at my head; but we officers are used to it; we do our duty, and Providence makes our heads unkinmon hard!"

"Is the child with him?" asked Mr. Spencer.

"Yes, sir."

"A little, quiet, subdued boy?" asked the melancholy inhabitant of the Lakes.

"Quiet! Lord love you! never heard a noisier little urchin! There they were, romping and rousing in the garden like a couple of jail-birds."

"You see," groaned Mr. Spencer, "he will make that poor child as bad as himself."

"What shall we do, Mr. Blackwell?" asked Sharp, who longed for his brandy and water.

"Why, I was thinking you might go to the horse dealer the first thing in the morning; find out whether Philip is really thick with the swindler; and perhaps Mr. Stubmore may have some

influence with him, if, without saying who he is—"

"Yes," interrupted Arthur; "do not expose his name."

"You could still hint that he ought to be induced to listen to his friends, and go with them. Mr. Stubmore may be a respectable man, and—"

"I understand," said Sharp; "I have no doubt as how I can settle it. We learn to know human nature in our profession—'cause why, we gets at its blind side. Good night, gentlemen!"

"You seem very pale, Mr. Arthur; you had better go to bed: you promised your father, you know."

"Yes, I am not well; I will go to bed;" and Arthur rose, lighted his candle, and sought his room.

"I will see Philip to-morrow," he said to himself; "he will listen to me."

The conduct of Arthur Beaufort, in executing the charge he had undertaken, had brought into full light all the most amiable and generous parts of his character. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered, he had expressed so much anxiety as to the fate of the orphans, that, to quiet him, his father was forced to send for Mr. Blackwell. The lawyer had ascertained, through Dr. —, the name of Philip's employer at R—. At Arthur's request, he went down to Mr. Plaskwith, and, arriving there the day after the return of the bookseller, learned those particulars with which Mr. Plaskwith's letter to Roger Morton has already made the reader acquainted. The lawyer then sent for Mr. Sharp, the officer before employed, and commissioned him to track the young man's whereabouts. That shrewd functionary soon reported that a youth every way answering to Philip's description had been introduced, the night of the escape, by a man celebrated, not, indeed, for robberies, or larcenies, or crimes of the coarser kind, but for address in all that more large and complex character which comes under the denomination of living upon one's wits, to a polite rendezvous frequented by persons of a similar profession. Since then, however, all clew of Philip was lost. But, though Mr. Blackwell, in the way of his profession, was thus publicly benevolent towards the fugitive, he did not the less privately represent to his patrons, senior and junior, the very equivocal character that Philip must be allowed to bear. Like most lawyers, hard upon all who wander from the formal tracks, he unaffectedly regarded Philip's flight and absence as proofs of a very reprobate disposition; and this conduct was greatly aggravated in his eyes by Mr. Sharp's report, by which it appeared that, after his escape, Philip had so suddenly, and, as it were, so naturally, taken to such equivocal companionship. Mr. Robert Beaufort, already prejudiced against Philip, viewed matters in the same light as the lawyer; and the story of his supposed predilections reached Arthur's ears in so distorted a shape, that even he was staggered and revolted; still, Philip was so young—Arthur's oath to the orphans' mother so recent—and, if thus early inclined to wrong courses, should not every effort be made to lure him back to the broad path? With these views and reasonings, as soon as he was able, Arthur himself visited Mrs. Lacy; and the note from Philip, which that good lady put into his hands, affected him deeply, and confirmed all his previous resolutions. Mrs. Lacy was very anxious to get his name; but Arthur, having heard that Philip had refused all aid from his father and Mr. Blackwell, thought that the young

man's pride might work equally against himself, and therefore evaded the landlady's curiosity. He wrote the next day the letter we have seen to Mr. Roger Morton, whose address Catharine had given to him; and by return of post came a letter from the linen-draper, narrating the flight of Sidney, as it was supposed, with his brother, 'This news so excited Arthur, that he insisted on going down to N — at once, and joining in the search. His father, alarmed for his health, positively refused; and the consequence was an increase of fever, a consultation with the doctors, and a declaration that Mr. Arthur was in that state that it would be dangerous not to let him have his own way. Mr. Beaufort was forced to yield, and, with Blackwell and Mr. Sharp, accompanied his son to N —. The inquiries, hitherto fruitless, then assumed a more regular and business-like character. By little and little they came, through the aid of Mr. Sharp, upon the right clew up to a certain point. But here there was a double scent: two youths answering the description had been seen at a small village; then there came those who asserted that they had seen the same youths at a seaport in one direction; others, who deposed to their having taken the road to an inland town in the other. This had induced Arthur and his father to part company. Mr. Beaufort, accompanied by Roger Morton, went to the seaport, and Arthur, with Mr. Spencer and Mr. Sharp, more fortunate, tracked the fugitives to their retreat. As for Mr. Beaufort senior, now that his mind was more at ease about his son, he was thoroughly sick of the whole thing; greatly bored by the society of Mr. Morton; very much ashamed that he, so respectable and great a man, should be employed on such an errand; more afraid of, than pleased with, any chance of discovering the fierce Philip; and secretly resolving upon slinking back to London at the first reasonable excuse.

The next morning Mr. Sharp entered betimes Mr. Stubmore's counting-house. In the yard he caught a glimpse of Philip, and managed to keep himself unseen by that young gentleman.

"Mr. Stubmore, I think?"

"At your service, sir."

Mr. Sharp shut the glass door mysteriously, and, lifting up the corner of the green curtain that covered the panes, beckoned to the startled Stubmore to approach.

"You see that 'ere young man in the velvet-jacket—you employs him?"

"I do, sir; he is my right hand."

"Well, now, don't be frightened; but his friends are arter him. He has got into bad ways, and we want you to give him a little good advice."

"Pooh! I know he has run away, like a fine-spirited lad as he is; and, as long as he likes to stay with me, they as comes after him may get a ducking in the horse-trough!"

"Be you a father—a father of a family, Mr. Stubmore?" said Sharp, thrusting his hands into his breeches pockets, swelling out his stomach, and pursing up his lips with great solemnity.

"Nonsense! no gammon with me! Take your chaff to the goslings. I tell you I can't do without that 'ere lad. Every man to himself."

"Oho!" thought Sharp, "I must change the tack. Mr. Stubmore," said he, taking a stool, "you speak like a sensible man. No one can reasonably go for to ask a gentleman to go for to inconvenience his-self. But what do you know of that 'ere youngster? Had you a *carakter* with him?"

"What's that to you?"

"Why it's more to yourself, Mr. Stubmore; he is but a lad, and if he goes back to his friends, they may take care of him; but he got into a bad set afore he come here. Do you know a good-looking chap with whiskers, who talks of his pheaton, and was riding last night on a brown mare?"

"Y—e—s!" said Mr. Stubmore, growing rather pale, "and I knows the mare too. Why, sir, I sold him that mare!"

"Did he pay you for it?"

"Why, to be sure; he gave me a check on Coutts."

"And you took it! My eyes, what a flat!" Here Mr. Sharp closed those orbs he had invoked, and whistled with that sort of self-hugging delight which men invariably feel when another man is taken in.

Mr. Stubmore became evidently nervous.

"Why, what now! You don't think I'm done? I did not let him have the mare till I went to the hotel, found he was cutting a great dash there, a groom, a pheaton, and a fine horse, and as extravagant as the devil!"

"Oh Lord! oh Lord! what a world this is! What does he call his-self?"

"Why, here's the check—George Frederic De—de Burgh Smith."

"Put it in your pipe, my man, put it in your pipe; not worth a d—!"

"And who the deuse are you, sir?" bawled out Mr. Stubmore, in an equal rage both with himself and his guest.

"I, sir," said the visiter, rising with great dignity, "I, sir, am of the great Bow-street Office, and my name is John Sharp!"

Mr. Stubmore nearly fell off his stool; his eyes rolled in his head, and his teeth chattered. Mr. Sharp perceived the advantage he had gained, and continued,

"Yes, sir; and I could have much to say against that chap, who is nothing more or less than Dashing Jerry, as has ruined more girls and more tradesman than any lord in the land. And so I called to give you a bit of a caution; for, says I to myself, 'Mr. Stubmore is a respectable man.'"

"I hope I am, sir," said the crestfallen horse-dealer; "that was always my character."

"And a father of a family?"

"Three boys and a babe at the buzzom," said Mr. Stubmore, pathetically.

"And he sha'n't be taken in if I can help it! That 'ere young man as I am arter, you see, knows Captain Smith—ha! ha! smell a rat now, eh?"

"Captain Smith said he knew him—the wiper! and that's what made me so green."

"Well, we must not be hard on the youngster: 'cause why, he has friends as is 'gemmen. But you tell him to go back to his poor dear relations, and all shall be forgiven; and say as how you won't keep him; and if he don't go back, he'll have to get his livelihood without a karakter; and use your influence with him like a man and a Christian, and, what's more, like a father of a family—Mr. Stubmore—with three boys and a babe at the buzzom. You won't keep him now?"

"Keep him! I have had a precious escape. I'd better go and see after the horse."

"I doubt if you'll find him: the captain caught a sight of me this morning. Why, he lodges at our hotel! He's off by this time!"

"And why the devil did you let him go?"

"'Cause I had no writ agin him!" said the Bow-street officer; and he walked straight out of the counting-office, satisfied that he had "done the job."

To snatch his hat—to run to the hotel—to find that Captain Smith had indeed gone off in his phaeton, bag and baggage, the same as he came, except that he had now two horses to the phaeton instead of one, having left with the landlord the amount of his bill in another check upon Coutts, was the work of five minutes* with Mr. Stubmore. He returned home, panting and purple with indignation and wounded feeling.

"To think that chap, whom I took into my yard like a son, should have connived at this! 'Taint the money—'tis the willany that 'flics me!" muttered Mr. Stubmore, as he re-entered the mews.

Here he came plump upon Philip, who said,

"Sir, I wished to see you, to say that you had better take care of Captain Smith."

"Oh, you did, did you, now he's gone! 'sconded off to America, I dare say, by this time. Now look ye, young man, your friends are after you; I won't say anything agin you; but you go back to them—I wash my hands of you. Quite too much for me. 'There's your week, and never let me catch you in my yard agin, that's all!"

Philip dropped the money which Stubmore had put into his hand, "My friends!—friends have been with you, have they? I thought so—I thank them. And so you part with me! Well, you have been kind, very kind; let us part kindly;" and he held out his hand.

Mr. Stubmore was softened; he touched the hand held out to him, and looked doubtful a moment; but Captain De Burgh Smith's check for eighty guineas suddenly rose before his eyes. He turned on his heel abruptly, and said, over his shoulder,

"Don't go after Captain Smith (he'll come to the gallows); mend your ways, and be ruled by your poor dear relatives, whose hearts you are breaking."

"Captain Smith! Did my relations tell you?"

"Yes—yes—they told me all—that is, they sent to tell me; so you see I'm d—d soft not to lay hold of you. But perhaps, if they be gentlemen, they'll act as sich, and cash me this here check!"

But the last words were said to air. Philip had rushed from the yard.

With a heaving breast, and every nerve in his body quivering with wrath, the proud, unhappy boy strode through the gay streets. They had betrayed him, then, these accursed Beauforts! They circled his steps with schemes to drive him like a deer into the snare of their loathsome charity! The roof was to be taken from his head, the bread from his lips, so that he might fawn at their knees for bounty. "But they shall not break my spirit, nor steal away my curse. No, my dead mother, never!"

As he thus muttered, he passed through a patch of waste land that led to the row of houses in which his lodging was placed. And here a voice called to him, and a hand was laid on his shoulder. He turned, and Arthur Beaufort, who had followed him from the street, stood behind him. Philip did not, at the first glance, recognise his cousin. Illness had so altered him, and his dress was so different from that in which he had first and last beheld him. The contrast between the two young men was remarkable. Philip was clad in the rough garb suited to his

late calling; a jacket of black velveteen, ill-fitting and ill-fashioned; loose fustian trousers, coarse shoes, his hat set deep over his pent eye-brows, his raven hair long and neglected. He was just at that age when one with strong features and robust frame is at the worst in point of appearance: the sinewy proportions not yet sufficiently fleshed, and seeming inharmonious and undeveloped, precisely in proportion, perhaps, to the symmetry towards which they insensibly mature; the contour of the face sharpened from the roundness of boyhood, and losing its bloom without yet acquiring that relief and shadow which make the expression and dignity of the masculine countenance. Thus accoutred, thus gaunt and uncouth, stood Morton. Arthur Beaufort, always refined in his appearance, seemed yet more so from the almost feminine delicacy which ill health threw over his pale complexion and graceful figure; that sort of unconscious elegance which belongs to the dress of the rich when they are young—seen most in minute—not observable, perhaps, by themselves—marked forcibly and painfully the distinction of rank between the two. That distinction Beaufort did not feel; but, at a glance, it was visible to Philip.

The past rushed back on him. The sunny lawn—the gun, offered and rejected—the pride of old, much less haughty than the pride of to-day.

"Philip," said Beaufort, feebly, "they tell me you will not accept any kindness from me or mine. Ah! if you knew how we have sought you!"

"Knew!" cried Philip, savagely, for that unhappy sentence recalled to him his late interview with his employer, and his present destitution. "Knew! And why have you dared to hunt me out, and halloo me down? Why must this insolent tyranny, that assumes the right over these limbs and this free will, betray and expose me and my wretchedness wherever I turn!"

"Your poor mother—" began Beaufort.

"Name her not with your lips—name her not!" cried Philip, growing livid with his emotions. "Talk not of the mercy—the forethought—a Beaufort could show to her and her offspring! I accept it not—I believe it not. Oh, yes! You follow me now with your false kindness; and why? Because your father—your vain, hollow, heartless father—"

"Hold!" said Beaufort, in a tone of such reproach that it startled the wild heart on which it fell; "it is my father you speak of. Let the son respect the son."

"No—no—no! I will respect none of your race. I tell you, your father fears me. I tell you that my last words to him ring in his ears! My wrongs! Arthur Beaufort when you are absent I seek to forget them; in your abhorred presence they revive—they—"

He stopped almost choked with his passion; but continued instantly, with equal intensity of fervour:

"Were you tree the gibbet, and to touch your hand could alone save me from it, I would scorn your aid. Aid! the very thought fires my blood and nerves my hand. Aid! Will a Beaufort give me back my birth-right—restore my dead mother's fair name! Minion! sleek, dainty, luxurious minion! out of my path! You have my fortune, my station, my rights; I have but poverty, and hate, and disdain. I swear, again, and again, that you shall not purchase these from me."

"But Philip—Philip," cried Beaufort, catching his arm, "hear one—hear one who stood by your—"

The sentence that would have saved the outcast from the demons that were darkening and swooping round his soul died upon the young protector's lips. Blinded, maddened, excited, and exasperated almost out of humanity itself, Philip fiercely, brutally, swung aside the enfeebled form that sought to cling to him, and Beaufort fell at his feet. Morton stopped—glared at him with clenched hands and a smiling lip—sprung over his prostrate form, and bounded to his home.

He slackened his pace as he neared the house, and looked behind; but Beaufort had not followed him. He entered the house, and found Sidney in the room, with a countenance so much more gay than that he had lately worn, that absorbed as he was in thought and passion, it did not fail to strike him.

"What has pleased you, Sidney!"

The child smiled.

"Ah! it is a secret: I was not to tell you. But I'm sure you are not the naughty boy he says you are."

"He! Who?"

"Don't look so angry, Philip: you frighten me."

"And you torture me. Who could malign one brother to the other?"

"Oh! it was all meant very kindly; there's been such a nice, dear, good gentleman here, and he cried when he saw me, and said that he knew dear mamma. Well, and he has promised to take me home with him, and give me a pretty pony—as pretty—as pretty—oh, as pretty as it can be got! And he is to call again and tell me more: I think he is a fairy, Philip."

"Did he say that he was to take me too, Sidney!" said Morton, seating himself, and looking very pale. At that question Sidney hung his head.

"No, brother: he says you won't go, and that you are a bad boy, and that you associate with wicked people, and that you want to keep me shut up here, and not let any one be good to me. But I told him I did not believe that—yes, indeed, I told him so."

And Sidney endeavoured caressingly to withdraw the hands that his brother placed before his face.

Morton started up, and walked hastily to and fro the room. "This," thought he, "is another emissary of the Beauforts—perhaps the lawyer: they will take him from me—the last thing left to love and hope for. I will foil them. Sidney," he said aloud, "we must go hence to-day—this very hour—nay, instantly."

"What! away from this nice, good gentleman?"

"Curse him! yes, away from him. Do not cry—it is of no use; you must go."

This was said more harshly than Philip had ever yet spoken to Sidney; and when he had said it, he left the room to settle with the landlady and to pack up their scanty effects. In another hour the brothers had turned their backs on the town.

CHAPTER X.

"I'll carry thee
In sorrow's arms to welcome misery."

HEYWOOD'S *Dutches of Suffolk*.

"Who's here besides foul weather?"—SHAKESPEARE: *Lear*.

The sun was as bright and the sky as calm during this journey of the orphans as in the last. They avoided, as before, the main roads, and their way lay through landscapes that might have

charmed a Gainsborough's eye: Autumn scattered his last hues of gold over the various foliage, and the poppy glowed from the hedges, and the wild convolvuluses, here and there, still gleamed on the wayside with a parting smile.

At times, over the sloping stubbles, broke the sound of the sportsman's gun; and ever and anon, by stream and sedge, they startled the shy wild-fowl, just come from the far lands, nor yet settled in the new haunts too soon to be invaded.

But there was no longer in the travellers the same hearts that had made light of hardship and fatigue. Sidney was no longer flying from a harsh master, and his step was not elastic with the energy of fear that looked behind, and of hope that smiled before. He was going a toilsome, weary journey, he knew not why nor whither; just, too, when he had made a friend, whose soothing words haunted his childish fancy. He was displeased with Philip, and, in sullen and silent thoughtfulness, slowly plodded behind him; and Morton himself was gloomy, and knew not where in the world to seek a future.

They arrived at dusk at a small inn, not so far distant from the town they had left as Morton could have wished; but then the days were shorter than they were in their first flight.

They were shown into a small sanded parlour, which Sidney eyed with great disgust; nor did he seem more pleased with the hacked and jagged leg of cold mutton which was all that the hostess set before them for supper. Philip in vain endeavoured to cheer him up, and ate to set him the example. He felt relieved when, under the auspices of a good-looking, good-natured chambermaid, Sidney retired to rest, and he was left in the parlour to his own meditations. Hitherto it had been a happy thing for Morton that he had had some one dependent on him; that feeling had given him perseverance, patience, fortitude and hope. But now, dispirited and sad, he felt rather the horror of being responsible for a human life, without seeing the means to discharge the trust. It was clear, even to his experience, that he was not likely to find another employer as facile as Mr. Stubmore; and, wherever he went, he felt as if his Destiny stalked at his back. He took out his little fortune and spread it on the table, counting it over and over; it had remained pretty stationary since his service with Mr. Stubmore, for Sidney had swallowed up the wages of his hire. While thus employed, the door opened, and the chambermaid, showing in a gentleman, said, "We have no other room, sir."

"Very well, then—I'm not particular; a tumbler of brandy and water, stiffish, cold—with-out—the newspaper—and a cigar. You'll excuse smoking, sir?"

Philip looked up from his hoard, and Captain De Burgh Smith stood before him.

"Ah!" said the latter, "well met!" And, closing the door, he took off his greatcoat, seated himself near Philip, and bent both his eyes with considerable wistfulness on the neat rows into which Philip's bank-notes, sovereigns, and shillings were arrayed.

"Pretty little sum for pocket-money: caush in hand goes a great way, properly invested. You must have been very lucky. Well, so I suppose you are surprised to see me here without my pheasant?"

"I wish I had never seen you at all," replied Philip, uncourteously, and restoring his money to his pocket; "your fraud upon Mr. Stubmore, and your assurance that you knew me, have sent me adrift upon the world."

"What's one man's meat is another man's poison," said the captain, philosophically; "no use fretting; care killed a cat. I am as badly off as you; for, hang me, if there was not a Bow-street runner in the town. I caught his eye fixed on me like a gimlet, so I bolted; went to N—, left my pheasant and groom there for the present, and have doubled back, to baffle pursuit, and cut across the country. You recollect that nice girl we saw in the coach; 'gad, I served her spouse that is to be a pretty trick! Borrowed his money under pretence of investing it in the New Grand Anti-Dry-Rot Company—cool hundred—it's only just gone, sir."

Here the chambermaid entered with the brandy and water, the newspaper, and cigars; the captain lighted the last, took a deep sup at the beverage, and said gaily,

"Well, now, let us join fortunes; we are both, as you say, 'adrift.' Best way to staund the breeze is to unite the caubles."

Philip shook his head, and, displeased with his companion, sought his pillow. He took care to put his money under his head and to lock his door.

The brothers started at daybreak; Sidney was even more discontented than on the previous day. The weather was hot and oppressive; they rested for some hours at noon, and in the cool of the evening renewed their way. Philip had made up his mind to steer for a town in the thick of a hunting district, where he hoped his equestrian capacities might again befriend him; and their path now lay through a chain of vast, dreary commons, which gave them, at least, the advantage to skirt the roadside unobserved. But, somehow or other, either Philip had been misinformed as to an inn where he had proposed to pass the night, or he had missed it; for the clouds darkened, and the sun went down, and no vestige of human habitation was discernible. Sidney, footsore and querulous, began to weep and declare that he could stir no farther; and while Philip, whose iron frame defied fatigue, compassionately paused to rest his brother, a low roll of thunder broke upon the gloomy air. "There will be a storm," said he, anxiously. "Come on—pray, Sidney, come on."

"It is so cruel in you, brother Philip," replied Sidney, sobbing. "I wish I had never, never gone with you."

A flash of lightning, that illuminated the whole heavens, lingered round Sidney's pale face as he spoke; and Philip threw himself instinctively on the child, as if to protect him even from the wrath of the unshelterable flame. Sidney, hushed and terrified, clung to his brother's breast; after a pause, he silently consented to resume their journey. But now the storm came near and nearer to the wanderers. The darkness grew rapidly more intense, save when the lightning lit up heaven and earth alike with intolerable lustre. And when at length the rain began to fall in merciless and drenching torrents, even Philip's brave heart failed him. How could he ask Sidney to proceed, when they could scarcely see an inch before them! All that could now be done was to gain the high road, and hope for some passing conveyance. With fits and starts, and by the glare of the lightning, they attained their object, and stood at last on the great broad thoroughfare, along which, since the day when the Roman carved it from the waste, Misery hath plodded and Luxury rolled their common way.

Philip had stripped handkerchief, coat, vest, all to shelter Sidney; and he felt a kind of strange

measure through the dark even to hear Sidney's voice wail and moan. But that voice grew at last more languid and faint—it ceased—Sidney's weight hung heavy—heavier on the fostering arm.

"For Heaven's sake, speak! Speak, Sidney! only one word. I will carry you in my arms!"

"I think I am dying," replied Sidney, in a low murmur; "I am so tired and worn out, I can go no farther—I must lie here." And he sunk at once on the reeking grass beside the road. At this time the rain gradually relaxed, the clouds broke away, a gray light succeeded to the darkness, the lightning was more distant, and the thunder rolled onward in its awful path. Kneeling on the ground, Philip supported his brother in his arms, and cast his pleading eyes upward to the softening terrors of the sky. A star—a solitary star—broke out for one moment, as if to smile comfort upon him, and then vanished. But, lo! in the distance there suddenly gleamed a red, steady light, like that in some solitary window; it was no will o'-the-wisp, it was too stationary; human shelter was then nearer than he had thought for. He pointed to the light, and whispered, "Rouse yourself—one struggle more—cannot be far off."

"It is impossible—I cannot stir," answered Sidney; and a sudden flash of lightning showed his countenance, ghastly, as if with the damps of death. What could the brother do?—stay there, and see the boy perish before his eyes?—leave him on the road, and fly to the friendly light? The last plan was the sole one left, yet he shrunk from it in greater terror than the first. Was that a step that he heard across the road? He held his breath to listen; a form became dimly visible—it approached.

Philip shouted aloud.

"What now?" answered the voice; and it seemed familiar to Morton's ear. He sprang forward, and, putting his face close to the wayfarer, thought to recognise the features of Captain De Burgh Smith. The captain, whose eyes were yet more accustomed to the dark, made the first overture.

"Why, my lad, it is you then! Gad, you frightened me!"

Odious as this man had hitherto been to Philip, he was as welcome to him as daylight now; he grasped his hand: "My brother—a child—s here, dying, I fear, with cold and fatigue; he cannot stir. Will you stay with him—support him—but for a few moments, while I make to you light? See, I have money—plenty of money!"

"My good lad, it is very ugly work staying here at this hour; still—where's the child?"

"Here, here! make haste! raise him! that's right! God bless you! I shall be back ere you think me gone."

He sprang from the road, and plunged through the heath, the furze, the rank, glistening pools, straight towards the light, as the swimmer towards the shore.

The captain, though a rogue, was human; and when life—an innocent life—is at stake, even a rogue's heart rises up from its silent and weedy bed. He muttered a few oaths, it is true, but he held the child in his arms, and, taking out a little tin case, poured some brandy down Sidney's throat, and then, by way of company, down his own. The cordial revived the boy; he opened his eyes, and said, "I think I can go on now, Philip."

We must return to Arthur Beaufort. He was

naturally, though gentle, a person of high spirit, and not without pride. He rose from the ground with bitter, resentful feelings and a blushing cheek, and went his way to the hotel. Here he found Mr. Spencer just returned from his visit to Sidney. Enchanted with the soft and endearing manners of his lost Catharine's son, and deeply affected with the resemblance the child bore to the mother as he had seen her last at the gay and rosy age of fair sixteen, his description of the younger brother drew Beaufort's indignant thoughts from the elder. He cordially concurred with Mr. Spencer in the wish to save one so gentle from the domination of one so fierce; and this, after all, was the child Catharine had most strongly commended to him. She had said little of the elder; perhaps she had been aware of his ungracious and untractable nature, and, as it seemed to Beaufort, his predilections for a coarse and low career.

"Yes," said he, "this boy, then, shall console me for the perverse brutality of the other. He shall indeed drink of my cup, and eat of my bread, and be to me as a brother."

"What!" said Mr. Spencer, changing countenance, "you do not intend to take Sidney to live with *you*? I meant him for *my* son—my adopted son."

"No; generous as you are," said Arthur, pressing his hand, "this charge devolves on me; it is my right. I am the orphan's relation; his mother consigned him to me. But he shall be taught to love you not the less."

Mr. Spencer was silent. He could not bear the thought of losing Sidney as an inmate of his cheerless home, a tender relic of his early love. From that moment he began to contemplate the possibility of securing Sidney to himself, unknown to Beaufort.

The plans both of Arthur and Spencer were interrupted by the sudden retreat of the brothers. They determined to depart different ways in search of them. Spencer, as the more helpless of the two, obtained the aid of Mr. Sharp; Beaufort departed with the lawyer.

Two travellers, in a hired barouche, were slowly dragged by a pair of jaded posterns along the commons I have just described.

"I think," said one, "that the storm is very much abated. Heigho! what an unpleasant night!"

"Unkimmon ugly, sir," answered the other; "and an awful long stage, eighteen miles. These here remote places are quite behind the age, sir—quite. However, I think we shall kitch them now."

"I am very much afraid of that eldest boy, Sharp. He seems a dreadful vagabond."

"You see, sir, quite hand in glove with Dashing Jerry—met in the same inn last night—preconcerted, you may be quite sure. It would be the best day's job I have done this many a day to save that ere little feller from being corrupted. You sees he is just of a size to be useful to these bad karakters. If they took to burglary, he would be a treasure to them: slip him through a pane of glass like a ferret, sir."

"Don't talk of it, Sharp," said Mr. Spencer, with a groan; "and, recollect, if we get hold of him, that you are not to say a word to Mr. Beaufort."

"I understand, sir; and I always goes with the gemman who behaves most like a gemman." Here a loud halloo was heard close by the horses' heads.

kind in the burning of the Alexandrian library. His mind was like one of the obelisks of his favourite land—wild, odd, antique, covered with characters which, doubtless, meant something, but which no man could interpret, and puzzling every body with the question, why so much trouble was taken in vain.

In the "Literary Remains" of this amiable man, published by his nephew, the very first passage in a treatise on his belief, saves us the task of giving a specimen of his conversation.

"The absolute subjectivity, whose only attribute is the Good—whose only definition is, that which is essentially causative of all possible true being; the adorable *propton*, which, whatever is assumed as the first, must be presumed its antecedent, *Theos* without an article, and yet not as an adjective," &c. This we conceive to be in the purest style of the hieroglyphics, and to establish Coleridge's oracularity beyond all question.

James Smith.—James Smith, like every man of sense in England, and every man of principle, was a conservative; but no man was less a talker on that most commonplace of all subjects, politics. His enjoyment was conversation; and he must have seen too many instances of the inroad which this trite verbiage makes on it, to suffer himself to be led into the temptation. "My political opinions," he gallantly said, "are those of the lady who sits next to me; and as the fair sex are generally

'Perplexed, like monarchs, with the fear of change,' I constantly find myself conservative."

Some of his bon mots, on this and other subjects were happy.

"Mr. Smith," said a gentleman across the table, "you look like a conservative."

"Certainly, sir," was the reply, "my crutches remind me that I am no member of the movement party."

As solicitor, he had an office in a large house in Austin Friars. However, another James Smith taking chambers in the same building, considerable confusion arose from the letters of each falling into the hands of the other.—They met accordingly to remedy this inconvenience, and it was agreed that the only resource was, that either should take chambers somewhere else. The question then was, "which?"

"Nothing can be more easily decided," said he.—"You came last, and, as James the Second, you ought to abdicate."

From the London Metropolitan for January.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF ALFIERI.

BY J. C. C.

Two men who had sought for protection from the rays of the sun in an arbour which was overshadowed by the thick leaves of a wide spreading vine, were seated opposite to each other, leaning on a table, and smoking perfumed cigarettes.

The elder, who appeared to be about forty years of age, was tall and pale; his costume was rich although simple, had somewhat of a military appearance about it. As for the younger, he was characterised by that slovenly elegance which had begun to be fashionable in Italy as well as in France, towards the end of the eighteenth century.

"Faith, Alfieri," said the elder of the two, "you were the last person in the world I expected to have met at Abano."

"Yet methinks the sick man's place should be where he may hope to mend his health."

The young man looked at the count:

"The fact is, you do look paler than usual; have you consulted the best physicians?"

"Yes."

"And what do they say?"

"The same thing over and over again. They promise me in the winter that I shall be well in the summer; and when the summer comes and I feel no relief, they assure me that I shall be better in the winter. The Milanese doctors recommend the air of Naples, and the Neapolitan doctors that of Milan;

and so they go on, turning me over from one to the other, until I expect some day to die on the road between these two places, if I continue to follow all their ordinances."

"Come, come, nonsense, did you ever hear of any body dying at your age?"

"Sometimes," murmured Alfieri pensively, and shaking his head.

"I bet I know what ails you: you have eternally in your mind the predictions of your old sorceress."

"Am I wrong, Cellini? I was only twelve years of age when that old woman told me all that has happened to me since. She said that I should leave Piedmont, that I should become a poet, and that I would be celebrated."

"And that you would die at thirty-five. Who doesn't know that part of your history? You have written on it an admirable sonnet which all Italy knows by heart. But that a man like you should put faith in the mummery of an old woman, is what I cannot understand."

The count sighed, but made no answer: a short silence ensued.

"Shall I tell you what it is that kills you?" rejoined Cellini. "At the bottom you are not ill, you are only low-spirited."

"That's what the doctors say," replied the count sadly, "but I feel it will carry me off at last."

"Why not seek for some distractions? Why don't you travel? When you quitted Milan, your intention, if I mistake not, was to go to Spain."

"I have been there."

"Ah! indeed—and from thence to France."

"I have been there."

"And thence to Germany."

"I have been there."

"But you must have been everywhere, if that is the case. The fact is, I know you are a most expeditious traveller; you traverse each country as fast as your horse can gallop; but you can't have had time to see anything."

"Pardon me; I have seen mountains, cities, roads, and plains; and, in the midst of all this, numberless myriads of human beings very busy doing nothing."

"And what did you particularly notice?"

"Three splendid institutions—the *schalque* in Germany, the *police* in France, and the *inquisition* in Spain."

"You're as full of satire as ever, I see," said Cellini laughing; "a misanthropist and a republican, a real descendant of Brutus in the papal states. But really, Alfieri, you do not deserve the favours which fortune has bestowed upon you; all our theatres ring with your triumphs. Italy has its eye upon you; you are noble, rich, young, and yet you seem tired of life. What is it you would have to be happy?"

"That's more than I can say; something perhaps which is possessed by the lowliest of the crowd which covers me with acclamations; a retired habitation, an obscure destiny, and a woman who would love me seated by my side."

"But what hinders you from having all this, Alfieri?"

Alfieri shrugged up his shoulders, and heaved a deep sigh.

"You forget," said he, "that chance has made a celebrated man of me, and a celebrated man is like a wild beast, everybody rushes to get a sight of him. Every man thinks that he has a right to spy into my actions; I am never alone; my books are like couriers, they announce my arrival wherever I go. As soon as I appear in an assembly, farewell to free and friendly conversation; universal silence prevails, the guests are all on the tip-toe of expectation; they expect to hear me speak as if I were a book. The women are all silent through fear, or else they give themselves airs to attract my notice. Brought up, as I was, almost in the midst of woods, secluded from society in my youth, I feel confused at being singled out as the object of universal attention: unable to distinguish between real sympathy and importunate curiosity, I wrap myself up in my reserve, and remain silent. I am therefore, considered proud, when I am only unhappy. Ah! were I poor, destitute, miserable, I might believe in the affection of

those who surround me; but I am now ever in doubt whether it is myself or my reputation which is sought after."

"I understand—you are as unfortunate as a king."

"You seem to jest, but it is strictly true nevertheless. When I arrived here, I thought I had escaped all my troubles; for a few days I was free to live like everybody else, I was comparatively happy—but the arrival of a man, who had seen me I don't know where, destroyed everything."

"That's the way of the world," said Cellini—"your celebrity is a burden to you, and I who work my fingers off, remain buried in the most enviable obscurity."

"It's your own fault; you don't stick to anything seriously."

"My dear count, you seem to forget that I am in the pay of an *impresario*, obliged to have three acts ready every month. You don't know what it is to be a composer to a theatre; it's like the landlord of a public house, where there is a continued call on his genius."

"Until he at last gets to the bottom of it."

"That's just what has happened to me; I managed to live some time on about a dozen decent ideas—you know what an idea is, a thing you can dish up with fifty different sauces; you can put the beginning at the end, the middle at the beginning, and people wonder at the author's fecundity. I went on in this manner for about three years; but at last the public discovered that I gave turned cloth for new—I was hissed."

"Well, and how did you manage then?"

"Why, I determined to travel and regenerate my ideas."

"And do you succeed?"

"Quite certain of it. There are a great many persons at Abano, and plots are as thick here as the grasshoppers were in Egypt in the time of Pharaoh. In less than a month, I warrant you that I shall have gathered materials enough for as many comedies and dramas as will last me ten years at a moderate calculation. I only arrived yesterday, and am already on the scent of an intrigue."

Alfieri smiled incredulously.

"'Tis a fact," continued Cellini, lowering his voice; "yesterday, heated by traveling and unable to sleep, I ventured into the garden; you know the small pavilion at the extremity of the gravel walk."

"Yes."

"Well, I was strolling about near it, when I heard a door or a window suddenly close. I turned about, and found myself cheek by jowl with a man."

"Can it be possible?"

"Seeing me, he stopped short and seemed inclined to speak, but he altered his mind, turned away, and disappeared."

"Did you distinguish his features?"

"As I do yours now—it was splendid moonlight."

"And you would recognise him again?"

"I have done so already."

"How?"

"This morning I saw him in the pump-room."

"Do you know his name?"

"They call him Marliano."

The count started up with vivacity.

"Are you sure he came out of the pavilion?"

"I couldn't swear to it, but I think he did."

"And you are sure that it was close to the pavilion at the bottom of the garden, near the poplar trees, that you met him?"

"Yes, under the windows of the Marchioness Alcanza."

Alfieri turned pale, his lips trembled convulsively, but he mastered his emotion and sat down again.

"You see that I haven't lost my time," continued Cellini, who had not remarked the count's uneasiness. "I am on the scent of a love affair, which will no doubt furnish me with some excellent scenes. I had already remarked this Marliano, on account of his being so very ugly; he looks like the impenitent thief, in my idea.—Seeing him continually in the company of the marchioness, who, by the by, appears to hate him, I at first took him for her husband,

but I was mistaken; there is a secret about it, which you must help me to penetrate."

It was indeed a secret; but it was not only the count that now desired to discover it. Cellini was far from being aware how interested his friend was in this mystery, and what anguish his recital had inflicted upon him.

The marchioness had been about three months at Abano. She had come alone, and was ill.—Alfieri had done his best to avoid her; indeed he let slip no opportunity of showing his aversion when chance threw them together; but the young widow did her utmost to overcome a hatred, the cause of which she really was, or affected to be, ignorant of. Subsequently the count's coldness had yielded to the marks of interest which he received from the marchioness, and a sort of intimacy, which became more familiar every day, sprang up between them.—He felt that this woman exercised more influence over him every time he saw her; that his existence was, as it were, incomplete without her society; and that, in short, his happiness depended on the continuance of that friendship which had so unexpectedly arisen out of his former dislike.

He was on the point of telling her so one day, when Marliano arrived. At the sight of this man Bianca appeared confused; she welcomed him with concealed affright; there arose a sort of mute combat between them, in which the young widow was vanquished.

Alfieri then remarked that she avoided him. It seemed to him as if this Marliano exercised over her a sort of jealous guardianship, to which she submitted, but against her will. What connection could there exist between these two beings? Cellini's story cleared up all his doubts, but he could not bring himself to put faith in the conclusions which it seemed to warrant. Then who was this Marliano? A first glance seemed to indicate one of those men who pass their lives in the frivolities and dissipations of the world; but after a more minute examination he desisted under this assumed mask a violent tenacity, a stubborn and headstrong will, one of those ignoble and coarse minds in a case of adamant. Alfieri had in vain endeavoured to study more deeply this man's character; all his advances were met with distant civility; indeed the marchioness always interfered to put an end to any discussion which might arise between them; she seemed to fear their coming in contact with each other.

Such was the state of things, when one day the count, on descending into the garden rather earlier than usual, met the young widow alone. It was the first time since the arrival of Marliano, and he resolved to profit by it. After several useless attempts to discourse on indifferent topics, finding that he became more and more embarrassed, he at last suddenly stopped, and taking the hand of the marchioness—

"What have you against me?" said he; "and why do you avoid me?"

"I avoid you!" repeated she; "what can induce you to think so?"

"Do you think I am blind, madam? For more than a fortnight this is the first time I have been able to speak to you."

The marchioness, who had been troubled for a moment, had now recovered herself.

"Are you sure that it is my fault?" asked she, smiling; "we seldom find those whom we do not care to seek."

"Ah, madam! you do not doubt my desire to partake of your society?"

"Why not? I know that my arrival at Abano displeased you at first. Did the intimacy of a few days suffice to destroy all your former prejudices?"

The count blushed, and endeavoured to exculpate himself.

"Do not attempt to deny it," continued the marchioness; "some one had poisoned your mind against me. I know that the only reason of your stay was your being obliged to wait for some letters which you expected; you were consequently compelled to put up with my society."

"I do not know who can have given you all these details," said Alfieri, with unaffected simplicity; "but I cannot deny my faults, or conceal my

thoughts. It is true that your name awakened in me a painful emotion, and that I did not attempt to hide it. But if such be the cause of your coldness towards me, which has succeeded so suddenly to your prior affability, you punish too cruelly a prejudice which your presence has sufficed to dissipate."

"And may I ask you what this prejudice might be?"

"Were I to refuse to give you the explanation you demand, you might be inclined to suppose that it arose from some injurious repugnance on my part; but your presence renewed a sensation of sorrow within my breast, of which I was not the master."

"And for what reason?"

"I once had a friend, madam, who had likewise been the companion of my studies. We had grown together, and I loved him as children love one another, because they are of the same age and enjoy the same pleasures. We had separated, but kept up a regular correspondence, for we could not forget the happy days of our boyhood. I heard that he lived respected by all who knew him at Genoa. About a year back I learned that he had fallen in love with a woman, beautiful, admired, and courted by all. Two of my letters remained unanswered; at last I received one from his mother—his love had been fatal to him."

"And your friend was called?"

"Julie Aldi."

On hearing this name, a cry escaped the marchioness.

"It was then that I heard your name pronounced for the first time," continued Alfieri; but seeing that the young woman had buried her face in her hands—"Pardon me, madam, said he, with a supplicating and agitated voice, "I have afflicted you, but it was unavoidable. Now you are aware why I wished to avoid a person whose presence recalled to me the death of my friend."

"How you must have hated me!" exclaimed the marchioness, bathed in tears.

"No, madam; for I knew that you did everything in your power to prevent their duel, that you even went to the place of rendezvous."

"Too late, sir—too late!"

"The fault was not yours, and Aldi's mother rendered you full justice; she did not accuse you in the agony of her grief, but the young man's imprudence, which had exposed him to the Baron Rocca's sword. Ah, how often have I condemned him for having ventured, in the chances of a duel, a life full of hope in the future! I then did not know the anguish of always finding near the person beloved a face whose impassibility insults our sufferings—of hearing, whenever her voice is heard, the voice of another who answers her with familiarity! Now I comprehend why Aldi preferred certain death to tortures such as these; for I, a man of thought and reveries as I am, who never touched a sword in my life, I feel a thirst for shedding blood; a challenge is ever on my lips, and I wish to be placed opposite to my adversary, sword in hand, to acquire the right of loving exclusively to myself."

Alfieri's voice had risen as he spoke, his pale face was flushed, and, on pronouncing these last words, his hand was outstretched as if he had grasped a sword; the marchioness made an involuntary motion to stop him.

"Ah! you need not fear," rejoined he with a bitter smile; "I have devoured my anger. What right had I to provoke a rival? Jealousy is only permitted to him who can hope for a return to his affection. And yet," continued he, after a short pause, "what risk should I run in a duel? Is there not a terrible one engaged between me and my mad lady? and I well know what will be the issue of that."

The marchioness had insensibly drawn closer to him. Her looks were fixed upon the poet's dejected countenance with an indescribable expression of compassion, and she said, in a voice trembling with emotion, "Good heavens! what is the matter with you?"

"Do you ask me? Do you not know both the cause and the cure? Nothing but a little affection which might inspire me with the desire to live; for

an instant I had imagined I had found it; I then breathed more freely; I felt all the vigour of my youth return, because I was happy; but it only lasted a few days, for I soon perceived that my hopes were groundless."

"Who told you so?"

"Bianca!" exclaimed he; "have I understood you? Speak, I beseech you—for pity's sake, speak."

(Conclusion in our next.)

NEW BOOKS.

The Ecclesiastical and Political History of the Popes of Rome, during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. By Leopold Rauke, Professor in the University of Berlin. Translated from the German, by Sarah Austin, 2 vols. 8vo., Philadelphia, Lea and Blanchard, 1841.

This work will form an invaluable addition to the historical portion of standard literature. When we consider that the period to which it relates includes that of the Reformation and of the Huguenot wars, the Thirty Years' war, &c.; that it includes the history of the most active and influential power of the period; and finally that it solves the grand problem of modern history, viz: the cause of the progress of protestantism being so suddenly arrested; we shall find abundant reason for giving this history a place among the most interesting and useful extant. It will be regarded as essential to the completeness of every library which professes to supply itself with every first rate standard work which appears. Those who deem it necessary to purchase the works of Bancroft, Prescott, and Sparks, as they appear, will not fail to supply their shelves with Rauke's History of the Popes.

Life of De Witt Clinton. By James Renwick, L.L.D., Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy and Chemistry, in Columbia College, New York. Harper and Brother, 1841.

A life of so distinguished a citizen, patriot, and public benefactor, from so able a writer as Professor Renwick, cannot fail to command universal attention and respect. We are glad to see that the New Yorkers are true to the interests of their state, by cherishing the historical reputation of their illustrious men. Would to Heaven that Pennsylvania could be induced to consult her true interest by remembering her claims and merits as a state.

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NOVELS AND NOVELISTS.

In tracing the progress by which the art of fictitious narrative has advanced from its rude origin to its perfection, we are struck, amidst all the diversities occasioned by government, climate, and education, with the singular coincidence of certain phenomena attending its different stages, which have given a kind of uniformity to its history in all ages and countries in the world.

The infancy of fiction, for example, is everywhere characterised by a superabundance of incident. Attention is kept awake by rapidity of succession; and the beauty or propriety of individual occurrences, or their relation to each other, is forgotten in the bustle and excitement produced by the train. If there exist a principle of selection at all, it seems to be in favour of what is most wild and improbable. Everything is viewed by the novelist through a veil of mystery, for so the face of nature was actually regarded by those to whom he addresses himself. Ignorant of the laws that regulate the course of the material world, and by which he is afterwards enabled almost to control its movements, man at first regards himself as an inferior being in the chain of existences by which he believes himself surrounded. He humbles himself before the objects of his terror; he endows the elements with will and intelligence; peoples the rocks, mountains, and streams with imaginary beings, to whom he ascribes powers surpassing his own, and, like Tancred in the Enchanted Forest, sees a nymph or a spirit issuing from every tree. The narrator, with an "untaught innate philosophy," avails himself of these feelings; and trusting little to the delineation of familiar occurrences, endeavours to excite and sustain attention by touching the master-key of mysterious terror;—by the tales of mythology, the legends of superstition, the detail of those strange phenomena which at times disturb the course of nature, or of those dark and fearful moral calamities which, surpassing the common powers of thought and action, seem to render man a helpless instrument in the hands of an overpowering and irresistible destiny.

As society advances, however, this mode of interesting passes away. Feeling emerges with the increase of intelligence, as warmth follows the dawn. The mind, "touched to finer issues," is acted on by gentler stimuli. The tales which formerly fettered the reason, are now addressed only to the imagination, and gradually sink into nursery legends. The influence of female society appears more visible, in the less revolting character of the *materiel* of fiction, and in the in-

creasing tendency to the representation of the affairs of actual and domestic life, to which it has communicated so many varied aspects and new attractions. The aim of merely exciting attention by a multitude of incidents, is exchanged for that of touching the feelings, which is found to be more effectually accomplished by a few. The novelist abandons the character of a chronicler or annalist;—he exercises a principle of selection, passes over or details events according to their importance, and their relation to the end he has in view; and in supplying his imaginary actors with motives, language, and sentiments suited to the scenes in which they are placed; he invents and delineates *character*.

There is still another stage in the progress of fiction. When knowledge and intelligence have been diffused over the whole surface of society; when life becomes daily more uniform, decorous, and conventional,—less subject to strange interruptions—less animated by enthusiasm; when men, amply furnished with materials for contemplation, and little solicited by external objects that lead to emotion, desire rather the repose of thought than the stir of action or of feeling; and, in the representation of the things of life, are occupied more with the springs and motives, the hopes or fears which lead to action, than with action itself; then a corresponding character is impressed on fictitious writing. Plots become simple and domestic to excess; the place of incident is supplied by wit, by sentiment, by eloquence, by argument, by metaphysical analysis; and novels, no longer intended merely to amuse, are made the vehicle of communicating dogmata, moral, political, religious, or philosophical, as the author's peculiar vein may incline.

STERNE.

It remains to speak of Sterne;—and we shall do it in a few words. There is more of *manerism* and affectation in him, and a more immediate reference to preceding authors;—but his excellences, where he is excellent, are of the first order. His characters are intellectual and inventive, like Richardson's—but totally opposite in the execution. The one are made out by continuity, and patient repetition of touches; the others, by rapid and masterly strokes, and graceful opposition. His style is equally different from Richardson's:—it is, at times, the most rapid,—the most happy,—the most idiomatic of any of our novel writers. It is the pure essence of English conversational style. His works consist only of *morceaux*,—of brilliant passages. His wit is poignant, though artificial;—and his cha-

acters (though the groundwork has been laid before) have yet invaluable original differences;—and the spirit of the execution, the master-strokes constantly thrown into them, are not to be surpassed. It is sufficient to name them—Yorick, Dr. Slop, Mr. Shandy, my Uncle Toby, Trim, Susanna, and the Widow Wadman; and in these he has contrived to oppose, with equal felicity and originality, two characters,—one of pure intellect, and the other of pure good-nature, in my Father and my Uncle Toby. There appears to have been in Sterne a vein of dry, sarcastic humour, and of extreme tenderness of feeling;—the latter sometimes carried to affectation, as in the tale of Maria, and the apostrophe to the recording angel;—but at other times pure, and without blemish. The story of *Le Fevre* is perhaps the finest in the English language. My Father's restlessness, both of body and mind, is inimitable. It is the model from which all those despicable performances against modern philosophy ought to have been copied, if their authors had known anything of the subject they were writing about. My Uncle Toby is one of the finest compliments ever paid to human nature. He is the most unoffending of God's creatures; or, as the French express it—*un petit bon homme!* Of his bowling-green,—his sieges,—and his amours, who would say or think anything amiss?

From the London Metropolitan for January.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF ALFIERI.

BY J. C. C.

(Concluded from our last.)

The marchioness was about to answer; but she suddenly uttered a cry of terror; and tore herself from his embrace. The count raised his eyes; Marliano was standing at the corner of the parterre.

The Geneoise bowed coldly. On seeing him the marchioness had fallen back motionless on the bench; he advanced, and without appearing to notice her emotion, enquired after her health with impassable politeness.

As for Alfieri, the arrival of this man at the moment that he was about to receive an avowal which he had so long and so ardently sought after, had at first drawn from him a gesture of anger; but his attention was soon attracted towards Bianca, who by looks appeared to be supplicating Marliano. Alfieri felt all his doubts return; an invisible instinct pointed out this man to him as his rival, and he resolved to do his utmost to verify his suspicions. He observed to the marchioness that it was time to go to the spring, and he offered to escort her there.

"I thank you, sir," said the marchioness with embarrassment; "I remain here, but do not let me interfere with your arrangements."

"My arrangements are yours, madam," said the count; "you know it—the only hours that I enjoy, are those which I pass with you."

"I see, count, that you would succeed quite as well in madrigals as in tragedy," replied the marchioness with effort.

Alfieri shook his head. "Do not rail, I beseech you, at the expression of a sentiment which you know to be sincere," said he, "you cannot mistake the cause of the change which your presence has worked in me. Before I knew you I was unhappy, wearied with all that vain applause which is called glory. I saw you—melancholy, fatigue, all disappeared. You have acted on me as the rays of the sun on a drooping plant—I owe you my very existence."

"Sir!" exclaimed the marchioness, terrified; and then she turned her eyes upon Marliano, but he remained calm and motionless.

Alfieri had watched her looks and her movements.

"You will excuse me," rejoined he, turning towards the Genoese; "such confessions are not usually made in the presence of a third person. I have doubtless been indiscreet."

Marliano bowed. "I feel happy," said he, "count, to have inspired you with so much confidence as to induce you to make such an avowal of your sentiments."

"I assure you, signor, that I rejoice that you hear me."

"It is rather for me to rejoice to find that a great poet employs, to express his passion, an eloquence which others in vain seek for in their love."

The irony with which these last words had been pronounced had something so cold, so piercing about it, that it produced on Alfieri the effect of those wounds which we do not feel at first; but when he understood the full force of it, a flush of indignation caused his very blood to boil; his eyes met those of Marliano. Bianca threw herself between these two glances, in which they exchanged their hatred.

"We well know your gallantry, count," said she; "but we have had quite enough on that chapter for to-day. I do not intend to go to the spring, but I do not wish to hinder you from taking your accustomed walk; you will bring me a nosegay on your return."

The count made an effort on himself, and took his leave. Marliano was about to follow him.

"Signior Marliano?" exclaimed the marchioness, "you promised to read me a chapter."

The Genoese turned towards her, a sardonic smile played upon his lips, "Are you so much afraid for him?" said he.

Bianca laid her hand on her heart, and sat down without being able to answer.

"Yet you have reason to be satisfied with me, madam," rejoined Marliano, bitterly. "Did I not allow him to speak of his love? Did I not suffer his insults, for his intention was to insult me? Did I not carry my patience to such a pitch that he must have thought me a vile coward? Does not this suffice you?"

"I must leave this place," said the marchioness with anguish. "I cannot stay here any longer. I shall return to Genoa."

"I am ready."

Bianca cast on Marliano a long look of terror and indignation.

"Yes," continued she, "I shall return to Genoa, but to bid an eternal adieu to the world. I have often thought of it—my determination is taken—I shall retire into a convent."

Marliano started. "What say you, madam? A convent?"

"I am resolved."

"Impossible! So young, so beautiful—to bury yourself in an eternal prison."

"Am I free now?"

The Genoese looked at her. "It is to avoid me that you shun the world," said he, sorrowfully; "you then hate me more than you love its pleasures."

"And even were it so, have you not forced me to it?"

"What have I done?"

The marchioness briskly raised her head. "Do you dare ask me?" said she with indignant surprise.

"Baron Rocca, have you forgotten the past? Have you not traced around me a fatal circle which none can pass without certain death? You ask me what you have done. Have you not profited by your odious address as a *brave* to assume to yourself the authority of a guardian over me against my will, and call to account all those who approach me? I could not demand the assistance of those who would have had the courage to protect me against this tyranny, for it would have exposed them to certain destruction. Sheltered under the point of honour, you would have awaited their provocation—then, master of the arms and conditions, you would have murdered them as you did the unfortunate Aldi. Thus have you enslaved me to your will during three years, trembling beneath your regard, obliged to suffer your society, and estranging all others from me through fear. In vain have I tried to escape you; you have followed me everywhere. Even here, where I had fled for concealment, you appear under the false name of Marliano as if you had feared that yours would have been the signal of my flight—and you now ask me what you have done?"

Whilst the marchioness had been speaking, the Genoese had turned paler and paler; his features had assumed an expression impossible to describe, it was an anguish which had something cruel about it—a sort of despair which tormented him, but inspired no pity; it was the grief of Satan crowned king of evil and of pain.

"Why did you not love me?" said he, fixing on the marchioness a withering look of anger, "it is you who have caused all that has happened. Happiness would have softened my soul. You have exasperated it. That skill which you reproach me with—the world itself forced me to acquire it. I was ugly, abandoned; I required a defence against contempt—I acquired the art of killing. What had at first been necessity, became at last a habit—I placed my honour in a science which I had studied merely as a safeguard. Besides, why should I spare those who hate me? The hatred of others render us cruel, madam. Ah! as soon as I knew you, I take heaven to witness that I repented ever having shed blood—but I could not efface the past. My love was disdained. I saw that you despised and hated me. I was then seized with a secret rage. Why should I leave to another the happiness which had been refused to myself? Would you even have thanked me for it at the bottom of your soul? No! If I am cruel, Bianca, it is because I cannot bear the idea that you should love another."

"Thus I am the slave of your passion."

"I love you and am jealous."

"But I—I do not love you."

"I know it—I know it. And yet your love would change my whole life, and redeem the past."

He seized the hands of Bianca, and pressed them convulsively against his heart. "Oh! I love you, Bianca; I love you as man never loved," exclaimed he; "why are you without pity?"

"Leave me—leave me," said the young woman, struggling to escape.

"What can I do to induce you to listen to me?"

"Leave me, I say."

"Bianca, you cannot eternally resist my prayers—you will relent—I love you too much—you must be mine at last."

"A convent rather!" exclaimed the young woman distractedly.

"I will tear you from it."

"Then the tomb!"

Marliano let drop her hands, which he held in his. "You love the count," said he gnashing his teeth with rage.

The marchioness shuddered, attempted to speak, but burst into tears.

"To-morrow we start for Genoa," said he after a long silence.

At this moment some person appeared at the extremity of the walk; Marliano offered the countess his arm, and they both walked away.

Hardly had they disappeared among the trees, when Cellini crept cautiously from behind a clump of acacias where he had concealed himself. He had arrived there a little after Alfieri's departure, and

having distinguished the voices of the marchioness and Marliano, he had allowed his curiosity to get the better of his discretion. Wishing to clear up the suspicions which he entertained, he had listened attentively, and had heard all that passed between them. The beginning of their conversation had only excited his astonishment, and he merely saw in it a capital subject for a *scenario*, but the end had taught him the part which Alfieri played in the affair. He therefore ran to him immediately, and told him all that he had discovered thus opportunely. His revelation was for the count as welcome as it was unexpected; his doubts were removed, and he saw that he was beloved. Everything was now explained; the trouble of the marchioness at the sight of Marliano; her timid submission to his will; the sudden alternation in her behaviour towards himself. His joy knew no bounds.

"But," observed Cellini, "she has promised this Marliano, or rather this Baron Rocca, to start to-morrow."

"No, no," exclaimed Alfieri; "she shall stay. Ah! heaven be thanked that I have learned the truth; for this once this Baron Rocca will find some one betwixt him and the woman whom he oppresses."

"You forget that you never handled an arm in your life, and that this man will infallibly kill you."

"I do not care."

"Of course you are too happy just now to care about life; only, if you succumb, the marchioness will remain without a protector, and exposed to the mercy of her persecutor."

"You are right. But need I fight this man? Would it not be sufficient to publish the truth?"

"It is injurious to the baron; he will challenge you, and you cannot refuse to give him satisfaction, or it will be said you are afraid."

"Well, I will give him satisfaction."

"Then he will kill you, and you will not have benefitted her in the least. You walk in a circle out of which you can find no issue."

Alfieri stamped with rage on the ground. "Is it possible that this point of honour can cover every enormity? What! because a villain is clever in the art of killing, he has the right to force you to silence, or to murder you! Strange justice of the world! If I refuse to allow myself to be assassinated by this cut-throat, a thousand voices will be raised to brand me as a coward, and my celebrity will only serve to publish my shame to every corner of the world, and render my name more despicable. Since life is nothing but an arena of gladiators, why was not I taught to shed blood? What use is what I am and what I know, to me? O God! I would barter my genius, my glory, every thing, for the science of a fencing-master. What's to be done—what's to be done?"

"Formerly a *brave* might have served your turn; unfortunately they are out of fashion now."

Alfieri shook his head and remained pensive. But he suddenly awoke from his reverie: "Yes," murmured he, "it must be so; it's the only means I have."

"What are you going to do?" asked his friend.

"You shall know very soon," answered the count, and he left the room.

The following hours were employed by him in arranging his affairs and writing his last instructions. However firm the soul may be, such preparations cannot but weigh heavily upon it. There is always some smiling corner in life, some happy spot, which we then recal to mind, and to which the humid eye looks back with regret. How many doubts arise, how many anxieties do we rake up from the bottom of our hearts! Will our name be long remembered? Who will weep for our loss?—Melancholy reflections, to solve which we dare not consult the experience of the past.

And Alfieri thought of all this: of the mountains where he had passed his boyhood; of his first verses; of the old woman's prediction, which was now, doubtless, to be accomplished. He then examined his papers, separating his finished compositions from those which he had as yet as it were only sketched out, the children of his imagination, which he intended to have impressed with the whole power of

"Good Heavens, if that is a footpad!" said Mr. Spencer, shaking violently.

"Lord, sir, I have my barkers with me. Who's there?"

The barouche stopped: a man came to the window.

"Excuse me, sir," said the stranger, "but there is a poor boy here so tired and ill that I fear he will never reach the next town unless you will kindly give him a lift."

"A poor boy!" said Mr. Spencer, poking his head over the head of Mr. Sharp. "Where?"

"If you would just drop him at the King's Arms it would be a chaurity," said the man.

Sharp pinched Mr. Spencer on the shoulder.

"That's Dashing Jerry: I'll get out." So say-

ing, he opened the door, jumped into the road, and presently reappeared with the lost and welcome Sidney in his arms. "Ben't this the boy?"

he whispered to Mr. Spencer; and, taking the lamp from the carriage, he raised it to the child's face. "It is! it is! God be thanked!" exclaimed the worthy man.

"Will you leave him at the King's Arms? We shall be there in an hour or two," cried the captain.

"We! Who's *we*?" said Sharp, gruffly.

"Why, myself and the child's brother."

"Oh!" said Sharp, raising the lantern to his own face, "you knows me, I think, Master Jerry? Let me kitch you again, that's all. And give my compliments to your 'sociate, and say, if he prosecutes this 'ere hurchin any more, we'll settle his business for him; and so take a hint and make yourself scarce, old boy!"

With that Mr. Sharp jumped into the barouche, and bade the postboy drive on as fast as he could.

Ten minutes after this abduction, Philip, followed by two labourers, with a barrow, a lantern, and two blankets, returned from the hospitable farm to which the light had conducted him. The spot where he had left Sidney, and which he knew by a neighbouring milestone, was vacant; he shouted in alarm, and the captain answered from the distance of some threescore yards. Philip came to him. "Where is my brother?"

"Gone away in a barouche and pair. Devil take me if I understand it." And the captain proceeded to give a confused account of what had passed.

"My brother! my brother! they have torn thee from me, then!" cried Philip; and he fell to the earth insensible.

CHAPTER XI.

"Vous me rendrez mon frere!"
CASIMIR DELAVIGNE: *Les Enfants d'Edouard*.

One evening, a week after this event, a wild, tattered, haggard youth knocked at the door of Mr. Robert Beaufort.

The porter slowly presented himself.

"Is your master at home? I must see him instantly."

"That's more than you can, my man; my master does not see the like of you this time of night," replied the porter eyeing the ragged apparition before him with great disdain.

"See me he must and shall," replied the young man; and, as the porter blocked up the entrance, he grasped his collar with a hand of iron, swung him, huge as he was, aside, and strode into the spacious hall.

"Stop! stop!" cried the porter, recovering himself. "James! John! here's a go!"

I—41. 13

Mr. Robert Beaufort had been back in town several days. Mrs. Beaufort, who was waiting his return from his club, was in the dining-room. Hearing a noise in the hall, she opened the door, and saw the strange, grim figure advancing towards her. "Who are you?" she said; "what do you want?"

"I am Philip Morton. Who are you?"

"My husband," said Mrs. Beaufort, shrinking into the parlour, while Morton followed her and closed the door, "my husband, Mr. Beaufort, is not at home."

"You are Mrs. Beaufort, then! Well, you can understand me. I want my brother. He has been basely reft from me. Tell me where he is, and I will forgive all. Restore him to me, and I will bless you and yours." And Philip fell on his knees, and grasped the train of her gown.

"I know nothing of your brother, Mr. Morton," cried Mrs. Beaufort, surprised and alarmed. "Arthur, whom we expect every day, writes us word that all search for him has been in vain."

"Ha! you admit the search?" cried Morton, rising and clenching his hands. "And who else but you or yours would have parted brother and brother? Answer me where he is. No subterfuge, madam: I am desperate!"

Mrs. Beaufort, though a woman of that worldly coldness and indifference which, on ordinary occasions, supply the place of courage, was extremely terrified by the tone and mien of her rude guest. She laid her hand on the bell, but Morton seized her arm, and, holding it sternly, said, while his dark eyes shot fire through the glimmering room, "I will not stir hence till you have told me. Will you reject my gratitude—my blessing? Beware! Again, where have you hid my brother?"

At that instant the door opened, and Mr. Robert Beaufort entered. The lady, with a shriek of joy, wrenched herself from Philip's grasp, and flew to her husband.

"Save me from this ruffian!" she said, with an hysterical sob.

Mr. Beaufort, who had heard from Blackwell strange accounts of Philip's obdurate perverseness, vile associates, and unredeemable character, was roused from his usual timidity by the appeal of his wife.

"Insolent reprobate!" he said, advancing to Philip; "after all the absurd goodness of my son and myself—after rejecting all our offers, and persisting in your miserable and vicious conduct, how dare you presume to force yourself into this house? Begone, or I will send for the constables to remove you!"

"Man—man," cried Philip, restraining the fury that shook him from head to foot, "I care not for your threats—I scarcely hear your abuse: your son or yourself have stolen away my brother; tell me only where he is; let me see him once more. Do not drive me hence without one word of justice—of pity. I implore you—on my knees I implore you—yes, I, I implore you, Robert Beaufort, to have mercy on your brother's son. Where is Sidney?"

Like all mean and cowardly men, Robert Beaufort was rather encouraged than softened by Philip's abrupt humility,

"I know nothing of your brother; and, if this is not all some villanous trick—which it may be—I am heartily rejoiced that he, poor child! is rescued from the contamination of such a companion," answered Beaufort.

"I am at your feet still; again, for the last time, clinging to you, a supplicant: I pray you to tell me the truth."

Mr. Beaufort, more and more exasperated by Morton's forbearance, raised his hand as if to strike; when, at that moment, one hitherto unobserved—one who, terrified by the scene she had witnessed but could not comprehend, had slunk into a dark corner of the room—now came from her retreat. And a child's soft voice was heard, saying,

"Do not strike him, papa! Let him have his brother!"

Mr. Beaufort's arm fell to his side: kneeling before him, and by the outcast's side, was his own young daughter; she had crept into the room unobserved when her father entered.

Through the dim shadows, relieved only by the red and fitful gleam of the fire, he saw her fair meek face looking up wistfully at his own, with tears of excitement, and perhaps of pity—for children have a quick insight into the reality of grief in those not far removed from their own years—glistening in her soft eyes. Philip looked round bewildered; and he saw that face, which seemed to him, at such a time, like the face of an angel.

"Hear her!" he murmured; "oh, hear her! For her sake, do not sever one orphan from the other!"

"Take away that child, Mrs. Beaufort," cried Robert, angrily. "Will you let her disgrace herself thus? And you, sir, begone from this roof; and when you can approach me with due respect, I will give you, as I said I would, the means to get an honest living!"

Philip rose: Mrs. Beaufort had already led away her daughter, and she took that opportunity of sending in the servants: their forms filled up the doorway.

"Will you go," continued Mr. Beaufort, more and more emboldened as he saw the menials at hand, "or shall *they* expel you?"

"It is enough, sir," said Philip, with a sudden calm and dignity that surprised, and almost awed, his uncle. "My father, if the dead yet watch over the living, has seen and heard you. There will come a day for justice. Out of my path, hirelings!"

He waved his arm, and the menials shrunk back at his tread, stalked across the inhospitable hall, and vanished.

When he had gained the street, he turned and looked up at the house. His dark and hollow eyes, gleaming through the long and raven hair that fell profusely over his face, had in them an expression of menace almost preternatural from its settled calmness; the wild and untutored majesty, which, through rags and squalor, never deserted his form, as it never does the forms of men in whom the will is strong and the sense of injustice deep—the outstretched arm—the haggard, but noble features—the bloomless and scathed youth—all gave to his features and his stature an aspect awful in its sinister and voiceless wrath.

There he stood a moment, like one to whom wo and wrong have given a prophet's power, guiding the eye of the forgetful Fate to the roof of the oppressor. Then slowly, and with a half smile, he turned away, and strode through the streets till he arrived at one of the narrow lanes that intersect the more equivocal quarters of the huge city. He stopped at the private entrance of a small pawnbroker's shop; the door was opened by a slipshod boy; he ascended the dingy stairs till he came to the second floor; and there, in a

small back room, he found Captain De Burgh Smith, seated before a table with a couple of candles on it, smoking a cigar, and playing at cards by himself.

"Well, what news of your brother, Bully Phil?"

"None: they will reveal nothing."

"Do you give him up?"

"Never! My hope now is in you!"

"Well, I thought you would be driven to come to me, and I will do something for you that I should not like to do for myself. I told you that I knew the Bow-street runner who was in the barouche. I will find him out—Heavens knows, that is easily done—and, if you can pay well, you will get your news."

"You shall have all I possess if you restore my brother. See what it is—one hundred pounds—it was his fortune. It is useless to me without him. There, take fifty now, and if—"

Philip stopped, for his voice trembled too much to allow him farther speech. Captain Smith thrust the notes into his pocket, and said, "We'll consider it settled."

Captain Smith fulfilled his promise. He saw the Bow-street officer. Mr. Sharp had been bribed too high by the opposite party to tell tales, and he willingly encouraged the suspicion that Sidney was under the care of the Beauforts. He promised, however, for the sake of ten guineas, to procure Philip a letter from Sidney himself. This was all he would undertake.

Philip was satisfied. At the end of another week, Mr. Sharp transmitted to the captain a letter, which he, in his turn, gave to Philip. It ran thus, in Sidney's own sprawling hand:

"Dear Brother Philip,—I am told you wish to know how I am, and therefore take up my pen, and assure you that I write all out of my own head. I am very comfortable and happy—much more so than I have been since poor dear mama died; so I beg you won't vex yourself about me: and pray don't try and find me out. For I would not go with you again for the world. I am so much better off here. I wish you would be a good boy, and leave off your Bad ways; for I am sure, as every one says, I don't know what would have become of me if I had staid with you, Mr. — [the Mr. half-scratched out], the gentleman I am with, says, if you turn out properly, he will be a friend to *you* too; but he advises you to go, like a Good boy, to Arthur Beaufort, and ask his pardon for the past, and then Arthur will be very kind to you. I send you a great big sum of £20, and the gentleman says he would send more, only it might make you naughty, and set up. I go to church now every Sunday, and read good books, and always pray that God may open your eyes. I have such a nice pony, with such a long tale. So no more at present from your affectionate brother,

"SIDNEY MORTON.

"Oct. 8, 18—,

"Pray, pray don't come after me any more. You know I neerly died of it, but for this dear good gentleman I am with."

So this, then, was the crowning reward of all his sufferings and all his love. There was the letter, evidently undictated, with its errors of orthography, and in the child's rough scrawl: the serpent's tooth pierced to the heart, and left there its most lasting venom.

"I have done with him for ever," said Philip, brushing away the bitter tears. "I will molest

him no farther: I care no more to pierce this mystery. Better for him as it is: he is happy. Well, well, and I—I will never care for a human being again."

He bowed his head over his hands, and when he rose, his heart felt to him like stone. It seemed as if Conscience herself had fled from his soul on the wings of departed Love.

CHAPTER XII.

"But you have found the mountain's top: there sit
On the calm, flourishing head of it;
And while with wearied steps we upward go,
See us and clouds below."—COWLEY.

It was true that Sidney was happy in his new home, and thither we must now trace him.

On reaching the town where the travellers in the barouche had been requested to leave Sidney, "The King's Arms" was precisely the inn eschewed by Mr. Spencer. While the horses were being changed, he summoned the surgeon of the town to examine the child, who had already much recovered; and, by stripping his clothes, wrapping him in warm blankets, and administering cordials, he was permitted to reach another stage, so as to baffle pursuit that night; and in three days Mr. Spencer had placed his new charge with his maiden sisters, 150 miles from the spot where he had been found. He would not take him to his own home yet. He feared the claims of Arthur Beaufort. He artfully wrote to that gentleman, stating that he had abandoned the chase of Sidney in despair, and desiring to know if he had discovered him; and a bribe of £300 to Mr. Sharp, with a candid exposition of his reasons for secreting Sidney—reasons in which the worthy officer professed to sympathise—secured the discretion of his ally. But he would not deny himself the pleasure of being in the same house with Sidney, and was therefore, for some months the guest of his sisters. At length he heard that young Beaufort had been ordered abroad for his health, and he then deemed it safe to transfer his new idol to his Lares by the lakes. During this interval, the current of the younger Morton's life had indeed flowed through flowers. At his age the care of females were almost a want as well as a luxury, and the sisters spoiled and petted him as much as any elderly nymphs in Cytherea ever petted Cupid. They were good, excellent, high-nosed, flat-bosomed spinsters, sentimentally fond of their brother, whom they called "the poet," and dotingly attached to children. The cleanness, the quiet, the good cheer of their neat abode, all tended to revive and invigorate the spirits of their young guest, and every one there seemed to vie which should love him the most. Still his especial favourite was Mr. Spencer: for Spencer never went out without bringing back cakes and toys; and Spencer gave him his pony; and Spencer rode a little crop-eared nag by his side; and Spencer, in short, was associated with his every comfort and caprice. He told them his little history; and when he said how Philip had left him alone for long hours together, and how Philip had forced him to his last and nearly fatal journey, the old maids groaned, and the old bachelor sighed, and they all cried in a breath that "Philip was a very wicked boy." It was not only their obvious policy to detach him from his brother, but it was their sincere conviction that they did right to do so. Sidney began, it is true, by taking Philip's part; but his mind was

ductile, and he still looked back with a shudder to the hardships he had gone through; and so, by little and little, he learned to forget all the endearing and fostering love Philip had evinced to him; to connect his name with dark and mysterious fears; to repeat thanksgiving to Providence that he was saved from him; and to hope that they might never meet again. In fact, when Mr. Spencer learned from Sharp that it was through Captain Smith, the swindler, that application had been made by Philip for news of his brother, and having also learned before, from the same person, that Philip had been implicated in the sale of a horse, swindled, if not stolen, he saw every additional reason to widen the stream that flowed between the wolf and the lamb. The older Sidney grew, the better he comprehended and appreciated the motives of his protector; for he was brought up in a formal school of propriety and ethics, and his mind naturally revolted from all images of violence or fraud. Mr. Spencer changed both the Christian and the surname of his *protégé*, in order to elude the search whether of Philip, the Mortons, or the Beauforts, and Sidney passed for his nephew by a younger brother who had died in India.

So there, by the calm banks of the placid lake, amid the fairest landscapes of the island garden, the youngest born of Catharine passed his tranquil days. The monotony of the retreat did not fatigue a spirit which, as he grew up, found occupation in books, music, poetry, and the elegances of the cultivated, if quiet life, within his reach. To the rough past he looked back as to an evil dream, in which the image of Philip stood dark and threatening. His brother's name, as he grew older, he rarely mentioned; and if he did volunteer it to Mr. Spencer, the bloom on his cheek grew paler. The sweetness of his manners, his fair face and winning smile, still combined to secure him love, and to screen from the common eye whatever of selfishness yet lurked in his nature. And, indeed, that fault in so serene a career, and with friends so attached, was seldom called into action. So thus was he severed from both the protectors, Arthur and Philip, to whom poor Catharine had bequeathed him. By a perverse and strange mystery, they to whom the charge was most intrusted were the very persons who were forbidden to redeem it. On our deathbeds, when we think we have provided for those we leave behind, should we lose the last smile that gilds the solemn agony if we could look one year into the Future?

Arthur Beaufort, after, as might be expected, an ineffectual search for Sidney, on returning to his home, heard no unexaggerated narrative of Philip's visit, and listened with deep resentment to his mother's distorted account of the language addressed to her. It is not to be surprised that, with all his romantic generosity, he felt sickened and revolted at violence that seemed to him without excuse. Though not a revengeful character, he had not that meekness which never resents. He looked upon Philip Morton as upon one rendered incorrigible by bad passions and evil company. Still Catharine's last bequest, and Philip's note to him, the unknown comforter, often recurred to him, and he would have willingly yielded had Philip been thrown in his way. But as it was, when he looked around, and saw the examples of that charity that begins at home, in which the world abounds, he felt as if he had done his duty; and prosperity having, though it could not harden his heart, still sapped the habits of perseverance, so by little and little the image of the

dying Catharine, and the thought of her sons, faded from his remembrance. And for this there was the more excuse after the receipt of an anonymous letter, which relieved all his apprehensions on behalf of Sidney. The letter was short, and stated simply that Sidney Morton had found a friend who would protect him throughout life, but who would not scruple to apply to Beaufort if ever he needed his assistance. So one son, and that the youngest and the best-loved, was safe. And the other, had he not chosen his own career? Alas, poor Catharine! when you fancied that Philip was the one sure to force his way into fortune, and Sidney the one most helpless, how ill did you judge of the human heart! It was that very strength in Philip's nature which tempted the winds that scattered the blossoms, and shook the stem to its roots; while the lighter and frailer nature bent to the gale, and bore transplanting to a happier soil. If a parent read these pages, let him pause and think well on the characters of his children; let him at once fear and hope the most for the one whose passions and whose temper lead to a struggle with the world. That same world is a tough wrestler, and has a bear's gripe for the poor.

Meanwhile, Arthur Beaufort's own complaints, which grew serious and menaced consumption, recalled his thoughts more and more every day to himself. He was compelled to abandon his career at the University, and to seek for health in the softer breezes of the South. His parents accompanied him to Nice; and when, at the end of a few months, he was restored to health, the desire of travel seized the mind and attracted the fancy of the young heir. His father and mother, satisfied with his recovery, and not unwilling that he should acquire the polish of Continental intercourse, returned to England; and young Beaufort, with gay companions and munificent income, already courted, spoiled, and flattered, commenced his tour with the fair climes of Italy.

So, oh dark mystery of the moral world!—so, unlike the order of the external universe, glide together, side by side, the shadowy steeds of NIGHT AND MORNING. Examine life in its own world: confound not *that* world, the inner one, the practical one, with the more visible, yet airier and less substantial system, doing homage to the sun, to whose throne, afar in the infinite space, the human heart has no wings to flee. In life, the mind and the circumstance give the true seasons, and regulate the darkness and the light. Of two men standing on the same foot of earth, the one revels in the joyous noon, and the other shudders in the solitude of night. For Hope and Fortune the daystar is ever shining. The “Anmuth-Strahlendes” live ever in the air. For Care and Penury, night changes not with the ticking of the clock or the shadow on the dial. Morning for the heir, night for the houseless, and God's eye in both!

BOOK III.

“Berge lagen mir im Weg;
Strome hemmten meinen Fluss:
Aber Schlünde baut' ich Stege
Buckten durch den wilden Fluss.”
SCHILLER: *Der Pilgrim*.

CHAPTER I.

“The knight of arts and industry,
And his achievements fair.”
THOMPSON'S *Castle of Inolence*; *Replematory Verses to C. n. II.*
In a popular and respectable, but not very fashionable *quartier* in Paris, and in the tolerably

broad and effective *locale* of the Rue —, there might be seen, at the time I now treat of, a curious-looking building, that jutted out semicircularly from the neighbouring shops, with plaster pilasters and compo ornaments. The *virtuosi* of the *quartier* had discovered that the building was constructed in imitation of an ancient temple in Rome; this erection, then fresh and new, reached only to the *entresol*. The pilasters were painted light green, and gilded in the cornices, while surmounting the architrave were three little statues—one held a torch, another a bow, and a third a bag; they were therefore rumoured, I know not with what justice, to be the artistical representatives of Hymen, Cupid, and Fortune.

On the door was neatly engraved, on a brass plate, the following inscription:

“MONSIEUR LOVE, ANGLAIS.
A L'ENTRESOL.”

And if you had crossed the threshold, and mounted the stairs, and gained that mysterious story inhabited by Monsieur Love, you would have seen upon another door to the right another epigraph, informing those interested in the inquiry that the *bureau* of M. Love was open daily, from nine in the morning to four in the afternoon.

The office of M. Love—for office it was, and of a nature not unfrequently designated in the “*petites affiches*” of Paris—had been established about six months; and, whether it was the popularity of the profession, or the shape of the shop, or the manners of M. Love himself, I cannot pretend to say, but certain it is that the Temple d'Hymen, as M. Love classically termed it, had become exceedingly in vogue in the Faubourg St. —. It was rumoured that no less than nine marriages in the immediate neighbourhood had been manufactured at this fortunate office, and that they had all turned out happily except one, in which the bride being sixty, and the bridegroom twenty-four, there had been rumours of domestic dissension; but, as the lady had been delivered—I mean of her husband, who had drowned himself in the Seine about a month after the ceremony—things had turned out, in the long run, better than might have been expected, and the widow was so little discouraged that she had been seen to enter the office already: a circumstance that was greatly to the credit of Mr. Love.

Perhaps the secret of Mr. Love's success, and of the marked superiority of his establishment in rank and popularity over similar ones, consisted in the spirit and liberality with which the business was conducted. He seemed resolved to destroy all formality between parties who might desire to draw closer to each other, and he hit upon the lucky device of a *table d'hôte*, very well managed, and held twice a week, and often followed by a *soirée dansante*; so that, if they pleased, the aspirants to matrimonial happiness might become acquainted without *gêne*. As he himself was a jolly, convivial fellow of much *savoir vivre*, it is astonishing how well he made these entertainments answer. Persons who had not seemed to take to each other in the first distant interview grew extremely enamoured when the corks of the Champagne—an extra, of course, in the *abonnement*—bounced against the wall. Added to this, Mr. Love took great pains to know the tradesmen in his neighborhood; and, what with his jokes, his appearance of easy circumstances, and the fluency with which he spoke the language, he became a universal favourite. Many persons, who were uncommonly starch in general, and who professed to ridicule the *bureau*, saw

nothing improper in dining at the *table d'hôte*. To those who wished for secrecy he was said to be wonderfully discreet; but there were others who did not affect to conceal their discontent at the single state; for the rest, the entertainments were so contrived as never to shock the delicacy, while they always forwarded the suit.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening, and Mr. Love was still seated at dinner, or, rather, at dessert, with a party of guests. His apartments, though small, were somewhat gaudily painted and furnished, and his dining-room was decorated *à la Turque*. The party consisted, first, of a rich *épicier*, a widower, Monsieur Goupille by name, an eminent man in the faubourg; he was in his grand climacteric, but still *belhomme*; wore a very well made *perruque* of light auburn, with tight pantaloons, which contained a pair of very respectable calves; and his white neckcloth and his large frill were washed and got up with especial care. Next to Monsieur Goupille sat a very demure and very spare young lady of about two-and-thirty, who was said to have saved a fortune—Heaven knows how—in the family of a rich English *milord*, where she had officiated as governess; she called herself Mademoiselle Adele de Courval, and was very particular about the *de*, and very melancholy about her ancestors. Monsieur Goupille generally put his finger through his *perruque*, and fell away a little on his left pantaloons when he spoke to Mademoiselle de Courval; and Mademoiselle de Courval generally pecked at her bouquet when she answered Monsieur Goupille. On the other side of this young lady sat a fine-looking, fair man, M. de Sovolofski, a Pole, buttoned up to the chin, and rather threadbare, though uncommonly neat. He was flanked by a little fat lady, who had been very pretty, and who kept a boarding-house or *pension* for the English, she herself being English, though long established in Paris. Rumour said she had been gay in her youth, and dropped in Paris by a Russian nobleman, with a very pretty settlement—she and the settlement having equally expanded by time and season; she was called Madame Beavor. On the other side of the table was a red-headed Englishman, who spoke very little French; who had been told that French ladies were passionately fond of light hair; and who, having £2000 of his own, intended to quadruple that sum by a prudent marriage. Nobody knew what his family was, but his name was Higgins. His neighbour was an exceedingly tall, large-boned Frenchman, with a long nose and a red riband, who was much seen at Frescati's, and had served under Napoleon. Then came another lady, extremely pretty, very *piquante* and very gay, but past the *première jeunesse*, who ogled Mr. Love more than she did any of his guests: she was called Rosalie Caumartin, and was at the head of a large *bonbon* establishment; married, but her husband had gone four years ago to the Isle of France, and she was a little doubtful whether she might not be justly entitled to the privileges of a widow. Next to Mr. Love, in the place of honour, sat no less a person than the Vicomte de Vaudemont, a French gentleman really well-born, but whose various excesses, added to his poverty, had not served to sustain that respect for his birth which he considered due to it. He had already been twice married; once to an Englishwoman, who had been decoyed by the title; by this lady, who died in childbed, he had one son; a fact which he sedulously concealed from the world of Paris by keeping the unhappy boy, who was now some

eighteen or nineteen years old, a perpetual exile in England. Monsieur de Vaudemonte did not wish to pass for more than thirty, and he considered that to produce a son of eighteen would be to make the lad a monster of ingratitude by giving the lie every hour to his own father! In spite of this precaution, the vicomte found great difficulty in getting a third wife, especially as he had no actual and visible income; was, not seamed, but ploughed up with the small pox; small of stature, and was considered more than *un peu bete*. He was, however, a prodigious dandy, and wore a lace frill and embroidered waistcoat. Mr. Love's *vis-à-vis* was Mr. Birnie, an Englishman, a sort of assistant in the establishment, with a hard, dry, parchment face, and—a remarkable talent for silence. The host himself was a splendid animal; his vast chest seemed to occupy more space at the table than any four of his guests, yet he was not corpulent nor unwieldy; he was dressed in black, wore a velvet stock very high, and four gold studs glittered in his shirt-front; he was bald to the crown, which made his forehead appear singularly lofty, and what hair he had left was a little grayish and curled; his face was shaved smoothly except a close-clipped mustache; and his eyes, though small, were bright and piercing. Such was the party.

"These are the best *bonsbons* I ever ate," said Mr. Love, glancing at Madame Caumartin. "My fair friends have compassion on the table of a poor bachelor."

"But you ought not to be a bachelor, Monsieur Love," replied the fair Rosalie, with an arch look; "you, who make others marry, should set the example."

"All in good time," answered Mr. Love, nodding; "one serves one's customers to so much happiness that one has none left for one's self."

Here a loud explosion was heard. Monsieur Goupille had pulled one of the *bonbon* crackers with Mademoiselle Adèle.

"I've got the motto!—no—monsieur has it; I'm always unlucky," said the gentle Adèle.

The *épicier* solemnly unrolled the little slip of paper; the print was very small, and he longed to take out his spectacles, but he thought that would make him look old. However, he spelled through the motto with some difficulty:

"Comme elle fait soumettre un cœur
En refusant son doux hommage,
On peut traiter la coquette en vainqueur
De la beauté modeste on chérit l'esclavage."

"I present it to mademoiselle," said he, laying the motto solemnly in Adèle's plate, upon a little mountain of chestnut-husks.

"It is very pretty," said she, looking down.

"It is very *à propos* whispered the *épicier*, caressing the *perruque* a little too roughly in his emotion. Mr. Love gave him a kick under the table, and put his finger to his own bald head, and then to his nose, significantly. The intelligent *épicier* smoothed back the irritated *perruque*.

"Are you fond of *bonsbons*, Mademoiselle Adèle? I have a very fine stock at home," said Monsieur Goupille.

Mademoiselle Adèle de Courval sighed, "*Hélas!* they remind me of happier days. When I was a *petite*, and my dear grandmamma took me in her lap, and told me how she escaped the guillotine—she was an *émigrée*, and you know her father was a marquis."

The *épicier* bowed and looked puzzled. He did not quite see the connection between the *bonsbons* and the guillotine.

"You are *triste*, monsieur," observed Madame Beavor, in rather a piqued tone, to the Pole, who had not said a word since the *rôti*.

"Madame, an exile is always *triste*: I think of my *pauvre pays*."

"Bah!" cried Mr. Love. "Think that there is no exile by the side of a *belle dame*."

The Pole smiled mournfully.

"Pull it," said Madame Beavor, holding a cracker to the patriot, and turning away her face.

"Yes, madame; I wish it were a cannon in defence of *La Pologne*."

With this magniloquent aspiration, the gallant Sovolofski pulled lustily, and then rubbed his fingers with a little grimace, observing that crackers were sometimes dangerous, and that the present combustible was *d'une force immense*.

"Hélas! J'ai cru jusqu'à ce jour

Pouvoir triompher de l'amour,"

said Madame Beavor, reading the motto. "What do you say to that?"

"Madame, there is no triumph for *La Pologne*!"

Madame Beavor uttered a little peevish exclamation, and glanced in despair at her red-headed countryman, "Are you, too, a great politician, sir!" said she, in English.

"No, mem! I'm all for the ladies."

"What does he say?" asked Madame Caumartin.

"*Monsieur Higgins est tout pour les dames*."

"To be sure he is," cried Mr. Love; "all the English are, especially with that coloured hair; a lady who likes a passionate adorer should always marry a man with gold-coloured hair—always. What do you say, Mademoiselle Adèle?"

"Oh, I like fair hair," said mademoiselle, looking bashfully askew at Monsieur Goupille's *perruque*. "Grandmamma said her papa—the marquis—used yellow powder: it must have been very pretty."

"Rather *à la sucre d'orge* remarked the *épicier*, smiling on the right side of his mouth, where his best teeth were.

Mademoiselle de Courval looked displeased. "I fear you are a republican, Monsieur Goupille?"

"I, mademoiselle? No, I'm for the Restoration;" and again the *épicier* perplexed himself to discover the association of idea between republicanism and *sucre d'orge*.

"Another glass of wine. Come, another," said Mr. Love, stretching across the vicomte to help Madame Caumartin.

"Sir," said the tall Frenchman with the riband, eyeing the *épicier* with great disdain, "you say you are for the Restoration—I am for the Empire—*Moi!*"

"No politics!" cried Mr. Love. "Let us adjourn to the *salon*."

The vicomte, who had seemed supremely *ennuyé* during this dialogue, plucked Mr. Love by the sleeve as he rose, and whispered petulantly, "I do not see any one here to suit me, Monsieur Love—none of my rank."

"*Mon Dieu!*" answered Mr. Love; "*point d'argent, point Suisse*. I could introduce you to a duchess, but then the fee is high. There's Mademoiselle de Courval—she dates from the Carolingians."

"She is very like a boiled sole," answered the vicomte, with a wry face. "Still—what dower has she?"

"Forty thousand francs, and sickly," replied Mr. Love; "but she likes a tall man, and Monsieur Goupille is—"

"Tall men are never well made," interrupted the vicomte, angrily; and he drew himself aside as Mr. Love, gallantly advancing, gave his arm to Madame Beavor, because the Pole had, in rising, folded both his arms across his breast.

"Excuse me, ma'am," said Mr. Love to Madame Beavor, as they adjourned to the *salon*, "I don't think you manage that brave man well."

"*Ma foi, comme il est ennuyeux avec sa Pologne*," replied Madame Beavor, shrugging her shoulders.

"True, but he is a very fine shaped man; and it is a comfort to think that one will have no rival but his country. Trust me, and encourage him a little more; I think he would suit you to a T."

Here the *garçon* engaged for the evening announced Monsieur and Madame Giraud; whereupon there entered a little—little couple, very fair, very plump, and very like each other. This was Mr. Love's show couple—his decoy ducks—his last best example of match-making; they had been married two months out of the *bureau*, and were the admiration of the neighbourhood for their conjugal affection. As they were now united, they had ceased to frequent the *table d'hôte*; but Mr. Love often invited them after the dessert, *pour encourager les autres*.

"My dear friends," cried Mr. Love, shaking each by the hand, "I am ravished to see you. Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you the happiest couple in Christendom; if I had done nothing else in my life but to bring them together, I should not have lived in vain!"

The company eyed the objects of this eulogium with great attention.

"Monsieur, my prayer is to deserve my *bonheur*," said Monsieur Giraud.

"*Cher ange!*" murmured madame: and the happy pair seated themselves next to each other.

Mr. Love, who was all for those innocent pastimes which do away with conventional formality and reserve, now proposed a game at "Hunt the Slipper," which was welcomed by the whole party except the Pole and the vicomte; though Mademoiselle Adèle looked prudish, and observed to the *épicier* "that Monsieur Love was so droll! but she should not have liked her *pauvre grand-maman* to see her."

The vicomte had stationed himself opposite to Mademoiselle de Courval, and kept his eyes fixed on her very tenderly.

"Mademoiselle, I see, does not approve of such *bourgeois* diversions," said he.

"No, monsieur," said the gentle Adèle. "But I think we must sacrifice our own tastes to those of the company."

"It is a very amiable sentiment," said the *épicier*.

"It was one attributed to grandmamma's papa, the Marquis de Courval. It has become quite a hackneyed remark since," said Adèle.

"Come, ladies," said the joyous Rosalie, "I volunteer my slipper."

"*Sisseyez-vous donc*," said Madame Beavor to the Pole. "Have you no games of this sort in Poland?"

"Madame, *La Pologne* is no more," said the Pole. "But with the swords of her brave—"

"No swords here, if you please," said Mr. Love, putting his vast hands on the Pole's shoulders, and sinking him forcibly down into the circle now formed.

The game proceeded with great vigour and much laughter from Rosalie, Mr. Love, and Madame Beavor, especially whenever the last thumped the Pole with the heel of the slipper.

Monsieur Giraud was always sure that Madame Giraud had the slipper about her, which persuasion on his part gave rise to many little endearments, which are always so innocent among married people. The vicomte and the *épicière* were equally certain the slipper was with Mademoiselle Adèle, who defended herself with much more energy than might have been supposed in one so gentle. The *épicière*, however, grew jealous of the attentions of his noble rival, and told him that he *gêné*d mademoiselle; whereupon the vicomte called him an *impertinent*; and he tall Frenchman with the red riband sprung up and said,

"Can I be of any assistance, gentlemen?"

Therewith Mr. Love, the great peacemaker, interposed, and, reconciling the rivals, proposed to change the game to *Colin Maillard*, *Anglice*, 'Blind Man's Buff.' Rosalie clapped her hands, and offered herself to be blindfolded. The tables and chairs were cleared away; and Madame Beavor pushed the Pole into Rosalie's arms, who, having felt him about the face for some moments, guessed him to be the tall Frenchman. During his time Monsieur and Madame Giraud hid themselves behind the window-curtain.

"Amuse yourself, *mon ami*," said Madame Beavor to the liberated Pole.

"Ah, madam," sighed Monsieur Sovolofski, "how can I be gay! All my property confiscated by the Emperor of Russia! Has *La Pologne* no Brutus?"

"I think you are in love," said the host, clapping him on the back.

"Are you quite sure," whispered the Pole to the matchmaker, "that Madame Beavor has *vingt mille livres de rentes*?"

"Not a *sous* less."

The Pole mused, and glancing at Madame Beavor, said, "And yet, madame, your charming gaiety consoles me amid all my sufferings;" upon which Madame Beavor called him "flatterer," and rapped his knuckles with her fan; the latter proceeding the brave Pole did not seem to like, for he immediately buried his hands in his trowsers pockets.

The game was now at its meridian. Rosalie was uncommonly active, and flew about here and there, much to the harassment of the Pole, who repeatedly wiped his forehead, and observed that it was warm work, and put him in mind of the last sad battle for *La Pologne*. Monsieur Goupille, who had lately taken lessons in dancing, and was vain of his agility, mounted the chairs and tables, as Rosalie approached, with great grace and gravity. It so happened that in these salutations he ascended a stool near the curtain behind which Monsieur and Madame Giraud were ensconced. Somewhat agitated by a slight fluttering behind the folds, which made him fancy, on the sudden panic, that Rosalie was creeping that way, the *épicière* made an abrupt *pirouette*, and the hook on which the curtains were suspended caught his left coat-tail:

"The fatal gesture left the unguarded side:"

just as he turned to extricate the garment from that dilemma, Rosalie sprung upon him, and naturally lifting her hands to that height where she fancied the human face divine, took another extremity of Monsieur Goupille's graceful frame, thus exposed, by surprise.

"I don't know who this is. *Quelle drôle de visage!*" muttered Rosalie.

"*Mais, madame,*" faltered Monsieur Goupille, looking greatly disconcerted.

The gentle Adèle, who did not seem to relish this adventure, came to the relief of her wooer, and pinched Rosalie very sharply in the arm.

"That's not fair. But I will know who this is," cried Rosalie, angrily; "you sha'n't escape!"

A sudden and universal burst of laughter roused her suspicions—she drew back—and exclaiming, "*Mais quelle mauvaise plaisanterie; c'est trop fort!*" applied her fair hand to the place in dispute with so hearty a good-will, that Monsieur Goupille uttered a dolorous cry, and sprang from the chair, leaving the coat-tail (the cause of all his woe) suspended upon the hook.

It was just at this moment, and in the midst of the excitement caused by Monsieur Goupille's misfortune, that the door opened, and the *garçon* reappeared, followed by a young man in a large cloak.

The new-comer paused at the threshold, and gazed around him in evident surprise.

"*Diable!*" said Mr. Love, approaching, and gazing hard at the stranger. "Is it possible? You are, then, come at last? Welcome!"

"But," said the stranger, apparently still bewildered, "there is some mistake; you are not—"

"Yes, I am Mr. Love!—Love all the world over. How is our friend Gregg? Told you to address yourself to Mr. Love, eh? Mum! Ladies and gentlemen, an acquisition to our party. Fine fellow, eh? Five feet eleven without his shoes, and young enough to hope to be thrice married before he dies. When did you arrive?"

"To-day."

And thus Philip Morton and Mr. William Gawtreay met once more.

CHAPTER II.

"Happy the man who, void of care and strife
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A splendid shilling!"—*The Splendid Shilling.*

"And wherefore should they take or care for thought,
The unreasoning vulgar willing to obey,
And leaving toil and poverty behind,
Run forth by different ways, the blissful boon to find."
—*Wast's Education.*

"Poor boy! your story interests me. The events are romantic, but the moral is practical, old, everlasting—life, boy, life. Poverty by itself is no such great curse; that is, if it stops short of starving. And passion by itself is a noble thing, sir; but poverty and passion together—poverty and feeling—poverty and pride—poverty, not of birth, but reverse; and the man who ousts you out of your easy-chair, kicking you with every turn he takes, as he settles himself more comfortably—why, there's no romance in that—hard every-day life, sir! Well, well: so, after your brother's letter, you resigned yourself to that fellow Smith."

"No; I gave him my money, not my soul. I turned from his door with a few shillings that he himself thrust into my hand, and walked on—I cared not whither—out of the town, into the fields, till night came; and then, just as I suddenly entered on the high road, many miles away, the moon rose, and I saw by the hedgeside something that seemed like a corpse: it was an old beggar, in the last stage of raggedness, disease, and famine. He had lain himself down to die. I shared with him what I had, and helped him to a little inn. As he crossed the threshold, he turned round and blessed me. Do you know, the moment I heard that blessing, a stone seemed rolled away from my heart. I said to myself,

'What then! even I can be of use to some one; and I am better off than that old man, for I have youth and health.' As these thoughts stirred in me, my limbs, before heavy with fatigue, grew light; a strange kind of excitement seized me. I ran on gaily beneath the moonlight that smiled over the crisp, broad road. I felt as if no house, not even a palace, were large enough for me that night. And when, at last wearied out, I crept into a wood and laid myself down to sleep, I still murmured to myself, 'I have youth and health.' But in the morning, when I rose, I stretched out my arms, and missed my brother! . . . In two or three days I found employment with a farmer; but we quarreled after a few weeks, for once he wished to strike me; and, somehow or other, I could work, but not serve. Winter had begun when we parted—oh, such a winter! Then—then I knew what it was to be houseless. How I lived for some months—if to live it can be called—it would pain you to hear, and humble me to speak. At last, I found myself again in London; and one evening, not many days since, I resolved at last—for nothing else seemed left, and I had not touched food for two days—to come to you."

"And why did that never occur to you before?"

"Because," said Philip, with a deep blush, "because I trembled at the power over my actions and my future life that I was to give to one whom I was to bless as a benefactor, yet distrust as a guide."

"Well," said Love or Gawtreay, with a singular mixture of irony and compassion in his voice, "and it was hunger, then, that terrified you at last, even more than I?"

"Perhaps hunger, or perhaps rather the reasoning that comes from hunger. I had not, I say, touched food for two days; and I was standing on that bridge from which, on one side, you see the palace of a head of the Church, on the other the towers of the Abbey, within which the men I have read of in history lie buried. It was a cold, frosty evening, and the river below looked bright with the lamps and stars. I leaned, weak and sickening, against the wall of the bridge; and in one of the arched recesses beside me a cripple held out his hat for pence. I envied him! He had a livelihood; he was inured to it, perhaps bred to it; he had no shame. By a sudden impulse, I too turned abruptly round, held out my hand to the first passenger, and started at the shrillness of my own voice as it cried 'Charity.'"

Gawtreay threw another log on the fire, looked complacently round the comfortable room, and rubbed his hands. The young man continued:

"You should be ashamed of yourself. I've a great mind to give you up to the police," was the answer, in a pert and sharp tone. I looked up, and saw the livery my father's menials had worn. I had been begging my bread from Robert Beaufort's lackey! I said nothing; the man went on his business on tiptoe, that the mud might not splash above the soles of his shoes. Then thoughts so black that they seemed to blot out every star from the sky—thoughts I had often wrestled against, but to which I now gave myself up with a sort of mad joy—seized me, and I remembered you. I had still preserved the address you gave me; I went straight to the house. Your friend, on naming you, received me kindly, and, without question, placed food before me—pressed on me clothing and money—procured me a passport—gave me your address—and now I am beneath your roof. Gaw-

treys, I know nothing yet of the world but the dark side of it. I know not what to deem of you! but, as you alone have been kind to me, so it is to your kindness rather than your aid that I now cling—your kind words and kind looks—yet—” he stopped short and breathed hard.

“Yet you would know more of me. Faith, my boy, I cannot tell you more at this moment. I believe, to speak fairly, I don't live exactly within the pale of the law. But I'm not a villain! I never plundered my friend, and called it play! I never murdered my friend, and called it honour! I never seduced my friend's wife, and called it gallantry!” As Gawtreys said this, he drew the words out, one by one, through his grinded teeth, paused, and resumed more gaily, “I struggle with Fortune—*voilà tout!* I am not what you seem to suppose—exactly a swindler, certainly not a robber! But, as I before told you, I am a charlatan: so is every man who strives to be richer or greater than he is. I too want kindness as much as you do. My bread and my cup are at your service. I will try and keep you unsullied, even by the clean dirt that now and then sticks to me. On the other hand, youth, my young friend, has no right to play the censor; and you must take me as you take the world, without being over scrupulous and dainty. My present vocation pays well; in fact, I am beginning to lay by. My real name and past life are thoroughly unknown, and, as yet, unsuspected in this *quartier*; for, though I have seen much of Paris, my career hitherto has passed in other parts of the city; and, for the rest, own that I am well disguised! What a benevolent air this bald forehead gives me, eh? True,” added Gawtreys, somewhat more seriously, “if I saw how you could support yourself in a broader path of life than that in which I pick out my own way, I might say to you, as a gay man of fashion might say to some sober stripling—nay, as many a dissolute father says (or ought to say) to his son, ‘It's no reason you should be a sinner because I am not a saint.’ In a word, if you were well off in a respectable profession, you might have safer acquaintances than myself. But as it is, upon my word as a plain man, I don't see what you can do better.” Gawtreys made this speech with so much frankness and ease, that it seemed greatly to relieve the listener; and when he wound up with, “What say you? In fine, my life is that of a great schoolboy, getting into scrapes for the fun of it, and fighting his way out as he best can! Will you see how you like it?” Philip, with a confiding and grateful impulse, put his hand into Gawtreys's. The host shook it cordially, and without saying another word, showed his guest into a little cabinet where there was a sofa-bed, and they parted for the night.

The new life upon which Philip Morton entered was so odd, so grotesque, and so amusing, that at his age it was perhaps natural that he should not be clear-sighted as to its danger.

William Gawtreys was one of those men who are born to exert a certain influence and ascendancy wherever they may be thrown; his vast strength, his redundant health, had a power of themselves—a moral as well as physical power. He naturally possessed high animal spirits, beneath the surface of which, however, at times there was visible a certain under-current of malignity and scorn. He had evidently received a superior education, and could command at will the manners of a man not unfamiliar with a politer class of society. From the first hour Philip had seen him on the top of the coach on the R—

road, this man had attracted his curiosity and interest; the conversation he had heard in the churchyard, the obligations he owed to Gawtreys in his escape from the officers of justice, the time afterward passed in his society till they separated at the little inn, the rough and hearty kindness Gawtreys had shown him at that period, and the hospitality extended to him now, all contributed to excite his fancy, and in much—indeed, very much—entitled this singular person to his gratitude. Morton, in a word, was fascinated; this man was the only friend he had made. I have not thought it necessary to detail to the reader the conversations that had taken place between them during that passage of Morton's life when he was before for some days Gawtreys's companion; yet those conversations had sunk deep in his mind. He was struck, and almost awed, by the profound gloom which lurked under Gawtreys's broad humour: a gloom, not of temperament, but of knowledge. His views of life, of human justice and human virtue, were (as, to be sure, is commonly the case with men who have had reason to quarrel with the world) dreary and despairing; and Morton's own experience had been so sad, that these opinions were more influential than they could ever have been with the happy. However, in this, their second reunion, there was a greater gaiety than in their first; and, under his host's roof, Morton insensibly, but rapidly, recovered something of the early and natural tone of his impetuous and ardent spirits. Gawtreys himself was generally a boon companion; their society, if not select, was merry. When their evenings were disengaged, Gawtreys was fond of haunting *cafés* and theatres, and Morton was his companion; Birnie (Mr. Gawtreys's partner) never accompanied them. Refreshed by this change of life, the very person of this young man regained its bloom and vigour, as a plant, removed from some choked atmosphere and unwholesome soil, where it had struggled for light and air, expands on transplanting: the graceful leaves burst from the long, drooping boughs, and the elastic crest springs upward to the sun in the glory of its young prime. If there was still a certain fiery sternness in his aspect, it had ceased, at least, to be haggard and savage; it even suited the character of his dark and expressive features. He might not have lost the something of the tiger in his fierce temper, but in the sleek hues and the sinewy symmetry of the frame he began to put forth also something of the tiger's beauty.

Mr. Birnie did not sleep in the house; he went home nightly to a lodging at some little distance. We have said but little about this man, for, to all appearance, there was little enough to say; he rarely opened his own mouth except to Gawtreys, with whom Philip often observed him engaged in whispered conferences, to which he was not admitted. His eye, however, was less idle than his lips; it was not a bright eye; on the contrary, it was dull, and, to the unobservant, lifeless, of a pale blue, with a dim film over it—the eye of a vulture; but it had in it a calm, heavy, stealthy watchfulness, which inspired Morton with great distrust and aversion. Mr. Birnie not only spoke French like a native, but all his habits, gestures, his tricks of manner were French; not the French of good society, but more idiomatic, as it were, and popular. He was not exactly a vulgar person—he was too silent for that—but he was evidently of low extraction and coarse breeding; his accomplishments were of a mechanical nature; he was an extraordinary arithmetician; he was

a very skilful chemist, and kept a laboratory at his lodgings; he mended his own clothes and linen with incomparable neatness. Philip suspected him of blacking his own shoes—but that was prejudice. Once he found Morton sketching horses' heads—*pour se désennuyer*; and he made some short criticisms on the drawings which showed him well acquainted with the art. Philip, surprised, sought to draw him into conversation; but Birnie eluded the attempt, and observed that he had once been an engraver.

Gawtreys himself did not seem to know much of the early life of this person, or, at least, he did not seem to like much to talk of him. The footstep of Mr. Birnie was gliding, noiseless, and catlike; he had no sociality in him—enjoyed nothing—drank hard, but was never drunk. Somehow or other, he had evidently over Gawtreys an influence little less than Gawtreys had over Morton, but it was of a different nature. Morton had conceived an extraordinary affection for his friend; while Gawtreys seemed secretly to dislike Birnie, and to be glad whenever he quitted his presence. It was, in truth, Gawtreys's custom, when Birnie retired for the night, to rub his hands, bring out the punch bowl, squeeze the lemons, and while Philip, stretched on the sofa, listened to him, between sleep and waking, to talk on for the hour together, often till day-break, with that *bizarre* mixture of knavery and feeling, drollery and sentiment, which made the dangerous charm of his society.

One evening, as they thus sat together, Morton, after listening for some time to his companion's comments on men and things, said abruptly,

“Gawtreys! there is so much in you that puzzles me, so much which I find it difficult to reconcile with your present pursuits, that, if I ask no indiscreet confidence, I should like greatly to hear some account of your early life. It would please me to compare it with my own; when I am your age, I will then look back and see what I owed to your example.”

“My early life! Well—you shall hear it. It will put you on your guard, I hope, betimes against the two rocks of youth—love and friendship.” Then, while squeezing the lemon into his favourite beverage, which Morton observed he made stronger than usual, Gawtreys thus commenced

THE HISTORY OF A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

CHAPTER III.

“All his success must on himself depend.
He had no money, counsel, guide, or friend;
With spirit high, John learn'd the world to brave,
And in both senses was a ready knave.”—*C. B. B.*

“My grandfather sold walking-sticks and umbrellas in the little passage by Exeter Change; he was a man of genius and speculation. As soon as he had scraped together a little money, he lent it to some poor devil with a hard landlord at twenty per cent., and made him take half the loan in umbrellas or bamboo. By these means he got his foot into the ladder, and climbed upward and upward, till at the age of forty, he had amassed 5000*l.* He then looked about for a wife. An honest trader in the Strand, who dealt largely in cotton prints, possessed an only daughter; this young lady had a legacy, from a great aunt, of 3220*l.*, with a small street in St. Giles's, where the tenants paid weekly (all thieves or rogues—all, so their rents were sure.) Now my grandfather conceived a great friendship for the father

of this young lady; gave him a hint as to a new pattern in spotted cottons; enticed him to take out a patent, and lent him 700*l.* for the speculation; applied for the money at the very moment cottons were at their worst, and got the daughter instead of the money; by which exchange, you see, he won 2520*l.*, to say nothing of the young lady. My grandfather then entered into partnership with the worthy trader, carried on the patent with spirit, and begat two sons. As he grew older, ambition seized him: his sons should be gentlemen: one was sent to College, the other put into a marching regiment. My grandfather meant to die worth a plum; but a fever he caught, in visiting his tenants in St. Giles's, prevented him, and he only left 20,000*l.*, equally divided between the sons. My father, the College man" (here Gawtreys paused a moment, took a large draught of the punch, and resumed with a visible effort)—"my father the College man, was a person of rigid principles—bore an excellent character—had a great regard for the world. He married early and respectably. I am the sole fruit of that union; he lived soberly; his temper was harsh and morose, his home gloomy: he was a very severe father, and my mother died before I was ten years old. When I was fourteen, a little old Frenchman came to lodge with us; he had been persecuted under the old *régime* for being a philosopher; he filled my head with odd crotchets, which, more or less, have stuck there ever since. At eighteen I was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge. My father was rich enough to have let me go up in the higher rank of a pensioner, but he had lately grown avaricious; he thought that I was extravagant; he made me a sizar, perhaps to spite me. Then, for the first time, those inequalities in life which the Frenchman had dinned into my ears met me practically. A sizar! another name for a dog! I had such strength, health, and spirits, that I had more life in my little finger than half the fellow-commoners—gentle, spindle-shanked striplings, who might have passed for a collection of my grandfather's walking-canes—had in their whole bodies. And I often think," continued Gawtreys, "that health and spirits have a great deal to answer for! When we are young we so far resemble savages—who are Nature's young people—that we attach prodigious value to physical advantages. My feats of strength and activity—the clouds I thrashed, and the railings I leaped, and the boat-races I won—are they not written in the chronicle of St. John's? These achievements inspired me with an extravagant sense of my own superiority; I could not but despise the rich fellows whom I could have blown down with a sneeze. Nevertheless, there was an impassable barrier between me and them: a sizar was not a proper associate for the favourites of Fortune! But there was one young man, a year younger than myself, of high birth, and the heir to considerable wealth, who did not regard me with the same supercilious insolence as the rest; his very rank, perhaps, made him indifferent to the little conventional formalities which influence persons who cannot play at football with this round world; he was the wildest youngster in the university—lamp-breaker—tandem-driver—mob-fighter—a very devil, in short—clever, but not in the reading line—small and slight, but brave as a lion. Congenial habits made us intimate, and I loved him like a brother—better than a brother—as a dog loves his master. In all our rows I covered him with my body. He had but to say to me, 'Leap into the water,' and I would not have stopped to pull

off my coat. In short, I loved him as a proud man loves one who stands betwixt him and contempt—as an affectionate man loves one who stands between him and solitude. To cut short a long story, my friend, one dark night, committed an outrage against discipline of the most unpardonable character. There was a sanctimonious, grave old fellow of the College crawling home from a tea-party; my friend and another of his set seized, blindfolded, and handcuffed this poor wretch; carried him, *vi et armis*, back to the house of an old maid whom he had been courting for the last ten years, fastened his pig-tail (he wore a long one) to the knocker, and so left him. You may imagine the infernal hubbub which his attempts to extricate himself caused in the whole street; the old maid's old maid-servant, after emptying on his head all the vessels of wrath she could lay her hand to, screamed 'rape and murder!' The proctor and his bulldogs came up, released the prisoner, and gave chase to the delinquents, who had incautiously remained near to enjoy the sport. The night was dark, and they reached the College in safety, but they had been tracked to the gates. For this offence I was expelled."

"Why, you were not concerned in it?" said Phi.

"No; but I was suspected and accused. I could have got off by betraying the true culprits; but my friend's father was in public life—a stern, haughty old statesman: young Lilburne was mortally afraid of him—the only person he *was* afraid of. If I had too much insisted on my innocence, I might have set enquiry on the right track. In fine, I was happy to prove my friendship for him. He shook me most tenderly by the hand on parting, and promised never to forget my generous devotion. I went home in disgrace: I need not tell you what my father said to me; I do not think he ever loved me from that hour. Shortly after this, my uncle, George Gawtreys, the captain, returned from abroad: he took a great fancy to me, and I left my father's house (which had grown insufferable) to live with him. He had been a very handsome man—a gay spendthrift; he had got through his fortune, and now lived on his wits—he was a professed gambler. His easy temper, his lively humour fascinated me; he knew the world well; and, like all gamblers, was generous when the dice were lucky—which, to tell you the truth, they generally were with a man who had no scruples. Though his practices were a little suspected, they had never been discovered. We lived in an elegant apartment, mixed familiarly with men of various ranks, and enjoyed life extremely. I brushed off my college rust, and conceived a taste for expense: I knew not why it was, but in my new existence every one was kind to me; to be sure, they were all *ne vaut rien*, and I had spirits that made me welcome everywhere. I was a scamp—but a frolicsome scamp—and that is always a popular character. As yet I was not dishonest, but saw dishonesty around me, and it seemed a very pleasant, jolly mode of making money; and now I again fell into contact with the young heir. My college friend was as wild in London as he had been at Cambridge; but the boy-ruffian, though not then twenty years of age, had grown into a man-villain."

Here Gawtreys paused and frowned darkly.

"He had great natural parts, this young man—much wit, readiness, and cunning, and he became very intimate with my uncle. He learned

of him how to play the dice and to pack the cards—he paid him £1000 for the knowledge!"

"How! a cheat? You said he was rich."

"His father was very rich, and he had a liberal allowance, but he was very extravagant; and rich men love gain as well as poor men do! He had no excuse but the grand excuse for all vice—*SELFISHNESS*. Young as he was, he became the fashion, and he fattened upon the plunder of his equals, who desired the honour of his acquaintance. Now I had seen my uncle cheat, but I had never imitated his example; when the man of fashion cheated, and made a jest of his earnings and my scruples—when I saw him courted, flattered, honoured, and his acts unsuspected, because his connections embraced half the peerage, the temptation grew strong, but I still resisted it. However, my father always said I was born to be a good-for-nothing, and I could not escape my destiny. And now I suddenly fell in love: you don't know what that is yet—so much the better for you. The girl was beautiful, and I thought she loved me—perhaps she did—but I was too poor, so her friends said, for marriage. We courted, as the saying is, in the mean while. It was my love for her, my wish to deserve her, that made me iron against my friend's example. I was fool enough to speak to him of Mary—to present him to her: this ended in her seduction." (Again Gawtreys paused and breathed hard.) "I discovered the treachery—I called out the seducer; he sneered, and refused to fight the lowborn adventurer. I struck him to the earth, and *then* we fought; I was satisfied by a ball through my side! but *he*," added Gawtreys, rubbing his hands, and with a vindictive chuckle, "*he* was a cripple for life! When I recovered, I found that my foe, whose sick chamber was crowded with friends and comforters, had taken advantage of my illness to ruin my reputation. He, the swindler, accused me of his own crime: the equivocal character of my uncle confirmed the charge. *Him*, his own highborn pupil was enabled to unmask, and his disgrace was visited on me. I left my bed to find my uncle (all disguise over) an avowed partner in a hell; and myself, blasted alike in name, love, past and future. And then, Philip—then I recommenced that career which I have trodden since, the prince of good-fellows and good-for-nothings, with ten thousand aliases, and as many strings to my bow. Society cast me off when I was innocent. Egad, I have had my revenge on society since! Ho! ho! ho!"

The laugh of this man had in it a moral infection. There was a sort of glorying in its deep tone; it was not the hollow hysteric of shame and despair—it spoke a sanguine joyousness! William Gawtreys was a man whose animal constitution had led him to take animal pleasure in all things: he had enjoyed the poisons he had lived on.

"But your father—surely your father—"

"My father," interrupted Gawtreys, "refused me the money (but a small sum) that, once struck with the strong impulse of a sincere penitence, I begged of him to enable me to get an honest living in an humble trade: his refusal soured the penitence; it gave me an excuse for my career; and conscience grapples to an excuse as a drowning wretch to a straw. And yet this hard father—this cautious, moral, money-loving man—three months afterward, suffered a rogue—almost a stranger—to decoy him into a speculation that promised to bring him fifty per cent.: he invested in the traffic of usury what had sufficed to save a hundred such as I am from perdition, and he

lost it all; it was nearly his whole fortune, but he lives, and has his luxuries still: he cannot speculate, but he can save: he cared not if I starved, for he finds an hourly happiness in starving himself."

"And your friend," said Philip, after a pause, in which his young sympathies went dangerously with the excuses for his benefactor, "what has become of him, and the poor girl?"

"My friend became a great man; he succeeded to his father's peerage—a very ancient one—and to a splendid income. He is living still. Well, you shall hear about the *poor girl*! We are told of victims of seduction dying in a workhouse or on a dunghill, penitent, broken-hearted, and uncommonly ragged and sentimental; may be a frequent case, but it is not the worst. It is worse, I think, when the fair, penitent, innocent, credulous dupe becomes in her turn the deceiver; when she catches vice from the breath upon which she has hung; when she ripens, and mellows, and rots away into painted, blazing, staring, wholesale harlotry; when, in her turn, she ruins warm youth with false smiles and long bills; and when, worse, worse than all, when she has children—daughters, perhaps—brought up to the same trade, cooped, plumped for some hoary lecher, without a heart in their bosoms, unless a balance for weighing money may be called a heart: Mary became this; and I wish to Heaven she had rather died in an hospital! Her lover polluted her soul as well as her body: he found her another lover when he was tired of her. When she was at the age of thirty-six, I met her in Paris with a daughter of sixteen. I was then flush with money, frequenting *salons*, and playing the part of a fine gentleman; she did not know me at first, and she sought my acquaintance. For you must know, my dear friend," said Gawtrety, abruptly breaking off the thread of his narrative, "that I am not altogether the low dog you might suppose in seeing me here. At Paris—ah! you don't know Paris—there is a glorious ferment in society, in which the dregs are often uppermost. I came here at the Peace; and here have I resided the greater part of each year ever since. The vast masses of energy and life, broken up by the great thaw of the Imperial system, floating along the tide, are terrible icebergs for the vessel of the state. Some think Napoleonism over: its effects are only begun. Society is shattered from one end to the other, and I laugh at the little rivets by which they think to keep it together. But to return: Paris, I say, is the atmosphere for adventurers; new faces and new men are so common here that they excite no impertinent enquiry, it is so usual to see fortunes made in a day and spent in a month; except in certain circles, there is no walking round a man's character to spy out where it wants piecing! Some lean Greek poet put lead in his pockets to prevent being blown away; put gold in your pockets, and at Paris you may defy the sharpest wind in the world—yea, even the breath of that old Æolus—Scandal! Well, then, I had money—no matter how I came by it—and health, and gaiety; and I was well received in the coteries that exist in all capitals, but mostly in France, where pleasure is the cement that joins many discordant atoms: here, I say, I met Mary, and her daughter by my old friend—the daughter, still innocent, but, *sacré!* in what an element of vice! We knew each other's secrets, Mary and I, and kept them: she thought me a greater knave than I was, and she intrusted to me her intention of selling her child to a rich English marquis.

On the other hand, the poor girl confided to me her horror of the scenes she witnessed and the snares that surrounded her. What do you think preserved her pure from all danger? Bah! you will never guess! It was partly because, if example corrupts, it as often deters, but principally because she loved. A girl who loves one man purely has about her an amulet which defies the advances of the profligate. There was a handsome young Italian, an artist, who frequented the house—he was the man. I had to choose, then, between mother and daughter: I chose the last."

Philip seized hold of Gawtrety's hand, grasped it warmly, and the Good-for-nothing continued:

"Do you know that I loved that girl as well as I had ever loved the mother, though in another way? She *was* what I had fancied the mother *to be*; still more fair, more graceful, more winning, with a heart as full of love as her mother's had been of vanity. I loved that child as if she had been my own daughter; I induced her to leave her mother's house—I secreted her—I saw her married to the man she loved—I gave her away, and saw no more of her for several months."

"Why?"

"Because I spent them in prison! The young people could not live upon air; I gave them what I had, and, in order to do more, I did something which displeased the police. I narrowly escaped that time; but I am popular—very popular; and, with plenty of witnesses, not over scrupulous, I got off! When I was released, I would not go to see them, for my clothes were ragged: the police still watched me, and I would not do *them* harm in the world! Ay, poor wretches! they struggled so hard: he could get very little by his art, though I believe he was a cleverish fellow at it, and the money I had given them could not last for ever. They lived near the Champs Elysées, and at night I used to steal out and look at them through the window. They seemed so happy, and so handsome, and so good; but he looked sickly, and I saw that, like all Italians, he languished for his own warm climate. But man is born to act as well as to contemplate," pursued Gawtrety, changing his tone into the *allegro*, "and I was soon driven into my old ways, though in a lower line. I went to London just to give my reputation an airing; and when I returned, pretty flush again, the poor Italian was dead, and Fanny was a widow, with one boy, and *enceinte* with a second child. So then I sought her again, for her mother had found her out, and was at her with her devilish kindness; but Heaven was merciful, and took her away from both of us: she died in giving birth to a girl, and her last words were uttered to me, imploring me—the adventurer—the charlatan—the good-for-nothing—to keep her child from the clutches of her own mother. Well, sir, I did what I could for both the children; but the boy was consumptive, like his father, and sleeps at Père la Chaise. The girl is here—you shall see her some day. Poor Fanny! if ever the devil will let me, I shall reform for her sake; meanwhile, for her sake, I must get grist for the mill. My story is concluded, for I need not tell you of all my pranks—of all the parts I have played in life. I have never been a murderer, or a burglar, or a highway robber, or what the law calls a thief. I can only say as I said before, I have lived upon my wits, and they have been a tolerable capital on the whole. I have been an actor, a money-lender, a physician, a professor of animal magnetism (*that* was lucrative till it went out of

fashion—perhaps it will come in again); I have been a lawyer, a house-agent, a dealer in curiosities and china; I have kept a hotel; I have set up a weekly newspaper; I have seen almost every city in Europe, and made acquaintance with some of its jails: but a man who has plenty of brains generally falls on his legs."

"And your father?" said Philip: and here he informed Gawtrety of the conversation he had overheard in the churchyard, but on which a scruple of natural delicacy had hitherto kept him silent.

"Well, now," said his host, while a slight blush rose to his cheeks, "I will tell you, that though to my father's sternness and avarice I attribute many of my faults, I yet always had a sort of love for him; and when in London, I accidentally heard that he was growing blind, and living with an artful old jade of a housekeeper, who might send him to rest with a dose of magnesia the night after she had coaxed him to make a will in her favour, I sought him out—and—But you say you heard what passed?"

"Yes; and I heard him also call you by name when it was too late, and I saw the tears on his cheeks."

"Did you? Will you swear to that!" exclaimed Gawtrety, with vehemence; and then shading his brow with his hand, he fell into a reverie that lasted some moments. "If anything happen to me, Philip," he said abruptly, "perhaps he may yet be a father to poor Fanny; and if he takes to her, she will repay him for whatever pain I may, perhaps, have cost him. Stop! now I think of it, I will write down his address for you—never forget it—there! It is time to go to bed."

Gawtrety's tale made a deep impression on Philip. He was too young, too inexperienced, too much borne away by the passion of the narrator, to see that Gawtrety had less cause to blame Fate than himself. True, he had been unjustly implicated in the disgrace of an unworthy uncle; but he had lived with that uncle, though he knew him to be a common cheat: true, he had been betrayed by a friend; but he had before known that friend to be a man without principle or honour. But what wonder that an ardent boy saw nothing of this—saw only the good heart that had saved a poor girl from vice, and sighed to relieve a harsh and avaricious parent? Even the hints that Gawtrety unawares let fall, of practices scarcely covered by the jovial phrase of "a great schoolboy's scrapes," either escaped the notice of Philip, or were charitably construed by him, in the compassion and the ignorance of a young, hasty, and grateful heart.

CHAPTER IV.

"And she's a stranger!
Women—beware women."—MIDDLETON.

"As we love our youngest children best,
So the last fruit of our affection,
Wherever we bestow it, is most strong;
Since 'tis indeed our latest harvest-home,
Last merriment 'fore winter!"

WEBSTER: *Droit's Law Case*.

"I would fain know what kind thing a man's heart is!
I will report it to you: 'tis a thing framed
With divers corners!"—ROWLEY.

I have said that Gawtrety's tale made a deep impression on Philip; that impression was increased by subsequent conversations, more frank even than their talk had hitherto been. There was certainly about this man a fatal charm which concealed his vices. It arose, perhaps, from the

perfect combination of his physical frame; from a health which made his spirits buoyant and hearty under all circumstances; and a blood so fresh, so sanguine, that it could not fail to keep the pores of the heart open. But he was not the less—for all his kindly impulses and generous feelings, and despite the manner in which, naturally anxious to make the least unfavourable portrait of himself to Philip, he softened and glossed over the practices of his life—a thorough and complete rogue; a dangerous, desperate, reckless dare-devil: it was easy to see when anything crossed him, by the cloud on his shaggy brow, by the swelling of the veins on the forehead, by the dilation of the broad nostril, that he was one to cut his way through every obstacle to an end—choleric, impetuous, fierce, determined; such, indeed, were the qualities that made him respected among his associates, as his more bland and humorous ones made him beloved: he was, in fact, the incarnation of that great spirit which the laws of the world raise up against the world, and by which the world's injustice, on a large scale, is awfully chastised; on a small scale, merely nibbled at and harassed, as the rat that gnaws the hoof of the elephant: the spirit which, on a vast theatre, rises up, gigantic and sublime, in the heroes of war and revolution—in Mirabeaus, Marats, Napoleons; on a minor stage, it shows itself in demagogues, fanatical philosophers, and mob-writers; and on the forbidden boards, before whose reeking lamps outcasts sit, at once audience and actors, it never produced a knave more consummate in his part, or carrying it off with more buskined dignity, than William Gawtrety. I call him by his aboriginal name; as for his other appellations, Bacchus himself had not so many!

One day a lady, richly dressed, was ushered by Mr. Birnie into the *bureau* of Mr. Love, alias Gawtrety. Philip was seated by the window, reading, for the first time, the "Candide;" that work, next to "Rasselas," the most hopeless and gloomy of the sports of genius with mankind. The lady seemed rather embarrassed when she perceived Mr. Love was not alone. She drew back, and, drawing her veil still more closely around her, said in French,

"Pardon me, I would wish a private conversation."

Philip rose to withdraw, when the lady, observing him with eyes whose lustre shone through the veil, said gently,

"But perhaps the young gentleman is discreet."

"He is not discreet, he is discretion!—my adopted son. You may confide in him—upon my honour you may, madam!" and Mr. Love placed his hand on his heart.

"He is very young," said the lady, in a tone of involuntary compassion, as, with a very white hand, she unclasped the buckle of her cloak.

"He can the better understand the curse of celibacy," returned Mr. Love, smiling.

The lady lifted part of her veil, and discovered a handsome mouth, and a set of small, white teeth; for she too smiled, though gravely, as she turned to Morton and said,

"You seem, sir, more fitted to be a votary of the temple than one of its officers. However, Monsieur Love, let there be no mistake between us: I do not come here to form a marriage, but to prevent one. I understand that Monsieur the Vicomte de Vaudemont has called into request your services. I am one of the vicomte's

family; we are all anxious that he should not contract an engagement of the strange, and, pardon me, unbecoming character which must stamp a union formed at a public office."

"I assure you, madam," said Mr. Love, with dignity, "that we have contributed to the very first—"

"*Mon Dieu!*" interrupted the lady, with much impatience, "spare me a eulogy on your establishment: I have no doubt it is very respectable; and for *grisettes* and *épicières* may do extremely well. But the vicomte is a man of birth and connections. In a word, what he contemplates is preposterous. I know not what fee Monsieur Love expects; but if he contrive to amuse Monsieur de Vaudemont, and to frustrate every connection he proposes to form, that fee, whatever it may be, shall be doubled. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly, madam; yet it is not your offer that will bias me, but the desire to oblige so charming a lady."

"It is agreed, then?" said the lady, carelessly; and, as she spoke, she again glanced at Philip.

"If madame will call again, I will inform her of my plans," said Mr. Love.

"Yes, I will call again. Good-morning!"

As she rose and passed Philip, she wholly put aside her veil, and looked at him with a gaze entirely free from coquetry, but curious, searching, and perhaps admiring: the look that an artist may give to a picture that seems of more value than the place where he finds it would seem to indicate. The countenance of the lady herself was fair and noble, and Philip felt a strange thrill at his heart, as, with a slight inclination of her head, she turned from the room.

"Ah!" said Gawtrety, laughing, "this is not the first time I have been paid by relations to break off the marriages I had formed. Egad! if one could open a *bureau* to make married people single, one would be a Cræsus in no time! Well, then, this decides me to complete the union between Monsieur Goupille and Mademoiselle de Courval. I had balanced a little hitherto between the *épicier* and the vicomte. Now I will conclude matters. Do you know, Phil, I think you have made a conquest?"

"Pooh!" said Philip, colouring.

In effect, that very evening Mr. Love saw both the *épicier* and Adele, and fixed the marriage-day. As Monsieur Goupille was a person of great distinction in the faubourg, this wedding was one that Mr. Love congratulated himself greatly upon; and he cheerfully accepted an invitation for himself and his partners to honour the *noces* with their presence.

A night or two before the day fixed for the marriage of Monsieur Goupille and the aristocratic Adele, when Mr. Birnie had retired, Gawtrety made his usual preparations for enjoying himself. But this time the cigar and the punch seemed to fail of their effect; Gawtrety remained moody and silent; and Morton was thinking of the bright eyes of the lady who was so much interested against the amours of the Vicomte de Vaudemont.

At last Gawtrety broke silence:

"My young friend," said he, "I told you of my little *protégé*!—I have been buying toys for her this morning—she is a beautiful creature: to-morrow is her birthday—she will then be six years old. But—but—" here Gawtrety sighed, "I fear she is not all right here," and he touched his forehead.

"I should like much to see her," said a third, not noticing the latter remark.

"And you shall; you shall come with me to-morrow. Heighho! I should not like to die for her sake!"

"Does her wretched relation attempt to regain her?"

"Her relation! No; *she* is no more—she died about two years since! Poor Mary! I—well, this is folly. But Fanny is at present in a convent; they are all kind to her, but then I pay well; if I were dead and the pay stopped, again I ask, what would become of her, unless as I before said, my father—"

"But you are making a fortune now?"

"If this lasts—yes; but I live in fear: the police of this cursed city are lynx-eyed; however, that is the bright side of the question."

"Why not have the child with you, since you love her so much? She would be a great comfort to you."

"Is this a place for a child—a girl?" said Gawtrety, stamping his foot impatiently. "I should go mad if I saw that villanous dead man's eye bent upon her!"

"You speak of Birnie. How can you endure him?"

"When you are of my age you will know why we endure what we dread—why we make friends of those who else would be most horrible foes: no, no, nothing can deliver me of this man but Death. And—and—" added Gawtrety, turning pale, "I cannot murder a man who eats my bread. There are stronger ties, my lad, than affection, that bind men like galley slaves together. He who can hang you puts the halter round your neck, and leads you by it like a dog."

A shudder came over the young listener. And what dark secrets, known only to those two, had bound, to a man seemingly his subordinate and tool, the strong will and resolute temper of William Gawtrety!

"But begone dull care!" exclaimed Gawtrety, rousing himself. "And, after all; Birnie is a useful fellow, and dare no more turn against me than I against him! Why don't you drink more?"

"Oh! have you e'er heard of the famed Captain Wattle?"

and Gawtrety broke out into a loud Bacchanalian hymn, in which Philip could find no mirth, and from which the songster suddenly paused to exclaim,

"Mind you say nothing about Fanny to Birnie; my secrets with him are not of *that* nature. He could not hurt her, poor lamb! it is true—at least, as far as I can foresee. But one can never feel too sure of one's lamb if one once introduces it to the butcher!"

"The next day being Sunday, the *bureau* was closed, and Philip and Gawtrety repaired to the convent. It was a dismal-looking place as to the exterior; but within there was a large garden, well kept, and, notwithstanding the winter, it seemed fair and refreshing compared with the polluted streets. The window of the room into which they were shown looked upon the green-sward, with walls covered with ivy at the farther end. And Philip's own childhood came back to him as he gazed on the quiet of the lonely place.

The door opened: an infant voice was heard; a voice of glee—of rapture; and a child, light and beautiful as a fairy, bounded to Gawtrety's breast.

Nestling there, she kissed his face, his hands, his clothes, with a passion that did not seem to

belong to her age, laughing and sobbing almost at a breath.

On his part, Gawtrety appeared equally affected; he stroked down her hair with his huge hand, calling her all manner of pet names, in a tremulous voice that vainly struggled to be gay.

At length he took the toys he had brought with him from his capacious pockets, and, strewing them on the floor, fairly stretched his vast bulk along; while the child tumbled over him, sometimes grasping at the toys, and then again returning to his bosom and laying her head there, looked up quietly into his eyes, as if the joy were too much for her.

Morton, unheeded by both, stood by with folded arms. He thought of his lost and ungrateful brother, and muttered to himself,

"Fool! when she is older she will forsake him!"

Fanny betrayed in her face the Italian origin of her father. She had that exceeding richness of complexion which, though not common even in Italy, is only to be found in the daughters of that land, and which harmonised well with the purple lustre of her hair, and the full, clear iris of the dark eyes. Never were parted cherries brighter than her dewy lips; and the colour of the open neck and the rounded arms was of a whiteness still more dazzling, from the darkness of the hair and the carnation of the glowing cheek.

Suddenly Fanny started from Gawtrety's arms, and, running up to Morton, gazed at him wistfully, and said in French,

"Who are you? Do you come from the moon? I think you do." Then, stopping abruptly, she broke into a verse of a nursery-song, which she chanted with a low, listless tone, as if she were not conscious of the sense. As she thus sung, Morton, looking at her, felt a strange and painful doubt seize him. The child's eyes, though soft, were so vacant in their gaze.

"And why do I come from the moon?" said he.

"Because you look sad and cross. I don't like you—I don't like the moon, it gives me a pain here!" and she put her hand to her temples. "Have you got any thing for Fanny—poor, poor Fanny?" and, dwelling on the epithet, she shook her head mournfully.

"You are rich Fanny, with all those toys."

"Am I! Every body calls me poor Fanny—everybody but papa;" and then she ran again to Gawtrety, and laid her head on his shoulder.

"She calls me papa!" said Gawtrety, kissing her: "you hear it? Bless her!"

"And you never kiss any one but Fanny—you have no other little girl!" said the child, earnestly, and with a look less vacant than that which had saddened Morton.

"No other—no—nothing under heaven, and perhaps above it, but you!" and he clasped her in his arms. "But," he added, after a pause, "but mind me, Fanny, you must like this gentleman. He will be always good to you; and he had a little brother whom he was as fond of as I am of you."

"No, I won't like him—I won't like anybody but you and my sister!"

"Sister! Who is your sister!"

The child's face relapsed into an expression almost of idiocy. "I don't know; I never saw her. I hear her sometimes, but I don't understand what she says. —Hush! come here!" and she stole to the window on tiptoe. Gawtrety followed and looked out.

"Do you hear her now?," said Fanny. "What does she say?"

As the girl spoke, some bird among the evergreens uttered a shrill, plaintive cry rather than song: a sound that the thrush occasionally makes in the winter, and which seems to express something of fear, and pain, and impatience.

"What does she say? Can you tell me?" asked the child.

"Pooh! that is a bird: why do you call it your sister?"

"I don't know because it is—because it—because—I don't know—is it not in pain? Do something for it, papa!"

Gawtrety glanced at Morton, whose face betokened his deep pity, and creeping up to him, whispered,

"Do you think she is really touched here? No, no, she will outgrow it—I am sure she will!" Morton sighed.

Fanny by this time had again seated herself in the middle of the floor, and arranged her toys, but without seeming to take pleasure in them.

At last Gawtrety was obliged to depart. The lay sister who had charge of Fanny was summoned into the parlour, and then the child's manner entirely changed; her face grew purple; she sobbed with as much anger as grief; "She would not leave papa; she would not go—that she would not."

"It is always so," whispered Gawtrety to Morton, in an abashed and apologetic voice. "It is so difficult to get away from her. Just go and talk with her while I steal out."

Morton went to her as she struggled with the patient, good-natured sister, and began to soothe and caress her, till she turned on him her large humid eyes, and said mournfully,

"*Tu es méchant, tu.* Poor Fanny!"

"But this pretty doll—" began the sister.

The child looked at it joylessly.

"And papa is going to die!"

"Whenever monsieur goes," whispered the nun, "she always says that he is dead, and cries herself quietly to sleep; when monsieur returns, she says he is come to life again. Some one, I suppose, once talked to her about death; and she thinks, when she loses sight of any one, that *that* is death."

"Poor child!" said Morton with a trembling voice.

The child looked up, smiled, stroked his cheek with her little hand, and said,

"Thank you! Yes! *poor* Fanny! Ah, he is going—see!—let me go too—*tu es méchant.*"

"But," said Morton, detaining her gently, "do you know that you give him pain? You make him cry by showing pain yourself. Don't make him so sad!"

The child seemed struck; hung down her head for a moment, as if in thought; and then, jumping from Morton's lap, ran to Gawtrety, put up her pouting lips, and said,

"One kiss more!"

Gawtrety kissed her and turned away his head.

"Fanny is a good girl;" and Fanny, as she spoke, went back to Morton, and put her little fingers into her eyes, as if either to shut out Gawtrety's retreat from her sight, or to press back her tears.

"Give me the doll now, Sister Marie."

Morton smiled and sighed; placed the child, who struggled no more, in the nun's arms, and left the room; but, as he closed the door, he looked back, and saw that Fanny had escaped

from the sister, thrown herself on the floor, and was crying, but not aloud.

"Is she not a little darling?" said Gawtrety, as they gained the street.

"She is, indeed, a most beautiful child!"

"And you will love her if I leave her penniless," said Gawtrety, abruptly. "It was your love for your mother and your brother that made me like *you* from the first. Ay," continued Gawtrety, in a tone of great earnestness, "ay; and, whatever may happen to me, I will strive and keep you, my poor lad, harmless, and, what is better, innocent even of such matters as sit light enough on my own well-seasoned conscience. In turn, if ever you have the power, be good to her—yes, be good to her! I won't say a harsh word to you if ever you like to turn king's evidence against myself."

"Gawtrety!" said Morton, reproachfully, and almost fiercely.

"Bah! such things are! But, tell me honestly, do you think she is *very* strange—very deficient?"

"I have not seen enough of her to judge," answered Morton, evasively.

"She is so changeful!" persisted Gawtrety; "sometimes you would say that she was above her age, she comes out with such thoughtful, clever things; then, the next moment, she throws me into despair. These nuns are very skilful in education—at least they are said to be so. The doctors give me hope, too; you see her poor mother was very unhappy at the time of her birth—delirious, indeed—that may account for it. I often fancy that it is the constant excitement which her state occasions me that makes me love her so much; you see she is one who can never shift for herself. I *must* get money for her; I have left a little already with the superior, and I would not touch it to save myself from famine! If she has money, people will be kind enough to her. And then," continued Gawtrety, "you must perceive that she loves nothing in the world but me—me, whom nobody else loves! Well, well, now to the shop again!"

On returning home, the *bonne* informed them that a lady had called, and asked both for Monsieur Love and the young gentleman, and seemed much chagrined at missing both. By the description, Morton guessed she was the fair incognita; and felt disappointed at having lost the interview.

CHAPTER V.

"The cursed carle was at his wonted trade,
Still tempting heedless men into his snare,
In witching wise, as I before have said;
But when he saw, in goodly gear arrayed,
The grave, majestic knight approaching nigh,
His countenance fell."

THOMPSON: *Castle of Indolence.*

The morning rose that was to unite Monsieur Goupille with Mademoiselle Adele de Courval. The ceremony was performed, and bride and bridegroom went through that trying ordeal with becoming gravity. Only the elegant Adele seemed more unaffectedly agitated than Mr. Love could well account for; she was very nervous in church, and more often turned her eyes to the door than to the altar. Perhaps she wanted to run away; but it was either too late or too early for that proceeding. The rite performed, the happy pair and their friends adjourned to the *Cadran Bleu*, that restaurant so celebrated in the festivities of the good citizens of Paris. Here

Mr. Love had ordered, at the *épiciers*' expense, a most tasteful entertainment.

"*Sacré!* but you have not played the economist, Monsieur Love," said Monsieur Goupille, rather querulously, as he glanced at the long room adorned with artificial flowers, and the table *à cinquante couverts*.

"Bah!" replied Mr. Love, "you can retrench afterward. Think of the fortune she brought you."

"It is a pretty sum, certainly," said Monsieur Goupille, "and the notary is perfectly satisfied."

"There is not a marriage in Paris that does me more credit," said Mr. Love; and he marched off to receive the compliments and congratulations that awaited him among such of the guests as were aware of his good offices. The Vicomte de Vaudemont was, of course, not present. He had not been near Mr. Love since Adele had accepted the *épicier*. But Madame Beavor, in a white bonnet lined with lilach, was hanging sentimentally on the arm of the Pole, who looked very grand with his white favour; and Mr. Higgins had been introduced by Mr. Love to a little dark Creole, who wore paste diamonds, and had very languishing eyes; so that Mr. Love's heart might well swell with satisfaction at the prospect of the various blisses to come, which might owe their origin to his benevolence. In fact, that archpriest of the temple of Hymen was never more great than he was that day; never did his establishment seem more solid, his reputation more popular, or his fortune more sure. He was the life of the party.

The banquet over, the revellers prepared for a dance. Monsieur Goupille, in tights, still tighter than he usually wore; and of a rich nankeen, quite new, with striped silk stockings, opened the ball with the lady of a rich *patissier* in the same faubourg; Mr. Love took out the bride. The evening advanced; and, after several other dances of ceremony, Monsieur Goupille conceived himself entitled to dedicate one to connubial affection. A country-dance was called, and the *épicier* claimed the fair hand of the gentle Adele. About this time, two persons, not hitherto perceived, had quietly entered the room, and, standing near the doorway, seemed examining the dancers, as if in search for some one. They bobbed their heads up and down, to and fro—now stooped, now stood on tiptoe. The one was a tall, largewhiskered, fair-haired man; the other a little, thin, neatly-dressed person, who kept his hand on the arm of his companion, and whispered to him from time to time. The whiskered gentleman replied in a guttural tone, which proclaimed his origin to be German. The busy dancers did not perceive the strangers. The bystanders did, and a hum of curiosity circled round; who could they be? who had invited them? they were new faces in the faubourg—perhaps relations to Adele?

In high delight, the fair bride was skipping down the middle, while Monsieur Goupille, wiping his forehead with care, admired her agility; when, lo and behold! the whiskered gentleman I have described abruptly advanced from his companion, and cried,

"*La voilà! sacré tonnerre!*"

At that voice—at that apparition, the bride halted; so suddenly, indeed, that she had not time to put down both feet, but remained with one high in air, while the other sustained itself on the light fantastic toe. The company naturally imagined this to be an operatic flourish which called for approbation. Monsieur Love, who was thundering down behind her, cried "Bravo!"

and as the well-grown gentleman had to make a sweep to avoid disturbing her equilibrium, he came full against the whiskered stranger, and sent him off as a bat sends a ball.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried Monsieur Goupille. "*Ma douce amie*—she has fainted away!" And, indeed, Adele had no sooner recovered her balance, than she resigned it once more into the arms of the startled Pole, who was happily at hand.

In the mean time, the German stranger, who had saved himself from falling by coming with his full force upon the toes of Mr. Higgins, again advanced to the spot, and, rudely seizing the fair bride by the arm, exclaimed,

"No sham, if you please, madam. Speak! What the devil have you done with the money?"

"Really, sir," said Monsieur Goupille, drawing up his cravat, "this is very extraordinary conduct! What have you got to say to this lady's money? It is *my* money now, sir!"

"Oho! it is, is it? We'll soon see that. *Approchez donc, Monsieur Favart, faites votre devoir.*"

At these words, the small companion of the stranger slowly sauntered to the spot, while, at the sound of his name and the tread of his step, the throng gave way to the right and left: for Monsieur Favart was one of the most renowned chiefs of the great Parisian police—a man worthy to be the cotemporary of the illustrious Vidocq.

"*Calmez vous, messieurs*; do not be alarmed, ladies," said this gentleman, in the mildest of all human voices; and, certainly, no oil dropped on the waters ever produced so tranquillising an effect as that small, feeble, gentle tenor. The Pole, in especial, who was holding the fair bride with both his arms, shook all over, and seemed about to let his burden gradually slide to the floor, when Monsieur Favart, looking at him with a benevolent smile, said,

"*Aha, mon brave! c'est toi. Restez donc. Restez, tenez toujours la dame!*"

The Pole, thus condemned, in the French idiom, "*always* to hold the *dame*," mechanically raised the arms he had previously dejected, and the police officer, with an approving nod of the head, said,

"*Bon! ne bougez point, c'est ça!*"

Monsieur Goupille, in equal surprise and indignation to see his better half thus consigned, without any care to his own marital feelings, to the arms of another, was about to snatch her from the Pole, when Monsieur Favart, touching him on the breast with his little finger, said, in the suavest manner,

"*Mon bourgeois*, meddle not with what does not concern you!"

"With what does not concern *me*!" replied Monsieur Goupille, drawing himself up to so great a stretch that he seemed pulling off his tights the wrong way. "Explain yourself, if you please! This lady is my wife!"

"Say that again—that's all!" cried the whiskered stranger, in most horrible French, and with a furious grimace, as he shook both his fists under the nose of the *épicier*.

"Say it again, sir," said Monsieur Goupille, by no means daunted; "and why should not I say it again? That lady is my wife!"

"You lie! *she is mine!*" cried the German; and, bending down, he caught the fair Adele from the Pole with as little ceremony as if she had never had a great grandfather a marquis, and giving her a shake that might have roused the dead, thundered out,

"Speak! Madame Bihl! Are you my wife or not?"

"*Monstre!*" murmured Adele, opening her eyes.

"There—you hear—she owns me!" said the German, appealing to the company with a triumphant air.

"*C'est vrai!*" said the soft voice of the policeman. "And now, pray don't let us disturb your amusements any longer. We have a *fiacre* at the door. Remove your lady, Monsieur Bihl."

"Monsieur Love! Monsieur Love!" cried, or, rather, sneered the *épicier*, darting across the room, and seizing the *chef* by the tail of his coat just as he was half way through the door, "come back! *Quelle mauvais plaisanterie me faites vous ici!* Did you not tell me that lady was single? Am I married or not? Do I stand on my head or my heels?"

"Hush—hush! *mon bon bourgeois!*" whispered Mr. Love; "all shall be explained to-morrow!"

"Who is this gentleman?" asked Monsieur Favart, approaching Mr. Love, who, seeing himself in for it, suddenly jerked off the *épicier*, thrust his hands down into his breeches pockets, buried his chin in his cravat, elevated his eyebrows, screwed in his eyes, and puffed out his cheeks, so that the astonished Monsieur Goupille really thought himself bewitched, and literally did not recognise the face of the matchmaker.

"Who is this gentleman?" repeated the little officer, standing beside, or, rather, below Mr. Love, and looking so diminutive by the contrast that you might have fancied that the Priest of Hymen had only to breathe to blow him away.

"Who should he be, monsieur?" cried, with great pertness, Madame Rosalie Caumartin, coming to the relief with the generosity of her sex: "this is Monsieur Love—*Anglais célèbre*. What have you to say against him?"

"He has got 500 francs of mine!" cried the *épicier*.

The policeman scanned Mr. Love with great attention. "So you are in Paris again! *Hein! vous jouez toujours votre rôle!*"

"*Ma foi!*" said Mr. Love, boldly, "I don't understand what monsieur means; my character is well known; go and inquire it in London—ask the secretary of foreign affairs what is said of me—inquire of my ambassador—demand of my—"

"*Votre passeport, monsieur?*"

"It is at home. A gentleman does not carry his passport in his pocket when he goes to a ball!"

"I will call and see it: *au revoir!* Take my advice, and leave Paris; I think I have seen you somewhere!"

"Yet I have never had the honour to marry monsieur!" said Mr. Love, with a polite bow.

In return for his joke, the policeman gave Mr. Love one look—it was a quiet look, very quiet; but Mr. Love seemed uncommonly affected by it; he did not say another word, but found himself outside the house in a twinkling. Monsieur Favart turned round, and saw the Pole making himself as small as possible behind the goodly proportions of Madame Beavor.

"What name does that gentleman go by?"

"So—vo—lofski, the heroic Pole," cried Madame Beavor, with sundry misgivings at the unexpected cowardice of so great a patriot.

"*Hein!* take care of yourselves, ladies, I have nothing against that person this time. But Monsieur Latour has served his apprenticeship at

"the galleys, and is no more a Pole than I am a Jew."

"And this lady's fortune!" cried Monsieur Goupille, pathetically; "the settlements are all made, the notaries all paid. I am sure that there must be some mistake."

Monsieur Bihl, who had by this time restored his lost Helen to her senses, stalked up to the *epicier*, dragging the lady along with him.

"Sir, there is no mistake! But, when I have got the money, if you like to have the lady, you are welcome to her."

"*Monstre!*" again muttered the fair Adele.

"The long and the short of it," said Monsieur Favart, "is, that Monsieur Bihl is a *brave garçon*, and has been half over the world as a courier."

"A courier!" exclaimed several voices.

"Madame was nursery-governess to an English *milord*. They married, and quarreled—no harm in that, *mes amis*—nothing more common. Monsieur Bihl is a very faithful fellow; nursed his last master in an illness that ended fatally, because he traveled with his doctor. *Milord* left him a handsome legacy; he retired from service, and fell ill, perhaps from idleness or beer. Is not that the story, Monsieur Bihl?"

"He was always drunk—the wretch!" sobbed Adele.

"That was to drown my domestic sorrows," said the German; "and, when I was sick in my bed, madame ran off with my money. Thanks to monsieur, I have found both, and I wish you a very good night."

"*Dancez vous toujours, mes amis*," said the officer, bowing. And, following Adele and her spouse, the little man left the room—where he had caused, in chests so broad and limbs so doughty, much the same consternation as that which some diminutive ferret occasions in a burrow of rabbits twice his size.

Morton had outstayed Mr. Love. But he thought it unnecessary to linger long after that gentleman's departure; and, in the general hubbub that ensued, he crept out unperceived, and soon arrived at the *bureau*. He found Mr. Love and Mr. Birnie already engaged in packing up their effects. "Why, when did you leave?" said Morton to Mr. Birnie.

"I saw the policeman enter."

"And why the deuce did not you tell us?" said Gawtrety.

"Every man for himself. Besides, Mr. Love was dancing," replied Mr. Birnie, with a dull glance of disdain.

"Philosophy!" muttered Gawtrety, thrusting his dress-coat into his trunk; then suddenly changing his voice, "Ha! ha! it was a very good joke, after all—own I did it well. Ecod! if he had not given me that look, I think I should have turned the tables on him. But those d—d fellows learn of the mad doctors how to tame us. Faith, my heart went down to my shoes—yet I'm no coward!"

"But, after all, he evidently did not know you," said Morton; "and what has he to say against you? Your trade is a strange one, but not dishonest. Why give up as if—"

"My young friend," interrupted Gawtrety, "whether the officer comes after us or not, our trade is ruined: that infernal Adele, with her fabulous *grandmaman*, has done for us. Goupille will blow the temple about our ears. No help for it—eh, Birnie?"

"None."

"Go to bed, Philip: we'll call thee at day-

break, for we must make clear work before our neighbours open their shutters."

Reclined, but half undressed, on his bed in the little cabinet, Morton revolved the events of the evening. The thought that he should see no more of that white hand and that lovely mouth, which still haunted his recollection as appertaining to the incognita, greatly indisposed him towards the abrupt flight intended by Gawtrety, while (so much had his faith in that person depended upon respect for his confident daring, and so thoroughly fearless was Morton's own nature) he felt himself greatly shaken in his allegiance to the chief by recollecting the effect produced on his valour by a single glance from the instrument of law. He had not yet lived long enough to be aware that men are sometimes the representatives of things; that what the scytale was to the Spartan hero, a sheriff's writ often is to a Waterloo medallist; that a Bow-street runner will enter the foulest den, where murder sits with his fellows, and pick out his prey with the beck of his fore-finger. That, in short, the thing called LAW, once made tangible and present, rarely fails to palsy the fierce heart of the thing called CRIME. For LAW is the symbol of all mankind reared against one foe—the Man of Crime. Not yet aware of this truth, nor, indeed, in the least suspecting Gawtrety of worse offences than those of a charlatanic and equivocal profession, the young man mused over his protector's cowardice in disdain and wonder; till, wearied with conjectures, distrust, and shame at his own strange position of obligation to one whom he could not respect, he fell asleep.

When he woke he saw the gray light of dawn, that streamed cheerlessly through his shutterless window, struggling with the faint ray of a candle that Gawtrety, shading with his hand, held over the sleeper. He started up, and, in the confusion of waking and the imperfect light by which he beheld the strong features of Gawtrety, half imagined it was a foe who stood before him.

"Take care, man!" said Gawtrety, as Morton, in this belief, grasped his arm. "You have a precious rough gripe of your own. Be quiet, will you? I have a word to say to you." Here Gawtrety, placing the candle on a chair, returned to the door and closed it.

"Look you," he said, in a whisper, "I have nearly ran through my circle of invention, and my wit, fertile as it is, can present to me little encouragement in the future. The eyes of this Favart, once on me, every disguise and every double will not long avail. I dare not return to London; I am too well known in Brussels, Berlin, and Vienna—"

"But," interrupted Morton, raising himself on his arm, and fixing his dark eyes upon his host, "but you have told me again and again that you have committed no crime—why, then, be so fearful of discovery?"

"Why!" repeated Gawtrety, with a slight hesitation which he instantly overcame, "why! Have not you yourself learned that appearances have the effect of crimes? Were you not chased as a thief when I rescued you from your foe, the Law? Are you not, though a boy in years, under an alias, and an exile from your own land? And how can you put these austere questions to me, who am growing gray in the endeavour to extract sunbeams from cucumbers—subsistence from poverty? I repeat that there are reasons why I must avoid, for the present, the great capitals. I must sink in life, and take to the provinces. Birnie is sanguine as ever; but he is a terrible sort of com-

forter. Enough of that. Now to yourself. Our savings are less than you might expect; to be sure Birnie has been treasurer, and I have laid by a little for Fanny, which I will rather starve than touch. There remain, however, 150 Napoleons, and our effects, sold at a fourth their value, will fetch 150 more. Here is your share. I have compassion on you. I told you I would bear you harmless and innocent. Leave us while yet time."

It seemed, then, to Morton that Gawtrety had divined his thoughts of shame and escape of the previous night; perhaps Gawtrety had: and such is the human heart, that, instead of welcoming the very release he had half contemplated, now that it was offered him, Philip shrunk from it as a base desertion.

"Poor Gawtrety!" said he, pushing back the canvass bag of gold held out to him. "you shall not go over the world, and feel that the orphan you fed and fostered left you to starve with your money in his pocket. When you again assure me that you have committed no crime, you again remind me that gratitude has no right to be severe upon the shifts and errors of its benefactor. If you do not conform to society, what has society done for me? No! I will not forsake you in a reverse. Fortune has given you a fall. What, then, courage, and at her again!"

These last words were said so heartily and cheerfully as Morton sprang from the bed, that it inspired Gawtrety, who had really desponded of his lot.

"Well," said he, "I cannot reject the only friend left me; and while I live—But I will make no professions. Quick, then; our luggage is already gone, and I hear Birnie grunting the rogue's march of retreat."

Morton's toilet was soon completed, and the three associates bade adieu to the *bureau*.

Birnie, who was taciturn and impenetrable as ever, walked a little before as guide. They arrived, at length, at a *serrurier's* shop, placed in an alley near the Porte St. Denis. The *serrurier* himself, a tall, begrimed, black-bearded man, was taking the shutters from his shop as they approached. He and Birnie exchanged silent nods; and the former, leaving his work, conducted them up a very filthy flight of stairs to an attic, where a bed, two stools, one table, and an old walnut-tree bureau formed the sole articles of furniture. Gawtrety looked rather ruefully round the black, low, damp walls, and said, in a crest-fallen tone,

"We were better off at the Temple of Hy-men. But get us a bottle of wine, some eggs, and a frying-pan—by Jove, I am a capital hand at an omelet!"

The *serrurier* nodded again, grinned, and withdrew.

"Rest here," said Birnie, in his calm, passionless voice, that seemed to Morton, however, to assume an unwonted tone of command. "I will go and make the best bargain I can for our furniture, buy fresh clothes, and engage our places for Tours."

"For Tours?" repeated Morton.

"Yes—there are some English there; one can live wherever there are English," said Gawtrety.

"Hum!" grunted Birnie, drily; and, buttoning up his coat, he walked slowly away.

About noon he returned with a bundle of clothes, which Gawtrety, who always regained his elasticity of spirit wherever there was fair play to

his genius and experience. Oh! how many dreams begun, how many inspirations which had formerly but faintly glimmered on his mind, then burst upon him in all their glory! and he groaned, the poet, for that moment had furnished him with more ideas than the labour of a whole life could develop. And he was about to hazard all this against the dexterity of a bravo. He pressed his hand against his forehead, as if to tear from it the treasures which were about to perish with him. For so it is with man: he considers his intelligence as the common inheritance of humanity, and that, were he to keep aught of it to himself, he would commit a robbery on mankind. He cannot take upon himself to carry with him a thought unexpressed.

But time passed away. The count rapidly finished to put every thing in order. He wrote to his sister, bade an eternal adieu to everything he loved in this world, and then descended into the saloon.

Cellini and Marliano were there alone. The former was warm in praise of a volume of Machiavel which he held in his hand.

"I do not know it," said Marliano coolly.

"Should you wish to read it?" asked the young man, presenting him the book.

"I never read."

Cellini looked at him with astonishment. This was the epoch of the regeneration of ideas which signalled the end of the eighteenth century. The nobility seemed to have suddenly awoke from the long torpidity in which they had lain, to study something more than the mere art of gallantry, or the noble science of arms. There was a universal rush towards literature, so that a man who declared that he could not read, was considered as extraordinary as a being as a courtier of the reign of Charles the Second who lived without a mistress.

The count, who on entering had remarked Cellini's surprise, observed—

"Signor Marliano is quite right; what can gentlemen have to do with books?"

Marliano looked at him, as if to discover whether he was not victimised; but the count's features were so calm that he hardly knew what to conjecture.

"If you really think so, my dear count," said Cellini, laughing, "I wonder at your passing whole nights over your books, as you are accustomed to do."

"Oh! as for me," rejoined the count, "I'm a poet, a madman! I love Plutarch, and am foolish enough to consider such words as liberty, country, as anything but ridiculous. I am one of those who would not have every man's happiness or misery depend on the chance of birth. I dream of a world where recompenses would be awarded to the most worthy, honours to the most devoted, happiness to all: but I'm a madman, you know, whilst Signor Marliano is a gentleman."

All this had been said with so much calm, and with such a sameness of intonation, that it would have puzzled any one to guess the interlocutor's real meaning. Its irony was hidden, but was thereby rendered more poignant—you felt the goad without perceiving it. Marliano knew that he was attacked, and winced under his adversary's infliction; but he likewise knew that a quarrel would drive the marchioness to extremities, and he resolved to avoid it if possible; it was, therefore, with a mixture of anger and reserve that he answered—

"I cannot accept your excuses, count. I am satisfied with the world as it is, and leave to philosophers and philanthropists, as they style themselves, literary knight-errants, the care of remodeling it between their repasts, as they would a play or an opera."

"What can such a man as you have to do with philanthropists and philosophers?" exclaimed Alfieri. "Ah, sir, you are really disposed to show us too much indulgence. Nonsense!—men who wish to enlighten the human mind, the monsters!—who love their fellow creatures, the fools! The clever men are those who profit by abuses instead of combating them, and ornament their avarice and hard-heartedness with the name of principle or political opinions; who grind down the poor to satisfy their habits of

indolence and extravagance, and become wealthy on the miseries of others less privileged than themselves. Those are the persons who know how to live; them we should take for our models. Neither is it difficult, heaven knows, to lead the life of the exquisites of high life;—ruin your creditors, dishonour as many women as possible, kill a few of your most intimate friends in duel, and you will leave behind you the reputation of a most perfect gentleman."

Whilst Alfieri had been speaking, Marliano seemed devoured by an increasing irritation. At the last words pronounced by the count, he turned round suddenly, but, as if he wished to avoid a quarrel at any price, he advanced towards a chair on which he had left his hat, and took it up.

"Pardon me, signor," said Alfieri, "perhaps I have wounded your political opinions. I should really be very much grieved if you were obliged to leave the room on my account, although certainly very much flattered at your thus acknowledging yourself conquered."

Marliano threw down his hat. "I was never conquered by anybody," said he haughtily.

Alfieri bowed; a vague smile played on his lips. For a few moments the three persons present were silent. Cellini, embarrassed, hardly knew what his friend was aiming at, and the Genoese evidently seeking to avoid a rupture. He had approached the sideboard, and seemed to be inhaling the perfumes of some rare flowers in a crystal vase, when his eyes fell on a case of pistols, which Cellini had placed there on his return from the shooting-gallery. He opened the box, took out a pistol, which he examined carelessly, and approached the window.

"Are you satisfied with these arms?" asked he of Cellini.

"Very much so; they are of the manufactory of Cosimo."

"Will you allow me to try them?"

"Certainly."

Marliano looked out of the window. "You see that flower yonder," said he, pointing to a rose-bud, which was the only one left on the bush.

"Yes; but it's out of pistol-shot."

Marliano fired.

"Ah signor!" exclaimed Cellini.

"The flower is down of course," said the count, who had remained at the other extremity of the apartment.

"You seem to jest, but it's a fact."

The count smiled; he saw that Marliano wanted to frighten him.

"By Jove, Signor Marliano," said Cellini, who was still looking at the flower, "if we ever fight, I should not feel inclined to choose pistols as the weapons."

"Why not?" exclaimed Alfieri; "on account of the flower?"

"No, no; on my own account."

"Dear me! who knows? it frequently happens that this extraordinary dexterity will disappear at the moment of danger."

Marliano made a movement.

"I do not say that for you, signor; but the most clever villain cannot always support the look of an honest man, and his conscience will sometimes make his hand tremble. Indeed there are many who only make a parade of their skill, in order to avoid a more dangerous struggle, and who volunteer a proof of their address to dispense with giving a proof of courage."

"Count!" exclaimed Marliano, springing towards Alfieri.

"Once more I do not say that for you," quietly returned the latter.

"This assurance is useless," said Marliano, his lips trembling with rage. "I know that you dare not address such words to me. Poets are prudent; they only insult by allusions; they never provoke except from under cover of an oratorical precaution; and when we are tired with their disguised insolence, they feign to be ignorant of its cause; in case of necessity, they might even invoke their bad health, and call themselves ill to have any honour."

"You do not mean that for me either, I suppose," said the count mildly.

"I leave you the judge of that, sir."

"O no," continued Alfieri; "for if such were the case, the signor Marliano knows that I might demand satisfaction."

"Who hinders you from doing so?"

"You then recognise that I have the right to do it? You own that your insolence was directed towards me—that I am insulted?"

"Be it so."

Alfieri sprang towards the Genoese, and seizing his hand—

"I have the choice of arms, sir," exclaimed he.

"It matters not to me."

"We shall soon see."

He ran to the sideboard, seized Cellini's pistols, and returning to Marliano—

"Choose," said he.

"But one of the pistols is unloaded."

"The other will suffice for one of us."

"What!—do you want to fight?"

"Muzzle to muzzle; and let God defend the right."

"It is impossible," exclaimed Marliano.

"Pardon me, signor, I am insulted; you have said it. I have the right to impose the conditions; you have said that too. You cannot refuse, unless you be a vile coward. The point of honour which has served you so frequently, is against you now. You hoped that, like so many others of your victims, I should be fool enough to stand up to serve as a mark for your bullet or your sword, that you might cut me down as you did that flower, with a smile on your lips. But you were mistaken, Baron Rocca."

"Ah! you know my name, do you?"

"Yes, and think not that I will yield a single fraction of my advantages. I do not fight to make a parade of bravery or generosity, but to deliver the marchioness from your odious persecutions. I fight to kill you."

"Your hope may be deceived," exclaimed the baron, whose surprise was now turned into fury.

"I know it; but whatever be the issue of this combat, Bianca will have nothing more to fear from your tyranny. I have taken all my precautions; if I succumb, all Italy will know the cause of my death; I shall have bought with my blood the right of publishing your infamy; and I shall be believed, for the dead, it is known, never lie. I shall be pitied, for my very enemies will take care to exalt my glory. Your fatal celebrity will be affixed to mine as to a funeral pile, and you will be branded as a villain for having killed me. I shall have broken the yoke which you have imposed upon the marchioness. Placed under the safeguard of public opinion, she will have nought to fear from you, and will require no one to defend her, for you will have lost the privileges of a man of honour, and all will refuse to give you satisfaction."

"Enough! enough!" exclaimed the baron, who was now beside himself, "one of us must die. Follow me."

"I am ready sir."

They directed their steps towards the door. Cellini stopped them.

"One moment, gentlemen—you cannot fight without seconds, especially on such conditions: it is impossible."

"You shall be mine," said Alfieri; "the baron will get one."

"Meet me at the spring in an hour," said Marliano, going out.

Cellini likewise left the apartment.

When Alfieri was left alone, a sort of moral depression seized upon him. He passed over in his mind the events of his life; he thought of Bianca! Cellini's story had led him to believe that he was beloved, but was that sufficient now that he was about to engage in a combat in which his life was at stake? Was it love or pity that had actuated the marchioness? He was buried in these reflections when she entered the apartment with a book in her hand. On perceiving the count she stopped and blushed, but recovering her presence of mind,—

"I was with you, you see," said she showing him the last volume he had published.

"Yes," replied he, "they are more beloved than

the author himself. Before people know me, they seek for me in my works, they guess at me through the medium of my poetry; and when they come to find that I am a man like other men, they are astonished, and I fall down from the pinnacle upon which they had placed me. Even you, you love the poet, but you avoid the man: you like my works, Bianca, but you shun me."

The marchioness attempted to reply.
"O! do not deny it," continued Alfieri; "you shun me, and yet you appeared to comprehend me. For an instant I thought I had touched your heart. Then it was that I loved my glory. I was proud to think I should share it with you. Ah! why did you snatch this delicious hope from me?"

The marchioness seemed affected—there was so much prayer in the count's voice, so much sensibility in his looks, that she remained as it were, spell-bound beneath them; she wished to answer but could only stammer out a few words without meaning.

"Bianca, I beseech you, speak to me—you know that I love you; do not envy me this—this happiness, perhaps the last I shall ever enjoy."

"What can you mean?"

"Who knows what may happen? you know the fate which has been predicted to me."

"O! banish all such fearful forebodings."

"Well supposing this prophecy were about to be realised—if I were to see you now for the last time—could you refuse a dying man a word which would make him happy? Ah! you tremble. Good God!—one word, only one—Bianca do you love me?"

"Yes," replied the marchioness, bursting into tears, and hiding her face in her hands.

Alfieri uttered a cry of joy.

"It is then true!—She loves me!—Thanks, thanks—Bianca, dearest Bianca!"

"Ah! why did you force me to speak, if you but knew—"

"Nothing—I will hear nothing, except that you love me—weep not, fear not. Now let my destiny be accomplished."

The clock struck—the count shuddered.

"Adieu, Bianca," said he pressing her to his bosom: "adieu!"

And having disengaged himself from her arms, he rushed out of the room.

The marchioness remained motionless. A vague sensation of terror crept over her, as she thought of the misfortunes that would be the result of the confession which she had made. She then remembered the count's trouble, his precipitate flight; a horrible suspicion arose in her mind.

She ran to the garden—Alfieri was not there. She asked for Marliano—he was absent. Her heart beat as if it were ready to burst. She ran to the count's room, hardly knowing what she was about—it was empty. She rushed to the balcony. At this moment the report of a pistol was heard, she uttered a piercing cry, and tottered against the wall. Almost immediately Cellini appeared at the extremity of the garden exclaiming—

"A surgeon!"

Bianca felt the earth turn under her feet; she stretched out her arms for support, and tried to leave the window. Suddenly a noise was heard on the staircase; the door flew open—she uttered an exclamation of joy.

It was Alfieri!

EASTERN WISDOM.

In the city of Bagdad, a blind man with a jar upon his shoulder and a lantern in his hand was accosted by a person meeting him in the street, thus, "As thou hast no eyes, poor man, of what service is this lantern to thee?" "It is not," replied the blind man, "for my own use alone I carry it,—it is for fear such a heedless fellow as thou art should run against me, to the loss of my jar, which has cost me much trouble to fill."

NEW BOOKS.

The Dowager, or the New School for Scandal. By Mrs. Gore, author of "Mrs. Armytage," &c. Philadelphia, Lea and Blanchard, 1841.

This novel is an admirable satire, not inferior in wit and pungency to the comedy of Sheridan, which undoubtedly suggested the plan of it. The displays of character which abound in the dialogue are capital; and the moral inculcated by the whole course of the story is much more effective than that of the comedy. Scandal is not merely ridiculed. Its tremendous consequences, in destroying the peace of families and demoralising society, are clearly shown and brought home to the reader's mind. The characters of the Dowager and Uncle Johnny are finely conceived.

Wilson's Ornithology.

A Boston house, Messrs. Otis, Broaders and Co., have just issued a new edition of *Wilson's Ornithology*. It is comprised in a single 8vo. volume executed in a splendid style. By permission of Messrs. Audubon, Buonaparte, Nuttall and Richardson, the respective additions of these gentlemen to the known species of American birds have been added, the notes of Jardine are inserted, and the work is thus rendered the most complete and comprehensive of any extant. The birds, of course, are reduced in size. They are very beautifully engraved and coloured.

When it is recollected that the scientific information given in this volume, costs in any other form in which it can be obtained, more than ten times as much as it costs in this form, and that the volume itself, by the splendour of its embellishments, excels any annual ever published, one may easily perceive that it is destined to be extensively circulated. The book is for sale at the store of Messrs. Marshall, Williams and Butler, and of Messrs. Carey and Hart in this city.

Pastoral Addresses. By John Angell James, author of "Anxious Enquirer after Salvation," &c., with an introduction by the Rev. William Adams. N. York, D. Appleton & Co., 1841.

This is a very excellent work. It was written for private distribution among the author's own parishioners, and not intended for publication. Of a very practical character, it may be considered the earnest exhortation of a pious minister to each member of his congregation, to address himself to the work of improvement in personal holiness. All who are really anxious for spiritual improvement in themselves or their immediate connections, will gladly greet the appearance of such a work.

Sacra Privata. The Private Meditations, Devotions, and Prayers of the Right Rev. T. Wilson, D.D. Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man; with a preface by J. H. Newman, B. D., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. Reprinted entire. New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1841.

This is one of a series of invaluable works of practical devotion which the American publishers are reprinting from an accurate London edition in a very beautiful style. The "*Sacra Privata*" of Bishop Wilson is one of the best of the whole series. Valuable to every class of Christians, it will be prized as the purest gold by those who feel the importance of prayer, meditation, and self-examination. As models of private devotional exercises they are unequalled in modern times. The elegant style of printing and embellishment, is worthy of a book which most persons will choose to put in superb binding, and treasure up in that repository where they keep the most precious of their literary gems.

The Artist's Guide and Mechanic's Own Book. By James Pilkington. New York, Alexander V. Blake, 1841.

This volume contains a popular summary of Chemistry, with its application to the mechanic arts; abstracts of Electricity, Galvanism, Magnetism, Pneumatics, Optics, Astronomy, and Mechanical Philosophy, together with mechanical exercises in iron, steel, lead, zinc, copper, and tin soldering, and a variety of useful receipts, applicable to various arts, particularly dyeing silk, woollen, cotton, and leather. Such works are not only useful on account of the actual amount of practical information which they convey; but also for the taste which they inspire for scientific inquiry and experiment. The receipts alone, at the end of the volume, are worth twice its price to any housekeeper or mechanic.

Correspondence between the Right Rev. Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, and the Rev. H. A. Boardman, of Philadelphia, on the alleged Popish character of the Oxford Tracts. Philadelphia, Hooker and Agnew, 1841.

There has been a great deal of mystification about the precise character and drift of the new fashioned Oxford Theology. The mystification is ended now. In this correspondence the disguise is stripped off; and the divine who has performed this duty for the public benefit, never stopped to pull off his gloves before commencing the operation. No one who reads these letters will have occasion again to inquire, *What is the meaning of this Oxford Theology?*

Gibson's Rambles in Europe.

Messrs. Lea and Blanchard have just published in account of Dr. Gibson's recent tour in Europe. It is a lively, readable, entertaining volume, written in a colloquial, unstudied style, and abounding with interesting sketches of the more distinguished surgeons and physicians, as well as philosophers and literati of the old world. The Doctor's opportunities for becoming acquainted with these gentlemen and visiting them freely were abundant; and, without violating the proprieties so little regarded by some travellers, he has given us a most interesting series of sketches and full length portraits.

The information respecting the social and physical condition of the countries which he visited, and the descriptions of scenery, give additional value and interest to the volume.

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NOVELISTS.

JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER.

Except the name, Jean Paul Friedrich Richter is little known out of Germany. The only thing connected with him, we think, that has reached this country, is his saying, imported by Madame de Stael, and thankfully pocketed by most newspaper critics:—"Providence has given to the French the empire of the land, to the English that of the sea, to the Germans that of—the air!" Of this last element, indeed, his own genius might easily seem to have been a denizen: so fantastic, many-coloured, far-grasping, every-way perplexed and extraordinary, is his mode of writing, that to translate him properly is next to impossible; nay, a dictionary of his works has actually been in part published for the use of German readers! These things have restricted his sphere of action, and may long restrict it, to his own country: but there, in return, he is a favourite of the first class: studied through all his intricacies with trustful admiration, and a love which tolerates much. During the last forty years, he has been continually before the public, in various capacities, and growing generally in esteem with all ranks of critics; till at length, his gainsayers have been either silenced or convinced: and Jean Paul, at first reckoned half-mad, has long ago vindicated his singularities to nearly universal satisfaction, and now combines popularity with real depth of endowment, in perhaps a greater degree than any other writer; being second in the latter point to scarcely more than one of his cotemporaries, and in the former second to none.

He was born at Wunsiedel in Bayreuth, in March, 1763. His father was subaltern teacher in the *Gymnasium* of the place, and afterwards promoted to be clergyman at Schwarzbach on the Saale. Richter's early education was of the scantiest sort; but his fine faculties and unwearied diligence supplied every defect. Unable to purchase books, he borrowed what he could come at, and transcribed from them, often great part of their contents,—a habit of excerpting which continued with him through life, and influenced, in more than one way, his mode of writing and study. To the last, he was an insatiable and universal reader; so that his extracts accumulated on his hands, "till they filled whole chests." In 1780, he went to the university of Leipzig; with the highest character, in spite of the impediments which he had struggled with, for talent and acquirement. Like his father, he was destined for Theology; from which, however, his vagrant genius soon diverged into Poetry and Philosophy,

to the neglect, and, ere long, to the final abandonment, of his appointed profession. Not well knowing what to do, he now accepted a tutorship in some family of rank; then he had pupils in his own house,—which, however, like his way of life, he often changed: for by this time he had become an author, and, in his wanderings over Germany, was putting forth,—now here, now there,—the strangest books with the strangest titles: for instance—*Greenland Lawsuits*—*Biographical Recreations under the Cranium of a Giantess*—*Selection from the Papers of the Devil*—and the like. In these indescribable performances, the splendid faculties of the writer, luxuriating as they seemed in utter riot, could not be disputed: nor, with all its extravagance, the fundamental strength, honesty, and tenderness of his nature. Genius will reconcile men to much. By degrees Jean Paul began to be considered not a strange, crackbrained mixture of enthusiast and buffoon, but a man of infinite humour, sensibility, force, and penetration. His writings procured him friends and fame; and at length a wife and a settled provision. With Caroline Mayer his good spouse, and a pension (in 1802) from the King of Bavaria, he settled in Bayreuth, the capital of his native province; where he lived thenceforth, diligent and celebrated in many new departments of literature; and died on the 14th of November, 1825, loved as well as admired by all his countrymen, and most by those who had known him most intimately.

The expected edition of Richter's works is to be in sixty volumes: and they are no less multifarious than extensive; embracing subjects of all sorts, from the highest problems of transcendental philosophy, and the most passionate poetical delineations, to *Golden Rules for the Weather-Prophet*, and instructions in the *Art of Falling Asleep*. His chief productions are novels: the *Unsichtbare Loge* (Invisible Lodge); *Flegeljahre* (Wild Oats); *Life of Fixlein*; the *Jubel-senior* (Parson in Jubilee); *Schmelzle's Journey to Flätz*; *Katzenberger's Journey to the Bath*; *Life of Fidel*; with many lighter pieces: and two works of a higher order, *Hesperus* and *Titan*, the largest and the best of his novels. It was the former that first (in 1795) introduced him into decisive and universal estimation with his countrymen; the latter, he himself, with the most judicious of his critics, regarded as his masterpiece. But the name Novelist, as we in England must understand it, would ill describe so vast and discursive a genius: for with all his grotesque, tumultuous pleasantry, Richter is a man of a truly earnest, nay, high and solemn character: and seldom writes without a meaning far beyond the sphere of common romancers.

Hesperus and *Titan* themselves, though in form nothing more than "novels of real life," as the Minerva Press would say, have solid metal enough in them to furnish whole circulating libraries, were it beaten into the usual filagree; and much which, attenuate it as we might, no quarterly subscriber could well carry with him. Amusement is often, in part almost always, a mean with Richter; rarely or never his highest end. His thoughts, his feelings, the creations of his spirit, walk before us embodied under wondrous shapes, in motley and ever-fluctuating groups: but his essential character, however he disguise it, is that of a Philosopher and moral Poet, whose study has been human nature, whose delight and best endeavour are with all that is beautiful, and tender, and mysteriously sublime in the fate or history of man. This is the purport of his writings, whether their form be that of fiction or of truth; the spirit that pervades and ennobles his delineations of common life, his wild wayward dreams, allegories, and shadowy imaginings, no less than his disquisitions of a nature directly scientific.

There are few writers with whom deliberation and careful distrust of first impressions are more necessary than with Richter. He is a phenomenon from the very surface; he presents himself with a professed and determined singularity; his language itself is a stone of stumbling to the critic; to critics of the grammarian species, an unpardonable, often an insuperable, rock of offence. Not that he is ignorant of grammar, or disdains the sciences of spelling and parsing; but he exercises both in a certain latitudinarian spirit; deals with astonishing liberality in parentheses, dashes, and subsidiary clauses; invents hundreds of new words, alters old ones, or, by hyphen, chains, pairs, and packs them together into most jarring combination; in short, produces sentences of the most heterogeneous, lumbering, interminable kind. Figures without limit, indeed the whole is one tissue of metaphors, and similes, and allusions to all the provinces of Earth, Sea, and Air; interlaced with epigrammatic breaks, vehement bursts, or sardonic turns, interjections, quips, puns, and even oaths! A perfect Indian jungle it seems; a boundless, unparalleled imbrolio; nothing on all sides but darkness, dissonance, confusion worse confounded. Then the style of the whole corresponds, in perplexity and extravagance, with that of the parts. Every work, be it fiction or serious treatise, is embled in some fantastic wrappage; some mad narrative accounting for its appearance, and connecting it with the author, who generally becomes a person of the drama himself, before all is over. He has a whole imaginary geography of Europe in his

novels; the cities of Flachsenfingen, Haarhaar, Scheerau, and so forth, with their princes, and privy-councillors, and serene highnesses; most of whom, odd enough fellows every way, are Richter's private acquaintances, talk with him of state matters (in the purest Tory dialect,) and often incite him to get on with his writing. No story proceeds without the most erratic digressions and voluminous tag-rags rolling after it in many a snaky twine. Ever and anon there occurs some "Extra leaf," with its satirical petition, program, or other wonderful intercalation, no mortal can foresee on what. It is, indeed, a mighty maze; and often the panting reader toils after him in vain, or, baffled and spent, indignantly stops short, and retires, perhaps for ever.

Richter has been called an intellectual Colossus; and in truth it is still somewhat in this light that we view him. His faculties are all of gigantic mould; cumbrous, awkward in their movements; large and splendid rather than harmonious or beautiful: yet joined in living union,—and of force and compass altogether extraordinary. He has an intellect vehement, rugged, irresistible; crushing in pieces the hardest problems; piercing into the most hidden combinations of things, and grasping the most distant: an imagination, vague, sombre, splendid, or appalling; brooding over the abysses of Being; wandering through Infinity, and summoning before us, in its dim religious light, shapes of brilliancy, solemnity, or terror; a fancy of exuberance literally unexampled; for it pours its treasures with a lavishness which knows no limit, hanging, like the sun, a jewel on every grassblade, and sowing the earth at large with orient pearl. But deeper than all these lies Humour, the ruling quality with Richter; as it were the central fire that pervades and vivifies his whole being. He is a humourist from his inmost soul; he thinks as a humourist, he feels, imagines, acts as a humourist: Sport is the element in which his nature lives and works. A tumultuous element for such a nature, and wild work he makes in it! A Titan in his sport as in his earnestness, he oversteps all bound, and riots without law or measure. He heaps Pelion upon Ossa, and hurls the universe together and asunder like a case of playthings. The Moon "bombards" the Earth, being a rebellious satellite; Mars "preaches" to the other Planets very singular doctrine; nay, we have Time and Space themselves playing fantastic tricks: it is an infinite masquerade; all Nature is gone forth mumming in the strangest guises.

Yet the anarchy is not without its purpose; these vizards are not mere hollow masks; but there are living faces beneath them, and this mumming has its significance. Richter is a man of mirth, but he seldom or never condescends to be a merry-andrew. Nay, in spite of its extravagance, we should say that his humour is of all his gifts intrinsically the finest and most genuine. It has such witching turns; there is something in it so capricious, so quaint, so heartfelt. From his Cyclopean workshop, and its fuliginous limbecs, and huge unwieldy machinery, the little shriveled twisted figure comes forth at last, so perfect and so living, to be for ever laughed at and for ever loved! Wayward as he seems, he works not without forethought: like Rubens, by a single stroke, he can change a laughing face into a sad one. But in his smile itself a touching pathos may lie hidden, a pity too deep for tears. He is a man of feeling, in the noblest sense of

that word; for he loves all living with the heart of a brother; his soul rushes forth, in sympathy with gladness or sorrow, with goodness or grandeur, over all creation. Every gentle and generous affection, every thrill of mercy, every glow of nobleness, awakens in his bosom a response, nay, strikes his spirit into harmony; a wild music as of wind-harps, floating round us in fitful swells, but soft sometimes, and pure and soul-entrancing as the song of angels! Aversion itself with him is not hatred: he despises much, but justly, with tolerance also, with placidity, and even a sort of love. Love, in fact, is the atmosphere he breathes in, the medium through which he looks: his is the spirit which gives life and beauty to whatever it embraces. Inanimate Nature itself is no longer an insensible assemblage of colours and perfumes, but a mysterious Presence, with which he communes in unutterable sympathies. We might call him, as he once called Herder, "a Priest of Nature, a mild Bramin," wandering amid spicy groves, under benignant skies. The infinite Night, with her solemn aspects, Day, and the sweet approach of Even and Morn, are full of meaning for him. He loves the green Earth with her streams and forests, her flowery leas and eternal skies; loves her with a sort of passion, in all her vicissitudes of light and shade; his spirit revels in her grandeur and charms; expands like the breeze over wood and lawn, over glade and dingle, stealing and giving odours.

It has sometimes been made a wonder that things so discordant should go together—that men of humour are often likewise men of sensibility. But the wonder should rather be to see them divided; to find true genial humour dwelling in a mind that was coarse or callous. The essence of humour is sensibility; warm, tender fellow-feeling with all forms of existence. Nay, we may say, that unless seasoned and purified by humour, sensibility is apt to run wild; will readily corrupt into disease, falsehood, or in one word, sentimentality. Witness Rousseau, Zimmerman, in some points also St. Pierre: to say nothing of living instances; or of the Kotzebues, and other pale hosts of wobegone mourners, whose wailings, like the howl of an Irish wake, have from time to time cleft the general ear. The last perfection of our faculties, says Schiller, with a truth far deeper than it seems, is, that their activity, without ceasing to be sure and earnest, becomes sport. True humour is sensibility, in the most catholic and deepest sense; but it is this sport of sensibility; wholesome and perfect therefore; as it were, the playful teasing fondness of a mother to her child.

Richter's worst faults are nearly allied to his best merits; being chiefly exuberance of good, irregular squandering of wealth, a dazzling with excess of true light. These things may be pardoned the more readily, as they are little likely to be imitated.

On the whole, Genius has privileges of its own; it selects an orbit for itself; and be this never so eccentric, if it is indeed a celestial orbit, we mere star-gazers must at last compose ourselves; must cease to cavil at it, and begin to observe it, and calculate its laws. That Richter is a new Planet in the intellectual heavens, we dare not affirm; an atmospheric Meteor he is not wholly; perhaps a Comet, that, though with long aberrations, and shrouded in a nebulous veil, has yet its place in the empyrean.

Richter's works do not always bear sufficient marks of having been in fusion; yet neither are they merely rivetted together; to say the least,

they have been welded. A similar remark applies to many of his characters: indeed, more or less, to all of them, except such as are entirely humorous, or have a large dash of humour. In this latter province, certainly, he is at home; a true poet, a maker: his *Siebenkas*, his *Schmelzle*, even his *Fibel* and *Fixlein*, are living figures. But in heroic personages, passionate, massive, overpowering as he is, we have scarcely ever a complete ideal: art has not attained to the concealment of itself. With his heroines again he is more successful; they are often true heroines, though perhaps with too little variety of character; bustling, buxom mothers and housewives, with all the caprices, perversities, and warm generous helpfulness of women; or white, half-angelic creatures, meek, still, long-suffering, high-minded, of tenderest affections, and hearts crushed, yet uncomplaining. Supernatural figures he has not attempted; and wisely, for he cannot write without belief. Yet many times he exhibits an imagination of a singularity, nay, on the whole, of a truth and grandeur, unexampled elsewhere. In his *dreams* there is a mystic complexity, a gloom, and amid the dim gigantic, half-ghastly shadows, gleamings of a wizard splendour, which almost recall to us the visions of Ezekiel. By readers who have studied the *Dream in the New Year's Eve*, we shall not be mistaken.—*Edinb. Review.*

PASSAGES OF RICHTER, TRANSLATED BY PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.

Sunset.—I have thought a hundred times, that if I were an angel and had wings and no specific gravity, I would soar just so far upward, that I could see the evening sun glimmer o'er the edge of the earth, and, while I flew around with the earth, and, at the same against its motion on its axis, would hold myself always in such a position, that for a whole year long I could look into the mild, broad eye of the evening sun. But at length I would sink down, drunk with splendour, like a bee o'er-fed with honey, in sweet delirium on the grass.

Evening and Death.—The day is dying amid blossom clouds, and with its own swan-song. The alleys and gardens speak in low tones, like men, when deeply moved; and around the leaves fly the gentle winds, and around the blossoms the bees, with a tender whisper. Only the larks, like man, rise warbling into the sky, and then, like him, drop down again into the furrow; while the great soul and the sea lift themselves unheard and unseen to heaven, and rushing, sublime and fruit-giving, and water-falls and thunder showers, dash down into the valleys.

In a country house on the declivity of the Bergstrasse, an unspeakably sweet tone rises from a woman's breast, like a trembling lark. It sounds as if the Spring were flying down from Heaven with a song and singing on in one continuous tone of rapture hung poised with open wings above the earth, until the flowers should have sprung up for its evening couch.

Harshly upon this voice of song breaks the tolling bell, from a cloister behind Newengleichen. It is the so called passing bell, which the monks always ring when a man is at the point of death, so that the sympathising soul may pray for the dying, around whom the Last Angel has drawn the shades of night, therein to sever his heart-strings, as they bandage one's eyes in the amputation of a limb. If it depended upon me—thou departing Unknown!—I would stop the death-bell and make it mute, so that now in thy darkened battlefield of death no echo of the receding earth should enter; which to thee (since the sense of having survived all other senses) so diamally announces the moment when thou art lost to us;—as to ascending aeronauts, by a discharge of

his talents, examined with great attention, and many exclamations of "*Bon, c'est ça.*"

"I have done well with the Jew," said Birnie, drawing from his coat pocket two heavy bags; "one hundred and eighty Napoleons. We shall commence with a good capital."

"You are right, my friend," said Gawtrety.

The *serrurier* was then despatched to the best restaurant in the neighbourhood, and the three adventurers made a less Socratic dinner than might have been expected.

CHAPTER VI.

"Then out again he flies to wing his mazy round."

THOMSON: *Castle of Indulgence.*

"Again he gazed. 'It is,' said he, 'the same;
There sits he upright in his seat secure,
As one whose conscience is correct and pure.'"

CHADBE.

The adventurers arrived at Tours, and established themselves there in a lodging, without any incident worth narrating by the way.

At Tours, Morton had nothing to do but to take his pleasure and enjoy himself. He passed for a young heir; Gawtrety for his tutor—a doctor in divinity; Birnie for his valet. The task of maintenance fell on Gawtrety, who hit off his character to a hair; larded his grave jokes with University scraps of Latin; looked big and well-fed; wore knee-breeches and a shovel-hat; and played whist with the skill of a veteran vicar. By his art in that game, he made at first, enough, at least, to defray their weekly expenses. But, by degrees, the good people at Tours, who, under pretence of health, were there for economy, grew shy of so excellent a player; and, though Gawtrety always swore solemnly that he played with the most scrupulous honour (an asseveration which Morton, at least, implicitly believed), and no proof to the contrary was ever detected, yet a first-rate card-player is always a suspicious character, unless the losing parties know exactly who he is. The market fell off, and Gawtrety at length thought it prudent to extend their travels.

"Ah!" said Mr. Gawtrety, "the world nowadays has grown so ostentatious, that one cannot travel advantageously without a post chaise and four horses." At length they found themselves at Milan, which at that time was one of the El Dorados for gamblers. Here, however, for want of introductions, Mr. Gawtrety found it difficult to get into society. The nobles, proud and rich, played high, but were circumspect in their company; the *bourgeoise*, industrious and energetic, preserved much of the old Lombard shrewdness: there were no *table d'hôtes* and public reunions. Gawtrety saw his little capital daily diminishing, with the Alps at the rear, and Poverty in the van. At length, always on the *qui vive*, he contrived to make acquaintance with a Scottish family of great respectability. He effected this by picking up a snuff box which the Scotsman had dropped in taking out his handkerchief. This politeness paved the way to a conversation, in which Gawtrety made himself so agreeable, and talked with such zest of the modern Athens, and the tricks practised upon travellers, that he was presented to Mrs. Macgregor; cards were interchanged; and, as Mr. Gawtrety lived in tolerable style, the Macgregors pronounced him "a vara genteel mon." Once in the house of a respectable person, Gawtrety contrived to turn himself round and round, till he borrowed a hole into the English circle then

settled at Milan. His whist-playing came into requisition, and once more Fortune smiled upon Skill.

To this house the pupil one evening accompanied the tutor. When the whist-party, consisting of two tables, was formed, the young man found himself left out with an old gentleman, who seemed loquacious and good-natured, and who put many questions to Morton which he found it difficult to answer. One of the whist-tables was now in a state of revolution, viz., a lady had cut out, and a gentleman cut in, when the door opened, and Lord Lilburne was announced.

Mr. Macgregor, rising, advanced with great respect to this personage.

"I scarcely ventured to hope you would coom, Lord Lilburne, the night is so cold."

"You did not allow sufficiently, then, for the dullness of my solitary inn and the attractions of your circle. Ah! whist, I see."

"You play soometimes?"

"Very seldom now; I have sown all my wild oats, and even the ace of spades can scarcely dig them out again."

"Ha! ha! vara gude."

"I will look on;" and Lord Lilburne drew his chair to the table, exactly opposite to Mr. Gawtrety.

The old gentleman turned to Philip.

"An extraordinary man, Lord Lilburne; you have heard of him, of course?"

"No, indeed; what of him?" asked the young man, rousing himself.

"What of him?" said the old gentleman with a smile; "why, the newspapers, if you ever read them, will tell you enough of the elegant, the witty Lord Lilburne; a man of eminent talent though indolent. He was wild in his youth, as clever men often are; but, on attaining his title and fortune, and marrying into the family of the then premier, he became more sedate. They say he might make a great figure in politics if he would. He has a very high reputation—very. People do say he is still fond of pleasure; but that is a common failing among the aristocracy. Morality is only found in the middling classes, young gentlemen. It is a lucky family, that of Lilburne; his sister, Mrs. Beaufort—"

"Beaufort!" exclaimed Morton; and then muttered to himself, "Ah, true—true, I have heard the name of Lilburne before."

"Do you know the Beauforts? Well, you remember how luckily Robert, Lilburne's brother-in-law, came into that fine property just as his predecessor was about to marry a—"

Morton scowled at his garrulous acquaintance, and stalked abruptly to the card table.

Ever since Lord Lilburne had seated himself opposite to Mr. Gawtrety, that gentleman had evinced a perturbation of manner that became obvious to the company. He grew deadly pale; his hands trembled; he moved uneasily in his seat; he missed deal; he trumped his partner's best diamond; finally he revoked, threw down his money, and said, with a forced smile, "That the heat of the room overcame him." As he rose, Lord Lilburne rose also, and the eyes of both met. Those of Lilburne were calm, but penetrating and inquisitive in their gaze; those of Gawtrety were like balls of fire. He seemed gradually to dilate in his height, his broad chest expanded, he breathed hard.

"Ah, doctor," said Mr. Macgregor, "let me introduce you to Lord Lilburne."

The peer bowed haughtily; Mr. Gawtrety did not return the salutation, but with a sort of gulp,

as if he were swallowing some burst of passion, strode to the fire; and then, turning round, again fixed his gaze upon the new guest. Lilburne, however, who had never lost his self-composure at this strange rudeness, was now quietly talking with their host.

"Your doctor seems an eccentric man—a little absent—learned, I suppose. Have you been to Como yet?"

Mr. Gawtrety remained by the fire, beating the devil's tattoo upon the chimney-piece, and ever and anon turning his glance towards Lilburne, who seemed to have forgotten his existence.

Both these guests stayed till the party broke up, Mr. Gawtrety apparently wishing to outstay Lord Lilburne; for when the last went down stairs, Mr. Gawtrety, nodding to his comrade, and giving a hurried bow to the host, descended also. As they passed the porter's lodge, they found Lilburne on the step of his carriage; he turned his head abruptly, and again met Gawtrety's eyes; paused a moment, and whispered over his shoulder,

"So we remember each other, sir? Let us not meet again; and, on that condition, by-gones are by-gones."

"Scoundrel!" muttered Gawtrety, clinching his fists; but the peer had sprung into his carriage with a lightness, scarcely to be expected from his lameness, and the wheels whirled within an inch of the *soi disant* doctor's right pump.

Gawtrety walked on for some moments in great excitement; at length he turned to his companion:

"Do you guess who Lord Lilburne is? I will tell you; my first foe, and Fanny's grandfather! Now note the justice of fate. Here is this man—mark well—this man, who commenced life by putting his faults on my own shoulders!—from that little boss has funged out a terrible hump—this man, who seduced my affianced bride, and then left her whole soul, once fair and blooming—I swear it—with its leaves fresh from the dews of heaven, one rank leprosy—this man, who rolling in riches, learned to cheat and pilfer as a boy learns to dance and play the fiddle, and (to damn me, whose happiness he had blasted) accused me to the world of his own crime!—here is this man, who has not left off once vice, but added to those of his youth the bloodless craft of the veteran knave—here is this man, flattered, courted, great, marching through lanes of bowing parasites to an illustrious epitaph and a marble tomb; and I, a rogue too, if you will, but rogue for my bread, dating from him my errors and my ruin! I—vagabond—outcast—skulking through tricks to avoid crime—why the difference! Because one is born rich and the other poor; because he has no excuse for crime, and, therefore, no one suspects him?"

The wretched man (for at that moment he was wretched) paused breathless from this passionate and rapid burst; and before him rose in its marble majesty, with the moon full upon its shining spires, the wonder of Gothic Italy—the Cathedral Church of Milan.

"Chafe not yourself at this universal fate," said the young man, with a bitter smile on his lips, and pointing to the Cathedral; "I have not lived long, but I have learned already enough to know this: he who could raise a pile like that, dedicated to heaven, would be honoured as a saint: he who knelt to God by the roadside under a hedge would be sent to the house of correction as a vagabond! The difference between man and man is money, and will be, when you, the

despised charlatan, and Lilburne, the honoured cheat, have not left as much dust behind you as will fill a snuff-box. Comfort yourself; you are in the majority."

CHAPTER VII.

"A desert wild
Before them stretched bare, comfortless and vast,
With gibbets, bones, and carcases defiled."
THOMSON: *Castle of Indolence*.

Mr. Gawtreys did not wish to give his foe the triumph of thinking he had driven him from Milan; he resolved to stay and brave it out; but when he appeared in public, he found the acquaintances he had formed bow politely, but cross to the other side of the way. No more invitations to tea and cards showered in upon the jolly parson. He was puzzled; for people, while they shunned him, did not appear uncivil. He found out, at last, that a report was circulated that he was deranged; though he could not trace this rumour to Lord Lilburne, he was at no loss to guess from whom it had emanated. His own eccentricities, especially his recent manner at Mr. Macgregor's, gave confirmation to the charge. Again the funds began to sink low in the canvass bags, and at length, in despair, Mr. Gawtreys was obliged to quit the field. They returned to France through Switzerland—a country too poor for gamblers; and, ever since the interview with Lilburne, a great change had come over Gawtreys's gay spirit; he grew moody and thoughtful; he took no pains to replenish the common stock; he talked much and seriously to his young friend of poor Fanny, and owned that he yearned to see her again. The desire to return to Paris haunted him like a fatality; he saw the danger that awaited him there, but it only allured him the more, as the candle that has singed its wings does the moth. Birnie, who, in all their vicissitudes and wanderings, their ups and downs, retained the same tacit, immovable demeanour, received with a sneer the orders at last to march back upon the French capital. "You would never have left it if you had taken my advice," he said and quitted the room.

Mr. Gawtreys gazed after him and muttered, "Is the die then cast?"

"What does he mean?" said Morton.

"You will know soon," replied Gawtreys, and he followed Birnie; and from that time, the whispered conferences with that person, which had seemed suspended during their travels, were renewed.

One morning three men were seen entering Paris on foot through the Porte St. Denis. It was a fine day in spring, and the old city looked gay with its loitering passengers and gaudy shops, and under that clear, blue, exhilarating sky so peculiar to France.

Two of these men walked abreast, the other preceded them a few steps. The one who went first—thin, pale, and threadbare—yet seemed to suffer the least from fatigue; he walked with a long, swinging, noiseless stride, looking to the right and left from the corners of his eyes. Of the two who followed, one was handsome and finely formed, but of a swarthy complexion; young, yet with a look of care; the other of a sturdy frame, leaned on a thick stick, and his eyes were gloomily cast down.

"Philip," said the last, "in coming back to Paris, I feel that I am coming back to my grave!"

"Pooh! you were equally despondent in our excursions elsewhere."

"Because I was always thinking of poor Fanny, and because—because—Birnie was ever at me with his horrible temptations!"

"Birnie! I loathe the man! Will you never get rid of him?"

"I cannot! Hush! he will hear us! How unlucky we have been! and now, without a sous in our pockets—here the dunghill, there the jail! *We are in his power at last!*"

"His power! What mean you!"

"What, ho! Birnie! cried Gawtreys, unheeding Morton's question, "let us halt and break-fast: I am tired."

"You forget! we have no money till we make it," returned Birnie coldly. "Come to the *serurier's*—he will trust us!"

CHAPTER VIII.

"Gaunt Beggary and Scorn, with many hellhounds more."
THOMSON: *Castle of Indolence*.

"The other was a fell, despicable fiend."—*Ibid.*

"Your happiness behold! then straight a wand
He waved, an anti-magic power that bath
Truth from illusive falsehood to command."—*Ibid.*

"But what for us, the children of despair,
Brought to the brink of hell—what hope remains?
RESOLVE, RESOLVE!"—*Ibid.*

It may be observed that there are certain years in which, in a civilised country, some particular crime comes into vogue. It flares its season, and then burns out. Thus at one time we have burking—at another, swingism—now suicide is in vogue—now poisoning trades-people in apple-dumplings—now little boys stab each other with penknives—now common soldiers shoot at their sergeants. Almost every year there is one crime peculiar to it; a sort of annual which overruns the country, but does not bloom again. Unquestionably, the Press has a great deal to do with these epidemics. Let a newspaper once give an account of some out of the way atrocity that has the charm of being novel, and certain depraved minds fasten to it like leeches. They brood over and revolve it; the idea grows up, a horrid phantasmalian monomania; and all of a sudden, in a hundred different places, the one seed sown by the leaden types springs up into foul flowering. But if the first reported aboriginal crime has been attended with impunity, how much more does the imitative faculty cling to it. Ill-judged mercy falls, not like dew, but like a great heap of manure on the rank deed.

Now it happened that, at the time I write of, or, rather, a little before, there had been detected and tried in Paris a most redoubted coiner. He had carried on the business with a dexterity that won admiration even for the offence; and, moreover, he had served previously with some distinction at Austerlitz and Marengo. The consequence was, that the public went with instead of against him, and his sentence was transmuted to three years' imprisonment by the government:

* An old Spanish writer, treating of the Inquisition, has some very striking remarks on the kind of madness which, whenever some terrible notoriety is given to a particular offence, leads persons of disordered fancy to accuse themselves of it. He observes, that when the cruelties of the Inquisition against the imaginary crime of sorcery were the most barbarous, this singular phrensy led numbers to accuse themselves of sorcery. The publication and celebrity of the crime begat the desire of the crime.

for all governments in free countries aspire rather to be popular than just.

No sooner was this case reported in the journals—and even the gravest took notice of it which is not common with the scholastic journal of France—so sooner did it make a stir and sensation, and cover the criminal with celebrity than the result became noticeable in a very large issue of false money.

Coining in the year I now write of was the fashionable crime. The police were roused into full vigour: it became known to them that there was one gang in especial who cultivated this with singular success. Their coinage was indeed so good, so superior to all their rivals, that it was often unconsciously preferred by the public to the real mintage. At the same time, they carried on their calling with such secrecy that the utterly baffled discovery.

An immense reward was offered by the bureau to any one who would betray his accomplices and Monsieur Favart was placed at the head of a commission of inquiry. This person had himself been a *faux monnoyer*, and was an adept in the art, and it was he who had discovered the most doubted coiner who had brought the crime into such notoriety; Monsieur Favart was a man of the most vigilant acuteness, the most indefatigable research, and of a courage which, perhaps, is more common than we suppose. It is a popular error to suppose that courage means courage in everything. Put a hero on board ship at a five-barred gate, and, if he is not used to hunting, he will turn pale. Put a fox-hunter on one of the Swiss chasms, over which the mountainous springs like a roe, and his knees will knock under him. People are brave in the dangers to which they accustom themselves, either in imagination or practice.

Monsieur Favart, then, was a man of the most daring bravery in facing rogues and cutthroats. He awed them with his very eye; yet he had been known to have been kicked down stairs by his wife, and, when he was drawn into the grand army, he deserted the eve of his first battle. Such, as moralists say, is the inconsistency of man!

But Monsieur Favart was sworn to trace the coiners, and he had never failed yet in any enterprise he undertook. One day he presented himself to his chief with a countenance so elated, that that penetrating functionary said to him at once.

"You have heard of our messieurs?"

"I have: I am to visit them to-night."

"Bravo! How many men will you take?"

"From twelve to twenty, to leave without on guard. But I must enter alone. Such is the condition: an accomplice, who fears his own throat too much to be openly a betrayer, will introduce me to the house—nay, to the very room. By his description, it is necessary I should know the exact locale in order to cut off retreat; so to-morrow night I shall surround the beehive and take the honey."

"They are desperate fellows, these coiners, always; better be cautious."

"You forget I was one of them, and know the masonry."

About the same time this conversation was going on at the bureau of the police, in another part of the town Morton and Gawtreys were seated alone. It is some weeks since they entered Paris, and spring has mellowed into summer. The house in which they lodged was in the lordly *quartier* of the Faubourg St. Germain; the

neighbouring streets were venerable with the ancient edifices of a fallen *noblesse*; but their tenement was in a narrow, dingy lane, and the building itself seemed beggarly and ruinous. The apartment was in an attic on the sixth story, and the window, placed at the back of the lane, looked upon another row of houses of a better description, that communicated with one of the great streets of the *quartier*. The space between their abode and their opposite neighbours was so narrow that the sun could scarcely pierce between. In the height of summer might be found there a perpetual shade.

The pair were seated by the window. Gawtrety well dressed, smooth shaven, as in his palmy time; Morton, in the same garments with which he had entered Paris, weather-stained and ragged. Looking at the parallel basement in the opposite house, Gawtrety said, mutteringly, "I wonder where Birnie has been, and why he is not returned: I grow suspicious of that man."

"Suspicious of what?" asked Morton. "Of his honesty? Would he rob you?"

"Rob me! Humph—perhaps! But you see I am in Paris, in spite of the hints of the police; he may denounce me."

"Why then suffer him to lodge away from you?"

"Why? Because, by having separate houses, there are two channels of escape. A dark night, and a ladder thrown across from window to window, he is with us, or we with him."

"But wherefore such precautions? You blind—you deceive me. What have you done? What is your employment now? You are mute. Hark you, Gawtrety! I have pinned my fate to you—I have fallen from hope itself. At times, it almost make me mad to look back; and yet you do not trust me. Since your return to Paris you are absent whole nights—often days; you are moody and thoughtful; yet, whatever your business, it seems to bring you ample returns."

"You think *that*," said Gawtrety, mildly, and with a sort of pity in his voice, "yet you refuse to take even the money to change those rags."

"Because I know not how the money was gained. Ah! Gawtrety, I am not too proud for charity, but I am for—"

He checked the word uppermost in his thoughts, and resumed,

"Yes; your occupations seem lucrative. It was but yesterday Birnie gave me fifty Napoleons, for which he said you wished change in silver."

"Did he? The ras—well! and you got change for them?"

"I know not why, but I refused."

"That was right, Philip. Do nothing that man tells you."

"Will you then trust me? You are engaged in some horrible traffic: it may be blood! I am no longer a boy; I have a will of my own; I will not be silently and blindly entrapped to perdition. If I march thither, it shall be with my own consent. Trust me, and this day, or we part to-morrow?"

"Be ruled. Some secrets it is better not to know."

"It matters not! I have come to my decision: I ask yours."

Gawtrety paused for some moments in deep thought. At last he lifted his eyes to Philip, and replied,

"Well, then, if it must be. Sooner or later it must have been so, and I want a confidant. You are bold, and will not shrink. You desire

to know my occupation—will you witness it to-night?"

"I am prepared: to-night!"

Here a step was heard on the stairs—a knock at the door—and Birnie entered.

He drew aside Gawtrety, and whispered him, as usual, for some moments.

Gawtrety nodded his head, and then said aloud,

"To-morrow we shall talk without reserve before my young friend. To-night he joins us."

"To-night! Very well!" said Birnie, with his cold sneer. "He must take the oath; and you, with your life, will be responsible for his honesty?"

"Ay! it is the rule."

"Good-bye, then, till we meet," said Birnie, and withdrew.

"I wonder," said Gawtrety, musingly, and between his grinded teeth, "whether I shall ever have a good fair shot at that fellow? Ho! ho!" and his laugh shook the walls.

Morton looked hard at Gawtrety as the latter now sunk down in his chair, and gazed with a vacant stare, that seemed almost to partake of imbecility, upon the opposite wall. The careless, reckless, jovial expression which usually characterised the features of the man had for some weeks given place to a restless, anxious, and, at times, ferocious aspect, like the beast that first finds a sport, while the hounds are yet afar and his limbs are yet strong, in the chase which marks him for its victim, but grows desperate with rage and fear as the day nears its close and the death dogs pant hard upon his track; but at that moment the strong features, with their guarded muscle and iron sinews, seemed to have lost every sign both of passion and the will, and to be locked in a stolid and dull repose. At last he looked up at Morton, and said, with a smile like that of an old man in his dotage,

"I'm thinking that my life has been one mistake! I had talents—you would not fancy it—but once I was neither a fool nor a villain! Odd, isn't it? Just reach me the brandy."

But Morton, with a slight shudder, turned and left the room.

He walked on mechanically, and gained, at last, the superb *Quai* that borders the Seine: there the passengers became more frequent: gay equipages rolled along; the white and lofty mansions looked fair and stately in the clear blue sky of early summer; beside him flowed the sparkling river, animated with the painted baths that floated on its surface: earth was merry and heaven serene: his heart was dark through all: Night within—Morning beautiful without! At last he paused by that bridge, stately with the statues of those whom the caprice of time honours with a name; for, though Zeus and his gods be overthrown, while earth exists will live the worship of dead men—the bridge by which you pass from the royal Tuileries, or the luxurious streets beyond the Rue de Rivoli, to the Senate of the emancipated people, and the gloomy and desolate grandeur of the Faubourg St. Germain, in whose venerable haunts the impoverished descendants of the old feudal tyrants, whom the birth of the Senate overthrew, yet congregate—the ghosts of departed powers, proud of the shadows of great names. As the English outcast paused midway on the bridge, and, for the first time, lifting his head from his bosom, gazed around, there broke at once on his remembrance that terrible and fatal evening, when, hopeless, friendless, desperate, he had begged for charity of his uncle's hireling, with all the feelings that then (so imperfectly and

lightly touched on in his brief narrative to Gawtrety) had raged and blackened in his breast, urging to the resolution he had adopted, casting him on the ominous friendship of the man whose guidance he even then had suspected and distrusted. The spot in either city had a certain similitude and correspondence each with each: at the first he had consummated his despair of human destinies—he had dared to forget the Providence of God—he had arrogated his fate to himself: by the first bridge he had taken his resolve, by the last he stood in awe at the result?—stood no less poor—no less abject—equally in rags and squalor; but was his crest as haughty and his eye as fearless, for was his conscience as free and his honour as unstained? Those arches of stone—those rivers that rolled between, seemed to him then to take a more mystic and typical sense than belongs to the outer world: they were the bridges to the rivers of his life. Plunged in thoughts so confused and dim that he could scarcely distinguish, through the chaos, the one streak of light which, perhaps, heralded the reconstruction or regeneration of the elements of his soul, two passengers halted also by his side.

"You will be late for the debate," said one of them to the other. "Why do you stop?"

"My friend," said the other, "I never pass this spot without recalling the time when I stood here without a *sous*, or, as I thought, a chance of one, and impiously meditated self-destruction."

"*You!* now so rich—so fortunate in repute and station! Is it possible! How was it? A lucky chance—a sudden legacy?"

"No: Time, Faith, and Energy—the three friends God has given to the poor!"

The men moved on; but Morton, who had turned his face towards them, fancied that the last speaker fixed on him his bright, cheerful eye with a meaning look; and when the man was gone, he repeated those words, and hailed them in his heart of hearts as an augury from above.

Quickly, then, and as if by magic, the former confusion of his mind seemed to settle into distinct shapes of courage and resolve. "Yes," he muttered, "I will keep this night's appointment; I will learn the secret of these men's life. In my inexperience and destitution I have suffered myself to be led hitherto into a partnership, if not with vice and crime, at least with subterfuge and trick. I awake from my reckless boyhood—my unworthy palterings with my better self. If Gawtrety be as I dread to find him—if he be linked in some guilty and hateful traffic with that loathsome accomplice—I will—" He paused, for his heart whispered, "Well, and even so—the guilty man clothed and fed *thee*!" "I will," resumed his thought, in answer to his heart, "I will go on my knees to him to fly while there is yet time—to work, beg, starve, perish, even—rather than lose the right to look man in the face without a blush, and kneel to his God without remorse!"

And, as he thus ended, he felt suddenly as if he himself were restored to the perception and the joy of the Nature and the World around him: the NIGHT had vanished from his soul; he inhaled the balm and freshness of the air; he comprehended the delight which the liberal June was scattering over the earth; he looked above, and his eyes were suffused with pleasure at the smile or the soft blue skies. The MORNING became, as it were, a part of his own being; and he felt that as the world, in spite of the storms, is fair, so, in spite of evil, God is good. He walked on

—he passed the bridge, but his step was no more the same—he forgot his rags. Why should he be ashamed? And thus, in the very flush of this new and strange elation and elasticity of spirit, he came unawares upon a group of young men, lounging before the porch of one of the chief hotels in that splendid Rue de Rivoli, wherein wealth and the English have made their homes. A groom, mounted, was leading another horse up and down the road, and the young men were making their comments of approbation upon both the horses, especially the latter, which was, indeed, of uncommon beauty and great value. Even Morton, in whom the boyish passion of his earlier life yet existed, paused to turn his experienced and admiring eye upon the stately shape and pace of the noble animal, and, as he did so, a name too well remembered came upon his ear.

"Certainly Arthur Beaufort is the most enviable fellow in Europe!"

"Why, yes," said another of the young men; "he has plenty of money; is good-looking, devilish good-natured, clever, and spends like a prince."

"Has the best horses!"

"The best luck at roulette!"

"The prettiest girls in love with him!"

"And no one enjoys life more. Ah! here he is!"

The group parted as a light, graceful figure came out of a jeweller's shop that adjoined the hotel, and halted gaily amid the loungers. Morton's first impulse was to hurry from the spot; his second impulse arrested his step, and a little apart, and half hid beneath one of the arches of the colonnade which adorns the street, the Outcast gazed upon the Heir. There was no comparison in the natural personal advantages of the two young men; for Philip Morton, despite all the hardships of his rough career, had now grown up and ripened into a rare perfection of form and feature. His broad chest, his erect air, his lithe and symmetrical length of limb, united, happily, the attributes of activity and strength; and, though there was no delicacy of youthful bloom upon his dark cheek, and though lines which should have come later marred its smoothness with the signs of care and thought, yet an expression of intelligence and daring, equally beyond his years, and the evidence of hardy, abstemious, vigorous health, served to show to the full advantage the outline of features which, noble and regular, though stern and masculine, the artist might have borrowed for his ideal of a young Spartan arming for his first battle. Arthur, slight to feebleness, and with the paleness, partly of constitution, partly of gay excess, on his fair and clear complexion, had features far less symmetrical and impressive than his cousin; but what then? All that are bestowed by elegance of dress, the refinements of luxurious habit, the nameless grace that comes from a mind and a manner polished—the one by literary culture, the other by social intercourse—invested the person of the heir with a fascination that rude Nature alone ever fails to give. And about him there was a happy gaiety, an airiness of spirit, an atmosphere of enjoyment, which bespoke one who is in love with life.

"Why, this is lucky! I'm so glad to see you all!" said Arthur Beaufort, with that silver-ringing tone and charming smile which are to the happy spring of man what its music and its sunshine are to the spring of earth. "You must dine with me at Verey's. I want something to

rouse me to-day; for I did not get home from the *salon* till four this morning."

"But you won?"

"Yes, Marsden. Hang it! I always win—I, who could so well afford to lose—I'm quite ashamed of my luck!"

"It is easy to spend what one wins," observed Mr. Marsden, sententiously; "and I see you have been at the jeweller's! A present for Cecile? Well, don't blush, my dear fellow. What is life without women?"

"And wine?" said a second.

"And play?" said a third.

"And wealth?" said a fourth.

"And *you* enjoy them all! Happy fellow!" said a fifth.

The Outcast pulled his hat over his brows, and walked away.

"This dear Paris!" said Beaufort, as his eye carelessly and unconsciously followed the dark form retreating through the arches; "this dear Paris! I must make the most of it while I stay! I have only been here a few weeks, and next week I must go."

"Pooh! your health is better: you don't look like the same man."

"You think so really? Still I don't know: the doctors say that I must either go to the German waters—the season is begun—or—"

"Or what?"

"Live less with such pleasant companions, my dear fellow! But, as you say, what is life without—"

"Women!"

"Wine!"

"Play!"

"Wealth!"

"Ha! ha! 'Throw physic to the dogs: I'll none of it!'"

And Arthur leaped lightly on his saddle, and, as he rode gaily on, humming the favourite air of the last opera, the hoofs of his horse splashed the mud over a foot-passenger halting at the crossing. Morton checked the fiery exclamation rising to his lips; and, gazing after the brilliant form that hurried on towards the Champs Elysees, his eye caught the statues on the bridge, and a voice, as of a cheering angel, whispered again to his heart, "TIME, FAITH, ENERGY!"

The expression of his countenance grew calm at once; and, as he continued his rambles, it was with a mind that, casting off the burdens of the past, looked serenely and steadily on the obstacles and hardships of the future. We have seen that a scruple of conscience or of pride, not without its nobleness, had made him refuse the importunities of Gawtreys for less sordid raiment; the same feeling made it his custom to avoid sharing the luxurious and dainty food with which Gawtreys was wont to regale himself. For that strange man, whose wonderful felicity of temperament and constitution made him, in all circumstances, keenly alive to the hearty and animal enjoyments of life, would still emerge, as the day declined, from their wretched apartment, and, trusting to his disguises, in which, indeed, he possessed a masterly art, repair to one of the better description of *restaurants*, and feast away his cares for the moment. William Gawtreys would not have cared three straws for the curse of Damocles. The sword over his head would never have spoiled his appetite. He had lately taken

* The most celebrated gaming-house in Paris in the day before gaming-houses were suppressed by the well-directed energy of government.

to drinking much more deeply than he had been used to do—the fine intellect of the man was growing thickened and dulled—and this was a spectacle that Morton could not bear to contemplate. Yet so great was Gawtreys's vigour of health, that, after draining wine and spirits enough to have despatched a company of fox-hunters, and after betraying, sometimes in uproarious glee, sometimes in maudlin self-bewailings, that he himself was not quite invulnerable to the thyrus of the god, he would—on any call on his energies, or especially before departing on those mysterious expeditions which kept him from home half, and sometimes all, the night—plunge his head into cold water, drink as much of the lymph as a groom would have shuddered to bestow on a horse, close his eyes in a doze for half an hour, and wake cool, sober, and collected, as if he had lived according to the precepts of Socrates or Cornaro!

But to return to Morton. It was his habit to avoid as much as possible sharing the good cheer of his companion; and now, as he entered the Champs Elysees, he saw a little family, consisting of a young mechanic, his wife, and two children, who, with that love of harmless recreation which yet characterises the French, had taken advantage of a holiday in the craft, and were enjoying their simple meal under the shadow of the trees. Whether in hunger or in envy, Morton paused and contemplated the happy group. Along the road rolled the equipages and trampled the steeds of those to whom all life is a holiday. There was Pleasure—under those trees was Happiness. One of the children, a little boy of about six years old, observing the attitude and gaze of the pausing wayfarer, ran to him, and, holding up a fragment of a coarse kind of *gâteau*, said to him winningly, "Take it—I have had enough!" The child reminded Morton of his brother; his heart melted within him; he lifted the young Samaritan in his arms, and, as he kissed it, wept.

The mother observed and rose also. She laid her hand on his own: "Poor boy! why do you weep? Can we relieve you?"

Now that bright gleam of human nature, suddenly darting across the sombre recollections and associations of his past life, seemed to Morton as if it came from Heaven, in approval and in blessing of this attempt at reconciliation to his fate.

"I thank you," said he, placing the child on the ground and passing his hand over his eyes, "I thank you—yes! Let me sit down among you." And he sat down, the child by his side, and partook of their fare, and was merry with them—the proud Philip! Had he not begun to discover the "precious jewel" in the "ugly and venomous" adversity?

The mechanic, though a gay fellow on the whole, was not without some of that discontent of his station which is common with his class; he vented it, however, not in murmurs, but in jests. He was satirical on the carriages and the horse-men that passed; and, lolling on the grass, ridiculed his betters at his ease.

"Hush!" said his wife, suddenly; "here comes Madame de Merville;" and, rising as she spoke, she made a respectful inclination of the head towards an open carriage that was passing very slowly towards the town.

"Madame de Merville!" repeated the husband, rising also, and lifting his cap from his head. "Ah! I have nothing to say against her!"

Morton looked instinctively towards the carriage, and saw a fair countenance turned gracious-

ly to answer the silent salutations of the mechanic and his wife—a countenance that had long haunted his dreams, though of late it had faded away beneath harsher thoughts—the countenance of the stranger whom he had seen at the *bureau* of Gawtreys, when that worthy personage had borne a more mellifluous name. He started and changed colour: the lady herself now seemed suddenly to recognise him; for their eyes met, and she bent forward eagerly. She pulled the check string—the carriage halted—she beckoned to the mechanic's wife, who went up to the roadside.

"I worked once for that lady," said the man, with a tone of feeling; "and when my wife fell ill last winter, she paid the doctors. Ah, she is an angel of charity and kindness!"

Morton scarcely heard this eulogium; for he observed, by something eager and inquisitive in the face of Madame de Merville, and the sudden manner in which the mechanic's helpmate turned her head to the spot on which he stood, that he was the object of their conversation. Once more he became suddenly aware of his ragged dress; and with a natural shame—a fear that charity might be extended to him from *her*—he muttered an abrupt farewell to the operative, and, without another glance at the carriage, walked away.

Before he had got many paces, the wife, however, came up to him, breathless. "Madame de Merville would speak to you, sir!" she said, with more respect than she had hitherto thrown into her manner. Philip paused an instant, and again strode on.

"It must be some mistake," he said, hurriedly: "I have no right to expect such an honour."

He struck across the road, gained the opposite side, and had vanished from Madame de Merville's eyes before the woman regained the carriage. But still that calm, pale, and somewhat melancholy face presented itself before him; and as he walked again through the town, sweet and gentle fancies crowded confusedly on his heart. On that soft summer day—memorable for so many silent but mighty events in that inner life which prepares the catastrophes of the outer one, as in the region of which Virgil has sung, the images of men to be born hereafter repose or glide—on that soft summer day, he felt he had reached the age when Youth begins to clothe in some human shape its first vague ideal of desire and love.

In such thoughts, and still wandering, the day wore away, till he found himself in one of the lanes that surround that glittering microcosm of the vices, the frivolities, the hollow show, and the real beggary of the gay city—the gardens and the galleries of the Palais Royal. Surprised at the lateness of the hour—it was then on the stroke of seven—he was about to return homeward, when the loud voice of Gawtreys sounded behind, and that personage, tapping him on the back, said,

"Hollo, my young friend, well met! This will be a night of trial to you. Empty stomachs produce weak nerves. Come along! you must dine with me. A good dinner and a bottle of old wine—come! nonsense! I say you shall come! *Vive la joie!*"

While speaking, he had linked his arm in Morton's and hurried him on several paces in spite of his struggles; but, just as the words *Vive la joie* left his lips, he stood still and mute, as if a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet, and Morton felt that heavy arm shiver and tremble like a leaf. He looked up, and just at the en-

trance of that part of the Palais Royal in which are situated the *restaurants* of Verey and Vefour, he saw two men standing but a few paces before them, and gazing full on Gawtreys and himself.

"It is my evil genius," muttered Gawtreys, grinding his teeth.

"And mine!" said Morton.

The younger of the two men thus apostrophized made a step towards Philip, when his companion drew him back and whispered, "What are you about! Do you know that young man?"

"He is my cousin—Philip Beaufort's natural son!"

"Is he? Then discard him for ever. He is with the most dangerous knave in Europe!"

As Lord Lilburne—for it was he—thus whispered his nephew, Gawtreys strode up to him; and, glaring full in his face, said, in a deep and hollow tone, "There is a hell, my lord; I go to drink to our meeting!" Thus saying, he took off his hat with a ceremonious mockery, and disappeared within the adjoining *restaurant*, kept by Vefour.

"A hell!" said Lilburne, with his frigid smile; "the rogue's head runs upon *gambling-houses*!"

"And I have suffered Philip again to escape me," said Arthur, in self-reproach; for, while Gawtreys had addressed Lord Lilburne, Morton had plunged back amid the labyrinth of alleys. "How have I kept my oath?"

"Come! your guests must have arrived by this time. As for that wretched young man, depend upon it that he is corrupted, body and soul."

"But he is my own cousin."

"Pooh! there is no relationship in natural children: besides, he will find you out fast enough. Ragged claimants are not long too proud to beg."

"You speak in earnest?" said Arthur, irresolutely.

"Ay! trust my experience of the world. *Al-lons!*"

And in the very *restaurant* adjoining that in which the solitary Gawtreys gorged his conscience, Lilburne, Arthur, and their gay friends, soon forgetful of all but the roses of the moment, bathed their airy spirits in the dews of the mirthful wine. Oh, extremes of life! oh, Night! oh, Morning!

CHAPTER IX.

"Meantime a moving scene was open laid,
That lazarus-house."

THOMSON: *Castle of Indolence.*

It was near midnight. In the mouth of the lane in which Gawtreys resided there stood four men. Not far distant in the broad street at angles with the lane, were heard the wheels of carriages and the sound of music. A lady, fair in form, tender of heart, stainless in repute, was receiving her friends!

"Monsieur Favart," said one of the men to the smallest of the four, "you understand the conditions: 20,000 francs and a free pardon!"

"Nothing more reasonable—it is understood. Still I confess that I should like to have my men close at hand. I am not given to fear; but this is a dangerous experiment."

"You knew the danger beforehand, and subscribed to it; you must enter alone with me, or not at all. Mark you, the men are sworn to murder him who betrays them. Not for twenty

times 20,000 francs would I have them know me as the informer. My life were not worth a day's purchase. Now, if you feel secure in your disguise, all is safe. You will have seen them at their work—you will recognise their persons—you can depose against them at the trial—I shall have time to quit France."

"Well, well? as you please."

"Mind, you must wait in the vault with them till they separate. We have so planted your men, that, whatever street each of the gang takes in going home, he can be seized quietly and at once. The bravest and craftiest of all, who, though he has but just joined, is already their captain—*him*, the man I told you of, who lives in the house, you must take after his return, in his bed. It is the sixth story to the right, remember: here is the key to his door. He is a giant in strength, and will never be taken alive if up and armed."

"Ah, I comprehend! Gilbert!" (and Favart turned to one of the companions who had not yet spoken,) "take three men besides yourself, according to the directions I gave you; the porter will admit you—that's arranged. Make no noise. If I don't return by four o'clock, don't wait for me, but proceed at once. Look well to your primings. Take him alive, if possible—at the worst, dead. And now, *mon ami*, lead on!"

The traitor nodded, and walked slowly down the street. Favart, pausing, whispered hastily to the man whom he called Gilbert,

"Follow me close—get to the door of the cellar—place the eight men within hearing of my whistle—recollect the picklocks, the axes. If you hear the whistle, break in; if not, I'm safe, and the first orders to seize the captain in his room stand good."

So saying, Favart strode after his guide. The door of a large but ill-favoured looking house stood ajar: they entered—passed unmolested through a courtyard—descended some stairs; the guide unlocked the door of a cellar, and took a dark lantern from under his cloak. As he drew up the slide, the dim light gleamed on barrels and wine-casks, which appeared to fill up the space. Rolling aside one of these, the guide lifted a trapdoor and lowered his lantern. "Enter," said he; and the two men disappeared.

* * * * *

The coiners were at their work. A man, seated on a stool before a desk, was entering accounts in a large book. That man was William Gawtreys. While, with the rapid precision of honest mechanics, the machinery of the dark trade went on in its several departments, apart—alone—at the foot of a long table sat Philip Morton. The truth had exceeded his darkest suspicions. He had consented to take the oath not to divulge what was to be given to his survey; and, when led into that vault, the bandage was taken from his eyes, it was some minutes before he could fully comprehend the desperate and criminal occupations of the wild forms amid which towered the burly stature of his benefactor. As the truth slowly grew upon him, he shrunk from the side of Gawtreys; but, deep compassion for his friend's degradation swallowing up the horror of the trade, he flung himself on one of the rude seats, and felt that the bond between them was indeed broken, and that the next morning he should be again alone in the world. Still, as the obscene jests, the fearful oaths that from time to time rang through the vault, came on his ear, he cast his haughty eye in such disdain over the groups,

that Gawtrety, catching it, trembled for his safety; and nothing but the sense of his own impotence, and the brave, not timorous, desire not to perish by such hands, kept silent the fiery denunciations, of a nature still proud and honest, that quivered on his lips. All present were armed with pistols and cutlasses except Morton, who suffered the weapons presented to him to lie unheeded on the table.

"*Courage, mes amis!*" said Gawtrety, closing his book; "*courage!*" A few months more, and we shall have made enough to retire upon, and enjoy ourselves for the rest of our days. Where is Birnie?"

"Did he not tell you?" said one of the artisans, looking up. "He has found out the cleverest hand in France—the very fellow who helped Bouchard in all his five-franc pieces. He has promised to bring him to-night."

"Ay, I remember," returned Gawtrety; "he told me this morning; he is a famous decoy!"

"I think so indeed!" quoth a coiner; "for he caught you, the best head to our hands that ever *les industriels* were blessed with—*sacré fichtre!*"

"Flatterer!" said Gawtrety, coming from the desk to the table, and pouring out wine from one of the bottles into a huge flagon; "To your healths!"

Here the door slid back, and Birnie glided in.

"Where is your booty, *mon brave?*" said Gawtrety. "We only coin money; you coin men, stamp with your own seal, and send them current to the devil."

The coiners, who liked Birnie's ability (for the *ci-devant* engraver was of admirable skill in their craft,) but who hated his joyless manners, laughed at the taunt, which Birnie did not seem to heed except by a malignant gleam of his dead eye.

"If you mean the celebrated coiner, Jacques Giraumont, he waits without. You know our rules—I cannot admit him without leave."

"*Bon!* we give it, eh, *messieurs?*" said Gawtrety.

"Ay—ay," cried several voices. "He knows the oath, and will hear the penalty."

"Yes, he knows the oath," replied Birnie, and glided back.

In a moment more he returned with a small man in a mechanic's blouse. The new-comer wore the republican beard and mustache, of a sandy gray; his hair was of the same colour; and a black patch over one eye increased the ill-favoured appearance of his features.

"*Diable!* Monsieur Giraumont? but you are more like Vulcan than Adonis!" said Gawtrety.

"I don't know any thing about Vulcan, but I know how to make five-franc pieces," said Monsieur Giraumont, doggedly.

"Are you poor?"

"As a church mouse! The only thing belonging to a church, since the Bourbons came back, that is poor!"

At this sally the coiners, who had gathered round the table, uttered the shout with which, in all circumstances, Frenchmen receive a *bon mot*.

"Humph!" said Mr. Gawtrety. "Who responds, with his own life, for your fidelity?"

"I," said Birnie.

"Administer the oath to him."

Suddenly four men advanced, seized the visitor, and bore him from the vault to another one within. After a few moments they returned.

"He has taken the oath and heard the penalty."

"Death to yourself, your wife, your son, and your grandson, if you betray us!"

"I have neither son nor grandson; as for my wife, Monsieur le Capitaine, you offer a bribe instead of a threat when you talk of *her* death!"

"*Sacré!* but you will be an addition to our circle, *mon brave!*" said Gawtrety, laughing, while again the grim circle shouted applause.

"But I suppose you care for your own life?"

"Otherwise I should have preferred starving to coming here," answered the laconic neophyte.

"I have done with you. Your health?"

On this the coiners gathered round Monsieur Giraumont, shook him by the hand, and commenced many questions with a view to ascertain his skill.

"Show me your coinage first; I see you use both the die and the furnace. Hem! this piece is not bad; you have struck it from an iron die! right—it makes the impression sharper than plaster of Paris. But you take the poorest and the most dangerous part of the trade in taking the Home Market. I can put you in a way to make ten times as much, and with safety! Look at this!" and Monsieur Giraumont took a forged Spanish dollar from his pocket, so skilfully manufactured that the *connoisseurs* were lost in admiration; "you may pass thousands of these all over Europe except France, and who is ever to detect you? But it will require better machinery than you have here."

Thus conversing, Monsieur Giraumont did not perceive that Mr. Gawtrety had been examining him very curiously and minutely. But Birnie had noted their chief's attention, and once attempted to join his new ally, when Gawtrety laid his hand on his shoulder, and stopped him.

"Do not speak to your friend till I bid you, or—" he stopped short, and touched his pistols.

Birnie grew a shade more pale, but replied with his usual sneer,

"Suspicious! Well, so much the better!" and, seating himself carelessly at the table, lighted his pipe.

"And now, Monsieur Giraumont," said Gawtrety, as he took the head of the table, "Come to my right hand. A half holyday in your honour. Clear these infernal instruments; and more wine, *mes amis!*"

The party arranged themselves at the table. Among the desperate there is almost invariably a tendency to mirth. A solitary ruffian is moody, but a gang of ruffians are jolly. The coiners talked and laughed loud. Mr. Birnie, from his dogged silence, seemed apart from the rest, though in the centre; and, in a noisy circle, a silent tongue builds a wall round its owner. But that respectable personage kept his furtive watch upon Giraumont and Gawtrety, who appeared talking together very amicably towards the bottom of the table. The younger novice of that night, equally silent, was not less watchful than Birnie. An uneasy, undefinable foreboding had come over him since the entrance of Monsieur Giraumont; this had been increased by the manner of Mr. Gawtrety. His faculty of observation, which was very acute, had detected something false in the chief's blandness to their guest—something dangerous in the glittering eye that Gawtrety ever, as he spoke to Giraumont, bent on that person's lips as he listened to his reply. For, whenever William Gawtrety suspected a man, he watched, not his eyes, but his lips.

Waked from his scornful revery, a strange spell fascinated Morton's attention to the chief and the guest, and he bent forward, with parted

mouth and straining ear, to catch their conversation.

"It seems to me a little strange," said Mr. Gawtrety, raising his voice so as to be heard by the party, "that a coiner so dextrous as Monsieur Giraumont should not be known to any of us except our friend Birnie."

"Not at all," replied Giraumont; "I worked only with Bouchard and two others, since sent to the galleys. We were but a small fraternity: everything has its commencement."

"*C'est juste: buvez donc, cher ami!*"

The wine circulated: Gawtrety began again.

"You have had a bad accident, seemingly, Monsieur Giraumont: how did you lose your eye?"

"In a scuffle with the *gens d'armes* the night Bouchard was taken and I escaped; such misfortunes are on the cards."

"*C'est juste: buvez donc, Monsieur Giraumont!*"

Again there was a pause, and again Gawtrety's deep voice was heard.

"You wear a wig, I think, Monsieur Giraumont! To judge by your eyelashes, your own hair has been of a handsomer colour."

"We seek disguise, not beauty, my host! and the police have sharp eyes."

"*C'est juste, buvez donc—vieux Réard!*—when did we two meet last?"

"Never that I know of!"

"*Ce n'est pas vrai! buvez donc, Monsieur FAVART!*"

At the sound of that name the company started in dismay and confusion, and the police officer, forgetting himself for the moment, sprang from his seat, and put his right hand into his blouse.

"Ho, there! treason!" cried Gawtrety, in a voice of thunder; and he caught the unhappy man by the throat.

It was the work of a moment. Morton, where he sat, beheld a struggle—he heard a death-cry. He saw the huge form of the master-coiner rising above all the rest, as cutlasses gleamed and eyes sparkled round. He saw the quivering and powerless frame of the unhappy guest raised aloft in those mighty arms, and presently it was hurled along the tables—bottles crashing—the board shaking beneath its weight—and lay before the very eyes of Morton, a distorted and lifeless mass. At the same instant Gawtrety sprang upon the table, his black frown singling out from the group the ashen, cadaverous face of the shrinking traitor. Birnie had darted from the table—he was half way towards the sliding door—his face, turned over his shoulder, met the eyes of the chief.

"Devil!" shouted Gawtrety in his terrible voice, which the echoes of the vault gave back from side to side, "did I not give thee up my soul that thou mightest not compass my death! Hark ye! thus dies my slavery and all our secrets!" The explosion of his pistol half swallowed up the last word, and, with a single groan, the traitor fell on the floor, pierced through the brain; then there was a dead and grim hush, as the smoke rolled slowly along the roof of the dreary vault.

Morton sank back on his seat, and covered his face with his hands. The last seal on the fate of THE MAN OF CRIME was set; the last wave in the terrible and mysterious tide of his destiny had dashed on his soul to the shore whence there is no return. Vain, now and henceforth, the humour, the sentiment, the kindly impulse, the social instincts which had invested that stalwart shape with dangerous fascination, which had im-

lied the hope of ultimate repentance, of redemption even in this world. The Hour and the Circumstance had seized their prey; and the self-defence, which a lawless career rendered a necessity, left the eternal die of blood upon his loom!

"Friends, I have saved you," said Gawtreys, lowly gazing on the corpse of his second victim, while he returned the pistol to his belt; "I have not quailed before this man's eye (and he spurned the clay of the officer, as he spoke, with a revengeful scorn) without treasuring up its aspect in my heart of hearts. I knew him when he entered—knew him through his disguise—yet, faith, it was a clever one! Turn up his face and gaze on him now; he will never terrify us again, unless there be truth in ghosts!"

Murmuring and tremulous, the coiners scrambled on the table and examined the dead man. From this task Gawtreys interrupted them, for his quick eye detected, with the pistols under the policeman's blouse, a whistle of metal of curious construction, and he conjectured at once that danger was yet at hand.

"I have saved you, I say, but only for the hour. This deed cannot sleep; see, he had help within call. The police know where to look for their comrade—we are dispersed. Each for himself. Quick, divide the spoils! *Sauve qui peut!*"

Then Morton heard where he sat, his hands still clasped before his face, a confused hubbub of voices, the jingle of money, the scramble of feet, and the creaking of doors—all was silent!

A strong grasp drew his hands from his eyes.

"Your first scene of life against life," said Gawtreys voice, which seemed fearfully changed to the ear that heard it. "Bah! what would you think of a battle? Come, to our eyrie; the carcasses are gone."

Morton looked fearfully round the vault. He and Gawtreys were alone. His eyes sought the places where the dead had lain—they were removed—no vestige of the deeds, not even a drop of blood.

"Come, take up your cutlass, come!" repeated the voice of the chief, as, with his dim lantern, now the sole light of the vault, he stood in the shadow of the doorway.

Morton rose, took up the weapon mechanically, and followed that terrible guide, mute and unconscious, as a soul follows a dream through the house of Sleep!

CHAPTER X.

"Sleep no more!"—*Macbeth.*

After winding through gloomy and labyrinthine passages, which conducted to a different range of cellars from those entered by the unfortunate Favart, Gawtreys emerged at the foot of a flight of stairs, which, dark, narrow, and in many places broken, had been probably appropriated to the servants of the house in its days of palmier glory. By these steps the pair regained their attic. Gawtreys placed the lantern on the table, and seated himself in silence. Morton, who had recovered his self-possession and formed his resolution, gazed on him for some moments equally taciturn; at length he spoke:

"Gawtreys?"

"I bade you not call me by that name," said the coiner; for we need scarcely say that in his new trade he had assumed a new appellation.

"It is the least guilty one by which I have known you," returned Morton, firmly. "It is for the last time I call it you! I demanded to see by what means one to whom I had intrusted my fate supported himself. *I have seen,*" continued the young man, still firmly, but with a livid cheek and lip, "and the tie between us is rent for ever. Interrupt me not! It is not for me to blame you. I have eaten of your bread and drank of your cup. Confiding in you too blindly, and believing that you were at least free from those dark and terrible crimes for which there is no expiation, at least in this life—my conscience seared by distress, my very soul made dormant by despair—I surrendered myself to one leading a career equivocal, suspicious, dishonourable perhaps, but still not, as I believed, of atrocity and bloodshed. I wake at the brink of the abyss; my mother's hand beckons to me from the grave; I think I hear her voice while I address you; I recede while it is yet time—we part, and for ever!"

Gawtreys, whose stormy passion was still deep upon his soul, had listened hitherto in sullen and dogged silence, with a gloomy frown on his knitted brow; he now rose with an oath:

"Part! that I may let loose on the world a new traitor! Part! when you have seen me fresh from an act that, once whispered, gives me to the guillotine! Part! never—at least alive!"

"I have said it," said Morton, folding his arms calmly; "I say it to your face, though I might part from you in secret. Frown not on me, man of blood! I am fearless as yourself! In another minute I am gone."

"Ah! is it so?" said Gawtreys; and, glancing round the room, which contained two doors—the one, concealed by the draperies of a bed, communicating with the stairs by which they had entered, the other with the landing of the principal and common flight—he turned to the former, within his reach, which he locked, and put the key into his pocket; and then, throwing across the latter a heavy swing bar, which fell into its socket with a harsh noise, before the threshold he placed his vast bulk, and bust into a loud, fierce laugh:

"Ho! ho! slave and fool, once mine, you were mine, body and soul, for ever!"

"Tempter, I defy you! stand back!" And, firm and dauntless, Morton laid his hand on the giant's vest.

Gawtreys seemed more astonished than enraged. He looked hard at his daring associate, on whose lip the dawn was yet scarcely dark.

"Boy," said he, "off! Do not rouse the devil in me again! I could crush you with a hug."

"My soul supports my body, and I am armed," said Morton, laying his hand on his cutlass. "But you dare not harm me, nor I you; blood-stained as you are, I yet love you! You gave me shelter and bread, but accuse me not that I will save my soul while it is yet time! Shall my mother have blessed me in vain upon her death-bed?"

Gawtreys drew back, and Morton, by a sudden impulse, grasped his hand.

"Oh! hear me—hear me!" he cried, with great emotion. "Abandon this horrible career; you have been decoyed and betrayed to it by one who can deceive or terrify you no more! Abandon it, and I will never desert you! For her sake—for your Fanny's sake—pause, like me, before the gulf swallow us. Let us fly! far to the New World—to any land where our thews and sinews,

our stout hands and hearts, can find an honest mart. Men, desperate as we are, have yet risen by honest means. Take her, your orphan, with us. We will work for her, both of us. Gawtreys! hear me. It is not my voice that speaks to you—it is your good angel's!"

Gawtreys fell back against the wall, and his chest heaved.

"Morton," he said, with choked and tremulous accents, "go, now; leave me to my fate! I have sinned against you—shamefully sinned. It seemed to me so sweet to have a friend; in your youth and character of mind there was so much about which the tough strings of my heart wound themselves, that I could not bear to lose you—to suffer you to know me for what I was. I blinded—I deceived you as to my past deeds; that was base in me: but I swore to my own heart to keep you unexposed to every danger, and free from every vice that darkened my own path. I kept that oath till this night, when, seeing that you began to recoil from me, and dreading that you should desert me, I thought to bind you to me for ever by implicating you in this fellowship of crime. I am punished, and justly. Go, I repeat; leave me to the fate that strides nearer and nearer to me day by day. You are a boy still—I am no longer young. Habit is a second nature. Still—still I could repent—I could begin life again! But repose! to look back—to remember—to be haunted night and day with deeds that shall meet me boldly and face to face on the last day—"

"Add not to the spectres! Come—fly this night—this hour!"

Gawtreys paused, irresolute and wavering, when at that moment he heard steps on the stairs below. He started—as starts the boar caught in his lair—and listened, pale and breathless.

"Hush! they are on us! they come!" as he whispered, the key from without turned in the wards—the door shook. "Soft! the bar preserves us both—this way." And the coiner crept to the door of the private stairs. He unlocked and opened it cautiously. A man sprang through the aperture.

"Yield! you are my prisoner!"

"Never!" cried Gawtreys, hurling back the intruder, and clapping to the door, though other and stout men were pressing against it with all their power.

"Ho! ho! Who shall open the tiger's cage?"

At both doors now were heard the sound of voices. "Open in the king's name, or expect no mercy!"

"Hist!" said Gawtreys. "One way yet—the window—the rope."

Morton opened the casement, Gawtreys uncoiled the rope. The dawn was breaking; it was light in the streets, but all seemed quiet without. The door reeled and shook beneath the pressure of the pursuers. Gawtreys flung the rope across the street to the opposite parapet; after two or three efforts, the grappling-hook caught firm hold—the perilous path was made.

"On! quick! loiter not!" whispered Gawtreys; "You are active—it seems more dangerous than it is—cling with both hands—shut your eyes. When on the other side—you see the window of Birnie's room—enter it—descend the stairs—let yourself out, and you are safe."

"Go first," said Morton, in the same tone; "I will not leave you now; you will be longer getting across than I shall. I will keep guard till you are over."

"Hark! hark! are you mad? You keep

guard! What is your strength to mine? Twenty men shall not move that door while my weight is against it. Quick, or you destroy us both! Besides, you will hold the rope for me; it may not be strong enough for my bulk of itself. Stay! stay one moment. If you escape, and I fall—Fanny—my father, he will take care of her—you remember—thanks! Forgive me all! Go—that's right."

With a firm pulse, Morton threw himself on that dreadful bridge; it swung and crackled at his weight. Shifting his grasp rapidly—holding his breath—with set teeth—with closed eyes—he moved on—he gained the parapet—he stood safe on the opposite side. And now, straining his eyes across, he saw through the open casement into the chamber he had just quitted. Gawtreys was still standing against the door to the principal staircase, for that, of the two, was the weaker and the more assailed. Presently the explosion of a firearm was heard; they had shot through the panel. Gawtreys seemed wounded, for he staggered forward, and uttered a fierce cry; a moment more he gained the window—he seized the rope—he hung over the tremendous depth! Morton knelt by the parapet, holding the grappling-hook in its place with convulsive grasp, and fixing his eyes, bloodshot with fear and suspense, on the huge bulk that clung for life to that slender cord!"

"*Le voilà! le voilà!*" cried a voice from the opposite side. Morton raised his gaze from Gawtreys—the casement was darkened by the forms of the pursuers—they had burst into the room—an officer sprung upon the parapet; and Gawtreys, now aware of his danger, opened his eyes, and, as he moved on, glared upon the foe. The policeman deliberately raised his pistol—Gawtreys arrested himself—from a wound in his side the blood trickled slowly and darkly down, drop by drop, upon the stones below; even the officers of law shuddered as they eyed him: his hair bristling, his cheek white, his lips drawn convulsively from his teeth, and his eyes glaring from beneath the frown of agony and menace in which yet spoke the indomitable power and fierceness of the man. His look, so fixed, so intense, so stern, awed the policeman; his hand trembled as he fired, and the ball struck the parapet an inch below the spot where Morton knelt. An indistinct, wild, gurgling sound—half laugh, half yell—of scorn and glee, broke from Gawtreys's lips. He swung himself on—near—near—nearer—a yard from the parapet.

"You are saved!" cried Morton; when at that moment a volley burst from the fatal casement—the smoke rolled over both the fugitives—a groan, or, rather, howl of rage, and despair, and agony, appalled even the hardest on whose ear it came. Morton sprang to his feet, and looked below. He saw on the rugged stones, far down, a dark, formless, motionless mass—the strong man of passion and levity—the giant who had played with life and soul, as an infant with the bawbles that it prizes and breaks—was what the Cæsar and the leper alike are when all clay is without God's breath—what glory, genius, power and beauty would be for ever and ever if there were no God!

"There is another!" cried the voice of one of the pursuers. "Fire!"

"Poor Gawtreys!" muttered Philip, "I will fulfil your last wish;" and, scarcely conscious of the bullet that whistled past him, he disappeared behind the parapet.

CHAPTER XI.

"Gently moved
By the soft wind of whispering silks."—DECKER.

The reader may remember, that while Monsieur Favart and Mr. Birnie were holding commune in the lane, the sounds of festivity were heard from a house in the adjoining street. To that house we are now summoned.

At Paris, the gaieties of balls or *soirees* are, I believe, very rare in that period of the year in which they are most frequent in London. The entertainment now given was in honour of a christening: the lady who gave it, a relation of the newborn.

Madame de Merville was a young widow; even before her marriage she had been distinguished in literature; she had written poems of more than common excellence; and, being handsome, of good family, and large fortune, her talents made her an object of more interest than they might otherwise have done. Her poetry showed great sensibility and tenderness. If poetry be any index to the heart, you would have thought her one to love truly and deeply. Nevertheless, since she married—as girls in France do—not to please herself, but her parents, she made a *mariage de convenance*. Monsieur de Merville was a sober, sensible man, past middle age. Not being fond of poetry, and by no means coveting a professional author for his wife, he had, during their union, which lasted four years, discouraged his wife's *liaison* with Apollo. But her mind, active and ardent, did not the less prey upon itself. At the age of four-and-twenty she became a widow, with an income large even in England for a single woman, and at Paris constituting no ordinary fortune. Madame de Merville, however, though a person of elegant taste, was neither ostentatious nor selfish. She had no children, and she lived quietly in apartments, handsome indeed, but not more than adequate to the small establishment which—where, as on the Continent, the costly convenience of an entire house is not incurred—sufficed for her retinue. She devoted at least half her income, which was entirely at her own disposal, partly to the aid of her own relations, who were not rich, and partly to the encouragement of the literature she cultivated. Although she shrunk from the ordeal of publication, her poems and sketches of romance were read to her own friends, and possessed an eloquence seldom accompanied with so much modesty. Thus, her reputation, though not blown about by the winds, was high in her own circle, and her position in fashion and in fortune made her looked up to by her relations as the head of her family; they regarded her as *femme supérieure*, and her advice with them was equivalent to a command. Eugénie de Merville was a strange mixture of qualities at once feminine and masculine. On the one hand, she had a strong will, independent views, some contempt for the world, and followed her own inclinations without servility to the opinion of others; on the other hand, she was susceptible, romantic, of a sweet, affectionate, kind disposition. Her visit to Mr. Love, however indiscreet, was not less in accordance with her character than her charity to the mechanic's wife; masculine and careless where an eccentric thing was to be done—curiosity satisfied, or some object in female diplomacy achieved—womanly, delicate, and gentle, the instant her benevolence was appealed to or her heart touched. She had now been three years a widow, and was, consequently, at the age of twenty-seven. Despite the tenderness of her

poetry and her character, her reputation was unblemished. She had never been in love. People who are much occupied do not fall in love easily; besides, Madame de Merville was refining, exacting, and wished to find heroes where she only met handsome dandies or ugly authors. Moreover, Eugénie was both a vain and a proud person: vain of her celebrity, and proud of her birth. She was one whose goodness of heart made her always active in promoting the happiness of others. She was not only generous and charitable, but willing to serve people by good offices as well as money. Everybody loved her. The newborn infant, to whose addition to the Christian community the fête of this night was dedicated, was the pledge of a union which Madame de Merville had managed to effect between two young persons, first cousins to each other, and related to herself. There had been scruples of parents to remove—money matters to adjust: Eugénie had smoothed all. The husband and wife, still lovers, looked up to her as the author, under Heaven, of their happiness.

The gala of that night had been, therefore, of a nature more than usually pleasurable, and the mirth did not sound hollow, but rung from the heart. Yet, as Eugénie from time to time contemplated the young couple, whose eyes ever sought each other—so fair, so tender, and so joyous as they seemed—a melancholy shadow darkened her brow, and she sighed involuntarily. Once the young wife, Madame d'Anville, approaching her timidly, said,

"Ah! my sweet cousin, when shall we see you as happy as ourselves? There is such happiness," she added, innocently, and with a blush, "in being a mother!—that little life all one's own—it is something to think of every hour!"

"Perhaps," said Eugénie, smiling, and seeking to turn the conversation from a subject that touched too nearly upon feelings and thoughts her pride did not wish to reveal; "perhaps it is you, then, who have made our cousin, poor Monsieur de Vaudemont, so determined to marry? Pray, be more cautious with him. How difficult I have found it to prevent his bringing into our family some one to make us all ridiculous!"

"True," said Madame d'Anville, laughing. "But then the chevalier is so poor, and in debt. He would fall in love, not with the demoiselle, but the dowry. *A propos* of that, how cleverly you took advantage of his boastful confession to break off his *liaisons* with that *bureau de mariage*."

"Yes; I congratulate myself on that manoeuvre. Unpleasant as it was to go to such a place (for, of course, I could not send for Monsieur Love here), it would have been still more unpleasant to have received such a Madame de Vaudemont as our cousin would have presented to us. Only think—he was the rival of an *épicier*! I had heard that there was some curious *dénoûment* to the farce of that establishment; but I could never get from Vaudemont the particulars. He was ashamed of them, I fancy."

"What droll professions there are in Paris!" said Madame d'Anville: "as if people could not marry without going to an office for a spouse, as we go for a servant! And so the establishment is broken up? And you never saw again that dark, wild-looking boy who so struck your fancy, that you have taken him as the original for the Murillo sketch of the youth in that charming tale you read to us the other evening. Ah! cousin, I think you were a little taken with him; the *bureau de mariage* had its allurements for you

as well as for our poor cousin!" The young mother said this laughingly and carelessly.

"Pooh!" returned Madame de Merville, laughing also; but a slight blush broke over her natural paleness. "But *à propos* of the vicomte. You know how cruelly he has behaved to that poor boy of his by his English wife—never seen him since he was an infant—kept him at some school in England—and all because his vanity does not like the world to know that he has a son of nineteen! Well, I have induced him to recall this poor youth."

"Indeed! and how?"

"Why," said Eugenie, with a smile, "he wanted a loan, poor man, and I could therefore impose conditions by way of interest. But I also managed to conciliate him to the proposition by representing that, if the young man were good-looking, he might himself, with our connections, &c. form an advantageous marriage; and that, in such a case, if the father treated him now justly and kindly, he would naturally partake with the father whatever benefits the marriage might confer."

"Ah! you are an excellent diplomatist, Eugenie; and you turn people's heads by always acting from your heart. Hush, here comes the vicomte!"

"A delightful ball!" said Monsieur de Vaudemont, approaching the ladies. "Pray, has that young lady yonder, in the pink dress, any fortune? She is pretty, eh? you observe she is looking at me—I mean, at us!"

"My dear cousin, what a compliment you pay to marriage. You have had two wives, and you are ever on the *qui vive* for a third!"

"What would you have me do? we cannot resist the overtures of your bewitching sex. Hum—what fortune has she?"

"Not a *sou*; besides, she is engaged."

"Oh! now I look at her, she is not pretty—not at all. I made a mistake. I did not mean her. I meant the young lady in blue."

"Worse and worse! she is married already. Shall I present you?"

"Ah, Monsieur de Vaudemont," said Madame d'Anville, "have you found out a new *bureau de mariage*?"

The vicomte pretended not to hear that question. But, turning to Eugenie, took her aside, and said, with an air in which he endeavoured to throw a great deal of sorrow, "You know, my dear cousin, that, to oblige you, I consented to send for my son, though, as I always said, it is very unpleasant for a man like me, in the prime of life, to hawk about a great boy of nineteen or twenty. People soon say, '*Old Vaudemont and young Vaudemont*.' However, a father's feelings are never appealed to in vain." (Here the vicomte put his handkerchief to his eyes, and, after a pause, continued), "I sent for him—I even went to your old *bonne*, Madame Dufour, to make a bargain for her lodgings, and this day, guess my grief, I received a letter sealed with black. My son is dead!—a sudden fever—it is shocking!"

"Horrible! dead! your own son, whom you hardly ever saw—never since he was an infant!"

"Yes, that softens the blow very much. And now you see I *must* marry. If the boy had been good-looking, and like me, and so forth, why, as you observed, he might have made a good match, and allowed me a certain sum, or we could all have lived together."

"And your son is dead, and you come to a ball!"

"*Je suis philosophe*," said the vicomte, shrugging his shoulders. "And, as you say, I never saw him. It saves me 700 francs a year. Don't say a word to any one; I sha'n't give out that he is dead, poor fellow! Pray be discreet: you see there are some ill-natured people who might think it odd I do not shut myself up. I can wait till Paris is quite empty. It would be a pity to lose any opportunity at present, for now, you see, I *must* marry!" And the *philosophe* sauntered away.

CHAPTER XII.

"Guinear. Those devotions I am to pay
Are written in my heart, not in this book."

Enter RUTILIO.

I am pursued—all the ports are stopp'd too;
Not any hope to escape: behind, before me,
On either side, I am beset."

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *The Custom of the Country*.

The party were just gone—it was already the peep of day—the wheels of the last carriage had died in the distance.

Madame de Merville had dismissed her woman, and was seated in her own room leaning her head musingly on her hand.

Beside her was the table that held her MSS. and a few books, amid which were scattered vases of flowers. On a pedestal beneath the window was placed a marble bust of Dante. Through the open door were seen in perspective the rooms just deserted by her guests; the lights still burned in the chandeliers and *girandoles*, contending with the daylight that came through the half-closed curtains. The person of the inmate was in harmony with the apartment. It was characterised by a certain grace, which, for want of a better epithet, writers are prone to call classical or antique. Her complexion, seeming paler than usual by that light, was yet soft and delicate; the features well cut, but small and womanly. About the face there was that rarest of all charms, the combination of intellect with sweetness; the eyes, of a dark blue, were thoughtful, perhaps melancholy in their expression; but the long dark lashes, and the shape of the eyes themselves, more long than full, gave to their intelligence a softness approaching to languor, increased, perhaps, by that slight shadow round and below the orbs which is common with those who have tasked too much either the mind or the heart. The contour of the face, without being sharp or angular, had yet lost a little of the roundness of earlier youth; and the hand on which she leaned was, perhaps, even too white, too delicate, for the beauty which belongs to health; but the throat and bust were of exquisite symmetry.

"I am not happy," murmured Eugenie to herself, "yet I scarce know why. Is it really as we women of romance have said, till the saying is worn threadbare, that the destiny of women is not fame, but love? Strange, then, that while I have so often pictured what love should be, I have never felt it. And now—and now," she continued, half rising, and with a natural pang, "now I am no longer in my first youth. If I loved, should I be loved again? How happy that young pair seemed—they are never alone!"

At this moment, at a distance, was heard the report of firearms—again! Eugenie started, and called to her servant, who, with a waiter hired for the night, was engaged in removing, and nibbling as he removed, the remains of the feast. "What is that, at this hour? Open the window and look out!"

"I can see nothing, madame!"

"Again! this is the third time. Go into the street and look; some one must be in danger."

The servant and the waiter, both curious, and not willing to part company, ran down the stairs, and thence into the street.

Meanwhile Morton, after vainly attempting Birnie's window, which the traitor had previously locked and barred against the escape of his intended victim, crept rapidly along the roof, screened by the parapet not only from the shot, but the sight of the foe. But just as he gained the point at which the lane made an angle with the broad street it adjoined, he cast his eyes over the parapet, and perceived that one of the officers had ventured himself to the fearful bridge: he was pursued; detection and capture seemed inevitable. He paused and breathed hard. *He*, once the heir to such fortunes, the darling of such affections! he, the hunted accomplice of a gang of miscreants! That was the thought that paralysed; the disgrace, not the danger. But he was in advance of the pursuer; he hastened on—he turned the angle—he heard a shout behind from the opposite side—the officer had passed the bridge: "It is but one man as yet," thought he, and his nostrils dilated and his hands clinched as he glided on, glancing at each casement as he passed.

Now, as youth and vigour thus struggled against Law for life, near at hand Death was busy with toil and disease.

In a miserable *grabat* or garret, a mechanic, yet young, and stricken by a lingering malady, contracted by the labour of his occupation, was slowly passing from that world in which, for the mass of inhabitants, the curse of Cain is everlastingly at work. Now this man had married for love, and his wife had loved him; and it was the cares of that early marriage that had consumed him to the bone. But extreme want, if long continued, eats up love when it has nothing else to eat. And when people are very long dying, the people they fret and trouble begin to think of that too often hypocritical prettiness of phrase called "a happy release." So the worn-out and half-famished wife did not care three straws for the dying husband whom, a year or two ago, she had vowed to love and cherish in sickness and in health. But still she *seemed* to care, for she moaned, and pined, and wept as the man's breath grew fainter and fainter.

"Ah, Jean!" said she, sobbing, "what *will* become of *me*, a poor lone widow, with nobody to work for my bread?" And with that thought she took on worse than before.

"I am stifling," said the dying man, rolling round his ghastly eyes. "How hot it is? Open the window; I should like to see the light—daylight once again."

"*Mon Dieu!* what whims he has, poor man!" muttered the woman, without stirring.

The poor wretch put his skeleton hand out and clutched his wife's arm.

"I sha'n't trouble you long, Marie! Air—air!"

"Jean, you will make yourself worse; besides, I shall catch my death of cold. I have scarce a rag on, but I will just open the door."

"Pardon me," groaned the sufferer; "leave me, then."

Poor fellow! perhaps at that moment the thought of unkindness was sharper than the sharp cough which brought blood at every paroxysm. He did not like her so near him, but he did not blame her. Again, I say, poor fellow!

The woman opened the door, went to the other side of the room, and sat down on an old box and began darning an old neck-handkerchief. The silence was soon broken by the moans of the fast dying man, and again he muttered, as he tossed to and fro, with baked white lips,

"*Je m'étouffe! Air!*"

There was no resisting that prayer, it seemed so like the last. The wife laid down the needle, put the handkerchief round her throat, and opened the window.

"Do you feel easier now?"

"Bless you, Marie—yes; that's good—good. It puts me in mind of old days, that breath of air, before we came to Paris. I wish I could work for you now, Marie."

"Jean! my poor Jean!" said the woman; and the words and the voice took back her hardening heart to the fresh fields and tender thoughts of the past time. And she walked up to the bed, and he leaned his temples, damp with livid dews, upon her breast.

"I have been a sad burden to you, Marie: we should not have married so soon; but I thought I was stronger. Don't cry; we have no little ones, thank God. It will be much better for you when I'm gone."

And so word after word gasped out: he stopped suddenly, and seemed to fall asleep.

The wife then attempted gently to lay him once more on his pillow—the head fell back heavily—the jaw had dropped—the teeth were set—the eyes were open, and like stone—the truth broke on her!

"Jean—Jean! My God, he is dead! and I was unkind to him at the last!" With these words she fell upon the corpse, happily herself insensible.

Just at that moment a human face peered in at the window. Through that aperture, after a moment's pause, a young man leaped lightly into the room. He looked round with a hurried glance, but scarcely noticed the forms stretched on the pallet. It was enough for him that they seemed to sleep, and saw him not. He stole across the room, the door of which Marie had, it will be recollected, left open, and descended the stairs. He had almost gained the courtyard into which the stairs conducted, when he heard voices below by the porter's lodge.

"The police have discovered a gang of coiners!"

"Coiners?"

"Yes; one has been shot dead! I have seen his body in the kennel; another has fled along the roofs—a desperate fellow! We are to watch for him. Let us go up stairs, and get on the roof and look out."

By the hum of approval that followed this proposition, Morton judged rightly that it had been addressed to several persons whom curiosity and the explosion of the pistols had drawn from their beds, and who were grouped round the porter's lodge. What was to be done? To advance was impossible: was there yet time to retreat! It was, at least, the only course left him; he sprang back up the stairs; he had just gained the first flight when he heard steps descending; then, suddenly, it flashed across him that he had left open the window above; that, doubtless, by that imprudent oversight the officer in pursuit had detected a clew to the path he had taken. What was to be done? die as Gawtreys had done! death rather than the galleys. As he thus resolved, he saw to the right the open door of an apartment in which lights still glimmered in their

sockets. It seemed deserted; he entered boldly and at once, closing the door after him. Wines and viands still left on the table—gilded mirrors, reflecting the stern face of the solitary intruder—here and there an artificial flower—a knot of riband on the floor—all betokening the gaieties of luxurious life—the dance, the revel, the feast—all this in one apartment! Above, in the same house, the pallet, the corpse, the widow—famine and woe! Such is a great city! such, above all, is Paris! where, under the same roof, are gathered such antagonist features of the social state! Nothing strange in this; but what was strange and sad was, that so little do people thus neighbours know of each other, that the owner of those rooms had a heart soft to every distress, but she did not know the distress so close at hand. The music that had charmed her guests had mounted gaily to the vexed ears of agony and hunger. Morton passed the first room—a second—he came to a third; and Eugénie de Merville, looking up at that instant, saw before her an apparition that might well have alarmed the boldest. His head was uncovered; his dark hair shadowed in wild and disorderly profusion the pale face and features, beautiful, indeed, but at that moment of the beauty which an artist would impart to a young gladiator—stamped with defiance, menace, and despair. The disordered garb—the fierce aspect—the dark eyes, that literally shone through the shadows of the room, all conspired to increase the terror of so abrupt a presence.

"What are you? What do you seek here?" said she, faltering, placing her hand on the bell as she spoke.

Upon that soft hand Morton laid his own.

"I seek my life! I am pursued! I am at your mercy! I am innocent! Can you save me?"

As he spoke, the door of the outer room beyond was heard to open, and steps and voices were at hand.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, recoiling as he recognised her face. "And is it to you that I have fled!"

Eugénie also recognised the stranger; and there was something in their relative positions—the suppliant, the protectress—that excited both her imagination and her pity. A slight colour mantled to her cheeks—her look was gentle and compassionate.

"Poor boy! so young!" she said. "Hush!"

She withdrew her hand from his, retired a few steps, lifted a curtain drawn across a recess, and, pointing to an alcove that contained one of those sofa-beds common in French houses, added, in a whisper,

"Enter—you are saved."

Morton obeyed, and Eugénie replaced the curtain.

CHAPTER XIII.

Guimar. Speak! What are you?
Rutilio. Gracious woman, hear me. I am a stranger;
And in that I answer all demands.
Custom of the Country.

Eugénie replaced the curtain. And scarcely had she done so, ere the steps in the outer room entered the chamber where she stood. Her servant was accompanied by two officers of the police.

"Pardon, madame," said one of the latter; "but we are in pursuit of a criminal. We think he must have entered this house through a win-

dow above while your servant was in the street. Permit us to search?"

"Without doubt," answered Eugénie, seating herself. "If he has entered, look in the other apartments. I have not quitted this room."

"You are right. Accept our apologies."

And the officers turned back to examine every corner where the fugitive was *not*. For, in that, the scouts of justice resembled their mistress: when does man's justice look to the right place?

The servant lingered to repeat the tale he had heard—the sight he had seen. When, at that instant, he saw the curtain of the alcove slightly stirred. He uttered an exclamation—sprung to the bed—his hand touched the curtain—Eugénie seized his arm. She did not speak; but, as he turned his eyes to her, astonished, he saw that her cheek was as white as marble.

"Madame," he said, hesitating, "there is some one hid in the recess."

"There is! Be silent!"

A suspicion flashed across the servant's mind. The pure, the proud, the immaculate Eugénie!

"There is! and in madame's chamber!" he faltered, unconsciously.

Eugénie's quick apprehension seized the foul thought. Her eyes flashed—her cheeks crimsoned. But her lofty and generous nature conquered even the indignant and scornful burst that rushed to her lips. The truth!—could she trust the man? A doubt—and the charge of the human life rendered to her might be betrayed. Her colour fell—tears gushed to her eyes.

"I have been kind to you, Francois. Not a word!"

"Madame, confide in me: it is enough," said the Frenchman, bowing, and with a slight smile on his lips; and he drew back respectfully.

One of the police-officers re-entered.

"We have done, madame: he is not here. Aha! that curtain!"

"It is madame's bed," said Francois. "But I have looked behind."

"I am most sorry to have disarranged you," said the policeman, satisfied with the answer; "but we shall have him yet." And he retired.

The last footsteps died away, the last door of the apartments closed behind the officers, and Eugénie and her servant stood alone, gazing on each other.

"You may retire," said she, at last; and, taking her purse from the table, she placed it in his hands.

The man took it, with a significant look.

"Madame may depend on my discretion."

Eugénie was alone again. Those words rang in her ear—Eugénie de Merville dependant on the discretion of her lackey! She sank into her chair, and, her excitement succeeded by exhaustion, leaned her face on her hands and burst into tears. She was aroused by a low voice; she looked up, and the young man was kneeling at her feet.

"Go—go!" she said; "I have done for you all I can. You heard—you heard—my own hireling, too! At the hazard of my own good name you are saved. Go!"

"Of your good name!" for Eugénie forgot that it was looks, not words, that had so wrung her pride. "Your good name!" he repeated; and, glancing round the room—the toilet, the curtain, the recess he had quitted—all that bespoke that chastest sanctuary of a chaste woman, which for a stranger to enter is, as it were, to profane—her meaning broke on him. "Your good name! your hireling! No, madame, no!" And,

as he spoke, he rose to his feet. "Not for me that sacrifice! Your humanity shall not cost you so dear. Ho, there! I am the man you seek." And he strode to the door.

Eugenie was penetrated with the answer. She sprang to him—she grasped his garments.

"Hush! hush! for mercy's sake! What would you do? Think you I could ever be happy again if the confidence you placed in me were betrayed? Be calm—be still. I knew not what I said. It will be easy to undeceive the man—later—when you are saved. And you are innocent—are you not?"

"Oh, madame," said Morton, "from my soul I say it, I am innocent—not of poverty—wretchedness—error—shame—I am innocent of crime. May Heaven bless you!" And, as he reverently kissed the hand laid on his arm, there was something in his voice so touching, in his manner something so above his fortunes, that Eugenie was lost in her feelings of compassion, surprise, and something, it might be, of admiration in her wonder.

"And oh!" he said, passionately, gazing on her with his dark, brilliant eyes, liquid with emotion, "you have made my life sweet in saving it. You—you—of whom, ever since the first time—almost the sole time—I beheld you, I have often mused and dreamed. Henceforth, whatever befall me, there will be some recollections that will—that—"

He stopped short, for his heart was too full for words; and the silence said more to Eugenie than if all the eloquence of Rousseau had glowed upon his tongue.

"And who and what are you?" she asked, after a pause.

"An exile—an orphan—an outcast! I have no name! Farewell!"

"No—stay yet—the danger is not past. Wait till my servant is gone to rest; I hear him yet. Sit down—sit down. And whither would you go?"

"I know not."

"Have you no friends?"

"None."

"No home?"

"None."

"And the police of Paris so vigilant!" cried Eugenie, wringing her hands. "What is to be done? I shall have saved you in vain—you will be discovered! Of what do they charge you? Not robbery—not—"

And she, too, stopped short, for she did not dare to breathe the black word "Murder."

"I know not," said Morton, putting his hand to his forehead, "except of being friends with the only man who befriended me—and they have killed him!"

"Another time you shall tell me all."

"Another time!" he exclaimed, eagerly; "shall I see you again?"

Eugenie blushed beneath the gaze and the voice of joy.

"Yes," she said, "yes. But I must reflect. Be calm—be silent. Ah! a happy thought!"

She sat down, wrote a hasty line, sealed, and gave it to Morton.

"Take this note, as addressed, to Madame Dufour; it will provide you with a safe lodging. She is a person I can depend on: an old servant who lived with my mother, and to whom I have given a small pension. She has a lodging—it is lately vacant—I promised to procure her a tenant. Go: say nothing of what has passed. I will see her, and arrange all. Wait! hark! all

is still! I will go first, and see that no one watches you. Stop" (and she threw open the window and looked into the court). "The porter's door is open—that is fortunate! Hurry on, and God be with you!"

In a few minutes Morton was in the streets. It was still early—the thoroughfares deserted—none of the shops yet open. The address on the note was to a street at some distance, on the other side the Seine. He passed along the same Quai which he had trodden but few hours since; he passed the same splendid bridge on which he had stood despairing to quit it, revived; he gained the Rue Faubourg St. Honore. A young man in a cabriolet, on whose fair cheek burned the hectic of late vigils and lavish dissipation, was rolling leisurely home from the gaming-house, at which he had been more than usually fortunate—his pockets were laden with notes and gold. He bent forward as Morton passed him. Philip, absorbed in his reverie, perceived him not, and continued his way. The gentleman turned down one of the streets to the left, stopped and called to the servant dozing behind his cabriolet.

"Follow that passenger! quietly—see where he lodges—be sure to find out and let me know. I shall go home without you." With that he drove on.

Philip, unconscious of the *espionage*, arrived at a small house in a quiet but respectable street, and rang the bell several times before at last he was admitted by Madame Dufour herself, in her nightcap. The old woman looked askant and alarmed at the unexpected apparition. But the note seemed at once to satisfy her. She conducted him to an apartment on the first floor—small, but neatly and even elegantly furnished—consisting of a sitting-room and a bedchamber, and said quietly,

"Will they suit monsieur?"

To monsieur they seemed a palace. Morton nodded assent.

"And will monsieur sleep for a short time?"

"Yes."

"The bed is well aired. The rooms have only been vacant three days since. Can I get you any thing till your luggage arrives?"

"No."

The woman left him. He threw off his clothes, flung himself on the bed, and did not wake till noon.

When his eyes unclosed—when they rested on that calm chamber, with its air of health, and cleanliness, and comfort, it was long before he could convince himself that he was yet awake. He missed the loud, deep voice of Gawtreys—the smoke of the dead man's meerschaum—the gloomy garret—the distained walls—the stealthy whisper of the loathed Birnie; slowly the life led, and the life gone within the last twelve hours, grew upon his struggling memory. He groaned, and turned uneasily round, when the door slightly opened, and he sprang up fiercely,

"Who is there?"

"It is only I, sir," answered Madame Dufour. "I have been in three times to see if you were stirring. There is a letter I believe for you, sir, though there is no name to it;" and she laid the letter on the chair beside him. Did it come from her—the saving angel? He seized it. The cover was blank; it was sealed with a small device, as of a ring seal. He tore it open, and found four *billets de banque* for 1000 francs each: a sum equivalent in our money to about £160.

"Who sent this: the—the lady from I whom brought the note?"

"Madame de Merville? Certainly not, sir," said Madame Dufour, who, with the privilege of age, was now unscrupulously filling the water-jugs and settling the toilet table. "A young man called about two hours after you had gone to bed; and, describing you, inquired if you lodged here, and what your name was. I said you had just arrived, and that I did not yet know your name. So he went away, and came again half an hour afterward with this letter, which he charged me to deliver to you safely."

"A young man—a gentleman?"

"No, sir; he seemed a smart but common sort of lad." For the unsophisticated Madame Dufour did not discover in the plain black frock and drab gaiters of the bearer of that letter the simple livery of an English gentleman's groom.

Whom could it come from, if not from Madame de Merville? Perhaps one of Gawtreys's late friends. A suspicion of Arthur Beaufort crossed him, but he indignantly dismissed it. Men are seldom credulous of what they are unwilling to believe! What kindness had the Beauforts hitherto shown him? Left his mother to perish broken-hearted—stolen from him his brother, and steeled in that brother the only heart wherein he had a right to look for gratitude and love! No, it *must* be Madame de Merville. He dismissed Madame Dufour for pen and paper—rose—wrote a letter to Eugenie, grateful, but proud, and enclosed the notes. He then summoned Madame Dufour, and sent her with his despatch.

"Ah, madame!" said the *ci-devant bonne*, when she found herself in Eugenie's presence. "The poor lad! how handsome he is, and how shameful in the vicomte to let him wear such clothes!"

"The vicomte?"

"Oh, my dear mistress, you must not deny it. You told me, in your note, to ask him no questions, but I guessed at once. The vicomte told me himself that he should have the young gentleman over in a few days. You need not be ashamed of him. You will see what a difference clothes will make in his appearance; and I have taken it on myself to order a tailor to go to him. The vicomte *must* pay me."

"Not a word to the vicomte as yet. We will surprise him," said Eugenie, laughing.

Madame de Merville had been all that morning trying to invent some story to account for her interest in the lodger, and now how Fortune favoured her!

"But is that a letter for me?"

"And I had almost forgotten it," said Madame Dufour, as she extended the letter.

Whatever there had hitherto been in the circumstances connected with Morton that had roused the interest and excited the romance of Eugenie de Merville, her fancy was yet more attracted by the tone of the letter she now read. For, though Morton, more accustomed to speak than to write French, expressed himself with less precision, and a less euphuistic selection of phrase than the authors and *élégans* who formed her usual correspondents, there was an innate and rough nobleness—a strong and profound feeling in every line of his letter, which increased her surprise and admiration.

"All that surrounds him—all that belongs to him is strangeness and mystery!" murmured she; and she sat down to reply.

When Madame Dufour departed with that letter, Eugenie remained silent and thoughtful for more than an hour. Morton's letter before her—and sweet, in their indistinctness, were the

recollections and the images that crowded on her mind.

Morton, satisfied by the earnest and solemn assurances of Eugenie that she was not the unknown donor of the sum she re-enclosed, after puzzling himself in vain to form any new conjectures as to the quarter whence it came, felt that, under his present circumstances, it would be an absurd Quixotism to refuse to apply what the very Providence to whom he had anew consigned himself seemed to have sent to his aid. And it placed him, too, beyond the offer of all pecuniary assistance from one from whom he could least have brooked to receive it. He consented, therefore, to all that the loquacious tailor proposed to him. And it would have been difficult to have recognised the wild and frenzied fugitive in the stately and graceful form, with its young beauty and air of well-born pride, which the next day sat by the side of Eugenie. And that day he told his sad and troubled story, and Eugenie wept; and from that day he came daily; and two weeks—happy, dream-like, intoxicating to both—passed by; and as their last sun set, he was kneeling at her feet, and breathing to one to whom the homage of wit, and genius, and complacent wealth had hitherto been vainly proffered, the impetuous, agitated, delicious secrets of the first love. He spoke, and rose to depart for ever, when the look and the sigh detained him.

The next day, after a sleepless night, Eugenie de Merville sent for the Vicomte de Vaudemont.

CHAPTER XIV.

"A silver river small
In sweet accents
Its music vents—
The warbling virginal
To which the merry birds do sing,
Timed with stops of gold the silver string"
SIR RICHARD FANSHAW.

One evening, several weeks after the events just commemorated, a stranger, leading in his hand a young child, entered the church yard of H—. The sun had not long set, and the short twilight of deepening summer reigned in the tranquil skies; you might still hear from the trees above the graves the chirp of some joyous bird; what cared he, the denizen of the skies, for the dead that slept below? what did he value save the greenness and repose of the spot—to him alike, the garden or the grave! As the man and the child passed, the robin, scarcely scared by their tread from the long grass beside one of the mounds, looked at them with its bright blithe eye. It was a famous spot for the robin—the old church-yard! That domestic bird—"the friend of man," as it has been called by the poets—found a jolly supper among the worms!

The stranger on reaching the middle of the sacred ground, paused and looked round him wistfully. He then approached, slowly and hesitatingly, an oblong tablet, on which were graven, in letters yet fresh and new, these words:

TO THE
MEMORY OF ONE CALUMNIATED AND WRONGED,
THIS BURIAL-STONE IS DEDICATED
BY HER SON.

Such, with the addition of the dates of the birth and death, was the tablet which Philip Morton had directed to be placed over his mother's bones; and around it was set a simple palisade, which defended it from the tread of the children, who sometimes, in defiance of the beadle, played over the dust or the former race.

"Thy son!" muttered the stranger, while the child stood quietly by his side, pleased by the trees, the grass, the song of the birds, and recking not of grief or death, "thy son!—but not thy favoured son—thy darling—thy youngest born—on what spot of earth do thine eyes look down on him! Surely in heaven thy love has preserved the one whom on earth thou didst most cherish, from the sufferings and the trials that have visited the less-favoured outcast. Oh, mother, mother! it was not his crime—not Philip's—that he did not fulfil to the last the trust bequeathed to him! Happier, perhaps, as it is! And oh! if thy memory be graven as deeply in my brother's heart as my own, how often will it warn and save him! That memory! it has been to me the angel of my life! To thee—to thee, even in death, I owe it, if, though erring, I am not criminal—if I have lived with the lepers, and am still undefiled!" his lips then were silent—not his heart!

After a few minutes thus consumed, he turned to the child, and said, gently and in a tremulous voice, "Fanny, you have been taught to pray—you will live near this spot—will you come sometimes here and pray that you may grow up good and innocent, and become a blessing to those who love you?"

"Will papa ever come to hear me pray!"

That sad and unconscious question went to the heart of Morton. The child could not comprehend death. He had sought to explain it, but she had been accustomed to consider her protector dead when he was absent from her, and she still insisted that he must come again to life. And that man of turbulence and crime, who had passed unrepented, unabsolved, from sin to judgment; it was an awful question "If he should hear her pray!"

"Yes!" said he after a pause, "yes, Fanny, there is a Father who will hear you pray; and pray to Him to be merciful to those who have been kind to you. Fanny, you and I may never meet again!"

"Are you going to die too! *Méchant*, every one dies to Fanny!" and, clinging to him endearingly, she put up her lips to kiss him. He took her in his arms; and, as a tear fell on her rosy cheek, she said, "Don't cry brother, for I love you."

"Do you, dear Fanny? Then, for my sake, when you come to this place, if any will give you a few flowers, scatter them on that stone. And now we will go to one whom you must love also, and to whom, as I have told you, he sends you; he who—Come!"

As he thus spoke, and placed Fanny again on the ground, he was startled to see, precisely on the spot where he had seen before the like apparition—on the same spot where the father had cursed the son—the motionless form of an old man. Morton recognised, as if by an instinct rather than by any effort of the memory, the person to whom he was bound.

He walked slowly towards him; but Fanny abruptly left his side, lured by a moth that flitted duskily over the graves.

"Your name, sir, I think, is Simon Gawtre?" said Morton. "I have come to England in quest of you."

"Of me?" said the old man, half rising; and his eyes, now completely blind, rolled vacantly over Morton's person. "Of me? For what? Who are you? I don't know your voice!"

"I come to you from your son!"

"My son!" exclaimed the old man, with great

vehemence; "the reprobate! the dishonoured! the infamous! the accursed—"

"Hush! you revile the dead!"

"Dead!" muttered the wretched father, tottering back to the seat he had quitted, "dead!" and the sound of his voice was so full of anguish, that the dog at his feet, which Morton had not hitherto perceived, echoed it with a dismal cry, that recalled to Philip the awful day in which he had seen the son quit the father for the last time on earth.

The sound brought Fanny to the spot; and, with a laugh of delight, which made to it a strange contrast, she threw herself on the grass beside the dog, and sought to entice it to play. So there, in that place of death, were knit together the four links in the Great Chain: lusty and blooming life—desolate and doating age—infancy, yet scarce conscious of a soul—and the dumb brute, that has no warrant of a hereafter.

"Dead!—dead!" repeated the old man, covering his sightless balls with his withered hands. "Poor William!"

"He remembered you to the last. He bade me seek you out; he bade me replace the guilty son with a thing pure and innocent as he had been had he died in his cradle; a child to comfort your old age! Kneel, Fanny; I have found you a father who will cherish you (oh! you will, sir, will you not?) as he whom you may see no more!"

There was something in Morton's voice so solemn that it awed and touched both the old man and the infant; and Fanny, creeping to the protector thus assigned to her, and putting her little hands confidently on his knees, said,

"Fanny will love you if papa wished it. Kiss Fanny."

"Is it his child—his?" said the blind man, sobbing. "Come to my heart; here—here! Oh God, forgive me!"

Morton did not think it right at that moment to undeceive him with regard to the poor child's true connection with the deceased; and he waited in silence till Simon, after a burst of passionate grief and tenderness, rose, and, still clasping the child to his breast, said,

"Sir, forgive me! I am a very weak old man—I have many thanks to give—I have much, too, to learn. My poor son! he did not die in want—did he?"

The particulars of Gawtre's fate, with his real name and the various *aliases* he had assumed, had appeared in the French journals, and been partially copied into the English; and Morton had expected to have been saved the painful narrative of that fearful death; but the utter seclusion of the old man, his infirmity, and his estranged habits, had shut him out from the intelligence that it now devolved on Philip to communicate. Morton hesitated a little before he answered:

"It is late now; you are not yet prepared to receive this poor infant at your home, nor to hear the details I have to state. I arrived in England but to-day. I shall lodge in the neighbourhood, for it is dear to me. If I may feel sure, then, that you will receive and treasure this sacred and last deposit bequeathed to you by your unhappy son, I will bring my charge to you to-morrow; and we will then, more calmly than we can now, talk over the past."

"You do not answer my question," said Simon, passionately; "answer me that, and I will wait for the rest. They call me a miser! Did I send out my only child to starve? Answer that!"

cannon, is announced the moment in which they vanish from the eyes of the spectators.

Toys.—There are merry good natured girls, who, instead of a head, have only two feet; can do nothing but laugh, sing and tattle, and are never animated with a soul, save when they are dancing—just as the little wooden drummers from Nurenburch drum and pound away—only while the playful child is pulling them round the room.

Human Life.—A spirit throws us from on high down into this life, and then counts seventy or eighty, as we do when we throw a stone into a deep crater; and at the seventieth pulsation or year, he hears the hollow sound as we strike the bottom of the grave.

The Summer Night.—The summer alone might elevate us! God, what a season! In sooth, I often know not whether to stay in the city or go forth into the fields, so alike is it everywhere, and beautiful. If we go outside the city gate, the very beggars gladden our hearts, for they are no longer cold; and the postboys who can pass the whole night on horseback, and the shepherds asleep in the open air. We need no gloomy house: We make a chamber out of every bush and thereby have my good industrious bees before us, and the most gorgeous butterflies. In gardens on the hills sit schoolboys, and in the open air look out words in the dictionary. On account of the game-laws there is no shooting now, and every living thing in bush and furrow and on green branches can enjoy itself right heartily and safely. In all directions come travellers along the roads;—they have their carriages for the most part thrown back—the horses have branches stuck in their saddles, and the drivers roses in their mouths. The shadows of the clouds go trailing along,—the birds fly between them up and down, and journeymen mechanics wander cheerily on with their bundles, and want no work. Even when it rains we love to stand out of doors, and breathe in the quickening influence, and the wet does the herdsman harm no more. And is it night, so sit we only in a cooler shadow, from which we plainly discern the daylight on the northern horizon, and on the sweet warm stars of heaven. Wherever I look, there do I find my beloved blue on the flax in blossom, or the corn-flowers, and the godlike endless heaven into which I would fain spring as into a stream. And now if we turn homeward again, we find indeed but fresh delight. The street is a true nursery, for in the evening after supper, the little ones, though they have but few clothes upon them, are again let out into the open air, and not driven under the bed-quilt as in winter. We sup by daylight, and hardly know where the candlesticks are. In the bed-chamber the windows are open day and night, and likewise most of the doors, without danger. The oldest women stand by the window without a chill, and sew. Flowers lie about everywhere—by the inkstand—on the lawyer's papers—on the justice's table, and the tradesman's counter. The children make a great noise, and one hears the bowling of ninepin-alley half the night through our walks up and down the street; and talks loud, and sees the stars shoot in the high heaven. The foreign musicians, who wend their way homeward towards midnight, go fiddling along the street to their quarters, and the whole neighbourhood runs to the window. The extra posts arrive later, and the horses neigh. One lies in the noise by the window and drops asleep. The post-horns awake him, and the whole starry heaven hath spread itself open. O God! what a joyous life on this little earth!

Love.—Men would have the star of Love like Venus, in Heaven, at first as dreamy Hesperus or Evening Star—announcing the world of dreams and twilight, full of blossoms and nightingales; but afterwards, on the contrary, as the Morning Star, which proclaims the brightness and strength of day—and there is no contradiction here, since both stars are one, and differ only in the time of their appearing.

A foolish sentence dropt upon paper, sets folly on a hill, and is a monument to make infamy eternal.—*Pelham.*

OF SOLITARINESS AND COMPANIONSHIP.

The bat and the owl are both recluses; yet they are not counted in the number of the wisest birds. Retirement from the world is properest when it is in a tempest; but if it shall be in our power to allay it, we ought even then to immerse our private in the public safety. He may indeed be wise to himself, that can sleep away a storm in a cabin. It is a kind of honest cheating of an ague's fit, by repose. Most men will desire to be housed when lightning and thunder fly and roll abroad. Otherwise, for a man to turn shell-fish, and crawl but in his own dark house, shows him but a dull and earthly thing. They are beasts of rapine or of extreme timidity, that hide themselves in dens, and lurk out day in thickets; whereas those that are creatures of service, are tame, sociable, and do not fly from company.

I deny not but a man may be good in retirement, especially when the world so swarms with vice. One would not travel but upon necessity, when he must be either wetted with the rain of slander, or battered with the hail of injury. It were too great uncharitableness to condemn in general all the monastics that have cloistered up themselves from the world; nor indeed are they purely to be reckoned among such as are shut out from commerce. They are not alone that have books and company within their own walls. He is properly and pitiedly to be counted alone, that is illiterate, and unactively lives hamletted in some untravelled village of the duller country. Yet we see, in the general election of men, a companionable life is preferred before those cells that give them ease and leisure. It is not one of millions that habits himself for a monk out of choice and natural liking; and if we look at those that do it, upon an easy scrutiny we shall find, it is not so much election that hath bowed them against the grain they grew to; either want or vexation, crosses or contingencies, send them unto places nature never meant them born unto.

The soul of man is as well active as contemplative. The Divine Nature rests not only in the speculation of his great creations, but is ever busy in preserving, in ordering, in governing and disposing by providence, the various and infinite affairs of the world. For man to give himself to ease and useless leisure is to contract a rust by lying still. To be becalmed is worse than sometimes tossing with a stirring gale. Certainly an operative rest is acceptable to a man's self and others. But an ineffectual laziness is the seminary both of vice and infamy. It clouds the metalled mind; it mists the wit and chokes up all the sciences; and at last transmits a man to the darkness and oblivion of the grave. When Domitian was alone, he caught but flies. But of Augustus, a wise and prudent prince, we have it recorded, that he slept but little, and was so far from loving to be alone, that he had alternate watchers to discourse him in the night when he waked. Was not Scipio more glorious, fighting in Africa, than Servilius Vacca sleeping in his noiseless country? Certainly the inculture of the world would perish it into a wilderness, should not the activeness of commerce make it a universal city.

Solitude, indeed, may keep a mind in temper, as not being tempted with the frequencies of vice, or the splendour of wealth and greatness. And it is true the withdrawn from society may have more leisure to study virtue, and to think on heaven. But when man shall be overruled by the pondure of his own corruptions, may not time administer thoughts that are evil, as soon as those that be good? The caution, sure, was seasonable, that Cleanthes gave to him that he found alone and talking to himself: "Take heed," says he, "you speak not with an evil man." No man hath commended Timon for that he hated company. He may laugh alone, and that because he is alone; but it hath not so pleased others, as that they have approved of it; and having at his death left this his own mad epitaph, you will not think him mended by his solitude:

"Hic sum post vitam miseramque inopemque sepultus:
Nomen non querat; Dis, lector, te male perdat."

"Life wretched, poor; this earth doth now surround me:
Ne'er ask my name; reader, the gods confound thee."

There is this to be said against solitude. Temptations may approach more freely to him that is alone, and he that thus is tempted may more freely sin. He hath not the benefit of a companion that may give him check, or by his presence loose him from off the hook he hangs upon. Whereas in company, if a man will do good, he shall be encouraged; if bad, he may be hindered. We are not sure the serpent had prevailed upon Eve, if he had not caught her alone and straggling from her husband. A man had need be a great master of his affections, that will live sequestered from the world and company. Neither fools nor madmen are ever to be left to themselves. And albeit a man may upon retiredness make good use of his leisure, yet surely those that, being abroad, communicate a general good, do purchase to themselves a nobler palm than can grow up out of private recess. If a man be good, he ought not to obscure himself. The world hath a share in him, as well as he in himself. He robs his friends and country, that, being of use to both, doth steal himself out of the world. And if he be bad, he will hardly mend by being alone. The mastiff grows more fierce by being shut up or tied; and horses grow more wild by their not seeing company. That actor hath too much trouble, that is never off the stage; and he is as little acceptable, that does never quit the tiring-room. But he that can help, when need requires, in the senate or the field, and when he hath leisure can make a happy use of it, and give himself employment to his benefit, hath doubtless the greatest pleasure, and husbands his life to the best of uses. For by being abroad, he suffers others to reap the advantage of his parts and piety; and by looking sometimes inward, he enjoys himself with ease and contentment.—*Fellham.*

IMPUDENCE IN FRENCH.

Ce monde est plein de fous, et qui n'en veut pas voir
Doit se renfermer seul, et casser son miroir.

Boileau.

La langue des femmes est leur épée, et elles ne la laissent pas rouiller.—*Montesquieu.*

Le pays du mariage a cela de particulier que les étrangers ont envie de l'habiter, et les habitants naturels voudraient en être exilés.—*Montaigne.*

Les hommes sont la cause que les femmes ne s'aiment point.—*Rochefoucault.*

Les vieillards aiment à donner de bons préceptes, pour se consoler de n'être plus en état de donner de mauvais exemples.—*Ib.*

Il y a peu d'honnêtes femmes qui ne soient lassées de leur métier.—*Ib.*

Nous avons tous assez, de forces pour supporter les maux d'autrui.—*Ib.*

Le refus de la louange est un désir d'être loué deux fois.—*Ib.*

IMPUDENCE FROM THE LATIN.

What fashionable woman would not rather the republic should be disturbed than her curls?—*Seneca.*

Advancement of the Ancients in Comfort.—I have alluded to the wheel-tracks which are deeply cut in the stone pavement at Pompeii; but these are not the only marks of actual use which strike the eye everywhere. The stepping-stones at the doors, for example, are mostly worn down by the feet, and the sides of the wells are deeply cut with the bucket ropes. It is very remarkable that even the narrowest streets of Pompeii are furnished with commodious raised pavements for the foot passengers—trottoirs, as they are called in French. And this reminds me of an old jumble of circumstances. The French have the word for the thing, but not the thing itself, while we in England have the thing, but not the word, which obliges us to use the compound expression foot-pavement. What is perhaps still more curious, the Italians, in process of time, instead of improving, have gone backwards in this matter; for Pompeii, which must be upwards of 2000 years old, is far better off for trottoirs than any modern town in Italy. It

may be mentioned, also, that at the crossings in the streets of Pompeii, a line of stepping-stones, six or eight inches high, is always placed—a contrivance for the accommodation of foot passengers which I never saw in any other part of the world.

Capt. Basil Hall's Patchwork.

ODE TO GLORY.—TO A BANISHED POET.

From the French of Lamartine.—(Translated by an American Lady.)

The Poet here addressed was, with regard to his fate, a second Camoens. Banished for some political offence, he died in great distress a few years ago, having been a long time a pensioner on the scanty bounty of the French Government.—*Ed. Review.*

Two different pathways open on your eyes,
Ye noble favourites of the sacred muse,
One leads to pleasure, one to glory's prize,
Mortals, 'tis yours to choose.

Manvel, thy lot the general law obeys,
The Goddess showers her smiles in early years;
Woven of pain and triumph were thy days,
Age dimm'd thine eye with tears.

Yet blush to envy, thou, the vulgar fire,
The sterile rest denied to souls of fire,—
Beings of earth in earth-born joys have part—
Ours is the deathless lyre.

Agès are thine—the world thy heritage,
In death, high altars to our honour rise,
Where, for thy genius builds a future age
Fame that outlasts the skies.

So the proud eagle, where the storms sojourn,
Soars in intrepid flight, still upward driven,
And seems to say, "Upon Earth's bosom born,
I claim my home in Heaven—"

Yes—Glory waits thee—pause and contemplate,
The price at which the votary seeks her shrine,
Lo, sits misfortune at the Temple gate,
And keeps the steps divine.

Here dwells the Bard, ungrateful Greece of old,
Saw bear from sea to sea his woes, his years,
Blind, at base price the heavenly gift he sold—
Bread steep'd in exile's tears.

There Tasso burning with his fatal flame,
In irons for his love and his renown,
When he would win the mighty wreath of fame,
To his dark cell goes down.

The wretched, the proscribed, the victim still,
On earth against an adverse fortune strives,
Of woe to noble hearts Heaven's changeless will
A deeper measure gives.

Then hush the wailings of thy plaintive lyre,
Base hearts are whelm'd beneath misfortune's tide,
In thee, a king dethroned, let woe inspire
Nought but a generous pride.

What reck'st thou that the oppressor's stern commands—
Detain thee from the shore that was thy home,
Or that thy destiny in other lands
Prepares a glorious tomb?

Nor exile, nor the tyrant's fetters hard,
Can bind thy glory to the bed of death,
Lisbon shall claim the heritage her bard
Bequeathed with failing breath.

They who despised shall mourn the great man lost,
Athens her victims shrined in domes of fame,
Coriolanus died—and Rome's proud host
Repentant hailed his name.

E'er Ovid to the Stygian realm went down
Towards the wide heavens he stretch'd a suppliant hand,
To foreign shores his dust—but his renown
Left to his native land.

SHORT SUMMER NIGHTS IN NORWAY.

If I may judge by my own experience, I should say there are few circumstances connected with a Scandinavian tour that afford deeper enjoyment, not unmixed with surprise, than the exquisite beauty of the short summer nights. It has been beautifully said, by one of their native poets, that "At midsummer, on Norway's hills, the blush of Morning kisses the blush of Evening;" and so slight is the interval at this season between the fading of the sun's rays a trifle to the west of the north, and the rapid re-appearance of his orient beams, as little to the east of that point, that this pause between the two sweetest periods of the day might be compared to the balmy breath that parts the coral lips of the sleeping infant. These few brief hours are, indeed, surprisingly lovely in the further north; I say in the further north, for it is not until the Dovre Fjeld is crossed that their full charm can be felt. On the southern side of the Dovre Chain, the nights are only shorter and lighter than those of the Scottish Highlands; when that barrier is passed, they seem to assume an entirely new character. There, at that season, the course of the sun is so oblique to the plane of the horizon that, while he never rises high in the zenith, he also never sinks far beneath view. Unlike, therefore, "the set of the tropic sun, who sudden sinks, and all is night," the glorious orb, for some time before and after the summer solstice, remains so few degrees below the horizon that the refraction of its rays preserves a perpetual twilight; how holier, sweeter far than garish day, and yet how different from our own midsummer nights, sweet though they be! The light is strong enough to enable one to read or write in the interior of a room; and stars, even of the first magnitude, are invisible. Yet it is a chastened, mellow light, not casting strong shadows, but throwing a golden mantle of tranquil repose over every object it touches and beautifies. It is impossible to describe the peculiar effect it produces not only upon the eternal snows of Sneehattan, or "the pine forest's immortal shade," or the silvery cataract's ceaseless turmoil; but still more upon a sleeping city, like Trondhjem. The buildings lie so palpably stretched before the eye, yet so harmoniously blended together, their picturesque points heightened, their harsher defects softened down; the vast Fjord expanding distinctly without a wave or ripple to the feet of the distant blue mountains; the boats rocking idly by the shore; the scenes of labour silent as the grave; all the records of Nature and of man so perceptible, yet so still: it needs but to follow the musings of the imagination to fancy oneself alone in a new world, or realising the conceptions our childhood formed of fairy land. However dreamy such fancies may appear to others, not conversant with these latitudes, they portray but faintly the emotions I have felt on those lovely northern nights, which are classed in my memory of memories with the delicious evenings of Naples and Baïæ.—*Two Summers in Norway.*

The eminent astronomer, the Abbé Scarpellini, died lately at Rome, aged 81. He continued till the last to fill the posts of Director of the Pontifical Observatory, Professor of Astronomy, and Perpetual Secretary of the Academia dei Lincei at Rome. He was the author of several works of astronomy, mathematics and physics, in Latin and Italian. His valuable collection of astronomical and physical instruments is the more remarkable, as nearly the whole of them were made by himself. They have been purchased by the Government for the University of Rome. The Abbé was a native of Foligno, was one of the earliest members of the Legion of Honour, and had been admitted into innumerable learned societies.

NEW BOOKS.

Sedgwick's Stories.

A collection of stories for the young, written by Miss Sedgwick, has just been published by the Harpers. Of all our writers for the improvement of the

young, none has been so uniformly successful as Miss Sedgwick. Her "*House*," and "*Live and Let Live*," are incomparable. Considered with reference to their direct adaptation to the wants and institutions, the customs and prejudices of our own countrymen, they are infinitely preferable to the writings of Edgeworth, or Barbauld, or Aiken, the acknowledged leaders in this interesting department of British literature. The new stories just issued, possess the same characteristic excellence. They are national. When all our writers shall become as true to the spirit and institutions of the country as Miss Sedgwick is, we shall possess a truly national literature.

Combe's Phrenological Tour.

This long expected and highly interesting work, has at last made its appearance in two elegant 12mo. volumes, from the press of Messrs. Carey and Hart, of this city. It is precisely such a work as we had anticipated from this accomplished writer and philosopher. In spirit it is highly liberal towards our country; it exhibits great industry and attention in collecting facts, and a fondness for general theories in his classification of those facts, and the conclusions which he draws from them; and it also affords evidence of his having frequently been imposed on by persons pretending to give him information. The very extensive opportunities which Mr. Combe enjoyed of personal intercourse with the most distinguished people in every part of the United States, would be sufficient to give great interest and value to his book, even were he less qualified by natural shrewdness and long cultivated habits of observation, to pronounce opinions on them. By means of his natural qualifications, his opportunities and his indefatigable industry, he has been enabled to give us the best book of travels in the United States, since that of De Toqueville.

Harper's Family Library.

The most recent numbers of this useful and interesting miscellany, are two volumes, embracing a Life of Commodore Perry, by Slidell Mackenzie. The biography is very ably written, and will form a most interesting addition to the library. Every national hero, whose life is written for this library, stands a pretty fair chance of being remembered by his countrymen for centuries to come. The widely extended reputation which he will thus acquire, or preserve, will not easily be lost.

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RICHARDSON.

The censure which the Shakspeare of novelists has incurred for the tedious procrastination and the minute details of his fable; his slow unfolding characters, and the slightest gestures of his personages, is extremely unjust; for is it not evident that we could not have his peculiar excellences without these attendant defects? When characters are very fully delineated, the narrative must be suspended. Whenever the narrative is rapid, which so much delights superficial readers, the characters cannot be very minutely featured; and the writer who aims to instruct (as Richardson avowedly did) by the glow and eloquence of his feelings, must often sacrifice to this his local descriptions. Richardson himself has given us the principle that guided him in composing. He tells us, "If I give speeches and conversations, I ought to give them justly; for the *humours* and *characters* of persons cannot be known unless I repeat what they say, and their *manner* of saying."

Foreign critics have been more just to Richardson than many of his own countrymen. I shall notice the opinions of three celebrated writers, D'Alembert, Rousseau, and Diderot.

D'Alembert was a great mathematician. His literary taste was extremely cold; he was not worthy of reading Richardson. The volumes, if he ever read them, must have fallen from his hands. The delicate and subtle turnings, those folds of the human heart, which require so nice a touch, was a problem which the mathematician could never solve. There is no other demonstration in the human heart, but an appeal to its feelings; and what are the calculating feelings of an arithmetician of lines and curves? He therefore declared of Richardson that "La Nature est bonne a amiter, mais non pas jusqu'au l'ennui."

But thus it was not with the other two congenial geniuses! The fervent opinion of Rousseau must be familiar to the reader; but Diderot, in his eulogy on Richardson, exceeds even Rousseau in the enthusiasm of his feelings. I extract some of the most interesting passages.

Of *Clarissa* he says, "I yet remember with delight the first time it came into my hands. I was in the country. How deliciously was I affected! At every moment I saw my happiness abridged by a page. I then experienced the same sensations those feel who have long lived with one they love, and are on the point of separation. At the close of the work I seemed to remain deserted."

The impassioned Diderot then breaks forth; "O Richardson! thou singular genius in my

eyes! thou shalt form my reading in all times. If forced by sharp necessity, my friend falls into indigence: if the mediocrity of my fortune is not sufficient to bestow on my children the necessary cares for their education, I will sell my books,—but thou shalt remain, yes, thou shalt rest in the *same class* with Moses, Homer, Euripides, and Sophocles, to be read alternately.

"Oh, Richardson, I dare pronounce that the most veritable history is full of fictions, and thy romances are full of truths. History paints some individuals; thou paintest the human species. History attributes to some individuals what they have neither said nor done; all that thou attributest to man he has said and done. History embraces but a portion of duration, a point on the surface of the globe; thou hast embraced all places and all times. The human heart, which has ever been and ever shall be the same, is the model thou copieest. If we were severely to criticise the best historian, would he maintain his ground as thou? In this point of view, I venture to say, that frequently history is a miserable romance; and romance, as thou hast composed it, is a good history. Painter of nature, thou never liest!"

"I have never yet met with a person who shared my enthusiasm, that I was not tempted to embrace, and to press him in my arms!"

"Richardson is no more! His loss touches me, as if my brother was no more. I bore him in my heart without having seen him, and knowing him but by his works. He has not had all the reputation he merited. Richardson! if living, thy merit has been disputed, how great wilt thou appear to our children's children, when they shall view thee at the distance we now view Homer. Then who will dare to steal a line from thy sublime works! Thou hast had more admirers amongst us than in thine own country, and at this I rejoice!"

It is probable that to a Frenchman the *style* of Richardson is not so objectionable when translated, as to ourselves. I think myself, that it is very idiomatic and energetic; others have thought differently. The misfortune of Richardson was, that he was unskilful in the art of writing, and that he could never lay the pen down while his inkhorn supplied it.

He was delighted by his own works. No author enjoyed so much the bliss of excessive fondness. I heard from the late Charlotte Lennox, the anecdote which so severely reprimanded his innocent vanity, which Boswell has recorded. This lady was a regular visitor at Richardson's house, and she could scarcely recollect one visit which was not taxed by our author reading one of his

voluminous letters, or two or three, if his auditor was quiet and friendly.

The extreme delight which he felt on a review of his own works the works themselves witness. Each is an evidence of what some will deem a violent literary vanity. To *Pamela* is prefixed a letter from the editor (whom we know to be the author,) consisting of one of the most minutely laboured panegyrics of the work itself, that ever the blindest idolater of some ancient classic paid to the object of his phrenetic imagination. In several places there, he contrives to repeat the striking parts of the narrative, which display the fertility of his imagination to great advantage. To the author's own edition of his *Clarissa* is appended an *alphabetical arrangement* of the *sentiments* dispersed throughout the work; and such was the fondness that dictated this voluminous arrangement, that such trivial aphorisms as "habits are not easily changed;" "Men are known by their companions," &c. seem alike to be the object of their author's admiration. This collection of sentiments, said indeed to have been sent to him anonymously, is curious and useful, and shows the value of the work, by the extensive grasp of that mind which could think so justly on such numerous topics. And in his third and final labour, to each volume of *Sir Charles Grandison* is not only prefixed a complete *index*, with as much exactness, as if it were a history of England, but there is also appended a *list* of the *similes* and allusions in the volume; some of which do not exceed *three* or *four* in nearly as many hundred pages.

Literary history does not record a more singular example of that self-delight which an author has felt on a revision of his works. It was this intense pleasure which produced his voluminous labours. It must be confessed there are readers deficient in that sort of genius which makes the mind of Richardson so fertile and prodigal.—*D'Israeli*.

DOUBTS OF IDENTITY.

An Irish baronet, of delicate health, hearing that he had been a hearty child, expressed a suspicion that his nurse had perhaps changed him.

Some one exhibiting a skull for Cromwell's, objection was made to its being too small for Cromwell, who had a large head; an Irish gentleman settled the doubt, alledging it might be his skull when he was a boy.—*Walpole*.

That nation is in best estate that hath the fewest laws, and those good. Variety does but multiply snares. If every bush be limed, there is no bird can escape with all his feathers free.—*Felltham*.

THE FRENCH PRESS.

Here, in a warm, quiet country dining-room, on a very large, and not less brightly polished mahogany table, are spread before me the English "Times" newspaper and the French "National." What a difference! I do not mean in their politics, style, objects, usefulness, or end, but what a difference in their dimensions! The "Times" measures five feet eleven inches in width, and twenty-seven inches in length, but being printed on both sides, contains of course eleven feet ten inches of printing in width, and fifty-four inches in length. The paper consists of forty-eight columns, of which twenty-four are devoted to advertisements, and the remaining twenty-four to politics, news, parliamentary debates, law intelligence, controversies, correspondence, trade, finance, the public funds, markets, births, deaths, marriages and miscellaneous matters. But what is more awful than all, is the quantity of letters in this newspaper of only one day; a total of 498,552 letters, which multiplied by 313 (the number of days in the year on which the *Times* appears,) will present no less than 156,046,776 letters, which every reader of that journal may peruse in the brief space of twelve calendar months. Who would dare after this to say, that such readers are not men of letters?

But my dwarfish friend the *National* measures twenty-five inches in width, and fifteen in length; or, as it is also printed on both sides of the paper, a total of fifty inches in width, and thirty in length of letterpress, and contains twelve columns; each number possesses 84,400 letters; i. e. in the course of the year (as the *National* is published 362 days, and not 313, as is the *Times*, in twelve months,) a total of 30,552,800 letters;—not quite one fifth of the letters in the *Times*.

The advertisements of the *Times*, if estimated at one shilling per line on an average, must yield in the course of the year no less a sum than 90,500*l.*; while those of the *National*, taken at the rate of two shillings per line on an average, most certainly do not yield 2000*l.* nor anything like it. This is one to forty-five. The *Debats* can boast of a much larger advertising income, perhaps of 9000*l.*, or as one to ten when compared with the *Times*. The *Debats*, *Presse*, and *Siccle*, gain the most by their advertisements, but so little is advertising understood in France, that the *Times* could eat up all the French Lilliputian advertising papers with the least imaginable difficulty, even before breakfast.

The *Times* journal, with its hundred and fifty-six millions of letters in a year costs its subscribers the paltry sum of 6*l.* 10*s.* 5*d.*; whilst the *National*, with its thirty millions of letters in the same period, is sold to subscribers at the sum of 3*l.* 4*s.* If the principles of common multiplication, or the rule of three direct, were applied to this subject, either the readers of the *Times*, for their 156 millions of letters ought to pay 16*l.* per annum, instead of 6*l.* 10*s.* 5*d.*, which that paper now only costs them; or else the readers of the *National*, for their thirty millions of letters should pay 1*l.* 6*s.* 1*d.* per annum instead of the present subscription of 3*l.* 4*s.* Who will set the example of a change?

The circulation of the *Times* is, according to the best evidence I possess, about 16,500 per diem, or 5,164,500 per annum. The circulation of the *National* is 4000 per diem (a few more or less), or 1,448,000 in the course of a year.

But it is time to terminate this comparison of dimensions, quantity, profits, and circulation of these two opposite prints, and examine some of the other French journals, with reference likewise to their statistics. The *Moniteur* is long, narrow, and ugly. Sometimes, when the Chambers are sitting, and the long-winded orators forward their written speeches to its short-hand writers, that they may be reported with accuracy, this government organ makes in thickness a small volume. At other times, when there are no Chambers, and no official documents, the first page of the *Times* contains more letters than do the four pages of this official print. The *Journal des Debats* extended the size of its columns in deference, it is said, to the QUADRUPLE ALLIANCE, and to the interest which would thereafter be taken in the Debates

of the British, Spanish, and Portuguese parliaments or cortes; but I suspect that whilst it has doubled its expenses, it has by no means quadrupled its subscribers. The *Debats* contains about as many letters as two pages of the *Times*, instead of eight. Its advertisements are more numerous than those of any other French journal, of course always excepting those devoted exclusively to advertising. Of these there are more than one hundred in the departments, and there are three advertising prints in Paris; but the most ancient and important is the *Petites Affiches*. There was a time when this print had its eight or ten advertisements per diem, whilst now it has nearly as many hundreds. It is classified into advertisements relating to property, to sales, and letting of land and houses, judicial advertisements, sales by auction, objects lost and found, servants or professors seeking places, and masters desiring servants; but never are books announced in this commercial publication. The rate charged for advertising is cheap, and as the distribution of the *Petites Affiches* is immense, advertisers are sure of finding a pretty maid of all work, a young and charming governess, and, if desired, even a wife of a certain age, with a dot to render her the more acceptable. There have been few speculations in France, at least in modern times, so advantageous to their founders as the *Petites Affiches*. Of course its good fortune has led others to imitate it, and the *Gratias* is an advertising print, which is circulated gratuitously in Paris very largely, in order to induce the public to advertise in its columns.

The quack doctors and dentists of that amusing people advertise much more than do our English Charlatans; and quack medicines, both for teeth and toes, liver and lungs, are the staple articles of French advertising papers. The characters of French and English advertisements are as different as the genius of the people. Look down the columns of the *Times*, beginning at page 1, and terminating at page 8, and what do we see? Steam boats and merchant vessels to all parts of the habitable globe commence the first column of the first page, and sales by auction fill up the last columns of page 8. But where are the steam and shipping advertisements in a French paper? They are not to be found. If a French steamboat proprietor should thus expend a portion of his capital or income, he would be stigmatised as an *Anglais*, and that would be enough to condemn his enterprise. French advertisements in the daily political journals consist of *bon-bon* shop announcements, of new liqueurs, of quack doctors, new condiments, novel trusses, infallible cures for gout, asthma, ringworms, and other equally agreeable companions of the worn-out rake, or the badly brought up infant. Then come "Clogs to preserve the feet from damp," "Bear's grease to keep the hair from turning gray," "Dyes to dye those white hairs black which have dared, in spite of the bear's grease, become refractory," "Wood sold by the pound-weight, as dry as sawdust, and all of a certain dimension," "Creosote to burn the teeth out, and make the throat a gas manufactory," "Eau de Botot," to render the breath as pure as the perfume of rosemary; "Pommade Melainocome," to put bald heads out of fashion in a few hours; "Chocolat Voltaire," to suit all stomachs, please all palates, and improve all constitutions; "Pate de Limaçon," or, in vulgar English, snail jelly, to cure consumption the most inveterate with three pots, i. e. if duly prepared by *Monsieur Quelquejeu*, of the Rue Poitou (but not without); "Chocolat Rafraichissant," to be mixed with almond milk, and drank by the quart by all who want cooling and refreshing drinks; (query:—would not lemonade be equally serviceable!) and "Pommade du Lion," the character of which is, to render the whiskers and moustachios quite unrivaled. Then there are "All Paris for sevenpence-half-penny," (*tout Paris pour quinze sous*) "Le Cordon Bleu," or how to make the very best soup out of cold water and a cinder in it; "Mathieu Coulon," or the art of fencing made easy to the meanest capacities; "Le Bazaar Chirurgical," or practical surgery rendered so agreeable, that those who visit the bazaar break their legs on purpose to have them cut off with its "inimitable instruments;" and "Agence Générale de

Placement," in which admirable institution drunken butlers, dirty housemaids, dishonest cooks, ignorant governesses, swindling cashiers or accountants, stupid clerks, lazy grooms, robbing stewards, coquetting nursery girls, and downright flirts of ladies' maids, enregister their varied attractions, terms, advantages, and demands, and where lovers of such sorts of prizes never find blanks. There is another class of advertisements known by the "signs of the shops" which appear at the heading. For example "*Au pauvre Diable*," in the Rue Montmorency near the Palais Royal, where calicoes, muslins, and dimity are sold in immense quantities; "*A la Barbe d'or*" (the sign of the Golden Beard) in the Rue Richelieu, where silks and satins shine in matchless splendour; "*Aux Armes d'Angleterre*" (the Arms of England) where *Eau de Cologne* is sold, quite fresh made at Paris by Messrs. Lebrun and Renault; "*Aux Dames Irlandaises* (the sign of the Irish Ladies), where real Valenciennes lace may be had much cheaper than the manufacturer can procure it on the spot; yet whoever doubts its reality receives for her reply, "*mais vraiment, Madame, est en erreur, c'est la véritable dentelle de Valenciennes*;" "*Au Chat Botte*" (the sign of the Cat in Boots) where boots, shoes, and slippers for men (not for ladies, for they are kept quite distinct in Paris) may be had at all prices, and of all qualities, warranted never to wear out, and to be quite "inaccessible" to water; "*A la petite Jeanette*" (with her egg-basket empty, the eggs scattered on the ground, and huge white tears streaming down her red cheeks, whilst contemplating her disaster) where the charming "robes" in the window invite the yet more charming Parisians to buy and to wear them; and finally, "*to the sign of the Petticoat*," not the flannel petticoat, not the dimity petticoat, not the silk, satin, or Persian petticoat, not the stuff, nankeen, or woollen petticoat; oh, no, "*'tis something more exquisite still*,"—'*'tis the*

"SOUS-JUPES-LOUDINOT,"

"signed" Oudinot. Mark that, ladies! Your petticoats are to be signed! But do hear their description from Oudinot himself, the prince of petticoats; the very *ne plus ultra* of the petticoat trade, or, in other words, "the" petticoat Oudinot. Hear him! He tells us that these signed petticoats, for which he has received a *médaille d'honneur* (and all counterfeits of which, he will seize in every town, ay, and on the back of every lady who shall disgrace herself by wearing them) are

"BOUFFANTES ET ELASTIQUES."

Let me dwell a moment on this general description of the "genus" before I proceed to particulars. A "Bouffante" petticoat! Not a Buffon petticoat, nor yet a *Buffon* petticoat (peace to his manes!)—but a swelling out petticoat, a sort of gas-balloon petticoat, an inflated petticoat, none of your hanging-down petticoats, as loose as my aunt Betsy's, but a petticoat giving itself airs, exclaiming "Make way for me, make way for me, I am coming!" a petticoat that "does not think small beer of itself!" but which stands at the head of the petticoat aristocracy! This is a "Bouffante" petticoat. It stands up of itself. It looks a lady without a lady. If Miss Julia is a little sinuous, it makes her as straight as a poplar tree, though not quite so tall. If one side of her graceful form is a few degrees out of the perpendicular, the petticoat, by its "bouffante" qualities, so contrives with the other side, as to render her a perfect Taglioni; and with one of Oudinot's "signed" *sous-jupes* she may appear on the Boulevards, or lounge in the Tuilleries, as the very grace as well as life of Parisian society.

But then these petticoats are not merely *bouffantes*, they are also *elastiques*. Just think of that, dear Lady Georgiana, an elastic petticoat! You complain of being unable to walk from rheumatism, which has made you prematurely old and stiff at sixty-nine and three-quarters. Never mind now. Take courage. Here are petticoats which will render even you elastic, if you will wear them, and transport you by their *bouffante* properties from Dan to Beersheba, if you desire it. An "elastic" petticoat! No more of

"Be comforted. He did not die in want; and he has even left some little fortune for Fanny, which I was to place in your hands."

"And he thought to bribe the old miser to be human! Well—well—well! I will go home."

"Lean on me!"

The dog leaped playfully on his master as the latter rose, and Fanny slid from Simon's arms to press and talk to the animal in her own way. As they slowly passed through the churchyard, Simon muttered incoherently to himself for some space, and Morton would not disturb, since he could not comfort him.

At last he said, abruptly, "Did my son repent?"

"I hope," answered Morton, evasively, "that, had his life been spared, he would have amended!"

"Tush, sir!" I am past seventy—we repent! we never amend!" And Simon again sunk into his own dim and disconnected reveries.

At length they arrived at the blind man's house. The door was opened to them by an old woman of disagreeable and sinister aspect, dressed out much too gaily for the station of a servant, though such was her reputed capacity; but the miser's affliction saved her from the chance of comment on her extravagance. As she stood in the doorway with a candle in her hand, she scanned curiously, and with no welcoming eye, her master's companions.

"Mrs. Boxer, my son is dead!" said Simon, in a hollow voice.

"And a good thing it is, then, sir!"

"For shame, woman!" said Morton indignantly.

"Hey-day! sir! whom have we got here?"

"One," said Simon, sternly, "whom you will treat with respect. He brings me a blessing to lighten my loss. One harsh word to this child, and you quit my house!"

The woman looked perfectly thunderstruck; but, recovering herself, she said whiningly,

"I! a harsh word to anything my dear, kind master cares for! And, Lord, what a sweet pretty creature it is! Come here, my dear!"

But Fanny shrunk back, and would not let go Philip's hand.

"To-morrow, then," said Morton; and he was turning away, when a sudden thought seemed to cross the old man:

"Stay, sir, stay! I—I—did my son say I was rich? I am very, very poor; nothing in the house, or I should have been robbed long ago!"

"Your son told me to bring money, not to ask for it!"

"Ask for it! No; but—" added the old man, and a gleam of cunning intellect shot over his face, "but he had got into a bad set. Ask!—no! Put up the door chain, Mrs. Boxer!"

It was with doubt and misgivings that Morton the next day consigned the child, who had already nestled herself into the warmest core of his heart, to the care of Simon. Nothing short of that superstitious respect which all men owe to the wishes of the dead would have made him select for her that asylum; for Fate had now, in brightening his own prospects, given him an alternative in the benevolence of Madame de Merville. But Gawtreys had been so earnest on the subject, that he felt as if he had no right to hesitate. And was it not a sort of atonement to any faults the son might have committed against the parent, to place by the old man's hearth so sweet a charge?

The strange and peculiar mind and character of Fanny made him, however, yet more anxious

than otherwise he might have been. She certainly deserved not the harsh name of imbecile or idiot, but she was different from all other children; she *felt* more acutely than most of her age, but she could not be taught to *reason*. There was something either oblique or deficient in her intellect, which justified the most melancholy apprehensions; yet often, when some disordered, incoherent, inexplicable train of ideas most saddened the listener, it would be followed by fancies so exquisite in their tenderness, that suddenly she seemed as much above, as before she had seemed below, the ordinary measure of infant comprehension. She was like a creature to which Nature, in some cruel but bright caprice, has given all that belongs to poetry, but denied all that belongs to the common understanding necessary to mankind; or as a fairy changeling, not indeed according to the vulgar superstition, malignant and deformed, but lovelier than the children of men, and haunted by dim and struggling associations of a gentler and fairer being, yet wholly incapable to learn the dry and hard elements which make up the knowledge of actual life.

Morton, as well as he could, sought to explain to Simon the peculiarities in Fanny's mental constitution. He urged on him the necessity of providing for her careful instruction, and Simon promised to send her to the best school the neighbourhood could afford; but, as the old man spoke, he dwelt so much on the supposed fact that Fanny was William's daughter, and with his remorse or affection there ran so interwoven a thread of selfishness and avarice, that Morton thought it would be dangerous to his interest in the child to undeceive his error. He therefore—perhaps excusably enough—remained silent on that subject.

Gawtreys had placed with the superior of the convent, together with an order to give up the child to any one who should demand her in his true name, which he confided to the superior, a sum of nearly £300, which he solemnly swore had been honestly obtained, and which, in all his shifts and adversities, he had never allowed himself to touch. This sum, with the trifling deduction made for arrears due to the convent, Morton now placed in Simon's hands. The old man clutched the money, which was for the most in French gold, with a convulsive gripe; and then, as if ashamed of the impulse, said,

"But you, sir—will any sum—that is, any reasonable sum—be of use to you?"

"No! and if it were, it is neither yours nor mine—it is hers. Save it for her, and add to it what you can."

While this conversation took place, Fanny had been consigned to the care of Mrs. Boxer, and Philip now rose to see and bid her farewell before he departed.

"I may come again to visit you, Mr. Gawtreys! and I pray Heaven to find that you and Fanny have been a mutual blessing to each other. Oh, remember how your son loved her!"

"He had a good heart in spite of all his sins. Poor William!" said Simon.

Philip Morton heard, and his lip curled with a sad and a just disdain.

If, when, at the age of nineteen, William Gawtreys had quitted his father's roof, the father had then remembered that the son's heart was good, the son had been alive still, an honest and a happy man. Do ye not laugh, oh ye all-listening fiends! when men praise those dead whose virtues they discovered not when alive? It takes much marble to build the sepulchre—how little

of lath and plaster would have repaired the garret!

On turning into a small room adjoining the parlour in which Gawtreys sat, Morton found Fanny standing gloomily by a dull, soot-grimed window, which looked out on the dead walls of a small yard. Mrs. Boxer, seated by a table, was employed in trimming a cap, and putting questions to Fanny in that falsetto voice of endearment in which people not used to children are apt to address them.

"And so, my dear, they've never taught you to read or write! You've been sadly neglected, poor thing!"

"We must do our best to supply the deficiency," said Morton, as he entered.

"Bless me, sir, is that you?" And the *gouvernante* bustled up and dropped a low courtesy; for Morton, dressed then in the garb of a gentleman, was of a mien and person calculated to strike the gaze of the vulgar.

"Ah, brother?" cried Fanny, for by that name he had taught her to call him; and she flew to his side. "Come away—it's ugly here—it makes me cold."

"My child, I told you you must stay: but I shall hope to see you again some day. Will you not be kind to this poor creature, ma'am? Forgive me if I offended you last night, and favour me by accepting this to show that we are friends." As he spoke he slid his purse into the woman's hand. "I shall feel ever grateful for whatever you can do for Fanny."

"Fanny wants nothing from any one else—Fanny wants her brother."

"Sweet child! I fear she don't take to me. Will you like me, Miss Fanny?"

"No! get along!"

"Fy, Fanny: you remember you did not take to me at first. But she is so affectionate, ma'am—she never forgets a kindness."

"I will do all I can to please her, sir. And so she is really master's grandchild?" The woman fixed her eyes, as she spoke, so intently on Morton, that he felt embarrassed; and busied himself, without answering, in caressing and soothing Fanny, who now seemed to awake to the affliction about to visit her: for, though she did not weep—she very rarely wept—her slight frame trembled, her eyes closed, her cheeks, even her lips, were white, and her delicate hands were clasped tightly round the neck of the one about to abandon her to strange breasts.

Morton was greatly moved. "One kiss, Fanny! and do not forget me when we meet again."

The child pressed her lips to his cheek, but the lips were cold. He put her down gently: she stood mute and passive.

"Remember that *he* wished me to leave you here," whispered Morton, using an argument that never failed. "We must obey him: and so—God bless you, Fanny!"

He rose and retreated to the door; the child unclosed her eyes, and gazed at him with a strained, painful, imploring gaze: her lips moved, but she did not speak. Morton could not bear that silent woe. He sought to smile on her consolingly, but the smile would not come. He closed the door, and hurried from the house.

From that day Fanny settled into a kind of dreary, inanimate stupor, which resembled that of the somnambulist whom the magnetizer forgets to waken. Hitherto, with all the eccentricities or deficiencies of her mind, had mingled a wild and airy gaiety. That was vanished. She spoke little—she never played—no toys could

lure her—even the poor dog failed to win her notice. If she was told to do anything, she stared vacantly, and stirred not. She evinced, however, a kind of dumb regard to the old blind man; she would creep to his knees, and sit there for hours, seldom answering when he addressed her, but uneasy, anxious, and restless if he left her.

"Will you die too?" she asked once; the old man understood her not, and she did not try to explain. Early one morning, some days after Morton was gone, they missed her; she was not in the house, nor the dull yard where she was sometimes dismissed and told to play—told in vain. In great alarm, the old man accused Mrs. Boxer of having spirited her away; and threatened and stormed so loudly, that the woman, against her will, went forth to the search. At last she found the child in the churchyard, standing wistfully beside a tomb.

"What do you here, you little plague?" said Mrs. Boxer, rudely seizing her by the arm.

"This is the way they will both come back some day! I dreamed so!"

"If ever I catch you here again!" said the housekeeper; and, wiping her brow with one hand, she struck the child with the other. Fanny had never been struck before. She recoiled in terror and amazement; and, for the first time since her arrival, burst into tears.

"Come, come, no crying! and, if you tell master, I'll beat you within an inch of your life!" So saying, she caught Fanny in her arms; and, walking about, scolding and menacing till she had frightened back the tears, she returned triumphantly to the house, and, bursting into the parlour, exclaimed, "Here's the little darling, sir!"

When old Simon learned where the child had been found, he was glad; for it was his constant habit, whenever the evening was fine, to glide out to that churchyard—his dog his guide—and sit on his one favourite spot opposite the setting sun: this not so much for the sanctity of the place, or the meditations it might inspire, as because it was the nearest, the safest, and the loneliest spot in the neighbourhood of his home where the blind man could inhale the air and bask in the light of heaven. Hitherto, thinking it sad for the child, he had never taken her with him: indeed, at the hour of his monotonous excursion, she had generally been banished to bed. Now she was permitted to accompany him; and the old man and the infant would sit there, side by side, as Age and Infancy rested side by side in the graves below. The first symptom of childlike interest and curiosity that Fanny betrayed was awakened by the affliction of her protector. One evening, as they thus sat, she made him explain what the desolation of blindness is. She seemed to comprehend him, though he did not seek to adapt his complaints to her understanding.

"Fanny knows," said she, touchingly; "for she, too, is blind here;" and she pressed her hands to her temples.

Notwithstanding her silence and strange ways, and although he could not see the exquisite loveliness which Nature, as in remorseful pity, had lavished on her outward form, Simon soon learned to love her better than he had ever loved yet: for they most cold to the child are often dotards to the grandchild. For her even his avarice slept. Dainties, never before known at his sparing board, were ordered to tempt her appetite—toyshops ransacked to amuse her indolence. He was long, however, before he could prevail on himself to fulfil his promise to Morton, and rob himself of her presence. At length, however, wearied with

Mrs. Boxer's lamentations at her ignorance, and alarmed himself at some evidences of helplessness, which made him dread to think what her future might be when left alone in life, he placed her at a dayschool in the suburb. Here Fanny, for a considerable time, justified the harshest assertions of her stupidity. She could not even keep her eyes two minutes together on the page from which she was to learn the mysteries of reading: months passed before she mastered the alphabet; and, a month after, she had again forgotten it, and the labour was renewed. The only thing in which she showed ability, if so it might be called, was in the use of the needle. The sisters of the convent had already taught her many pretty devices in this art; and when she found that at the school they were admired—that she was praised instead of blamed—her vanity was pleased, and she learned so readily all that they could teach in this not unprofitable accomplishment, that Mrs. Boxer slyly and secretly turned her tasks to account, and made a weekly perquisite of the poor pupil's industry. Another faculty she possessed, in common with persons usually deficient and with the lower species, viz., a most accurate and faithful recollection of places. At first Mrs. Boxer had been duly sent, morning, noon, and evening, to take her to or bring her from the school; but this was so great a grievance to Simon's solitary superintendent, and Fanny coaxed the old man so endearingly to allow her to go and return alone, that the attendance, unwelcome to both, was waved. Fanny exulted in this liberty: and she never, in going or in returning, missed passing through the burial ground, and gazing wistfully at the tomb from which she yet believed Morton would one day reappear. With his memory she cherished also that of her earlier and more guilty protector; but they were separate feelings, which she distinguished in her own way.

"Papa had given her up. She knew that he would not have sent her away, far—far over the great water, if he had meant to see Fanny again; but her brother was forced to leave her; he would come to life one day, and then they should live together!"

One day, towards the end of autumn, as her schoolmistress, a good woman on the whole, but who had not yet had the wit to discover by what chords to tune the instrument over which so wearily she drew her unskilful hand—one day, we say, the schoolmistress happened to be dressed for a christening party to which she was invited in the suburb: and, accordingly, after the morning lessons, the pupils were to be dismissed to a holiday. As Fanny now came last with the hopeless spelling-book, she stopped suddenly short, and her eyes rested with avidity upon a large bouquet of exotic flowers with which the good lady (she was thin) had enlivened the centre of the parted kerchief, whose yellow gauze modestly veiled that tender section of female beauty which poets have likened to hills of snow—a chilling simile! It was then autumn, and field and even garden flowers were growing rare.

"Will you give me one of those flowers?" said Fanny, dropping her book.

"One of these flowers, child! Why?"

Fanny did not answer; but one of the elder and cleverer girls said,

"Oh! she comes from France, you know, ma'am, and the Roman Catholics put flowers, and ribands, and things over the graves; you know, ma'am, we were reading yesterday about Père la Chaise!"

"Well what then?"

"And Miss Fanny will do any kind of work for us if we will give her flowers."

"Brother told me where to put them; but these pretty flowers, I never had any like them; they may bring him back again! I'll be so good if you'll give me one—only one!"

"Will you learn your lesson if I do, Fanny?"

"Oh! yes! Wait a moment!"

And Fanny stole back to her desk, put the hateful book resolutely before her, pressed both hands tightly on her temples—*Eureka!* the chord was touched—and Fanny marched in triumph through half a column of hostile double syllables!

From that day the schoolmistress knew how to stimulate her, and Fanny learned to read—her path to knowledge thus literally strewn with flowers! Catharine, thy children were far off, and thy grave looked gay!

It naturally happened that those short and simple rhymes, often sacred, which are repeated in schools as helps to memory, made a part of her studies; and, no sooner had the sound of verse struck upon her fancy, than it seemed to confuse and agitate anew all her senses. It was like the music of some breeze, to which dance and tremble all the young leaves of a wild plant. Even when at the convent, she had been fond of repeating the infant rhymes with which they had sought to lull or to amuse her, but now the taste was more strongly developed. She confounded, however, in meaningless and motley disorder, the various snatches of song that came to her ear, weaving them together in some form which she understood, but which was jargon to all others; and often, as she went alone through the green lanes or the bustling streets, the passenger would turn in pity and fear to hear her half chant, half murmur ditties that seemed to suit only a wandering and unsettled imagination. And as Mrs. Boxer, in her visits to the various shops in the suburb, took care to bemoan her hard fate in attending to a creature so evidently moon-stricken, it was no wonder that the manner and the habits of the child coupled with that strange predilection to haunt the burial ground, which is not uncommon with persons of weak and disordered intellect, confirmed the character thus given to her.

So, as she tripped gaily and lightly along the thoroughfares, the children would draw aside from her path, and whisper, with superstitious fear mingled with contempt, "It's the idiot girl!" Idiot! How much more of heaven's light was there in that cloud than in the rushlights that, flickering in sordid chambers, shed on dull things the dull ray, esteeming themselves as stars!

Months—years passed: Fanny was thirteen, when there dawned a new era to her existence. Mrs. Boxer had never got over her first grudge to Fanny. Her treatment of the poor girl was always harsh, and sometimes cruel. But Fanny did not complain: and as Mrs. Boxer's manner to her before Simon was invariably cringing and caressing, the old man never guessed the hardships his supposed grandchild underwent. There had been scandal some years back in the suburb about the relative connection of the master and the housekeeper; and the flaunting dress of the latter, something bold in her regard, and certain whispers that her youth had not been vowed to Vesta, confirmed the suspicion. The only reason why we do not feel sure that the rumour was false, is this: Simon Gawtreys had been so hard on the early follies of his son! Certainly, at all events, the woman had exercised great influence

over the miser before the arrival of Fanny, and she had done much to steel his selfishness against the ill-fated William. And, as certainly, she had fully calculated on succeeding to the savings, whatever they might be, of the miser, whenever Providence should be pleased to terminate his days. She knew that Simon had, many years back, made his will in her favour; she knew that he had not altered that will; she believed, therefore, that, in spite of all his love for Fanny, he loved his gold so much more, that he could not accustom himself to the thought of bequeathing it to hands too helpless to guard the treasure. This had, in some measure, reconciled the house-keeper to the intruder; whom, nevertheless, she hated as a dog hates another dog, not only for taking his bone, but for looking at it.

But, suddenly, Simon fell ill. His age made it probable he would die. He took to his bed—his breathing grew fainter and fainter—he seemed dead. Fanny all unconscious, sat by his bedside as usual, holding her breath not to waken him. Mrs. Boxer flew to the bureau—she unlocked it—she could not find the will, but she found three bags of bright old guineas: the sight charmed her. She tumbled them forth on the distained green cloth of the bureau—she began to count them; and, at that moment, the old man, as if there were a secret magnetism between himself and the guineas, woke from his trance. His blindness saved him the pain, that might have been fatal, of seeing the unhallowed profanation; but he heard the clink of the metal. The very sound restored his strength. But the infirm are always cunning: he breathed not a suspicion. "Mrs. Boxer," said he, faintly, "I think I could take some broth." Mrs. Boxer rose in great dismay, gently reclosed the bureau, and ran down stairs for the broth. Simon took the occasion to question Fanny; and, no sooner had he learned the operations of the heir-expectant, than he bade the girl first lock the bureau and bring him the key, and next run to a lawyer (whose address he gave her,) and fetch him instantly.

With a malignant smile, the old man took the broth from his handmaid: "Poor Boxer, you are a disinterested creature," said he, feebly; "I think you will grieve when I go."

Mrs. Boxer sobbed; and before she had recovered, the lawyer entered. That day a new will was made; and the lawyer politely informed Mrs. Boxer that her services would be dispensed with the next morning, when he should bring a nurse to the house. Mrs. Boxer heard, and took her resolution. As soon as Simon again fell asleep, she crept into the room, led away Fanny, locked her up in her own chamber, returned, searched for the key to the bureau, which she found at last under Simon's pillow, possessed herself of all she could lay her hands on, and the next morning she had disappeared for ever!

Simon's loss was greater than might have been supposed; for, except a trifling sum in the Savings' Bank, he, like many other misers, kept all he had, in notes or specie, under his own lock and key. His whole fortune, indeed, was far less than was supposed; for money does not make money unless it is put out to interest; and the miser cheated himself. Such portion as was in bank notes, Mrs. Boxer probably had the prudence to destroy; for those numbers which Simon could remember were never traced: the gold, who could swear to it? Except the pittance in the Savings' Bank, and whatever might be the paltry worth of the house he rented, the father, who had enriched the menial to exile the

son, was a beggar in his dotage. This news, however, was carefully concealed from him, by the advice of the doctor, whom, on his own responsibility, the lawyer introduced, till he had recovered sufficiently to bear the shock without danger; and the delay naturally favoured Mrs. Boxer's escape.

Simon remained for some moments perfectly stunned and speechless, when the news was broken to him. Fanny, in alarm at his increasing paleness, sprang to his breast. He pushed her away: "Go—go—go, child," he said; "I can't feed you now. Leave me to starve."

"To starve!" said Fanny, wonderingly; and she stole away, and sat herself down as if in deep thought. She then crept up to the lawyer as he was about to leave the room, after exhausting his stock of common-place consolation, and, putting her hand in his, whispered, "I want to talk to you—this way." She led him through the passage into the open air. "Tell me," she said, "when poor people try not to starve, don't they work?"

"My dear, yes."

"For rich people buy poor people's work?"

"Certainly, my dear—to be sure."

"Very well. Mrs. Boxer used to sell my work. Fanny will feed grandpapa! Go and tell him never to say 'starve' again."

The good-natured lawyer was moved. "Can you work, indeed, my poor girl? Well, put on your bonnet, and come and talk to my wife."

And that was the new era in Fanny's existence! Her schooling was stopped. But now life schooled her. Necessity ripened her intellect. And many a hard eye moistened as—seeing her glide with her little basket of fancy work along the streets, still murmuring her happy and bird-like snatches of unconnected song—men and children alike said, with respect, in which there was now no contempt, "It's the idiot girl who supports her blind grandfather!"

They called her idiot still!

BOOK IV.

"*Bin zu einem grossen Meere
Eich mich seiner Wellen Spiel;
Vor mir liegt's in weiter Meere,
Nah r'bin ich nicht dem Ziel.*"

SCHILLER: *Der Pilgrim.*

CHAPTER I.

"Oh, that sweet gleam of sunshine on the lake!"
WILSON'S *City of the Plague.*

If, reader, you have ever looked through a solar microscope at the monsters in a drop of water, perhaps you have wondered to yourself how things so terrible have been hitherto unknown to you; you have felt a loathing at the limpid element you hitherto deemed so pure; you have half fancied that you would cease to be a water-drinker; yet the next day you have forgotten the grim life that started before you, with its countless shapes, in that teeming globule; and, if so tempted by your thirst, you have not shrunk from the lying crystal, although myriads of the horrible unseen are mangling, devouring, gorging each other, in the liquid you so tranquilly imbibe: so is it with that ancestral and master element called Life. Lapped in your

sleek comforts, and lolling on the sofa of your patent conscience—when, perhaps for the first time, you look through the glass of Science upon one ghastly globule in the waters that heave around—that fill up, with their succulence, the pores of earth—that moisten every atom subject to your eyes or handled by your touch—you are startled and dismayed; you say, mentally, "Can such things be? I never dreamed of this before! I thought what was invisible to me was non-existent in itself: I will remember this dread experiment." The next day the experiment is forgotten. The chemist may rarely the globule: can Science make pure the world?

Turn we now to the pleasant surface, seen in the whole, broad and fair to the common eye. Who would judge well of God's great designs, if he could look on no drop pendant from the rose-tree, or sparkling in the sun, without the help of his solar microscope?

It is ten years after the night on which William Gawtreys perished: I transport you, reader, to the fairest scenes in England; scenes consecrated, by the only true pastoral poetry we have known, to Contemplation and Repose.

Autumn had begun to tinge the foliage on the banks of Winandermere. It had been a summer of unusual warmth and beauty; and if that year you had visited the English lakes, you might, from time to time, amid the groups of happy idlers you encountered, have singled out two persons for interest, or, perhaps, for envy: two who might have seemed to you in peculiar harmony with those serene and soft retreats: both young—both beautiful. Lovers you would have guessed them to be; but such lovers as Fletcher might have placed under the care of his "Holy Shepherdess:" forms that might have reclined by

"The virtuous well, about whose flowery banks
The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds
By the pale moonshine."

For in the love of those persons there seemed a purity and innocence that suited well their youth and the character of their beauty. Perhaps, indeed, on the girl's side, love sprung rather from those affections which the spring of life throws upward to the surface, as the spring of earth does its flowers, than from that concentrated and deep absorption of self in self, which alone promises endurance and devotion, and of which first love, or, rather, first fancy, is often less susceptible than that which grows out of the more thoughtful fondness of maturer years. Yet he, the lover, was of so rare and singular a beauty, that he might well seem calculated to awaken to the utmost the love which wins the heart through the eyes.

But to begin at the beginning. A lady of fashion had, in the autumn previous to the year on which our narrative reopens, taken, with her daughter, a girl then of about eighteen, the tour of the English lakes. Charmed by the beauty of Winandermere, and finding one of the most commodious villas on its banks to be let, they had remained there all the winter. In the early spring, a severe illness had seized the elder lady; and, finding herself, as she slowly recovered, unfit for the gaieties of a London season, nor unwilling, perhaps—for she had been a beauty in her day—to postpone for another year the *début* of her daughter, she had continued her sojourn, with short intervals of absence, for a whole year. Her husband, a busy man of the world, with occupation in London, and fine estates in the country, joined them only occasionally, glad to

escape the still beauty of landscapes which brought him no rental, and, therefore, afforded no charm to his eye.

In the first month of their arrival at Winandermere, the mother and daughter had made an eventful acquaintance in the following manner.

One evening, as they were walking on their lawn, which sloped to the lake, they heard the sound of a flute, played with a skill so exquisite as to draw them, surprised and spellbound, to the banks. The musician was a young man, in a boat, which he had moored beneath the trees of their demesne. He was alone, or, rather, he had one companion in a large Newfoundland dog, that sat watchful at the helm of the boat, and appeared to enjoy the music as much as his master. As the ladies approached the spot, the dog growled, and the young man ceased, though without seeing the fair causes of his companion's displeasure. The sun, then setting, shone full on his countenance as he looked round; and that countenance was one that might have haunted the nymphs of Delos; the face of Apollo, not as the hero, but the shepherd—not of the bow, but of the lute—not of the Python-slayer, but the young dreamer by shady places—he whom the sculptor has portrayed leaning idly against the tree—the boy-god whose home is yet on earth, and to whom the Oracle and the Spheres are still unknown.

At that moment the dog leaped from the boat, and the elderly lady uttered a faint cry of alarm, which, directing the attention of the musician, brought him also ashore. He called off his dog, and apologised, with a not ungraceful mixture of diffidence and ease, for his intrusion. He was not aware the place was inhabited—it was a favourite haunt of his—he lived near. The elder lady was pleased with his address, and struck with his appearance. There was, indeed, in his manner that indefinable charm, which is more attractive than mere personal appearance, and which can never be imitated or acquired. They parted, however, without establishing any formal acquaintance. A few days after, they met at dinner at a neighbouring house, and were introduced by name. That of the young man seemed strange to the ladies; not so theirs to him. He turned pale when he heard it, and remained silent and aloof the rest of the evening. They met again, and often; and for some weeks—nay, even for months—he appeared to avoid, as much as possible, the acquaintance so auspiciously begun; but, by little and little, the beauty of the younger lady seemed to gain ground on his diffidence or repugnance. Excursions among the neighbouring mountains threw them together, and at last he fairly surrendered himself to the charm he had at first determined to resist.

This young man lived on the opposite side of the lake, in a quiet household, of which he was the idol. His life had been one of almost monastic purity and repose; his tastes were accomplished, his character seemed soft and gentle; but beneath that calm exterior, flashes of passion—the nature of the poet, ardent and sensitive—would break forth at times. He had scarcely ever, since his earliest childhood, quitted those retreats; he knew nothing of the world, except in books—books of poetry and romance. Those with whom he lived—his relations, an old bachelor, and the old bachelor's sisters, old maids—seemed equally innocent and inexperienced. It was a family whom the rich respected and the poor loved—inoffensive, charitable, and well off. To whatever their easy fortune might

be, he appeared the heir. The name of this young man was Charles Spencer; the ladies were Mrs. Beaufort, and Camilla, her daughter.

Mrs. Beaufort, though a shrewd woman, did not at first perceive any danger in the growing intimacy between Camilla and the young Spencer. Her daughter was not her favourite—not the object of her one thought or ambition. Her whole heart and soul were wrapped in her son Arthur, who lived principally abroad. Clever enough to be considered capable, when he pleased, of achieving distinction; good-looking enough to be thought handsome by all who were on the *qui vive* for an advantageous match; good-natured enough to be popular with the society in which he lived, scattering to and fro money without limit, Arthur Beaufort, at the age of thirty, had established one of those brilliant and evanescent reputations, which, for a few years, reward the ambition of the fine gentleman. It was precisely the reputation that the mother could appreciate, and which even the more saving father secretly admired, while, ever respectable in phrase, Mr. Robert Beaufort seemed openly to regret. This son was, I say, every thing to them; they cared little, in comparison, for their daughter. How could a daughter keep up the proud name of Beaufort? However well she might marry, it was another house, not theirs, which her graces and beauty would adorn. Moreover, the better she might marry, the greater her dowry would naturally be—the dowry to go out of the family! And Arthur, poor fellow! was so extravagant, that really he would want every sixpence. Such was the reasoning of the father. The mother reasoned less upon the matter. Mrs. Beaufort, faded and meagre, in blonde and cachemere, was jealous of the charms of her daughter; and she herself, as silly women often do, growing sentimental and lachrymose as she advanced in life, had convinced herself that Camilla was a girl of no feeling.

Miss Beaufort was, indeed, of a character singularly calm and placid; it was the character that charms men in proportion, perhaps, to their own strength and passion. She had been rigidly brought up; her affections had been very early chilled and subdued; they moved, therefore, now, with ease, in the serene path of her duties. She held her parents, especially her father, in reverential fear, and never dreamed of the possibility of resisting one of their wishes, much less their commands. Pious, kind, gentle, of a fine and never-ruffled temper, Camilla, an admirable daughter, was likely to make no less admirable a wife; you might depend on her principles, if ever you could doubt her affection. Few girls were more calculated to inspire love. You would scarcely wonder at any folly, any madness, which even a wise man might commit for her sake. This did not depend on her beauty alone, though she was extremely lovely rather than handsome, and of that style of loveliness which is universally fascinating: the figure, especially as to the arms, throat, and bust, was exquisite; the eyes of that velvet softness which to look on is to love. But her charm was in a certain prettiness of manner, an exceeding innocence mixed with the most captivating, because unconscious, coquetry. With all this there was a freshness, a joy, a virgin and bewitching candour in her voice, her laugh—so you might also say in her very movements. Such was Camilla Beaufort at that age. Such she seemed to others. To her parents she was only a great girl rather in the way. To Mrs. Beaufort a

rival, to Mr. Beaufort an encumbrance on the property.

CHAPTER II.

"The moon
Saddening the solemn night, yet with that sadness
Mingling the breath of undisturbed peace."
WILSON: *City of the Plague.*

"Tell me his fate.
Say that he lives, or say that he is dead;
But tell me—tell me!"

I see him not; some cloud envelopes him."

Id.

One day (nearly a year after their first introduction), as, with a party of friends, Camilla and Charles Spencer were riding through those wild and romantic scenes which lie between the sunny Winandermere and the dark and sullen Westwater, their conversation fell on topics more personal than it had hitherto done; for, as yet, if they felt love, they had never spoken of it.

The narrowness of the path allowed only two to ride abreast, and the two to whom I confine my description, were the last of the little band.

"How I wish Arthur were here!" said Camilla; "I am sure you would like him."

"Are you? He lives much in the world—the world of which I know nothing. Are we, then, characters to suit each other?"

"He is the kindest—the best of human beings!" said Camilla, rather evasively, but with more warmth than usually dwelt in her soft and low voice.

"Is he so kind?" returned Spencer, musingly. "Well, it may be so. And who would not be kind to you? Ah! it is a beautiful connection, that of brother and sister: I never had a sister."

"Have you then a brother?" asked Camilla, in some surprise, and turning her ingenuous eyes full on her companion.

Spencer's colour rose—rose to his temples: his voice trembled as he answered "No—no brother!" then, speaking in a rapid and hurried tone, he continued, "My life has been a strange and lonely one. I am an orphan. I have mixed with few of my own age; my boyhood and youth have been spent in these scenes; my education such as nature and books could bestow, with scarcely any guide or tutor save my guardian—the dear old man! Thus the world, the stir of cities, ambition, enterprise, all seem to me as things belonging to a distant land to which I shall never wander. Yet I have had my dreams, Miss Beaufort; dreams of which these solitudes still form a part; but solitudes not unshared. And lately I have thought that those dreams might be prophetic. And you—do you love the world?"

"I, like you, have scarcely tried it," said Camilla, with a sweet laugh. "But I love the country better—oh! far better than what little I have seen of towns. But for you," she continued, with a charming hesitation, "a man is so different from us—for you to shrink from the world—you, so young, and with talents too—nay, it is true!—it seems to me strange."

"It may be so, but I cannot tell you what feelings of dread—what vague forebodings of terror seize me if I carry my thoughts beyond these retreats. Perhaps my good guardian—"

"Your uncle?" interrupted Camilla.

"Ay, my uncle—may have contributed to engender feelings, as you say, strange at my age; but still—"

"Still what?"

"My earlier childhood," continued Spencer, breathing hard and turning pale, "was not spent

in the happy home I have now; it was passed in a premature ordeal of suffering and pain. Its recollections have left a dark shadow on my mind, and under that shadow lies every thought that points towards the troublous and labouring career of other men. But," he resumed, after a pause, and in a deep, earnest, almost solemn voice, "but, after all, is this cowardice or wisdom? I find no monotony, no tedium in this quiet life. Is there not a certain morality, a certain religion in the spirit of a secluded and country existence? In it we do not know the evil passions which ambition and strife are said to arouse. I never feel jealous or envious of other men; I never know what it is to hate; my boat, my horse, our garden, music, books, and, if I may dare to say so, the solemn gladness that comes from the hopes of another life—these fill up every hour with thoughts and pursuits, peaceful, happy, and without a cloud, till of late, when—when—"

"When what?" said Camilla; innocently.

"When I have longed, but did not dare, to ask another if to share such a lot would content her!"

He bent, as he spoke, his soft blue eyes full upon the blushing face of her whom he addressed, and Camilla half smiled and half sighed, "Our companions are far before us," said she, turning away her face; "and, see, the road is now smooth." She quickened her horse's pace as she said this; and Spencer, too new to women to interpret favourably her evasion of his words and looks, fell into a profound silence, which lasted during the rest of their excursion.

As, towards the decline of day, he bent his solitary way home, emotions and passions to which his life had hitherto been a stranger, and which, alas! he had vainly imagined a life so tranquil kept everlastingly restrained, swelled his heart.

"She does not love me," he muttered, half aloud; "she will leave me, and what then will all the beauty of the landscape seem in my eyes? And how dare I look up to her? Even if her cold, vain mother—her father, the man, they say, of forms and scruples, were to consent, would they not question closely of my true birth and origin? And if the one blot were overlooked, is there no other? His early habits and vices—his!—a brother's—his unknown career terminating at any day, perhaps, in shame, in crime, in exposure, in the gibbet—will they overlook this?" As he spoke he groaned aloud; and, as if impatient to escape himself, spurred on his horse, and rested not till he reached the belt of trim and sober evergreens that surrounded his hitherto happy home.

Leaving his horse to find its way to the stables, the young man passed through rooms, which he found deserted, to the lawn on the other side, which sloped to the smooth waters of the lake.

Here, seated under the one large tree that formed the pride of the lawn, over which it cast its shadow broad and far, he perceived his guardian poring idly over an oft-read book—one of those books of which literary dreamers are apt to grow fantastically fond—books by the old English writers, full of phrases and conceits half quaint and half sublime, interspersed with praises of the country, imbued with a poetical rather than orthodox religion, and adorned with a strange mixture of monastic learning and aphorisms collected from the weary experience of actual life.

To the left, by a greenhouse, built between

the house and the lake, might be seen the white dress and lean form of the eldest spinster sister, to whom the care of the flowers—for she had been early crossed in love—was consigned; at a little distance from her the other two were seated at work, and conversing in whispers, not to disturb their studious brother, no doubt upon the nephew, who was their all in all. It was the calmest hour of eve; and the quiet of the several forms—their simple and harmless occupations, if occupations they might be called—the breathless foliage rich in the depth of summer; behind, the old-fashioned house, unpretending, not mean, its open doors and windows giving glimpses of the comfortable repose within; before, the lake, without a ripple, and catching the gleam of the sunset clouds—all made a picture of that complete tranquillity and stillness which sometimes soothes and sometimes saddens us, according as we are in the temper to woo CONTENT.

The young man glided to his guardian and touched his shoulder: "Sir, may I speak to you? Hush! they need not see us now! It is only you I would speak with."

The elder Spencer rose; and, with his book still in his hand, moved side by side with his nephew under the shadow of the tree and towards a walk to the right, which led for a short distance along the margin of the lake, backed by the interlaced boughs of a thick copse.

"Sir!" said the young man, speaking first, and with a visible effort, "your cautions have been in vain! I love this girl—this daughter of the haughty Beauforts! I love her—better than life I love her!"

"My poor boy," said the uncle, tenderly, and with a simple fondness passing his arm over the speaker's shoulder, "do not think I can chide you: I know what it is to love in vain!"

"In vain! but why in vain?" exclaimed the younger Spencer, with a vehemence that had in it something of both agony and fierceness. "She may love me—she shall love me!" and, almost for the first time in his life, the proud consciousness of his rare gifts of person spoke in his kindled eye and dilated stature. "Do they not say that nature has been favourable to me? What rival have I here? Is she not young? And (sinking his voice till it almost breathed like music) is not love contagious?"

"I do not doubt that she may love you—who would not? But—but—the parents—will they ever consent?"

"Nay!" answered the lover, as, with that inconsistency common to passion, he now argued stubbornly against those fears in another to which he had just before yielded in himself, "nay! after all, am I not of their own blood? Do I not come from the elder branch? Was I not reared in equal luxury and with higher hopes? And my mother—my poor mother—did she not to the last maintain our birthright—her own honour? Has not accident or law unjustly stripped us of our true station? Is it not for us to forgive spoliation? Am I not, in fact, the person who descends—who forgets the wrongs of the dead, the heritage of the living?"

The young man had never yet assumed this tone—had never yet shown that he looked back to the history connected with his birth with the feelings of resentment and the memory of wrong. It was a tone contrary to his habitual calm and contentment—it struck forcibly on his listener—and the elder Spencer was silent for some moments before he replied, "If you feel thus (and

it is natural) you have yet stronger reason to struggle against this unhappy affection."

"I have been conscious of that, sir," replied Spencer, mournfully. "I have struggled; and I say again it is in vain! I turn, then, to face the obstacles! My birth—let us suppose that the Beauforts overlook it. Did you not tell me that Mr. Beaufort wrote to inform you of the abrupt and intemperate visit of my brother—of his determination never to forgive it? I think I remember something of this years ago."

"It is true!" said the guardian; "and the conduct of that brother is, in fact, the true cause why you never ought to reassume your proper name—never to divulge it, even to the family with whom you connect yourself by marriage; but, above all, to the Beauforts, who, for that cause, if that cause alone, would reject your suit."

The young man groaned—placed one hand before his eyes, and with the other grasped his guardian's arm convulsively, as if to check him from proceeding farther; but the good man, not divining his meaning and absorbed in his subject, went on, irritating the wound he had touched.

"Reflect! your brother, in boyhood—in the dying hours of his mother, scarcely saved from the crime of a thief; flying from a friendly pursuit with a notorious reprobate; afterward implicated in some discreditable transaction about a horse; rejecting all—every hand that could save him; clinging by choice to the lowest companions and the meanest habits; disappearing from the country, and last seen, ten years ago—the beard not yet on his chin—with that same reprobate of whom I have spoken, in Paris, a day or so only before his companion, a coiner—a murderer—fell by the hands of the police! You remember that when, in your seventeenth year, you evinced some desire to retake your name—nay, even to refund that guilty brother, I placed before you, as a sad and terrible duty, the newspaper that contained the particulars of the death and the former adventures of that wretched accomplice, the notorious Gawtreys; and, telling you that Mr. Beaufort had long since written to inform me that his own son and Lord Lilburne had seen your brother in company with the miscreant just before his fate—nay, was, in all probability, the very youth described in the account as found in his chamber and escaping the pursuit, I asked you if you would now venture to leave that disguise—that shelter under which you would for ever be safe from the opprobrium of the world—from the shame that, sooner or later, your brother must bring upon your name!"

"It is true—it is true!" said the pretended nephew, in a tone of great anguish, and with trembling lips which the blood had forsaken. "Horrible to look either to his past or his future! But—but—we have heard of him no more; no one ever has learned his fate. Perhaps—perhaps (and he seemed to breathe more freely)—my brother is no more!"

And poor Catharine—and poor Philip—had it come to this? Did the one brother feel a sentiment of release, of joy, in conjecturing the death—perhaps the death of violence and shame—of his fellow-orphan? Mr. Spencer shook his head doubtfully, but made no reply. The young man sighed heavily, and strode on for several paces in advance of his protector; then, turning back, he laid his hand on his shoulder:

"Sir," he said, in a low voice and with downcast eyes, "you are right: this disguise—this false name—must be for ever borne! Why need

the Beauforts, then, ever know who and what I am? Why not, as your nephew—nephew to one so respected and exemplary—proffer my claims and plead my cause?"

"They are proud—so it is said—and worldly; you know my family was in trade—still—but—" and here Mr. Spencer broke off from a tone of doubt into that of despondency; "but, recollect, though Mrs. Beaufort may not remember the circumstance, both her husband and her son have seen me—have known my name. Will they not suspect, when once introduced to you, the stratagem that has been adopted? Nay, has it not been from that very fear that you have wished me to shun the acquaintance of the family? Both Mr. Beaufort and Arthur saw you in childhood, and their suspicion once aroused, they may recognise you at once; your features are developed, but not altogether changed. Come, come! my adopted, my dear son, shake off this fantasy sometimes: let us change the scene: I will travel with you—read with you—go where—"

"Sir—sir!" exclaimed the lover, smiting his breast, "you are ever kind, compassionate, generous; but do not—do not rob me of hope. I have never—thanks to you—felt, save in a momentary dejection, the curse of my birth. Now how heavily it falls! Where shall I look for comfort?"

As he spoke, the sound of a bell broke over the translucent air and the slumbering lake: it was the bell that every eve and morn summoned that innocent and pious family to prayer. The old man's face changed as he heard it—changed from its customary indolent, absent, listless aspect, into an expression of dignity, even of animation.

"Hark!" he said, pointing upward; "hark! it chides you. Who shall say 'where shall I look for comfort' while God is in the heavens?"

The young man, habituated to the faith and observance of religion till they had pervaded his whole nature, bowed his head in rebuke; a few tears stole from his eyes.

"You are right, father," he said tenderly, giving emphasis to the deserved and endearing name. "I am comforted already!"

So, side by side, silently and noiselessly, the young and the old man glided back to the house. When they gained the quiet room in which the family usually assembled, the sisters and servants were already gathered round the table. They knelt as the loiterers entered. It was the wonted duty of the younger Spencer to read the prayers; and, as he now did so, his graceful countenance more hushed, his sweet voice more earnest than usual in its accents, who that heard could have deemed the heart within convulsed by such stormy passions? Or was it not in that hour—that solemn commune—soothed from its woe? Oh, beneficent Creator! thou who inspirest all the tribes of earth with the *desire to pray*, hast thou not, in that divinest instinct, bestowed on us the happiest of thy gifts?

CHAPTER III.

"Borrom. I mean the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter."

1st Soldier. Do you know this Captain Dumaiz?"—*W's Well That Ends Well.*

One evening, some weeks after the date of the last chapter, Mr. Robert Beaufort sat alone in his house in Grosvenor Square. He had arrived that morning from Beaufort court, on his way to

Winandermere, to which he was summoned by a letter from his wife.

That year was an agitated and eventful epoch in England; and Mr. Beaufort had recently gone through the bustle of an election—not, indeed, contested, for his popularity and his property defied all rivalry in his own county.

The rich man had just dined, and was seated in lazy enjoyment by the side of the fire, which he had had lighted less for the warmth—though it was then September—than for the companionship, engaged in finishing his madeira, and, with half-closed eyes, munching his deviled biscuits.

"I am sure," he soliloquised, while thus employed, "I don't know exactly what to do; my wife ought to decide matters where the *girl* is concerned; a son is another affair: that's the use of a wife. Humph!"

"Sir," said a fat servant, opening the door, "a gentleman wishes to see you upon very particular business."

"Business at this hour! Tell him to go to Mr. Blackwell."

"Yes, sir."

"Stay! perhaps he is a constituent, Simmons. Ask him if he belongs to the county."

"Yes, sir."

"A great estate is a great plague," muttered Mr. Beaufort; "so is a great constituency. It is pleasanter, after all, to be in the House of Lords. I suppose I could if I wished, but then one must rat—that's a bore. I will consult Lilburne. Humph!" The servant reappeared.

"Sir, he says he does belong to the county."

"Show him in! What sort of a person?"

"A sort of gentleman, sir; that is," continued the butler, mindful of five shillings just slipped within his palm by the stranger, "quite *the* gentleman."

"More wine, then—stir up the fire."

In a few moments the visier was ushered into the apartment. He was a man between fifty and sixty, but still aiming at the appearance of youth. His dress evinced military pretensions; consisting of a blue coat, buttoned up to the chin, a black stock, loose trowsers of the fashion called Cossacks, and brass spurs. He wore a wig, of great luxuriance in curl and rich auburn in hue; with large whiskers of the same colour, slightly tinged with gray at the roots. By the imperfect light of the room it was not perceptible that the clothes were somewhat threadbare, and that the boots, cracked at the side, admitted glimpses of no very white hosiery within. Mr. Beaufort, reluctantly rising from his repose and gladly sinking back to it, motioned to a chair, and put on a doleful and doubtful semi-smile of welcome. The servant placed the wine and glasses before the stranger: the host and visitor were alone.

"So, sir," said Mr. Beaufort, languidly, "you are from —shire; I suppose about the canal: may I offer you a glass of wine?"

"Most hauppy, sir—your health!" and the stranger, with evident satisfaction, tossed off a bumper to so complimentary a toast.

"About the canal?" repeated Mr. Beaufort.

"No, sir, no? You parliament gentlemen must have a vaust deal of trouble on your haunds—very soine property I understaund yours is, sir. Sir, allow me to drink the health of your good lady!"

"I thank you, Mr.—Mr.—what did you say your name was? I beg you a thousand pardons."

"No offaunce in the least, sir; no ceremony with me—this is perticler good madeira!"

"May I ask you how I can serve you?" said

Mr. Beaufort, struggling between the sense of annoyance and the fear to be uncivil. "And, pray, had I the honour of your vote in the last election?"

"No, sir, no! It's mauny years since I have been in your part of the world, though I was born there."

"Then I don't exactly see—" began Mr. Beaufort, and stopped with dignity.

"Why I call on you," put in the stranger, tapping his boots with his cane; and then, recognising the rent, he thrust both feet under the table.

"I don't say that; but at this hour I am seldom at leisure—not but what I am always at the service of a constituent, that is, a *voter*! I make a distinction between the two—'tis the duty of a member; Mr.—I beg your pardon, I did not catch your name."

"Sir," said the stranger, helping himself to a third glass of wine, "here's a health to your young folk! And now to business." Here the visitor, drawing his chair nearer to his host, assuming a more grave aspect, and dropping something of his stilted pronunciation, continued, "You had a brother?"

"Well, sir," said Mr. Beaufort, with a very changed countenance.

"And that brother had a wife!"

Had a cannon gone off in the ear of Mr. Robert Beaufort, it could not have shocked or stunned him more than that simple word, with which his companion closed his sentence. He fell back in his chair, his lips apart, his eyes fixed on the stranger. He sought to speak, but his tongue clove to his mouth.

"That wife had two sons born in wedlock!"

"It is false!" cried Mr. Beaufort, finding voice at length, and springing to his feet. "And who are you, sir? and what do you mean by—"

"Hush!" said the stranger, perfectly unconcerned, and regaining the dignity of his *haw-haw* enunciation: "better not let the servants hear anything. For my pawt, I think servants have the longest pair of ears of auny persons, not excepting jaukasses; their ears stretch from the pauntry to the parlour. Hush, sir!—perticler good madeira, this!"

"Sir!" said Mr. Beaufort, struggling to preserve, or, rather, recover his temper, "your conduct is exceedingly strange: but allow me to say that you are wholly misinformed. My brother never did marry; and, if you have anything to say on behalf of those young men—his natural sons—I refer you to my solicitor, Mr. Blackwell, of Lincoln's Inn. I wish you a good evening."

"Sir! the same to you; I won't trouble you auny farther; it was only out of koinddness I called; I am not used to be treated so; sir, I am in his majesty's service; sir, you will foind that the witness of the marriage is forthcoming; you will think of me then, and, perhaps, be sorry. But I've done: Your most obedient humble, sir!" And the stranger, with a flourish of his hand turned to the door.

At the sight of this determination on the part of his strange guest, a cold, uneasy, vague presentment seized Mr. Beaufort. There, not flashed, but rather froze, across him the recollection of his brother's emphatic but disbelieved assurances—of Catharine's obstinate assertion of her sons' alleged rights—of her then hopeless lawsuit: hopeless because the witness she invoked was not found. With this remembrance came a horrible train of shadowy fears—litigation, wit-

nesses, verdict, surrender; spoliation—arrears—ruin!

The man, who had gained the door, turned back and looked at him with a complacent, half-triumphant leer upon his impudent, reckless face.

"Sir," then said Mr. Beaufort, mildly, "I repeat that you had better see Mr. Blackwell."

The tempter saw his triumph. "I have a secret to communicate, which it is best for you to keep snug. How many people do you wish me to see about it? Come, sir, there is no need of a lawyer; or, if you think so, tell him yourself. Now or never, Mr. Beaufort."

"I can have no objection to hear anything you have to say, sir," said the rich man, yet more mildly than before; and then added, with a forced smile, "Though my rights are already too confined to admit of a doubt."

Without heeding the last assertion, the stranger coolly walked back, resumed his seat, and, placing both arms on the table, and looking Mr. Beaufort full in the face, thus proceeded:

"Sir, of the marriage between Philip Beaufort and Catharine Morton there were two witnesses—the one is dead, the other went abroad—the last is alive still!"

"If so," said Mr. Beaufort, who, not naturally deficient in cunning and sense, felt every faculty now prodigiously sharpened, and was resolved to know the precise grounds for alarm; "if so, why did not the man—it was a servant, sir, a man-servant, whom Mrs. Morton pretended to rely on—appear at the trial?"

"Because, I say, he was abroad, and could not be found: or, the search after him miscarried, from clumsy management and a lack of the rhino."

"Hum!" said Mr. Beaufort; "one witness—*one* witness, observe, there is only one!—does not alarm me much. It is not what a man deposes, it is what a jury believe, sir! Moreover, what has become of the young men? They have never been heard of for years. They are probably dead; if so, I am heir-at-law!"

"I know where one of them is to be found, at all events."

"The elder? Philip?" asked Mr. Beaufort, anxiously, and with a fearful remembrance of the energetic and vehement character prematurely exhibited by his nephew.

"Pawdon me! I need not answer that question."

"Sir! a lawsuit of this nature, against one in possession, is very doubtful," and, added the rich man, drawing himself up, "and, perhaps, very expensive!"

"The young man I speak of does not want friends, who will not grudge the money."

"Sir!" said Mr. Beaufort, rising and placing his back to the fire; "sir! what is your object in this communication? Do you come, on the part of the young men, to propose a compromise? If so, be plain!"

"I come on my own pawt. It rests with you to say if the young men shall never know it!"

"And what do you want?"

"Five hundred a year as long as the secret is kept."

"And how can you prove that there is a secret, after all?"

"By producing the witness, if you wish."

"Will he go halves in the £500 a year?" asked Mr. Beaufort, artfully.

"That is moy affair, sir," replied the stranger.

"What you say," resumed Mr. Beaufort, "is so extraordinary, so unexpected, and still, to me,

seems so improbable, that I must have time to consider. If you will call on me in a week, and produce your facts, I will give you my answer. I am not the man, sir, to wish to keep any one out of his true rights; but I will not yield, on the other hand, to imposture."

"If you don't want to keep them out of their rights, I'd best go and tell my young gentlemen," said the stranger, with cool impudence.

"I tell you I must have time," repeated Beaufort, disconcerted. "Besides, I have not myself alone to look to, sir," he added, with dignified emphasis; "I am a father!"

"This day week I will call on you again. Good-evening, Mr. Beaufort!" And the man stretched out his hand with an air of amicable condescension.

The respectable Mr. Beaufort changed colour, hesitated, and finally suffered two fingers to be entered into the grasp of the visiter, whom he ardently wished at that bourn whence no visiter returns.

The stranger smiled, stalked to the door, laid his finger on his lip, winked knowingly, and vanished, leaving Mr. Beaufort a prey to such feelings of uneasiness, dread, and terror, as a man whom, on some inch or two of slippery rock, the tides have suddenly surrounded.

He remained perfectly still for some moments, and then, glancing round the dim and spacious room, his eyes took in all the evidences of luxury and wealth which it betrayed. Above the huge sideboard, that on festive days groaned beneath the hoarded weight of the silver heirlooms of the Beauforts, hung, in its gilded frame, a large picture of the family seat, with the stately porticoes, the noble park, the groups of deer; and around the wall, interspersed here and there with ancestral portraits of knight and dame, long since gathered to their rest, were placed masterpieces of the Italian and Flemish art, which generation after generation had slowly accumulated, till the Beaufort Collection had become the theme of connoisseurs and the study of young genius.

The still room, the dumb pictures, even the heavy sideboard seemed to gain voice, and speak to him audibly. He thrust his hand into the folds of his waistcoat, and gripped his own flesh convulsively; then, striding to and fro the apartment, he endeavoured to re-collect his thoughts.

"I dare not consult Mrs. Beaufort," he muttered; "no—no—she is a fool! Besides, she's not in the way. No time to lose—I will go to Lilburne."

Scarce had that thought crossed him than he hastened to put it into execution. He rang for his hat and gloves, and sallied out on foot to Lord Lilburne's house in Park Lane; the distance was short, and impatience has long strides.

He knew Lord Lilburne was in town, for that personage loved London for its own sake; and, even in September, he would have said with the old Duke of Queensbury, when some one observed that London was very empty, "Yes; but it is fuller than the country."

Mr. Beaufort found Lord Lilburne reclined on a sofa by the open window of his drawing-room, beyond which the early stars shone upon the glimmering trees and silvered turf of the deserted park. Unlike the simple dessert of his respectable brother-in-law, the costliest fruits, the richest wines of France graced the small table placed beside his sofa; and, as the starch man of forms and method entered the room at one door, a rustling silk, that vanished through the aperture of another, seemed to betray tokens of a *tête-à-tête*,

probably more agreeable to Lilburne than the one with which only our narrative is concerned.

It would have been a curious study for such men as love to gaze upon the dark and wily features of human character, to have watched the contrast between the reciter and the listener, as Beaufort, with much circumlocution, much affected disdain, and real anxiety, narrated the singular and ominous conversation between himself and his visiter.

The servant, in introducing Mr. Beaufort, had added to the light of the room; and the candles shone full on the face and form of Mr. Beaufort. All about that gentleman was so completely in unison with the world's forms and seemings, that there was something moral in the very sight of him! Since his fortune, he had grown less pale and less thin; the angles in his figure were filled up. On his brow there was no trace of younger passion. No able vice had ever sharpened the expression, no exhausting vice ever deepened the lines. He was the *beau idéal* of a county member; so sleek, so staid, so business-like; yet so clean, so neat, so much the gentleman. And now there was a kind of pathos in his gray hairs, his nervous smile, his agitated hands, his quick and uneasy transition of posture, the tremble of his voice. He would have appeared to those who saw, but heard not, the Good Man in trouble. Cold, motionless, speechless, seemingly apathetic, but, in truth, observant, still reclined on the sofa, his head thrown back, but one eye fixed on his companion, his hands clasped before him, Lord Lilburne listened; and in that repose, about his face, even about his person, might be read the history of how different a life and character! What native acuteness in the stealthy eye! What hardened resolve in the full nostril and firm lips! What sardonic contempt for all things in the intricate lines about the mouth! What animal enjoyment of all things so despised in that delicate nervous system, which, combined with original vigour of constitution, yet betrayed itself in the veins on the hands and temples, the occasional quiver of the upper lip! His was the frame, above all others, the most alive to pleasure—deep-chested, compact, sinewy, but thin to leanness; delicate in its texture and extremities almost to effeminacy. The indifference of the posture, the very habit of the dress—not slovenly, indeed, but easy, loose, careless—seemed to speak of the man's manner of thought and life—his profound disdain of externals.

Not till Beaufort had concluded did Lord Lilburne change his position or open his lips; and then, turning to his brother-in-law his calm face, he said dryly.

"I always thought your brother had married that woman; he was the sort of man to do it. Besides, why should she have gone to law without a vestige of proof, unless she was convinced of her rights? Imposture never proceeds without some evidence. Innocence, like a fool, as it is, fancies it has only to speak to be believed. But there is no cause for alarm."

"No cause! And yet you think there was a marriage."

"It is quite clear," continued Lilburne, without heeding this interruption, "that the man, whatever his evidence, has not got sufficient proofs. If he had, he would go to the young men rather than you: it is evident that they would promise infinitely larger rewards than he could expect from yourself. Men are always more generous with what they expect than what they have. All rogues know this. 'Tis the way Jews and

usurers thrive upon heirs rather than possessors; 'tis the philosophy of *post-obits*. I dare say the man has found out the real witness of the marriage; but ascertained, also, that the testimony of that witness would not suffice to dispossess you. He might be discredited: rich men have a way sometimes of discrediting poor witnesses. Mind, he says nothing of the lost copy of the register, whatever may be the value of that document, which I am not lawyer enough to say—of any letters of your brother avowing the marriage. Consider, the register itself is destroyed—the clergyman dead. Pooh! make yourself easy."

"True," said Mr. Beaufort, much comforted; "what a memory you have!"

"Naturally. Your wife is my sister—I hate poor relations—and I was therefore much interested in your accession and your lawsuit. No; you may feel at rest on this matter, so far as a *successful* lawsuit is concerned. The next question is, will you have a lawsuit at all? and is it worth while buying this fellow? That I can't say, unless I see him myself."

"I wish to Heaven you would!"

"Very willingly: 'tis a sort of thing I like—I'm fond of dealing with rogues—it amuses me. This day week? I'll be at your house—your proxy; I shall do better than Blackwell. And, since you say you are wanted at the Lakes, go down and leave all to me."

"A thousand thanks. I can't say how grateful I am. You certainly are the kindest and cleverest person in the world."

"You can't think worse of the world's cleverness and kindness than I do," was Lilburne's rather ambiguous answer to the compliment. "But why does my sister want to see you?"

"Oh, I forgot! Here is her letter. I was going to ask your advice in this, too."

Lord Lilburne took the letter, and glanced over it with the rapid eye of a man accustomed to seize in every thing the main gist and pith.

"An offer to my pretty niece—Mr. Spencer—requires no fortune—his uncle will settle all his own—(poor silly old man!) All! Why that's only £1000 a year. You don't think much of this, eh? How my sister can even ask you about it puzzles me."

"Why, you see, Lilburne," said Mr. Beaufort, rather embarrassed, "there is no question of fortune—nothing to go out of the family; and, really, Arthur is so expensive; and, if she marry well, I could not give her less than 15 or 20,000."

"Aha! I see; every man to his taste: here a daughter, there a dowry. You are devilish fond of money, Beaufort. Any pleasure in avarice, eh?"

Mr. Beaufort coloured very much at the remark and the question, and, forcing a smile, said,

"You are severe. But you don't know what it is to be father to a young man."

"Then a great many young women have told me sad fables! But you are right in *your* sense of the phrase. No, I never had an heir-apparent, thank Heaven! No children imposed on me by law: natural enemies, to count the years between the bells that ring for their majority and those that will toll for my decease. It is enough for me that I have a brother and a sister; that my brother's son will inherit my estates; and that, in the mean time, he grudges me every tick in that clock. What then? If he had been my uncle I had done the same. Meanwhile, I see as little of him as good-breeding will permit. On

the face of a rich man's heir is written the rich man's *memento mori*! But, *revenons à nos moutons*. Yes, if you give your daughter no fortune, your death will be so much the more profitable to Arthur!"

"Really, you take such a very odd view of the matter," said Mr. Beaufort, exceedingly shocked. "But I see you don't like the marriage: perhaps you are right."

"Indeed, I have no choice in the matter; I never interfere between father and children. If I had children myself, I will, however, tell you, for your comfort, that they might marry exactly as they pleased; I would never thwart them. I should be too happy to get them out of my way. If they married well, one would have all the credit; if ill, one would have an excuse to disown them. As I said before, I dislike poor relations. Though, if Camilla lives at the Lakes when she is married, it is but a letter now and then; and that's your wife's trouble, not yours. But, Spencer? what family? Was there not a Spencer who lived at Winandermere—who—"

"Who went with us in search of these boys, to be sure. Very likely the same; nay, he must be so. I thought so at the first."

"Go down to the Lakes to-morrow. You may hear something about your *nephews*," at that word Mr. Beaufort winced. "'Tis well to be forearmed."

"Many thanks for all your counsel," said Beaufort, rising, and glad to escape; for, though both he and his wife held the advice of Lord Lilburne in the highest reverence, they always smarted beneath the quiet and careless stings which accompanied the honey. Lord Lilburne was singular in this: he would give to any one who asked it, but especially a relation, the best advice in his power; and none gave better, that is, more *worldly* advice. Thus, without the least benevolence, he was often of the greatest service; but he could not help mixing up the draught with as much aloes and bitter-apple as possible. His intellect delighted in exhibiting itself even gratuitously. His heart was equally delighted in that only cruelty which polished life leaves to its tyrants towards their equals: thrusting pins into the feelings, and breaking self-love upon the wheel. But, just as Mr. Beaufort had drawn on his gloves and gained the doorway, a thought seemed to strike Lord Lilburne.

"By the by," he said, "you understand that when I promised I would try and settle the matter for you, I only meant that I would learn the exact causes you have for alarm on the one hand, or for a compromise with this fellow on the other. If the last be advisable, you are aware that I cannot interfere. I might get into a scrape; and Beaufort Court is not *my* property."

"I don't quite understand you."

"I am plain enough, too. If there is money to be given, it is given in order to defeat what is called *justice*—to keep these nephews of yours out of their inheritance. Now, should this ever come to light, it would have an ugly appearance. They who risk the blame must be the persons who possess the estate."

"If you think it dishonourable or dishonest—" said Beaufort, irresolutely.

"I! I never can advise as to the feelings; I can only advise as to the policy. If you don't think there ever was a marriage, it may be honest in you to prevent the bore of a lawsuit."

"But if he can prove to me that they were married?"

"Pooh!" said Lilburne, raising his eyebrows

with a slight expression of contemptuous impatience; "it rests on yourself whether or not he *prove it to your satisfaction*! For my part, as a third person, I am persuaded the marriage did take place. But if I had Beaufort Court, my convictions would be all the other way. You understand. I am too happy to serve you. But no man can be expected to jeopardise his character, or coquet with the law, unless it be for his own individual interest. *Then*, of course, he must judge for himself. Adieu! I expect some friends—foreigners—Carlists—to whist. You won't join them?"

"I never play, you know. You will write to me at Winandermere; and, at all events, you will keep off the man till I return?"

"Certainly."

Beaufort, whom the latter part of the conversation had comforted far less than the former, hesitated, and turned the door-handle three or four times; but, glancing towards his brother-in-law, he saw in that cold face so little hope of sympathy in the struggle between interest and conscience, that he judged it best to withdraw at once.

As soon as he was gone, Lilburne summoned his valet, who had lived with him many years, and who was his confidant in all the adventurous gallantries with which he still enlivened the autumn of his life.

"Dykeman," said he, "you have let out that lady?"

"Yes, my lord."

"I am not at home if she calls again. She is stupid; she cannot get the girl to come to her again. I shall trust you with an adventure, Dykeman; an adventure that will remind you of our young days, man. This charming creature—I tell you she is irresistible—her very oddities bewitch me. You must—well, you look uneasy. What would you say?"

"My lord, I have found more about her—and—"

"Well, well."

The valet drew near, and whispered something in his master's ear.

"They are idiots who say it, then," answered Lilburne.

"And," faltered the man, with the shame of humanity on his face, "she is not worthy your lordship's notice; a poor—"

"Yes, I know she is poor; and, for that reason, there can be no difficulty if the thing is properly managed. You never, perhaps, heard of a certain Philip, King of Macedon; but I will tell you what he once said, as well as I can remember it: 'Lead an ass with a pannier of gold: send the ass into the gates of a city, and all the sentinels will run away.' Poor! Where there is love there is charity also, Dykeman. Besides—"

Here Lilburne's countenance assumed a sudden aspect of dark and angry passion; he broke off abruptly, rose, and paced the room, muttering to himself. Suddenly he stopped, and put his hand to his hip, as an expression of pain again altered the character of his face.

"The limb pains me still. Dykeman—I was scarce—twenty-one—when—I became a cripple for life." He paused, and drew a long breath, smiled, rubbed his hands gently, and added, "Never fear—you shall be the ass; and thus Philip of Macedon begins to fill the pannier." And he tossed his purse into the hands of the valet, whose face seemed to lose its anxious embarrassment at the touch of the gold. Lilburne

glanced at him with a quiet sneer: "Go! I will give you my orders when I undress."

"Yes!" he repeated to himself, "the limb pains me still. But he died!—shot as a man would shoot a jay or a polecat! I have the newspaper still in that drawer. He died an outcast—a felon—a murderer! And I blazed his name—and I seduced his mistress—and I—am John Lord Lilburne!"

About ten o'clock, some half a dozen of those gay lovers of London, who, like Lilburne, remain faithful to its charms when more vulgar worshippers desert its sunburned streets—mostly single men—mostly men of middle age—dropped in. And soon after came three or four high-born foreigners, who had followed into England the exile of the unfortunate Charles X. Their looks, at once proud and sad—their mustaches curled downward—their beards permitted to grow—made at first a strong contrast with the smooth, gay Englishmen. But Lilburne, who was fond of French society, and who, when he pleased, could be courteous and agreeable, soon placed the exiles at their ease; and, in the excitement of high play, all differences of mood and humour speedily vanished. Morning was in the skies before they sat down to supper.

"You have been very fortunate to-night, milord," said one of the Frenchmen, with an envious tone of congratulation.

"But, indeed," said another, who, having been several times his host's partner, had won largely, "you are the finest player, milord, I ever encountered."

"Always excepting Monsieur Deschapelles and ****," replied Lilburne, indifferently. And, turning the conversation, he asked one of the guests why he had not introduced him to a French officer of merit and distinction: "with whom," said Lord Lilburne, "I understand that you are intimate, and of whom I hear your countrymen very often speak."

"You mean De Vaudemont. Poor fellow!" said a middle-aged Frenchman, of a graver appearance than the rest.

"But why 'poor fellow,' Monsieur de Liancourt?"

"He was rising so high before the revolution. There was not a braver officer in the army. But he is but a soldier of fortune, and his career is closed."

"Till the Bourbons return," said another Carlisle, playing with his mustache.

"You will really honour me much by introducing me to him," said Lord Lilburne. "De Vaudemont—it is a good name—perhaps, too, he plays at whist."

"But," observed one of the Frenchmen, "I am by no means sure that he has the best right in the world to the name. 'Tis a strange story."

"May I hear it?" asked the host.

"Certainly. It is briefly this: There was an old Vicomte de Vaudemont about Paris—of good birth, but extremely poor—a *mauvais sujet*. He had already had two wives, and run through their fortunes. Being old and ugly, and men who survive two wives having a bad reputation among marriageable ladies at Paris, he found it difficult to get a third. Despairing of the *noblesse*, he went among the *bourgeoisie* with that hope. His family were kept in perpetual fear of a ridiculous *mésalliance*. Among these relations was Madame de Merville, whom you may have heard of."

"Madame de Merville! Ah, yes! Handsome, was she not?"

"It is true. Madame de Merville, whose failing was pride, was known more than once to have bought off the matrimonial inclinations of the amorous vicomte. Suddenly there appeared in her circles a very handsome young man. He was presented formally to her friends as the son of the Vicomte de Vaudemont by his second marriage with an English lady, brought up in England, and now, for the first time, publicly acknowledged. Some scandal was circulated—"

"Sir," interrupted Monsieur de Liancourt, very gravely, "the scandal was such as all honourable men must stigmatise and despise—it was only to be traced to some lying lackey—a scandal that the young man was already the lover of a woman of stainless reputation the very first day that he entered Paris! I answer for the falsity of that report. But that report, I own, was one that decided not only Madame de Merville, who was a sensitive—too sensitive a person, but my friend young De Vaudemont, to a marriage, from the pecuniary advantages of which he was too high-spirited not to shrink."

"Well," said Lord Lilburne, "then this young De Vaudemont married Madame de Merville?"

"No," said De Liancourt, somewhat sadly, "it was not so decreed; for De Vaudemont, with a feeling which belongs to a gentleman, and which I honour, while deeply and gratefully attached to Madame de Merville, desired that he might first carve for himself, at least, some honourable distinction before he claimed a hand to which men of fortunes so much higher had aspired in vain. I am not ashamed," he added, after a short pause, "to say that I had been one of the rejected suitors, and that I still revere the memory of Eugenie de Merville. The young man, therefore, was to have entered my regiment. Before, however, he had joined it, and while yet in the full flush of a young man's love for a woman formed to excite the strongest attachment, she—she—" The Frenchman's voice trembled, and he resumed, with affected composure, "Madame de Merville, who had the best and kindest heart that ever beat in a human breast, learned one day that there was a poor widow in the garret of the hotel she inhabited who was dangerously ill—without medicine and without food—having lost her only friend and supporter in her husband some time before. In the impulse of the moment, Madame de Merville tended herself this widow—caught the fever that preyed upon her—was confined to her bed ten days—and died, as she had lived, in serving others and forgetting self. And so much, sir, for the scandal you speak of!"

"A warning," observed Lord Lilburne, "against trifling with one's health by that vanity of parading a kind heart which is called charity. If charity, *mon cher*, begins at home, it is in the drawing-room, not the garret!"

The Frenchman looked at his host in some disdain, bit his lip, and was silent.

"But still," resumed Lord Lilburne, "still it is probable that your old vicomte had a son; and I can so perfectly understand why he did not wish to be embarrassed with him as long as he could help it, that I do not understand why there should be any doubt of the younger De Vaudemont's parentage."

"Because," said the Frenchman who had first commenced the narrative, "because the young man refused to take the legal steps to proclaim his birth and naturalise himself a Frenchman; because, no sooner was Madame de Merville dead, than he forsook the father he had so newly discovered—forsook France, and entered with

some other officers, under the brave ****, in the service of one of the native princes of India."

"But perhaps he was poor," observed Lord Lilburne. "A father is a very good thing, and a country is a very good thing, but still a man must have money; and if your father does not do much for you, somehow or other, your country generally follows his example."

"My lord," said De Liancourt, "my friend here has forgotten to say that Madame de Merville left to young Vaudemont the bulk of her fortune; and that, when sufficiently recovered from the stupor of his grief, he summoned her relations round him, declared that her memory was too dear to him for wealth to console him for her loss, and, reserving to himself but a modest and bare sufficiency for the common necessities of a gentleman, he divided the rest among them, and repaired to the East, not only to conquer his sorrow by the novelty and stir of an exciting life, but to carve out with his own hand the reputation of an honourable and brave man. My friend remembered the scandal long buried—he forgot the generous action."

"Your friend, you see, my dear Monsieur de Liancourt," remarked Lilburne, "is more a man of the world than you are!"

"And I was just going to observe," said the friend thus referred to, "that that very action seemed to confirm the rumour that there had been some little manœuvring as to this unexpected addition to the name of De Vaudemont; for, if himself related, however distantly, to Madame de Merville, why have such scruples to receive her bequest?"

"A very shrewd remark," said Lord Lilburne, looking with some respect at the speaker; "and I own that it is a very unaccountable proceeding, and one of which I don't think you or I would ever have been guilty. Well, and the old vicomte!"

"Did not long live!" said the Frenchman, evidently gratified by his host's compliment, while De Liancourt threw himself back in his chair in grave displeasure. "The young man remained some years in India; and, when he returned to Paris, our friend here, Monsieur de Liancourt (then in favour with Charles X.) and Madame de Merville's relations, took him up. He had already acquired a reputation in this foreign service, and he obtained a place at the court, and a commission in the king's guards. I allow that he would certainly have made a career, had it not been for the three days. As it is, you see him in London, like the rest of us, an exile!"

"And, I suppose, without a sou."

"No; I believe that he had still saved, and even augmented in India, the portion he allotted to himself from Madame de Merville's bequest."

"And if he don't play whist, he ought to play it," said Lilburne. "You have roused my curiosity: I hope you will let me make his acquaintance, Monsieur de Liancourt. I am no politician, but allow me to propose this toast: 'Success to those who have the wit to plan and the strength to execute.' In other words, 'The Right Divine!'"

Soon afterward the guests retired.

CHAPTER IV.

"Res. Happily he's the second time come to them."

Hamlet.

It was the evening after that in which the conversations recorded in our last chapter were held—evening in the quiet suburb of H—. The

desertion and silence of the metropolis in September had extended to its neighbouring hamlets—a village in the heart of the country could scarcely have seemed more still—the lamps were lighted, many of the shops already closed, a few of the sober couples and retired spinsters of the place might here and there be seen slowly wandering homeward after their evening walk; two or three dogs, in spite of the prohibitions of the magistrates placarded on the walls—manifestoes which threatened all such stragglers with death, and all the inhabitants with madness—were playing in the main road, disturbed from time to time as the slow coach, plying between the city and the suburb, crawled along the thoroughfare, or as the brisk mails whirled rapidly by, announced by the cloudy dust and the guard's lively horn. Gradually even these evidences of life ceased; the saunterers disappeared, the mails had passed, the dogs gave place to the later and more stealthy perambulations of their feline successors "who love the moon." At unfrequent intervals, the more important shops—the linen drapers', the chymists', and the gin-palace—still poured out across the shadowy road their streams of light from windows yet unclosed. But, with these exceptions, the business of the place stood still.

At this time there emerged from a milliner's house (shop, to outward appearance, it was not, evincing its gentility and its degree above the Capelocracy, to use a certain classical neologism, by a brass plate on an oak door, whereon was graven, "Miss Semper, Milliner and Dressmaker, from Madame Devy")—at this time, I say, and from this house, there emerged the light and graceful form of a young female. She held in her left hand a little basket, of the contents of which (for it was empty) she had apparently just disposed; and, as she stepped across the road, the lamplight fell on a face in the first bloom of youth, and characterised by an expression of childlike innocence and candour. It was a face regularly and exquisitely lovely, yet something there was in the aspect that saddened you; you knew not why, for it was not sad itself; on the contrary, the lips smiled and the eyes sparkled. As she now glided along the shadowy street with a light, quick step, a man, who had hitherto been concealed by the portico of an attorney's house, advanced stealthily, and followed her at a little distance. Unconscious that she was dogged, and seemingly fearless of all danger, the girl went lightly on, swinging her basket playfully to and fro, and chanting, in a low but musical tone, some verses, that seemed rather to belong to the nursery than to that age which the fair singer had attained.

As she came to an angle which the main street formed with a lane narrow and partially lighted, a policeman stationed there looked hard at her, and then touched his hat with an air of respect, in which there seemed also a little of compassion,

"Good-night to you," said the girl, passing him, and with a frank, gay tone.

"Shall I attend you home, miss?" said the man.

"What for? I am very well!" answered the young woman, with an accent and look of innocent surprise.

Just at this time, the man who had hitherto followed her gained the spot and turned down the lane.

"Yes," replied the policeman; "but it is getting dark, miss."

"So it is every night when I walk home, except there's a moon. Good-bye. The moon,"

she repeated to herself, as she walked on, "I use to be afraid of the moon when I was a little child;" and then, after a pause, she murmured, in a low chant,

"The moon, she is a wandering ghost,
That walks in penance nightly,
How sad she is, that wandering moon,
For all she shines so brightly!"

"I watched her eyes when I was young,
Until they turned my brain,
And now I often weep to think
'Twill ne'er be right again."

As the murmur of these words died at a distance down the lane in which the girl had disappeared, the policeman, who had paused to listen, shook his head mournfully, and said, while he moved on,

"Poor thing! they should not let her always go about by herself: and yet, who would harm her?"

Meanwhile the girl proceeded along the lane, which was skirted by small but not mean houses, till it terminated in a cross-stile that admitted into a churchyard. Here hung the last lamp in the path, and a few dim stars broke palely over the long grass and scattered grave-stones, without piercing the deep shadow which the church threw over a large portion of the sacred ground. Just as she passed the stile, the man whom we have before noticed, and who had been leaning, as if waiting for some one, against the pales, approached, and said gently,

"Ah, miss? it is a lone place for one so beautiful as you are to be alone. You ought never to be on foot."

The girl stopped, and looked full, but without any alarm in her eyes, into the man's face.

"Go away!" she said, with half peevish, half kindly tone of command. "I don't know you."

"But I have been sent to speak to you by one who does know you, miss—one who loves you to distraction; he has seen you before at Mrs. West's. He is so grieved to think that you should walk—you, who ought, he says to have every luxury—that he has sent his carriage for you. It is on the other side of the yard. Do come, now;" and he laid his hand, though very lightly, on her arm.

"At Mrs. West's!" she said; and, for the first time, her voice and look showed fear. "Go away directly! How dare you touch Fanny!"

"But, my dear miss, you have no idea how my employer loves you, and how rich he is. See, he has sent you all this money; it is gold—real gold. You may have what you like if you will but come. Now don't be silly, miss."

The girl made no answer, but, with a sudden spring, passed the man, and ran lightly and rapidly along the path, in an opposite direction from that to which the tempter had pointed when inviting her to the carriage. The man, surprised but not baffled, reached her in an instant, and caught hold of her dress.

"Stay! you must come—you must!" he said, threateningly; and loosening his grasp on her shawl, he threw his arms round her waist.

"Don't!" cried the girl, pleadingly, and apparently subdued, turning her fair, soft face upon her pursuer, and clasping her hands. "Be quiet! Fanny is silly! No one is ever rude to poor Fanny!"

"And no one will be rude to you, miss," said the man, apparently touched; "but I dare not go without you. You don't know what you refuse. 'Come!' and he attempted gently to draw her back.

"No, no,!" said the girl, changing from supplication to anger, and raising her voice into a loud shriek, "No! I will—"

"Nay, then," interrupted the man, looking round anxiously; and, with a quick and dexterous movement, he threw a large handkerchief over her face, and as he held it fast to her lips with one hand, he lifted her from the ground. Still violently struggling, the girl contrived to remove the handkerchief, and once more her shriek of terror rang through the violated sanctuary.

At that instant a loud, deep voice was heard, "Who calls?" And a tall figure seemed to rise, as from the grave itself, and emerge from the shadow of the church. A moment more, and a strong gripe was laid on the shoulder of the ravisher. "What is this? On God's ground, too! Release her, wretch!"

The man, trembling, half with superstitious, half with bodily fear, let go of his captive, who fell at once at the knees of her deliverer.

"Don't hurt me too," she said, as the tears rolled down her eyes. "I am a good girl—and my grandfather's blind."

The stranger bent down and raised her; then looking round for the assailant with an eye whose dark fire shone through the gloom, he perceived the coward stealing off. He disdained to pursue.

"My poor child," said he, with that voice which the strong assume to the weak—the man to some wounded infant—the voice of tender superiority and compassion, "there is no cause for fear now. Be soothed. Do you live near. Shall I see you home?"

"Thank you! That's kind! Pray do!" And, with an infantine confidence, she took his hand, as a child does that of a grown up person; so they walked on together.

"And," said the stranger, "do you know that man? Has he insulted you before?"

"No—don't talk of him: *ce me fait mal!*" And she put her hand to her forehead.

The French was spoken with so French an accent, that, in some curiosity, the stranger cast his eye over her plain dress.

"You speak French well."

"Do I? I wish I knew more words; I only recollect a few. When I am very happy or very sad they come into my head. But I am happy now. I like your voice—I like you. Oh! I have dropped my basket!"

"Shall I go back for it, or shall I buy you another?"

"Another! Oh, no! come back for it. How kind you are! Ah! I see it!" and she broke away and ran forward to pick it up.

When she had recovered it, she laughed—she spoke to it—she kissed it.

Her companion smiled as he said,

"Some sweetheart has given you that basket—it seems but a common basket, too."

"I have had it—oh, ever since—since—I don't know how long! It came with me from France—it was full of little toys. They are gone—I am sorry!"

"How old are you?"

"I don't know."

"My pretty one," said the stranger, with deep pity in his rich voice, "your mother should not let you go out alone at this hour."

"Mother! mother!" repeated the girl, in a tone of surprise.

"Have you no mother?"

"No! I had a father once. But he died, they say. I did not see him die. I sometimes cry when I think that I shall never, never see him again!"

But," she said, changing her accent from melancholy almost to joy, "he is to have a grave here like the other girls' fathers—a fine stone upon it—and all to be done with my money!"

"Your money, my child!"

"Yes, the money I make. I sell my work and take the money to my grandfather; but I lay by a little every week for a gravestone for my father."

"Will the gravestone be placed in *that* churchyard?" They were now in another lane, and, as he spoke, the stranger checked her, and, bending down to look into her face, murmured to himself, "Is it possible? Yes, it must be—it must!"

"Yes! I love that churchyard; my brother told me to put flowers there; and grandfather and I sit there in the summer, without speaking. But I don't talk much, I like singing better:

All things that good and harmless are,
Are taught, they say, to sing;
The maiden resting at her work,
The bird upon her wing;
The little ones at church, in prayer,
The angels in the sky—
The angels less when babes are born
Than when the aged die."

And, unconscious of the latent moral, dark or cheering, according as we estimate the value of this life, couched in the concluding rhyme, Fanny turned round to the stranger and said, "Why should the angels be glad when the aged die?"

"That they are released from a false, unjust, and miserable world, in which the first man was a rebel, and the second a murderer!" muttered the stranger between his teeth, which he gnashed as he spoke.

The girl did not understand him; she shook her head gently, and made no reply. A few moments, and she paused before a small house.

"This is my home."

"It is so," said her companion, examining the exterior of the house with an earnest gaze; "and your name is Fanny."

"Yes—every one knows Fanny. Come in;" and the girl opened the door with a latch-key.

The stranger bowed his stately height as he crossed the low threshold, and followed his guide into a little parlour.

Before a table, on which burned dimly, and with unheeded wick, a single candle, sat a man of advanced age; and, as he turned his face to the door, the stranger saw that he was blind. The girl bounded to his chair, passed her arms round the old man's neck, and kissed his forehead; then nestling herself at his feet, and leaning her clasped hands caressingly on his knee, she said,

"Grandpapa, I have brought you somebody you must love. He has been so kind to Fanny."

"And neither of you can remember me!" said the guest.

The old man, whose dull face seemed to indicate dotage, half raised himself at the sound of the stranger's voice.

"Who is that?" said he, with a feeble and querulous voice. "Who wants me?"

"I am the friend of your lost son. I am he who, ten years ago, brought Fanny to your roof, and gave her to your care—your son's last charge. And you blessed your son, and forgave him, and vowed to be a father to his Fanny."

The old man, who had now slowly risen to his feet, trembled violently, and stretched out his hands.

"Come near—near; let me put my hands on

your head. I cannot see you; but Fanny talks of you, and prays for you; and Fanny—she has been an angel to me!"

The stranger approached and half knelt as the old man spread his hands over his head, muttering inaudibly. Meanwhile Fanny, pale as death—her lips apart—an eager, painful expression on her face—looked inquiringly on the dark, marked countenance of the visiter, and, creeping towards him inch by inch, fearfully touched his dress, his arms, his countenance.

"Brother!" she said at last, doubtfully and timidly. "Brother, I thought I could never forget you! But you are not like my brother; you are older; you are—you are—no! no! you are not my brother!"

"I am much changed, Fanny, and you too!"

He smiled as he spoke; and the smile—sweet and pitying—thoroughly changed the character of his face, which was ordinarily stern, grave, and proud.

"I know you now," exclaimed Fanny, in a tone of wild joy. "And you come back from that grave! My flowers have brought you back at last! I knew they would. Brother, brother!"

And she threw herself on his breast and burst into passionate tears. Then, suddenly drawing herself back, she laid her finger on his arm, and looked up at him beseechingly.

"Pray, now, is *he* really dead? He, my father! he, too, was lost like you. Can't he come back again as you have done?"

"Do you grieve for him still, then? Poor girl!" said the stranger, evasively, and seating himself. Fanny continued to listen for an answer to her touching question; but, finding that none was given, she stole away to a corner of the room, and leaned her face on her hands, and seemed to think; till, at last, as she so sat, the tears began to flow down her cheeks, and she wept, but silently and unnoticed.

"But, sir," said the guest, after a short pause, "how is this? Fanny tells me she supports you by her work. Are you so poor, then? Yet I left your son's bequest; and you too, I understood, though not rich, were not in want?"

"There was a curse on my gold," said the old man, sternly. "It was stolen from us."

There was another pause. Simon broke it.

"And you young man—how has it fared with you? You have prospered, I hope."

"I am as I have been for years: alone in the world, without kindred and without friends. But, thanks to God, I am not a beggar!"

"No kindred and no friends!" repeated the old man. "No father—no brother—no wife—no sister!"

"None! No one to care whether I live or die," answered the stranger, with a mixture of pride and sadness in his voice. "But, as the song has it,

"I care for nobody—no, not I,
For nobody cares for me!"

There was a certain pathos in the mockery with which he repeated the homely lines, although, as he did, he gathered himself up, as if conscious of a certain consolation and reliance on the resources not dependant on others which he had found in his own strong limbs and his own stout heart.

At that moment he felt a soft touch upon his hand, and he saw Fanny looking at him through the tears that still flowed.

"You have no one to care for you? Don't say so! Come and live with us, brother; we'll

care for you. I have never forgot the flowers—never! Do come! Fanny shall love you. Fanny can work for *three*!"

"And they call her an idiot!" mumbled the old man, with a vacant smile on his lips.

"My sister! You *shall* be my sister! Forlorn one, whom even nature has fooled and betrayed! Sister!—we, both orphans!—Sister!" exclaimed that dark, stern man, passionately, and with a broken voice; and he opened his arms, and Fanny, without a blush or a thought of shame, threw herself on his breast. He kissed her forehead with a kiss that was, indeed, pure and holy as a brother's: and Fanny felt that he had left upon her cheek a tear that was not her own.

"Well," he said, with an altered voice, and taking the old man's hand, "what say you? Shall I take up my lodging with you? I have a little money; I can protect and aid you both. I shall be often away—in London or elsewhere—and will not intrude too much on you. But you blind, and she" (here he broke off the sentence abruptly and went on)—"you should not be left alone. And this neighbourhood, that burial-place, are dear to me. I too, Fanny, have lost a parent; and that grave—"

He paused, and then added, in a trembling voice, "And you have placed flowers over that grave?"

"Stay with us," said the blind man; "not for our sake, but your own. The world is a bad place. I have been long sick of the world. Yes! come and live near the burial ground; the nearer you are to the grave, the safer you are: and you have a little money, you say!"

"I will come to-morrow, then. I must return now. To-morrow, Fanny, we shall meet again."

"Must you go?" said Fanny, tenderly. "But you *will* come again; you know I used to think every one died when *he* left me. I am wiser now. Yet still, when you do leave me, it is true that you die for Fanny!"

At this moment, as the three persons were grouped, each had assumed a posture of form, an expression of face, which a painter of fitting sentiment and skill would have loved to study. The visiter had gained the door; and, as he stood there, his noble height—the magnificent strength and health of his manhood in its full prime—contrasted alike the almost spectral debility of extreme age and the graceful delicacy of Fanny, half girl, half child. There was something foreign in his air, and the half military habit, relieved by the red riband of the Bourbon knighthood. His complexion was dark as that of a Moor, and his raven hair curled close to the stately head. The soldier-mustache—thick, but glossy as silk—shaded the firm lip; and the pointed beard, assumed by the exiled Carlists, heightened the effect of the strong and haughty features, and the expression of the martial countenance.

But, as Fanny's voice died on his ear, he half averted that proud face; and the dark eyes—almost Oriental in their brilliancy and depth of shade—seemed soft and humid. And there stood Fanny, in a posture of such unconscious sadness, such childlike innocence; her arms drooping, her face wistfully turned to his, and a half smile upon the lips, that made still more touching the tears not yet dried upon her cheeks. While thin, frail, shadowy, with white hair and furrowed cheeks, the old man fixed his sightless orbs on space; and his face, usually only animated from the lethargy of advancing dotage by a certain

querulous cynicism, now grew suddenly earnest, and even thoughtful, as Fanny spoke of Death!

CHAPTER V.

"*Ulysses*. Time hath a wallet at his back
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion.
Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright."—*Troilus and Cressida*.

I have not sought—as would have been easy, by a little ingenuity in the earlier portion of this narrative—whatever source of vulgar interest might be derived from the mystery of names and persons. As in Charles Spencer the reader is allowed at a glance to detect Sidney Morton, so in Philip de Vaudemont (the stranger who rescued Fanny) the reader at once recognises the hero of my tale; but, since neither of these young men has a better right to the name resigned than to the name adopted, it will be simpler and more convenient to designate them by those appellations by which they were now known to the world. In truth, Philip de Vaudemont was scarcely the same being as Philip Morton. In the short visit he had paid to the elder Gawtreys when he consigned Fanny to his charge, he had given no name; and the one he now took (when, towards evening of the next day, he returned to Simon's house) the old man heard for the first time. Once more sunk into his usual apathy, Simon did not express any surprise that a Frenchman should be so well acquainted with English; he scarcely noticed that the name was French. Simon's age seemed daily to bring him more and more to that state when life is mere mechanism, and the soul, preparing for its departure, no longer heeds the tenement that crumbles silently and neglected into its lonely dust. Vaudemont came with but little luggage (for he had an apartment in London,) and no attendant; a single horse was consigned to the stables of an inn at hand; and he seemed, as soldiers are, more careful for the comforts of the animal than his own. There was but one woman servant in the humble household, who did all the ruder work; for Fanny's industry could afford it. The solitary servant and the homely fare sufficed for the simple and hardy adventurer.

Fanny, with a countenance radiant with joy, took his hand and led him to his room. Poor child, with that instinct of *woman* which never deserted her, she had busied herself the whole day in striving to deck the chamber according to her own notions of comfort. She had stolen from her little hoard wherewithal to make some small purchases, on which the Dowbiggin of the suburb had been consulted. And, what with flowers on the table and a fire at the hearth, the room looked cheerful.

She watched him as he glanced around, and felt disappointed that he did not utter the admiration she expected. Angry at last with the indifference which, in fact, as to external accommodation, was habitual to him, she plucked his sleeve and said,

"Why don't you speak? Is it not nice? Fanny did her best."

"And a thousand thanks to Fanny! It is all I could wish."

"There is another room, bigger than this, but the wicked woman who robbed us slept there; and, besides, you said you liked the churchyard. See!" and she opened the window, and pointed to the church-tower rising dark against the evening sky.

"This is better than all!" said Vaudemont;

and he looked out from the window in a silent reverie, which Fanny did not disturb.

And now he was settled! From a career so wild, agitated, and various, the adventurer paused in that humble resting nook. But quiet is not repose, obscurity is not content. Often as, morn and eve, he looked forth upon the spot where his mother's heart, unconscious of love and wo, mouldered away, the indignant and bitter feelings of the wronged outcast, and the son who could not clear the mother's name, swept away the subdued and gentle melancholy into which time usually softens regret for the dead, and with which most of us think of the distant past and the once joyous childhood!

In this man's breast lay, concealed by his external calm, those memories and aspirations which are as strong as passions. In his earlier years, when he had been put to hard shifts for existence, he had found no leisure for close and brooding reflection upon that spoliation of just rights—that calumny upon his mother's name which had first brought the Night into his Morning. His resentment towards the Beauforts, it is true, had ever been an intense, but a fitful and irregular passion. It was exactly in proportion as, by those rare and romantic incidents which Fiction cannot invent, and which Narrative takes with diffidence from the great storehouse of Real Life, his step had ascended in the social ladder, that all which his childhood had lost—all which the robbers of his heritage had gained, the grandeur and the power of *WEALTH*—above all, the hourly and the tranquil happiness of a stainless name, became palpable and distinct. He had loved Eugenie as a boy loves, for the first time, an accomplished woman. He regarded her—so refined, so gentle, so gifted—with the feelings due to a superior being—with an eternal recollection of the ministering angel that had shone upon him when he stood on the dark abyss. She was the first that had redeemed his fate—the first that had guided aright his path—the first that had tamed the savage at his breast: it was the young lion charmed by the eyes of Una. The outline of his story had been truly given at Lord Lilburne's. Despite his pride, which revolted from such obligations to another, and a woman—which disliked and struggled against a disguise which at once and alone saved him from the detection of the past and the terrors of the future—he had yielded to her, the wise and the gentle, as one whose judgment he could not doubt; and, indeed, the slanderous falsehoods circulated by the lackey, to whose discretion, the night of Gawtreys's death, Eugenie had preferred to confide her own honour rather than another's life, had (as Liancourt rightly stated) left Philip no option but that which Madame de Merville deemed the best, whether for her happiness or his good name. Then had followed a brief season—the holiday of his life—the season of young hope and passion, of brilliancy and joy, closing by that abrupt death which again left him lonely in the world.

When, from the grief that succeeded to the death of Eugenie, he woke to find himself amid the strange faces and exciting scenes of an Oriental court, he turned with hard and disgustful contempt from Pleasure as an infidelity to the dead. Ambition crept over him; his mind hardened as his cheek bronzed under those burning suns; his hardy frame—his energies prematurely awakened—his constitutional disregard to danger, made him a brave and skilful soldier. He acquired reputation and rank. But, as time went on, the ambition took a higher flight; he felt his sphere

circumscribed; the Eastern indolence that filled up the long intervals between Eastern action chafed a temper never at rest; he returned to France; his reputation, Liancourt's friendship, and the relations of Eugenie—grateful, as has before been implied, for the generosity with which he surrendered the principal part of her bequest opened for him a new career, but one painful and galling. In the Indian court there was no question of his birth; one adventurer was equal with the rest. But in Paris, a man attempting to rise provoked all the sarcasm of wit, all the cavils of party; and in polished and civil life, what valour has weapons against a jest? Thus, in civilisation, all the passions that spring from humiliated self-love and baffled aspiration again preyed upon his breast. He saw, then, that the more he struggled from obscurity, the more acute would become research into his true origin; and his writhing pride almost stung to death his ambition. To succeed in life by regular means was indeed difficult for this man: always recoiling from the name he bore—always strong in the hope yet to regain that to which he conceived himself entitled—cherishing that pride of country which never deserts the native of a free state, however harsh a parent she may have proved—and, above all, whatever his ambition and his passions, taking, from the very misfortunes he had known, an indomitable belief in the ultimate justice of Heaven, he had refused to sever the last ties that connected him with his lost heritage and his forsaken land—he refused to be naturalised—to make the name he bore legally undisputed: he was contented to be an alien. Neither was Vaudemont fitted exactly for that crisis in the social world when the men of journals and talk bustle aside the men of action. He had not cultivated literature—he had no book-knowledge; the world had been his school, and stern life his teacher. Still, eminently skilled in those physical accomplishments which men admire and soldiers covet—calm and self-possessed in manner—of great personal advantages—of much ready talent, and of practised observation in character, he continued to breast the obstacles around him, and to establish himself in the favour of those in power. It was natural to a person so reared and circumstanced to have no sympathy with what is called the popular cause. He was no citizen in the state—he was a stranger in the land. He had suffered, and still suffered, too much from mankind to have that philanthropy—sometimes visionary, but always noble—which, in fact, generally springs from the studies we cultivate, not in the forum, but the closet. Men, alas! too often lose the democratic enthusiasm in proportion as they find reason to suspect or despise their kind. And if there were not hopes for the future which this hard, practical, daily life does not suffice to teach us, the vision and the glory that belong to the great popular creed, dimmed beneath the injustice, the follies, and the vices of the world as it is, would fade into the lukewarm sectarianism of temporary party. Moreover, Vaudemont's habits of thought and reasoning were those of the camp, confirmed by the systems familiar to him in the East: he regarded the populace as a soldier enamoured of discipline and order usually does. His theories, therefore, or, rather, his ignorance of what is sound in theory, went with Charles the Tenth in his excesses, but not with the timidity which terminated those excesses by dethronement and disgrace. Chafed to the heart, gnawed with proud grief, he obeyed the royal mandates, and followed the exiled monarch: his hopes over-

the old fashioned humdrum petticoats, made straight behind and straight before. No, no, henceforth elastic petticoats will be the rage in this era of elasticity, of which not only shall it be recorded by the future historian that in the year 1841 minds were elastic, hearts elastic, opinions elastic, politicians elastic, and purses elastic, but that Oudinot, with the wand of a magician, made *petticoats elastic*!

But that there may be no mistake about these petticoats, and that none of their imperishable attributes may be unknown, I shall now supply the description given by the immortal Oudinot, in his own *bouffante* and *elastique* style:

Brevet d'Invention de Cinq Ans. — Médaille d'Honneur.

Dans chaque ville, saisié de contre-façons. — Amendes et peines voulues par la loi.

SOUS-JUPES-UDINOT

(AVEC SIGNATURE OUDINOT),

BOUFFANTES ET ELASTIQUES.

PRIX: 30, 40, 50 FRANCS, ET AU DESSUS.

Elles forment tournure, soutiennent les robes en même temps qu'elles en régularisent gracieusement les ondulations et le contour; la forme, la fraîcheur, et la qualité ne peuvent s'altérer à l'usage. — On indiquera la tour de taille et la longueur de jupe. — EXPÉDITION, EXPORTATION.

27, PLACE DE LA BOURSE, A PARIS.

There, ladies! send your measures, your lengths and your breadths, your rotundities, and your defectuosités, simply by letter to "the" Oudinot, No. 27 Place de la Bourse, Paris, and for 1*l.* 5*s.*, 1*l.* 10*s.*, or 2*l.* you may be made the most graceful, most *bouffante*, most *elastique*, and most happy of females!

This specimen of French advertisement by no means belongs to the exaggerated class. I could tell of tailors, who measure "geometrically,"—of stay-makers, who "restrain the passions by the cut of their stays;"—of hair-dressers, whose pomatums "add vigour to the intellect;"—of a water, called *phénomène*, whose properties are so extraordinary, that merely its external application hinders the hair from becoming gray, prevents unpleasant dreams, takes away all wrinkles, and renders the skin fresh and healthy as that of an infant six months old; of a *poudre*, which makes the nails as beautiful as mother-of-pearl, the skin as soft as velvet, and the teeth much whiter than snow; of a "rouge," and a "white" combined with it, to give a colour to the skin so natural, that, if possible, it gives a tint even more natural than nature herself; of a *pommade* *Trephicôme*, which will not allow a single hair ever to leave the head without special permission; of a roseate cream which makes the oldest grand-mamma look younger than her grand-children; of a paste called *l'amie de la peau*, which defies and defeats the most obdurate and atrocious disorders of the skin; of "an almond and guimauve soap" which gives a sort of supernatural beauty to all who use it; of a *poudre* *à l'améline*, prepared for the lovers of luxurious baths, and which so softens and whitens the skin that the softness and whiteness are quite "seraphic;" of a *crème de Taïko*, for both young and old beards, which has the effect of rendering shaving "quite a luxury;" of an "epilatory paste," which frightens away in a few seconds any daring intruders, in the form of "stubborn down," on the chins or cheeks of the angelic portion of creation; and of "a water to rinse the mouth with," that leaves so ravishing an odour, that in summer weather bees actually arrive by swarms at your mouth, imagining you to be nothing less than a "bed of violets."

The "advertisements" in French provincial papers are far less amusing. The reason is obvious,—all that is elegant, fashionable, and *distingué* is to be found in Paris. Paris is the government—Paris is the administration—Paris is the source—Paris is every thing. This system of centralisation is carried to such an extent, that if a little wooden bridge over some mountain torrent should be damaged or destroyed by a sudden thaw at the break-up of a long frost, the bridge could not be repaired or rebuilt (though

situate five hundred miles from Paris) until the Minister of the Interior, Minister of the Public Works, and the *administration des ponts et chaussées* had been consulted, nor until reports, maps, surveys and estimates had been ordered, made, transmitted, examined, returned, revised, re-examined, and finally approved. This is no caricature, but an exact statement of a deplorable truth. It was the Emperor Napoleon who habituated the present generation of the French to this centralisation system, and though they feel every day its hourly inconveniences, both moral, political, and physical, they are so used to its workings, that they know not how to set about opposing it, especially as they are stunted in their mental growth by the depressing influence of the system itself. The provincial press, therefore, partakes of the character of the people of the provinces, and consequently all who wish in those provinces to know what is going on, take in or read a Paris paper.

The political papers of Paris are now so well known to the educated classes in England, that a few words will suffice respecting them. The *Journal des Débats* supports the new dynasty. The *Courier Français* is in France what the *Morning Chronicle* would be in England, if such statesmen as those we have just named were in office. The *Temps* follows in the same train, with this exception, that it would rather more resemble *The Globe* than *The Chronicle*. The *Constitutionnel* has no parallel in England. "All things to all men" who can assist it, is the basis of its policy, but always leaning to the popular side of every question, whatever that question may be. The *National* is much more republican than *The Morning Advertiser*, but addresses itself, as does its English contemporary, to the middling classes. The *Siccle* is a cheap edition of the *Courier Français*; for whilst the subscription to the *Siccle* is only fifty francs per annum, that of the *Courier Français* is eighty francs. The *Quotidienne*, *France*, and *Gazette*, are faithfully represented here by *The Morning Post* and *Standard*; but with this exception, that whereas these three French journals are attached to a fallen dynasty, the two English journals are heartily in favour of our young and beloved monarch. The *Commerce* is about of the same politics as *The Sun*, and occupies itself, like its English contemporary, much more with home than with foreign questions.

The judicial journals of Paris are by far the most read of any that are published, and pay their proprietors enormously. The trials at the Paris and provincial courts are recorded with talent, learning and wit. The decisions of judges on points of a commercial or general character are given with great caution and much legal knowledge. The alterations from time to time proposed in the code, or laws, are examined with care and science. The courts of justice of other countries are not left unnoticed, and comparisons are instituted, and improvements suggested, in a good spirit, and without party feeling. The rights of the weak are defended, the cause of the innocent protected; and, as a whole, these legal newspapers are by far the most honest, well conducted, and even entertaining of all French journals. The *Gazette des Tribunaux* still bears the palm of victory, though many attempts have been made to rival or excel it. Its late founder made a large and well-merited fortune; and those who have shares in this print may consider themselves as "very lucky fellows."

The theatrical and gossiping journals are the most lively and witty in Europe. The *Charivari* is quite unrivalled. Its subscription is certainly very high, for though it is as dear as the *Débats*, it does not contain more than a sixth of its matter. But then its lithographic caricatures, "every day in the year," always droll, or burlesque, or comic, or satirical, and always so good, are worth all the money, and ten times more. It was generally thought when the celebrated "laws of September" were made and put into vigorous operation against "the press," that the *Charivari* must fall. It was asked, how can the *Charivari* go on; now it is interdicted by the law from publishing any print or engraving without the permission of the Minister of the Interior, who will not, of course, allow of political allusions! But so

great has been the talent, and so hitherto inexhaustible the wit, fun, and humour of this model journal, that its readers have been unable to perceive that it is daily subjected to a severe censorship. It evades the law most adroitly on all occasions, and is scarcely ever the subject of prosecution. We regret that it should sometimes indulge in caricatures of the king of the French, whom it styles *L'ordre des choses*; but as the pictorial parts of such caricatures are suppressed, it does not do as much mischief as it did formerly.

The *Corsair*, the *Journal des Théâtres*, *La Mode*, and a score of others of the same light and ephemeral character daily appear, and are full of fun, frolic, life, daily adventures, and the subject of chit-chat and gossip of each twenty-four hours. There is nothing like them in England. Would they answer? I doubt it much. The English when abroad, read and relish these things;—so they do *vin ordinaire*, *purée aux croutons*, *mayonnaise de volaille*, and *épinards à la crème*; but follow these self-same John Bulls back to their castles, houses, or cottages, and you might as soon expect to see on their good mahogany-roasted frogs and stewed cats, as "sour ordinary red French wine;" pea-soup made without meat; cold fowl cut in pieces and covered over with cold egg, oil, and mustard; and spinach chopped up as fine as parsley and then stewed with cream and butter—and yet these are the self-same dishes that in Paris they pronounce to be "delicious!" The truth is, that the Englishman at home is a very different being, indeed, to the Englishman abroad. At home, he prefers port, sherry, and madeira;—abroad, chablis, bordeaux, and champagne. At home, he fares by fish, roast-beef, and vegetables (especially potatoes), plain, boiled in water; abroad, he never eats fish without it is so concealed as to look like a ragout, vows that roast-beef is poison to him, and regrets that no English cook ever knew how to dress a cauliflower.

As it is with the Englishman's natural palate when he is abroad, so it is with his intellectual taste. At home he enjoys the forty-eight columns closely printed of *The Times* or *The Morning Herald* with its supplement; or at least the twenty-four columns of *The Morning Chronicle*, *The Globe* or *The Sun*; but abroad he inveighs against such cumbrous newspapers; thinks the French plan by far the best, and hopes the day will come when the editors of London journals will learn the art of compression. He forgets that the French editor, having little to say, soon says it; whereas the English editor, having a mind well stored with ancient and modern lore, seeks to bring both his genius and his arguments to bear upon the subject which he proposes to investigate.

One word in conclusion. The French press has a greater influence on the public mind in France, than the English press has in England. How is this? Because in France there is no *real public mind* capable of investigating, discussing, probing, and comparing for itself, whereas in England, the opinion of the people all think, compare, probe, discuss, and investigate. In France, the people are made by the journals. In England, the journals are edited by men who entertain the same sentiments as that portion of public opinion to which they address themselves. In France, every journal has its party. In England, every party has its journal. The difference is immense. In France, the journal is the master; in England the journal is the representative. Which is the best? That which is adapted to the state of each nation. So each system is good in its sphere.

MORAL.—Then let us ALL be happy!

New Monthly Magazine.

A CROSS-EXAMINATION.

On the celebrated trial of Elizabeth Canning, Mr. Willes, afterwards Solicitor-General in 1766, made a Judge of the King's Bench in 1767, and ultimately raised to the dignity of Chief Justice, thus cross-examined one of the witnesses for the prisoner.*

* As we are all liable to such examinations, we should be acquainted with the process, so as to acquit ourselves with credit.

"What time did she (Elizabeth Canning) come?
—About twelve o'clock at noon.

Did anybody come with her that day?—No, nobody.

Was she in perfect health?—I never saw her better, as I know of.

What had you for dinner?—Some of a cold shoulder of mutton and potatoes, which was dressed the Sunday before.

Did she eat a hearty dinner?—She eat as hearty as she could; she seemed to eat as hearty as I did.

This being new year's day, what did you give her to drink?—She drank some ten-shilling beer, which I had in the house. I was at work in the afternoon.

Does your wife drink tea in the afternoon?—She generally does, whether she has company or not.

Have you seen your niece drink tea?—I have.

Do you think your wife and she had tea that afternoon?—I do really believe they had.

Does your wife generally have bread and butter, or toast with her tea, or not?—She generally chooses toast and butter.

What time did you return home from work?—About seven in the evening.

What had you for supper?—We had some of a sirloin of beef roasted.

Did your niece eat of that?—She eat a small quantity of that, but could not eat much.

What did she drink after that?—She drank a small quantity of ten-shilling beer.

Anecdotes of Westminster Hall.

Whatsoever is rare and passionate, carries the soul to the thoughts of eternity; and by contemplation gives it some glimpses of more absolute perfection, than here it is capable of. When I see the royalty of a state-show at some unwonted solemnity, my thoughts present me something more royal than this. When I see the most enchanting beauties that earth can show me, I yet think there is something far more glorious; methinks I see a kind of higher perfection peeping through the frailty of a face. When I hear the ravishing strains of a sweet-tuned voice, married to the warbles of the artful instrument, I apprehend by this a higher diapason, and do almost believe I hear a little deity whispering through the pory substance of the tongue. When I read a rarely sententious man, I admire him to my own impatience. I cannot read some parts of Seneca, above two leaves together. He raises my soul to contemplation, which sets me a thinking on more than I can imagine. So I am forced to cast and subside to an admiration.—*Felltham.*

TO A LOST FRIEND.

There came a bird in lovely eventide,
In his wild voice the soul of music beamed;
His eye, like dewy morn, to earth returned,
Hymning the death-knell of the dying day.
"Harp of the sky,
O, come again with the sweet soul therein:"
But it never came again!

They brought me, in my life's green summer time,
The sweetest gift o'er which sweet earth has power;
Beauty's own bright ideal—a glorious flower,
So fresh, so young, so dear, so odour full!
—O beautiful!

In all thy fragrance all thy bloom still beam!—
But it faded like a dream.

Oh, fair are the fond soul's wild reveries!
And one that I remember was among the rest,
Like lily 'mid the flowers with snowy vest—
For hope's own magic hand formed the design.

"Lovely, be mine!"
But her bright face saddened in sweet sympathy,
As she whispered, "Not for thee!"

Glittering on the majestic brow of night,
A star was my companion and my friend:
Vast fields of thought it opened to my mind;

I loved it as friends love the soul that's gone.

Glorious, shine on!
Lead up to loftier heights my mounting way!
But it sank on its grave, the sky!

Lady! that bird, and flower, and dream, and star,
'Twas thou! "Ah, why thus 'reft my torn soul
ground?"

And, lo, the great wind from its halls of sound,
Sweeping, with master-hand, the chords of air,
—Earth's sister fair,

Did syllable its music into mortal mode:
"It was the will of God!"

Tait's Magazine.

THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

The spirit of beauty unfurls her light,
And wheels her course in a joyous flight:
I know her track through the balmy air,
By the blossoms that cluster and whiten there;
She leaves the tops of the mountains green,
And gems the valley with crystal sheen.

At morn, I know where she rested at night,
For the roses are gushing with dewy delight;
Then she mounts again, and around her flings
A shower of light from her purple wings,
Till the spirit is drunk with the music on high
That silently fills it with ecstasy!

At noon, she hies to a cool retreat,
Where bowing elms o'er waters meet;
She dimples the wave where the green leaves dip,
That smiles, as it curls, like a maiden's lip,
Where her tremulous bosom would hide, in vain,
From her lover, the hope that she loves again.

At eve, she hangs o'er the western sky
Dark clouds for a glorious canopy;
And round the skirts of each sweeping fold
She paints a border of crimson and gold,
Where the lingering sunbeams love to stay,
When their god in his glory has pass'd away.

She hovers around us at twilight hour,
When her presence is felt with the deepest power;
She mellows the landscape, and crowds the stream
With shadows that flit like a fairy dream:
Still wheeling her flight through the gladsome air,
'The Spirit of Beauty is everywhere!

Rufus Dawes, an American poet.

NEW BOOKS.

The Quadroon. By the author of *Lafitte*, &c.
New York, Harper & Brothers, 1841.

The novels of Professor Ingraham being founded on national subjects, are always interesting to the American reader. His style is of that florid character which pleases most of the readers of fiction, and he displays considerable skill in the invention and narration of incidents, and the construction of a plot. This story is, on the whole, his best performance; and we are not surprised to learn that it is acquiring considerable popularity.

Harper's Family Library.

The two volumes of *Harper's Family Library*, received this week, contain biographies of *John Jay* and *Alexander Hamilton*, and of the celebrated traveller, *James Bruce*.

Professor Renwick is rendering the literature of his country an important service by giving, in a popular style and form, the lives of such men as *Jay* and *Hamilton*. The introduction of such works into a collection, so widely diffused as the *Family Library*, will act as a corrective to the virulence of party abuse, which it is too much the fashion to heap upon the memory of those who have saved the country from ruin in past times.

The biography of *Bruce* is written by *Sir Francis Head*, a gentleman whose amusing accounts of his own travels first brought him into notice. It was once doubted whether *Bruce* had adhered strictly to truth in his accounts of *Abyssinia*; but the state-

ments of more recent travellers confirm those made by him; and his character stands perfectly fair at the present time. As the discoverer of the source of the Nile, he will be always a celebrated personage.

Turner's History of the Anglo Saxons.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have just published a splendid edition of this celebrated work. It is a history of the Anglo Saxons from the earliest times to the Conquest by William I. In respect to method and completeness this history is a model. It does not confine itself to a mere detail of wars and political changes; but it gives a perfect and most delightful view of the progress of THE PEOPLE in knowledge, arts, liberty and virtue. The chapters on the Anglo Saxon language and literature alone are worth the price of the volumes to any one who wishes to understand the peculiar features of the English language, and to become acquainted with the real secret on which the force and beauty of English composition depend. The Saxon type used in these chapters were cast expressly for this edition. Among all the valuable books recently offered to the American public by Messrs. Carey & Hart, we consider none so valuable as this.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SOCIETY in the barbarous and civilised state. An Essay towards discovering the origin and course of human improvement. By W. Cooke Taylor, Esq., L.L.D.: M. R. A. S., of Trinity College, Dublin.

This is a very delightful book. In tracing the progress of society, the author introduces a great number of narratives, anecdotes and illustrations which give force to his argument at the same time that they impart a certain vividness and picturesque beauty to the style. His references to the aborigines of this country, exhibit a much more intimate acquaintance with their history and character than we have been accustomed to observe in European writers. On this part, as well in fact as every other part of his subject, Dr. Taylor shows that he has kept up with the progress of science, and is fully acquainted with the reports of the most recent travellers, as well as with the records of old times.

The volumes correspond in style with the Messrs. Appleton's edition of *Schlegel's Philosophy of History*. Both these works, and all the other recent publications of Messrs. Appleton & Co., are for sale at the book store of Mr. R. S. H. George, 26 South Fifth Street, above Chesnut.

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EDITED BY JOHN SANDERSON, ESQ.

PART I.

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NO. 16.

HORACE WALPOLE.

The faults of Horace Walpole's head and heart are indeed sufficiently glaring. His writings, it is true, rank as high among the delicacies of intellectual epicures as the Strasburgh pies among the dishes described in the *Almanack des Gourmands*. But, as the *pâté-de-foie-gras* owes its excellence to the diseases of the wretched animal which furnishes it, and would be good for nothing if it were not made of livers preternaturally swollen, so none but an unhealthy and disorganised mind could have produced such literary luxuries as the works of Walpole.

He was, unless we have formed a very erroneous judgment of his character, the most eccentric, the most artificial, the most fastidious, the most capricious of men. His mind was a bundle of inconsistent whims and affectations. His features were covered by mask within mask. When the outer disguise of obvious affectation was removed, you were still as far from seeing the real man. He played innumerable parts, and overacted them all. When he talked misanthropy, he out-Timoned Timon. When he talked philanthropy, he left Howard at an immeasurable distance. He scoffed at courts, and kept a chronicle of their most trifling scandal; at society, and was blown about by its slightest veerings of opinion; at literary fame, and left fair copies of his private letters, with copious notes, to be published after his decease; at rank, and never for a moment forgot that he was an honourable; at the practice of entail, and tasked the ingenuity of conveyancers to tie up his villa in the strictest settlement.

The conformation of his mind was such, that whatever was little, seemed to him great, and whatever was great seemed to him little. Serious business was a trifle to him, and trifles were his serious business. To chat with blue-stockings; to write little copies of complimentary verses on little occasions; to superintend a private press; to preserve from natural decay the perishable topics of Ranelagh and White's; to record divorces and bets, Miss Chudleigh's absurdities, and George Selwyn's good sayings; to decorate a grotesque house with pie-crust battlements; to procure rare engravings and antique chimney-boards; to match odd gauntlets; to lay out a maze of walks within five acres of ground,—these were the grave employments of his long life. From these he turned to politics as to an amusement. After the labours of the print-shop and the auction-room, he unbent his mind in the house of commons. And, having indulged in the recreation of making laws and voting mil-

lions, he returned to more important pursuits,—to researches after Queen Mary's comb, Wolsey's red hat, the pipe which Van Tromp smoked during his last seafight, and the spur which King William struck into the flank of Sorrel.

In everything in which he busied himself,—in the fine arts, in literature, in public affairs,—he was drawn by some strange attraction from the great to the little, and from the useful to the odd. The politics in which he took the keenest interest were politics scarcely deserving of the name. The growlings of George the Second, the flirtations of Princess Emily with the Duke of Grafton, the amours of Prince Frederic with Lady Middlesex, the squabbles between Gold Stick and the Master of the Buck-hounds, the disagreements between the tutors of Prince George,—these matters engaged almost all the attention which Walpole could spare from matters more important still;—from bidding for Zinckes and Petitots, from cheapening fragments of tapestry, and handles of old lances, from joining bits of painted glass, and from setting up memorials of departed cats and dogs. While he was fetching and carrying the gossip of Kensington Palace and Carlton House, he fancied that he was engaged in politics, and when he recorded that gossip, he fancied that he was writing history.

If we were to form our opinion of his eminent contemporaries from a general survey of what he has written concerning them, we should say that Pitt was a strutting, ranting, mouthing actor; Charles Townshend, an impudent and voluble jack-pudding; Murray, a demure, cold-blooded, cowardly hypocrite; Hardwicke, an insolent upstart, with the understanding of a pettifogger, and the heart of a hangman; Temple, an impertinent poltroon; Egmont, a solemn coxcomb; Lytleton, a poor creature, whose only wish was to go to heaven in a coronet; Onslow, a pompous proser; Washington, a braggart; Lord Camden, sullen; Lord Townshend, malevolent; Secker, an atheist who had shammed Christian for a mitre; Whitefield, an impostor who swindled his converts out of their watches. The Walpoles fare little better than their neighbours. Old Horace is constantly represented as a coarse, brutal, niggardly buffoon, and his son as worthy of such a father. In short, if we are to trust this discerning judge of human nature, England in his time contained little sense and no virtue, except what was distributed between himself, Lord Waldgrave, and Marshal Conway.

What then is the charm, the irresistible charm of Walpole's writings? It consists, we think, in the art of amusing without exciting. He never convinces the reason, nor fills the imagination,

nor touches the heart; but he keeps the mind of the reader constantly attentive and constantly entertained. He had a strange ingenuity peculiarly his own, an ingenuity which appeared in all that he did, in his building, in his gardening, in his upholstery, in the matter and in the manner of his writings. If we were to adopt the classification,—not a very accurate classification,—which Akenside has given of the pleasures of the imagination, we should say, that with the sublime and the beautiful Walpole had nothing to do, but that the third province, the odd, was his peculiar domain.

He is constantly showing us things,—not of very great value, indeed,—yet things which we are pleased to see, and which we can see nowhere else. They are baubles; but they are made curiosities either by his grotesque workmanship, or by some association belonging to them. His style is one of those peculiar styles by which everybody is attracted, and which nobody can safely venture to imitate. He is a mannerist whose manner has become perfectly easy to him. His affectation is so habitual, and so universal, that it can hardly be called affectation. The affectation is the essence of the man. It pervades all his thoughts and all his expressions. If it were taken away, nothing would be left. He coins new words, distorts the senses of old words, and twists sentences into forms which make grammarians stare. But all this he does, not only with an air of ease, but as if he could not help doing it. His wit was, in its essential properties, of the same kind with that of Cowley and Donne. Like theirs, it consisted in an exquisite perception of points of analogy, and points of contrast too subtle for common observation. Like them, Walpole perpetually startles us by the ease with which he yokes together ideas between which there would seem, at first sight, to be no connection. But he did not, like them, affect the gravity of a lecture, and draw his illustrations from the laboratory and from the schools. His tone was light and fltering; his topics were the topics of the club and the ball-room. And therefore his strange combinations, and far-fetched allusions, though very closely resembling those which tire us to death in the poems of the time of Charles the First, are read with pleasure constantly new.

No man who has written so much is so seldom tiresome. In his books there are scarcely any of those passages which, in our school days, we used to call *skip*. Yet he often wrote on subjects which are generally considered as dull; on subjects which men of great talents have in vain endeavoured to render popular. When we compare

the "Historic Doubts" about Richard the Third with Whiaker's and Chalmers's books on a far more interesting question, the character of Mary Queen of Scots; when we compare the "Anecdotes of Painting" with Nichols's "Anecdotes," or even with Mr. D'Israeli's "Quarrels of Authors," and "Calamities of Authors," we at once see Walpole's superiority, not in industry, not in learning, not in accuracy, not in logical power, but in the art of writing what people will like to read. He rejects all but the attractive parts of his subject. He keeps only what is in itself amusing, or what can be made so by the artifice of his diction. The coarser morsels of antiquarian learning he abandons to others; and sets out an entertainment worthy of a Roman epicure, an entertainment consisting of nothing but delicacies,—the brains of singing birds, the roe of mullets, the sunny halves of peaches. This, we think, is the great merit of his "Romance." There is little skill in the delineation of the characters. Manfred is as commonplace a tyrant, Jerome as commonplace a confessor, Theodore as commonplace a young gentleman, Isabella and Matilda as commonplace a pair of young ladies, as are to be found in any of the thousand Italian castles in which condottieri have revelled, or in which imprisoned duchesses have pined. We cannot say that we much admire the big man whose sword is dug up in one quarter of the globe, whose helmet drops from the clouds in another, and who, after clattering and rustling for some days, ends by kicking the house down. But the story, whatever its value may be, never flags for a single moment. There are no digressions, or unseasonable descriptions, or long speeches. Every sentence carries the action forward. The excitement is constantly renewed. Absurd as is the machinery, and insipid as are the human actors, no reader probably ever thought the book dull.

Walpole's "Letters" are generally considered as his best performances, and, we think, with reason. His faults are far less offensive to us in his correspondence than in his books. His wild, absurd, and ever-changing opinions about men and things are easily pardoned in familiar letters. His bitter, scoffing, depreciating disposition, does not show itself in so unmitigated a manner as in his "Memoirs." A writer of letters must be civil and friendly to his correspondent at least, if to no other person.—*Macaulay.*

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PLAUSIBLE PEOPLE.

BY MRS GORE.

In society, as in the arts, as in politics, or in fifty other things, the world is still deceived by ornament, not alone by gems of price,—"barbaric gold and pearl,"—but by Birmingham gilding as well as barbaric gold—by glass-beads as well as orient pearl. Though aware that "there are counterfeits abroad," we accept people on their own showing, albeit that showing bear as much proportion to the reality, as the portrait of a dwarf or giant placed before a booth at a fair, to the tall man or short woman exhibiting within!

It is a favourite jest with the French, that you may knock a man down, provided you preface the offence with the word "*parden!*" or, as the song runs,

"qu'on peut tout faire,
Quand on le fait poliment!"

In England you may do what you like, provided you do it *plausibly*. Cant your way through life, with the seven deadly sins in your train, not asserting

them to be angels, but wishing to goodness they were not *quite* so wicked, and humbly hoping some day or other they may see the error of their ways, and you will pass for a heavenly-minded man. Deprecation, whether in tone, manner, or phraseology, is an universal pass-key. There is no knowing exactly where to convict such sinners. They envelope themselves in such a thick coating of sackcloth and ashes, that there is some difficulty in finding out the vulnerable points. Their hypocrisy has a sort of shifting shield, which, like the sails of a windmill, run with your attack, and protects them in whatever direction they are approached.

According to Rochefoucault's definition of a courtier, "*un homme sans humeur et sans honneur*," they never suffer themselves to be provoked out of their plausible equanimity. Ever gracious, ever placable, their humility is that of Tartuffe, their impassibility that of Talleyrand, who would not allow the person with whom he was conversing to discover, by the expression of his countenance, that he had received a kick from his enemy in the rear.

To this sub-human patience, however, they super-added more active propensities. The plausible person is essentially a talking animal, an ambulatory puff, an utterer of vauntings—"not loud, but deep." He accuses himself in the humblest tone, of being guilty of the cardinal virtues.

According to his own account, the circumstances attending his conduct are invariably extenuating. "He does not wish to praise himself," but he labours under the singular impunity attributed to the right divine of the throne: he can do no wrong. By some strange concatenation of events, he is impeccable. It would grieve him much that he should be supposed to pride himself on this. Heaven forbid that he should be pharisaical in his virtue. On the contrary, humility has been esteemed his leading merit. But so it is, that when others fall into frailty, by some inherent faults (like the leaded foundations of tumblers in Dutch toys), he is forced to stand upright.

The world, that wide-mouthed dupe, swallows all this as glibly as it is uttered. The man who anoints himself all over with the oil of laudation above his fellows, may pass through the eye of a needle, albeit as crooked as a camel. Smooth as a billiard-ball, and sticking at nothing, he makes his infallible way into the pocket, and wins his game. *His* is the virtue which, so far from being its own reward, obtains a premium from parliament, and sits up like a golden image for the adoration of the multitude.

Plausible people are the fatted kine of this world. They insinuate themselves like the weasel, into the meal-tub; and like Reynard, their stealthy steps make an unsuspected way into the hen-roost. While your ears are still fascinated by their gentle protestations, you find they have been picking your locks or your pocket. You hear a patriot praising himself for more than Spartan virtue, watching your eye all the time for a favourable opportunity to escape up the back stairs, and sneak into the presence of royalty. The next time you see him, he will be on the treasury bench!

Another favourite form of plausibility, is to appear in the arena of life, trembling and defenceless, *sans armes comme l'innocence*,—

"a naked new-born babe
Striding the blast."

You cannot tread upon a thing that crawls to your feet, and calls itself a worm. If it owned itself an asp you would have a right to exterminate the reptile. "But a poor, harmless, miserable, unoffending worm, that could not do mischief if it would, and would not if it could, you would not be such a monster as to set your foot upon its innocent head!" Thus pleaded for by its own weakness, the worm of Nile establishes itself by your heath; and one fine day, when you find yourself stung with mortal venom, the fatal wound proves to have proceeded from "the poor, harmless, miserable, unoffending worm, that could not do mischief if it would, and would not if it could!" Whereupon you utter a few un courteous remarks upon Plausible People.

The force of endeavour will do wonders towards

acquiring the form and show of righteousness, by those who

"Assume a virtue though they have it not."

In the crowd of beggars that surround a traveling carriage at the foreign post-houses, some halt, some blind, some maimed—all screaming for charity; it requires the eye of a policeman to detect the genuine cripple, and make the dumb speak. If the uninitiated pretend to perform Duke Humphry's miracle, and make the lame man sing aside his crutches and fly the field, they are sure to hit upon the wrong man, so cunning are the impostors. So is it with the Plausible. By dint of strenuously pretending to be good, wise, or zealous, they contrast almost the form and pressure of virtue and wisdom. A jeweller could scarcely detect the pure gold from the crysocal. Though we positively know that it is the clowd preaching in the sacerdotal robe of Sir Topaz, we cannot help listening to his exposition of the doctrines of the Metempsychosis. He looks so very grave—he talks so very learnedly! Our prejudices must have deceived us. The man so very like the chaplain, cannot be the fool!

Above all, it is scarcely possible to detect a plausible woman. Had Messalina chosen to array herself in a vestal's robe, and take her part in the procession as a bearer of the sacred fire, by due gravity of deportment she would have secured the respect of the multitude. So in our own times; just as a quaker's dress in the favourite disguise of the least reputable frequenters of the masquerade, enormous professions of morality form the distinguishing feature of those who have any thing unsatisfactory to conceal behind that whited wall. It is only in a faint whisper that the select few who listen to their chantings, insinuate that "the lady doth protest too much;" that such very strait-lacing usually purports to disguise some imperfection in the shape. The world, edified by her precepts of holiness, her *suspirium sanctum*, cries "Hear, hear, hear," with all its lungs; and makes affidavit that the Venus de Medicis is not more free from deformity, than the Sheldrake invented form which so sweetly solicits its approbation. How can the public be savage, when so persuasively addressed with the epithet "indulgent!"

When we see judges, juries, ordinaries of Newgate, police magistrates, and other public functionaries whose hearts are supposed to have become as the nether mill-stone through much practice, whose eyes as those of the lynx, whose ears as those of the mole, taken in year after year by the protestations of malefactors, and petitioning the Home Office for reprobates capable of picking the turnkey's pocket of their reprieve, or biting off the ear of the ordinary who has recommended them to mercy, it is impossible to wonder at the unsophistication which exposes the less wary classes of the community to be quacked to death by plausible doctors, ruined in lawsuits by plausible solicitors, or won over to adoration by plausible moralists in prose or verse. It is scarcely possible to be always on our guard, and there is no mendicinity society of good company established for the due examination of people's claims. If in dread of imposition we refuse our obelus to the real Belisarius, we never forgive ourselves, and if we reject with nausea some over-sweetened cup of sweets, the leprous distilment is poured into the porches of our ears as into those of *Hamlet's* father, some afternoon when we are napping, and our scruples are set at eternal rest!

There is a certain Jonathan Wilson, Esq., a man to whom the hats of bankers fly off in the streets—whose name figures as director of half-a-dozen companies and governor of half-a-dozen institutions. The bankers reverence the governors and directors; the companies and institutions reverence the man who commands the respect of bankers; and while standing like a colossal Croesus, with a foot upon the necks of each, Jonathan Wilson can afford to be not worth a guinea.

Jonathan Wilson was the younger son of a younger brother, without a shilling he could by birthright call his own. Air is sorry food for any thing but camellions and orchidaceous plants, more particularly to a man born like Jonathan Wilson, with an appetite for

thrown, his career in France annihilated for ever. But, on entering England, his temper, confident and ready of resource, fastened itself on new food. In the land where he had no name might he yet rebuild his fortunes. It was an arduous effort—an improbable hope; but the words heard by the bridge of Paris—words that had often cheered him in his exile through hardships and through dangers which it is unnecessary to our narrative to detail—yet rung again in his ear as he leaped on his native land: "Time, Faith, Energy."

While such his character in the larger and more distant relations of life, in the closer circles of companionship many rare and noble qualities were visible. It is true that he was stern, perhaps imperious—of a temper that always struggled to command; but he was deeply susceptible of kindness, and, if feared by those who opposed, loved by those who served him. About his character was that mixture of tenderness and fierceness which belonged of old to the descriptions of the warrior. Though so little lettered, life had taught him a certain poetry of sentiment and idea; more poetry, perhaps, in the silent thoughts that, in his happier moments, filled his solitude, than in half the pages that his brother had read and written by the dreaming lake. A certain largeness of idea and nobility of impulse often made him *act* the sentiments of which bookmen *write*. With all his passions, he held licentiousness in disdain; with all his ambition for the power of wealth, he despised its *luxury*. Simple, masculine, severe, abstemious, he was of that mould in which, in earlier times, the successful men of action have been cast. But to successful action, circumstance is more necessary than to triumphant study.

It was to be expected that, in proportion as he had been familiar with a purer and nobler life, he should look with great and deep self-humiliation at his early association with Gawtreys. He was, in this respect, more severe on himself than any other mind ordinarily just and candid would have been, when fairly surveying the circumstances of penury, hunger and despair which had driven him to Gawtreys's roof, the imperfect nature of his early education, the boyish trust and affection he had felt for his protector, and his own ignorance of, and exemption from, all the worse practices of that unhappy criminal. But still, when, with the knowledge he had now acquired, the man looked calmly back, his cheek burned with remorseful shame at his unreflecting companionship in a life of subterfuge and equivocation, the true nature of which the *boy* (so circumstanced as we have shown him) might be forgiven for not at that time comprehending. Two advantages resulted, however, from the error and the remorse: first, the humiliation it brought curbed, in some measure, a pride that might otherwise have been arrogant and unamiable; and, secondly, as I have before intimated, his profound gratitude to Heaven for his deliverance from the snares that had beset his youth, gave his future the guide of an earnest and heartfelt faith. He acknowledged in life no such thing as *accident*. Whatever his struggles, whatever his melancholy, whatever his sense of worldly wrong, he never despaired; for nothing now could shake his belief in one directing Providence.

The ways and habits of Vaudemont were not at discord with those of the quiet household in which he was now a guest. Like most men of strong frames, and accustomed to active, not studious pursuits, he rose early, and usually rode to

London, to come back late at noon to their frugal meal. And if again, perhaps at the hour when Fanny and Simon retired, he would often return to London, his own pass-key readmitted him, at whatever hour he came back, without disturbing the sleep of the household. Sometimes, when the sun began to decline, if the air was warm, the old man would crawl out, leaning on that strong arm, through the neighbouring lanes, ever returning through the lonely burial-ground; or, when the blind host clung to his fireside, and composed himself to sleep, Philip would saunter forth alone with Fanny; and, on the days when she went to sell her work or select her petty purchases, he always made a point of attending her. And her cheek wore a flush of pride when she saw him carrying her little basket, or waiting without, in musing patience, while she performed her commissions in the shops. Though, in reality, Fanny's intellect was ripening within, yet still the surface often misled the eye as to the depths. It was rather that something yet held back the faculties from their growth, than that the faculties themselves were wanting. Her weakness was more of the nature of the infant's than of one afflicted with incurable imbecility. For instance, she managed the little household with skill and prudence; she could calculate in her head, as rapidly as Vaudemont himself, the arithmetic necessary to her simple duties; she knew the value of money, which is more than some of us wise folks do. Her art, even in her infancy so remarkable in various branches of female handiwork, was carried, not only by perseverance, but by invention and peculiar talent, to a marvellous and exquisite perfection. Her embroidery, especially in what was then more rare than at present, viz., of flowers on silk, was much in request among the great *modistes* of London, to whom it found its way through the agency of Miss Semper. So that all this had enabled her, for years, to provide every necessary comfort of life for herself and her blind protector. And her care for the old man was beautiful in its minuteness, its vigilance. Wherever her heart was interested there never seemed a deficiency of mind. Vaudemont was touched to see how much of affectionate and pitying respect she appeared to enjoy in the neighbourhood, especially among the humbler classes; even the beggar who swept the crossings did not beg of *her*, but bade God bless her as she passed; and the rude, discontented artisan would draw himself from the wall and answer, with a softened brow, the smile with which the harmless one charmed his courtesy. In fact, whatever attraction she took from her youth, her beauty, her misfortune, and her affecting industry, was heightened, in the eyes of the poorer neighbours, by many little traits of charity and kindness; many a sick child had she tended, and many a breadless board had stolen something from the stock set aside for her father's grave.

"Don't you think," she once whispered to Vaudemont, "that God attends to us more if we are good to those who are sick and hungry?"

"Certainly we are taught to think so."

"Well, I'll tell you a secret—don't tell again. Grandpapa once said that my father had done bad things; now, if Fanny is good to those she can help, I think that God will hear her more kindly when she prays him to forgive what her father did. Do you think so too? Do say—you are so wise!"

"Fanny, you are wiser than all of us; and I feel myself better and happier when I hear you speak."

There were, indeed, many moments when Vaudemont thought that her deficiencies of intellect might have been repaired, long since, by skilful culture and habitual companionship with those of her own age; from which companionship, however, Fanny, even when at school, had shrunk aloof. At other moments there was something so absent and distracted about her, or so fantastic and incoherent, that Vaudemont, with the man's hard, worldly eye, read in it nothing but melancholy confusion. Nevertheless, if the skein of ideas was entangled, each thread, in itself, was a thread of gold.

Fanny's great object—her great ambition—her one hope, was a tomb for her supposed father. Whether from some of that early religion attached to the grave, which is most felt, perhaps, in Catholic countries, and which she had imbibed at the convent, or from her residence so near the burial-ground, and the affection with which she regarded the spot—whatever the cause, she had cherished for some years, as young maidens usually cherish the desire of the altar, the dream of the grave-stone. But the hoard was amassed so slowly—now old Gawtreys was attacked by illness—now there was some little difficulty in the rent—now some fluctuation in the price of work—and now, and more often than all, some demand on her charity, which interfered with, and drew from, the pious savings. This was a sentiment in which her new friend sympathised deeply; for he, too, remembered that his first gold had bought that humble stone which still preserved above the earth the memory of his mother.

Meanwhile, days crept on, and no new violence was offered to Fanny. Vaudemont learned, then, by little and little—and Fanny's account was very confused—the nature of the danger she had run.

It seemed that one day, tempted by the fineness of the weather up the road that led from the suburb farther into the country, Fanny was stopped by a gentleman in a carriage, who accosted her, as she said, very kindly, and, after several questions, which she answered with her usual unsuspecting innocence, learned her trade, insisted on purchasing some articles of work which she had at the moment in her basket, and promised to procure her a constant purchaser, upon much better terms than she had hitherto obtained, if she would call at a house about a mile from the suburb towards London. This she promised to do, and this she did, according to the address he gave her. She was admitted to a lady more gaily dressed than Fanny had ever seen a lady before; the gentleman was also present; they both loaded her with compliments, and bought her work at a price which seemed about to realise all the hopes of the poor girl as to the grave-stone for William Gawtreys (as if his evil fate pursued that wild man beyond the grave, and his very tomb was to be purchased by the gold of the polluter!) The lady then appointed her to call again; but, meanwhile, she met Fanny in the streets, and, while she was accosting her, it fortunately chanced that Miss Semper, the milliner, passed that way; turned round, looked hard at the lady, used very angry language to her, seized Fanny's hand, led her away, while the lady slunk off; and told her that the said lady was a very bad woman, and that Fanny must never speak to her again. Fanny most cheerfully promised this. And, in fact, the lady, probably afraid, whether of the mob or the magistrates, never again came near her.

"And," said Fanny, "I gave the money they had both given to me to Miss Semper, who said she would send it back."

"You did right, Fanny; and, as you made one promise to Miss Semper, so you must make me one: never to stir from home again without me or some other person. No, no *other* person—only me. I will give up everything else to go with you."

"Will you? Oh, yes, I promise! I used to like going alone, but that was before you came, brother."

And, as Fanny kept her promise, it would have been a bold gallant indeed who would have ventured to molest her by the side of that stately and strong protector.

CHAPTER VI.

Timon. Each thing's a thief:
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have unchecked theft.

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords,
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command."—*Timon of Athens.*

On the day and at the hour fixed for the interview with the stranger who had visited Mr. Beaufort, Lord Lilburne was seated in the library of his brother-in-law; and before the elbow-chair, in which he lolled carelessly, stood our old friend Mr. Sharp, of Bow-street notability.

"Mr. Sharp," said the peer, "I have sent for you to do me a little favour. I expect a man here who professes to give Mr. Beaufort, my brother-in-law, some information about a lawsuit. It is necessary to know the exact value of his evidence. I wish you to ascertain all particulars about him. Be so good as to seat yourself in the porter's chair in the hall; note him when he enters, unobserved yourself; but, as he is probably a stranger to you, note him still more when he leaves the house; follow him at a distance; find out where he lives, whom he associates with, where he visits, their names and directions, what his character and calling are—in a word, everything you can, and report to me each evening. Dog him well—never lose sight of him—you will be handsomely paid. You understand."

"Ah!" said Mr. Sharp, "leave me alone, my lord. Been employed before by your lordship's brother-in-law. We knows what's what."

"I don't doubt it. To your post. I expect him every moment."

And, in fact, Mr. Sharp had only just ensconced himself in the porter's chair when the stranger knocked at the door; in another moment he was shown in to Lord Lilburne.

"Sir," said his lordship, without rising, "be so good as to take a chair. Mr. Beaufort is obliged to leave town; he has asked me to see you; I am one of his family—his wife is my sister; you may be as frank with me as with him—more so, perhaps."

"I beg the favour of your name, sir," said the stranger, adjusting his collar.

"Yours first—business is business."

"Well, then, Captain Smith."

"Of what regiment?"

"Half-pay."

"I am Lord Lilburne. Your name is Smith—humph!" added the peer, looking over some notes before him. "I see it is also the name of the witness appealed to by Mrs. Morton—humph!"

At this remark, and still more at the look

which accompanied it, the countenance, before impudent and complacent, of Captain Smith fell into visible embarrassment; he cleared his throat, and said, with a little hesitation,

"My lord, that witness is living!"

"No doubt of it; witnesses are never wanting where property is concerned and imposture intended."

At this moment the servant entered, and placed a little note, quaintly folded, before Lord Lilburne. He glanced at it in surprise; opened, and read as follows, in pencil:

"My Lord,—I knows the man; take caer of him; he is as big a roge as ever stept; he was transported some three year back, and, unless his time has been shortened by the Home, he's absent without levee. We used to call him Dashing Jerry. That ere youngster we went arter, by Mr. Bofort's wish, was a pal of his. Scuze the liberty I take.
R. SHARP."

While Lord Lilburne held this effusion to the candle and spelled his way through it, Captain Smith, recovering his self-composure, thus proceeded:

"Imposture, my lord! imposture! I really don't understand. Your lordship really seems so suspicious that it is quite uncomfortable. I am sure it is all the same to me; and, if Mr. Beaufort does not think proper to see me himself, why, I'd best make my bow."

And Captain Smith rose.

"Stay a moment, sir. What Mr. Beaufort may yet do, I cannot say; but I know this: you stand charged of a very grave offence; and, if your witness or witnesses—you may have fifty for what I care—are equally guilty, so much the worse for them."

"My lord, I really don't comprehend."

"Then I will be more plain. I accuse you of devising an infamous falsehood for the purpose of extorting money. Let your witnesses appear in court, and I promise that you, they, and the young man, Mr. Morton, whose claim they set up, shall be indicted for conspiracy—conspiracy, if accompanied (as in the case of your witnesses) with perjury, of the blackest die. Mr. Smith, I know you; and, before ten o'clock to-morrow, I shall know also if you had his majesty's leave to quit the colonies! Ah! I am plain enough now, I see."

And Lord Lilburne threw himself back in his chair, and coldly contemplated the white face and dismayed expression of the crestfallen captain. That most worthy person, after a pause of confusion, amaze, and fear, made an involuntary stride, with a menacing gesture, towards Lilburne: the peer quietly placed his hand on the bell.

"One moment more," said the latter; "if I ring this bell, it is to place you in custody. Let Mr. Beaufort but see you here once again—nay, let him but hear another word of this pretended lawsuit, and you return to the colonies. Pshaw! Frown not at me, sir! A Bow-street officer is in the hall. Begone!—no, stop one moment, and take a lesson in life. Never again attempt to threaten people of property and station. Around every rich man is a wall—better not run your head against it."

"But I swear solemnly," cried the knave, with an emphasis so startling that it carried with it the appearance of truth, "that the marriage did take place."

"And I say, no less solemnly, that any one who swears it in a court of law shall be prose-

cuted for perjury! Bah! you are a sorry rogue! after all!"

And with an air of supreme and half-compassionate contempt, Lord Lilburne turned away and stirred the fire. Captain Smith muttered and fumbled a moment with his gloves, then shrugged his shoulders and sneaked out.

That night Lord Lilburne again received his friends, and among his guests came Vaudemont. Lilburne was one who liked the study of character, especially the character of men wrestling against the world. Wholly free from every species of ambition, he seemed to reconcile himself to his apathy by examining into the disquietude, the mortification, the heart's wear and tear which are the lot of the ambitious. Like the spider in his hole, he watched with a hungry pleasure the flies struggling in the web, through whose slimy labyrinth he walked with an easy safety. Perhaps one reason why he loved gaming was less from the joy of winning than the philosophical complacency with which he feasted on the emotions of those who lost. Always serene, and, except in debauch, always passionless—Magedie, tracing the experiments of science in the agonies of some tortured dog, could not be more rapt in the science, and more indifferent to the dog, than Lord Lilburne, ruining a victim, in the analysis of human passions, and stoical to the writhings of the wretch whom he tranquilly dissected. He wished to win money of Vaudemont—to ruin this man, who presumed to be more generous than other people—to see a bold adventurer submitted to the wheel of the fortune which reigns in a pack of cards; and all, of course, without the least hate to the man whom he then saw for the first time. On the contrary, he felt a respect for Vaudemont. Like most worldly men, Lord Lilburne was prepossessed in favour of those who seek to rise in life; and, like men who have excelled in manly and athletic exercises, he was also prepossessed in favour of those who appeared fitted for the same success.

Liancourt took aside his friend as Lord Lilburne was talking with his other guests:

"I need not caution you, who never play, not to commit yourself to Lord Lilburne's tender mercies."

"Nay," answered Vaudemont, "I want to know this man: I have reasons which alone induce me to enter his house. I can afford to venture something, because I wish to see if I can gain something for one dear to me. And for the rest, I know him too well not to be on my guard." With that he joined Lord Lilburne's group, and accepted the invitation to the card-table. At supper, Vaudemont conversed more than was habitual to him; he especially addressed himself to his host, and listened, with great attention, to Lilburne's caustic comments upon every topic successively started. And whether it was the art of De Vaudemont, or from an interest that Lord Lilburne took in studying what was to him a new character—or whether that, both men excelling peculiarly in all masculine accomplishments, their conversation was of a nature that was more attractive to themselves than to others—it so happened that they were still talking while the daylight already peered through the window-curtains.

"And I have outstayed all your guests," said De Vaudemont, glancing round the emptied room.

"It is the best compliment you could pay me. Another night we can enliven our *tête-à-tête* with *écarté*; though at your age, and with your appear-

see, I am surprised, Monsieur de Vaudemont, that you are fond of play: I should have thought that it was not in a pack of cards that you looked for hearts. But perhaps you are *blasé* betimes of the *beau sexe*."

"Yet your devotion to it is, perhaps, as great now as ever?"

"Mine? No, not as ever. To different ages different degrees. At your age I wooed, at mine purchase—the better plan of the two: it does not take up half so much time."

"Your marriage, I think, Lord Lilburne, was not blessed with children. Perhaps sometimes you feel the want of them?"

"If I did, I could have them by the dozen. Other ladies have been more generous in that department than the Lady Lilburne, Heaven rest her!"

"And," said Vaudemont, fixing his eyes with some earnestness on his host, "if you were really persuaded that you had a child; or perhaps a grandchild—the mother, one whom you loved in your first youth—a child affectionate, beautiful, and especially needing your care and protection, would you not suffer that child, though illegitimate, to supply to you the want of filial affection?"

"Filial affection, *mon cher*!" repeated Lord Lilburne; "needing my care and protection! Pshaw! In other words, would I give board and lodging to some young vagabond who was good enough to say he was son to Lord Lilburne?"

"But if you were convinced that the claimant were your son, or perhaps your daughter—a tenderer name of the two, and a more helpless claimant?"

"My dear Monsieur de Vaudemont, you are doubtless a man of gallantry and of the world. If the children whom the law forces on one are, nine times out of ten, such damnable plagues, judge if one would father those whom the law permits us to disown. Natural children are the *Parias* of the world, and I—am one of the *Brahmans*."

"But," persisted Vaudemont, "if you had loved—if you had wronged the mother; if in the child you saw one who, without your aid, might be exposed to every curse with which the *Parias* (true, the *Parias*!) of the world are too often visited, and who, with your aid, might become, as age advanced, your companion, your nurse, your comforter—"

"Tush!" interrupted Lilburne, with some impatience, "I know not how our conversation fell on such a topic: perhaps you know a young lady or gentleman out of a father who wants to get into one; if so, rest assured that I have no mind to engage the applicant—nay, excuse me, I did but jest. But look you, Monsieur de Vaudemont, no man has studied the art of happiness more than I have; and I will tell you the great secret: have as few ties as possible. Nurse! pooh! I could hire one by the week a thousand times more useful and careful than a bore of a child. Comforter! a man of mind never wants comfort. And there is no such thing as sorrow while we have health and money, and don't care a straw for anybody in the world. If you choose to love people, *their* health and circumstances, if either go wrong, can fret you: that opens many avenues to pain. Never *live* alone, but always *feel* alone. You think this unamiable: possibly. I am no hypocrite, and I never affect to be anything but what I am—John Lilburne."

As the peer thus spoke, Vaudemont, leaning

against the door, contemplated him with a strange mixture of interest and disgust. "And John Lilburne" was thought a great man, and William Gawtreys was a great rogue. You don't conceal your heart?—no, I understand. Wealth and power have no need of hypocrisy: you are the man of vice, Gawtreys the man of crime. You never sin against the law, he was a felon by his trade. And the felon saved from vice the child, and from want the grandchild (*your* flesh and blood) whom you disown: which will Heaven consider the worse man? No, poor Fanny! I see I am wrong. If he would own you, I would not give you up to the ice of such a soul: better the blind man than the dead heart!"

"Well, Lord Lilburne," said De Vaudemont, aloud, shaking off his reverie, "I must own that your philosophy seems to me the wisest for yourself. For a poor man it might be different: the poor need affection."

"Certainly," said Lord Lilburne, with an air of patronising candour.

"And I will own farther," continued De Vaudemont, "that I have willingly lost my money in return for the instruction I have received in hearing you converse."

"You are kind: come and take your revenge next Thursday. Adieu."

As Lord Lilburne undressed, and his valet attended him, he said to that worthy functionary,

"So you have not been able to make out the name of the stranger—the new lodger you tell me of?"

"No, my lord. They only say he is a very fine looking man."

"You have not seen him?"

"No, my lord. What do you wish me now to do?"

"Humph! Nothing at this moment! You manage things so badly, you might get me into a scrape. I never do anything the law, or the police, or even the newspapers can take hold of. I must think of some other way, humph! I never give up anything—do I, Dykeman? I never fail in what I undertake! If life had been worth what fools trouble it with—business and ambition—I suppose I should have been a great man with a very bad liver—ha! ha! I alone, of all the world, ever found out what the world was good for! Draw the curtains, Dykeman."

CHAPTER VII.

"Org. Welcome thou ice that sit'st about his heart!
No heat can ever thaw thee!"—Ford: *Broken Heart*.

"Nearch. Honourable infamy!"—*Ibid*.

"Aryc. Her tenderness hath yet deserved no rigour,
So to be crossed by Fate!

Aryc. You misapprehend, sir,
With favour let me speak it, what Apollo
Hath clouded in dim sense!"—*Ibid*.

If Vaudemont had fancied that, considering the age and poverty of Simon, it was his duty to see whether Fanny's not more legal, but more natural, protector were indeed the unredeemed and unmalleable egotist which Gawtreys had painted him, the conversation of one night was sufficient to make him abandon for ever the notion of advancing her claims upon Lord Lilburne. But Philip had another motive in continuing his acquaintance with that personage. The sight of his mother's grave had recalled to him the image of that lost brother over whom he had vowed to watch. And, despite the deep sense of wronged affection with which he yet remembered the

cruel letter that had contained the last tidings of Sidney, Philip's heart clung with undying fondness to that fair shape associated with all the happy recollections of childhood; and his conscience as well as his love asked him, each time that he passed the churchyard, "Will you make no effort to obey that last prayer of the mother who consigned her darling to your charge?" Perhaps, had Philip been in want, or had the name he now bore been sullied by his conduct, he might have shrunk from seeking one whom he might injure, but could not serve. But, though not rich, he had more than enough for tastes as hardy and simple as any to which soldier of fortune ever limited his desires. And he thought, with a sentiment of just and noble pride, that the name which Eugenie had forced upon him had been borne spotless as the ermine through the trials and vicissitudes he had passed since he had assumed it. Sidney could give him nothing, and therefore it was his duty to seek Sidney out. Now he had always believed in his heart that the Beauports were acquainted with a secret which he more and more pined to penetrate. He would, for Sidney's sake, smother his hate to the Beauports; he would not reject their acquaintance if thrown in his way; nay, secure by his change of name and his altered features from all suspicion on their part, he would seek that acquaintance in order to find his brother and fulfil Catharine's last commands. His intercourse with Lilburne would necessarily bring him easily into contact with Lilburne's family. And in this thought he did not reject the invitations pressed on him. He felt, too, a dark and absorbing interest in examining a man who was in himself the incarnation of the World—the World of Art—the World as the Preacher paints it—the hollow, sensual, sharp-witted, self-wrapped World—the World that is all for this life, and thinks of no Future and no God!

Lord Lilburne was, indeed, a study for deep contemplation. A study to perplex the ordinary thinker, and task to the utmost the analysis of more profound reflection. William Gawtreys had possessed no common talents; he had discovered that his life had been one mistake: Lord Lilburne's intellect was far keener than Gawtreys's, and he had never made, and, if he had lived to the age of old Parr, never would have made, a similar discovery. He never wrestled against a law, though he slipped through all laws! And he knew no remorse, for he knew no fear. Lord Lilburne had married early, and long survived, a lady of fortune, the daughter of the then premier: the best match, in fact, of his day. And for one very brief period of his life he had suffered himself to enter into the field of politics: the only ambition common with men of equal rank. He showed talents that might have raised one so gifted by circumstance to any height, and then retired at once into his old habits and old system of pleasure. "I wished to try," said he once, "if Fame was worth one headach; and I have convinced myself that the man who can sacrifice the bone in his mouth to the shadow of the bone in the water is a fool." From that time he never once attended the House of Lords, and declared himself of no political opinions one way or the other. Nevertheless, the world had a general belief in his powers, and Vaudemont reluctantly subscribed to the world's verdict. Yet he had done nothing—he had read but little—he laughed at the world to its face; and *that* was, after all, the main secret of his ascendancy over those who were drawn into his circle. That contempt of

the world placed the world at his feet. His sardonic and polished indifference—his professed code that there was no life worth caring for but his own life—his exemption from all cant, prejudice, and disguise—the frigid lubricity with which he glided out of the grasp of the Conventional, whenever it so pleased him, without shocking the Decorums whose sense is in their ear, and who are not roused by the deed, but by the noise—all this had in it the marrow and essence of a system triumphant with the vulgar; for little minds give importance to the man who gives importance to nothing. Lord Lilburne's authority, not in matters of taste alone, but in those which the world calls judgment and common sense, was regarded as an oracle. He cared not a straw for the ordinary bawbles that attract his order; he had refused both a step in the peerage and the garter (both which had at one time been offered him, as inducements to join the administration), and this was often quoted in his honour. But you only try a man's virtue when you offer him something that he covets. The earldom and the garter were to Lord Lilburne no more tempting inducements than a doll or a skipping-rope; had you offered him an infallible cure for the gout, or an antidote against old age, you might have hired him as your lackey on your own terms. Lord Lilburne's next heir was the son of his only brother, a person entirely dependant on his uncle. Lord Lilburne allowed him £1000 a year, and kept him always abroad in a diplomatic situation. He looked upon his successor as a man who wanted power, but not inclination, to become an assassin!

Though he lived sumptuously and grudged himself nothing, Lord Lilburne was far from an extravagant man: he might, indeed, be considered close; for he knew how much of comfort and consideration he owed to his money, and valued it accordingly; he knew the best speculations and the best investments. If he took shares in an American canal, you might be sure that the shares would soon be double in value; if he purchased an estate, you might be certain it was a bargain. This pecuniary tact and success necessarily augmented his fame for wisdom.

He had been, in early life, a successful gambler, and some suspicions of his fair play had been noised abroad; but, as has been recently seen in the instance of a man of rank equal to Lilburne's, though, perhaps, of less acute if more cultivated intellect, it is long before the pigeon will turn round upon a falcon of breed and metal. The rumours, indeed, were so vague as to carry with them no weight. During the middle of his career, when in the full flush of health and fortune, he had renounced the gaming-table. Of late years, as advancing age made time more heavy, he had resumed the resource, and with all his former good luck. The money-market, the table, the sex, constituted the other occupations and amusements with which Lord Lilburne filled up his rosy leisure.

Another way by which this man had acquired reputation for ability was this: he never pretended to any branch of knowledge of which he was ignorant, any more than to any virtue in which he was deficient. Honesty itself was never more free from quackery or deception than was this imbodied and walking Vice. If the world chose to esteem him, he did not buy its opinion by imposture. No man ever saw Lord Lilburne's name in a public subscription, whether for a new church, or a bible society, or a distressed family; no man ever heard of his doing one generous,

benevolent, or kindly action; no man was ever startled by one philanthropical, pious, or amiable sentiment from those mocking lips. Yet, in spite of all this, John Lord Lilburne was not only esteemed, but liked by the world, and set up in the chair of its Rhadamanthuses. In a word, he seemed to Vaudemont—and he was so in reality—a brilliant example of the might of Circumstance; an instance of what may be done in the way of reputation and influence by a rich, well-born man, to whom the will a kingdom is. A little of genius, and Lord Lilburne would have made his vices notorious and his deficiencies glaring; a little of heart, and his habits would have led him into countless follies and discreditable scrapes. It was the lead and the stone that, like the lean poet in a gale of wind, he carried about him, that preserved his equilibrium, no matter which way the breeze blew. But all his qualities, positive or negative, would have availed him nothing without that position which enabled him to take his ease in that inn—the world—which presented, to every detection of his want of intrinsic nobleness, the irreproachable respectability of a high name, a splendid mansion, and a rent-roll without a flaw. Vaudemont drew comparisons between Lilburne and Gawtreys, and he comprehended at last why one was a low rascal and the other a great man.

Although it was but a few days after their first introduction to each other, Vaudemont had been twice to Lord Lilburne's, and their acquaintance was already on an easy footing, when one afternoon, as the former was riding through the streets towards H—, he met the peer, mounted on a stout cob, which, from its symmetrical strength, pure English breed, and exquisite grooming, showed something of those sporting tastes for which, in earlier life, Lord Lilburne had been noted.

"Why, Monsieur de Vaudemont, what brings you to this part of the town? Curiosity, and the desire to explore?"

"That might be natural enough in me; but you, who know London so well, rather what brings you here?"

"Why, I am returned from a long ride. I have had symptoms of a fit of the gout, and been trying to keep it off by exercise. I have been to a cottage that belongs to me some miles from town—a pretty place enough, by-the-way—you must come and see me there next month. I shall fill the house for a *battue*! I have some tolerable covers: you are a good shot, I suppose?"

"I have not practised, except with a rifle, for some years."

"That's a pity; for, as I think a week's shooting once a year quite enough, I fear that your visit to me at Fernside may not be sufficiently long to put your hand in."

"Fernside!"

"Yes; is the name familiar to you?"

"I think I have heard it before. Did your lordship purchase or inherit it?"

"I bought it of my brother-in-law. It belonged to his brother: a gay, wild sort of fellow, who broke his neck over a six-barred gate; through that gate my friend Robert walked the same day into a very fine estate!"

"I have heard so. The late Mr. Beaufort, then, left no children?"

"Yes; two. But they came into the world in the primitive way Mr. Owen wishes us all to come: too naturally for the present state of society; and Mr. Owen's parallelogram was not

ready for them. By-the-way, one of them disappeared at Paris: you never met with him, I suppose?"

"Under what name?"

"Morton."

"Morton! hem! What Christian name?"

"Philip."

"Philip! no. But did Mr. Beaufort do nothing for the young men? I think I have heard somewhere that he took compassion on one of them."

"Have you? Ah, my brother-in-law is precisely one of those excellent men of whom the world always speaks well. No; he would very willingly have served either or both the boys, but the mother refused all his overtures and went to law, I fancy. The elder of these bastards turned out a sad fellow; and the younger—I don't know exactly where he is, but no doubt with one of his mother's relations. You seem to interest yourself in natural children, my dear Vaudemont!"

"Perhaps you have heard that people have doubted if I were a natural son?"

"Pardon me, no! But are you going? I was in hopes you would have turned back my way, and—"

"You are very good; but I have a particular appointment, and I am now too late. Good morning, Lord Lilburne."

Sidney with one of his mother's relations! Returned, perhaps, to the Mortons! How had he never before chanced on a conjecture so probable? He would go at once! That very night he would go to the house from which he had taken his brother. At least, and at the worst, they might give him some clew.

Buoyed with this hope and this resolve, he rode hastily to H— to announce to Simon and Fanny that he should not return to them, perhaps, for two or three days. As he entered the suburb, he drew up by the statuary of whom he had purchased his mother's gravestone.

The artist of the melancholy trade was at work in his yard.

"Ho! there!" said Vaudemont, looking over the low railing, "is the tomb I have ordered nearly finished?"

"Why, sir, as you were so anxious for despatch, and as it would take a long time to get a new one ready, I thought of giving you this, which is finished all but the inscription. It was meant for Miss Deborah Primme; but her nephew and heir called on me yesterday to say that, as the poor lady died worth less by £5000 than he had expected, he thought a handsome wooden tomb would do as well, if I could get rid of this for him. It is a beauty, sir. It will look so cheerful—"

"Well, that will do: and you can place it now where I told you?"

"In three days, sir."

"So be it." And he rode on, muttering, "Fanny, your pious wish will be fulfilled. But flowers—will they suit *that* stone?"

He put up his horse, and walked through the lane to Simon's.

As he approached the house, he saw Fanny's bright eyes at the window. She was watching his return. She hastened to open the door to him, and the world's wanderer felt what music there is in the footstep, what summer there is in the smile, of *Welcome*!

"My dear Fanny," he said, affected by her joyous greeting, "it makes my heart warm to see you. I have brought you a present from

own. When I was a boy, I remember that my poor mother was fond of singing some simple songs, which often, somehow or other, come back to me when I see and hear you. I fancy you would understand and like them as well at least as I do; for, Heaven knows," he added to himself, "my ear is dull enough generally to the single of rhyme." And he placed in her hand a little volume of those exquisite songs in which Nature has set Nature to music.

"Oh! you are so kind, brother," said Fanny, with tears swimming in her eyes; and she kissed him book.

After their simple meal, Vaudemont broke to Fanny and Simon the intelligence of his intended departure for a few days. Simon heard it with the silent apathy into which, except on rare occasions, his life had settled. But Fanny turned away her face and wept.

"It is but for a day or two, Fanny."

"An hour is very, very long sometimes," said the girl, shaking her head mournfully.

"Come, I have a little time left yet, and the air is mild—you have not been out to-day—shall we walk—"

"Hem!" interrupted Simon, clearing his throat and seeming to start into sudden animation; "had not you better settle the board and lodging before you go?"

"Oh, grandfather!" cried Fanny, springing to her feet, with *such* a blush upon her face.

"Nay, child," said Vaudemont, laughingly, "your grandfather only anticipates me. But do not talk of boarding and lodging; Fanny is as a sister to me, and our purse is in common."

"I should like to feel a sovereign—just to feel it," muttered Simon, in a sort of apologetic tone that was really pathetic; and, as Vaudemont scattered some coins on the table, the old man slaved them up, chuckling and talking to himself; and rising with great alacrity, hobbled out of the room like a raven carrying some cunning theft to its hiding-place.

This was so amusing to Vaudemont, that he burst out fairly into an uncontrollable laughter. Fanny looked at him, humbled and wondering, for some moments; and then creeping to him, put her hand gently on his arm and said,

"Don't laugh—it pains me. It was not nice in grandpapa; but—but—it does not mean any thing. It—it—Don't laugh—Fanny feels so sad!"

"Well, you are right. Come, put on your bonnet; we will go out."

Fanny obeyed, but with less ready delight than usual. And they took their way through lanes over which hung, still in the cool air, the leaves of the yellow autumn.

Fanny was the first to break the silence.

"Do you know," she said, timidly, "that people here think me very silly? Do you think so, too?"

Vaudemont was startled by the simplicity of the question, and hesitated. Fanny looked up in his dark face anxiously and inquiringly.

"Well," she said, "you don't answer?"

"My dear Fanny, there are some things in which I could wish you less child-like, and, perhaps, less charming. These strange snatches of song, for instance—"

"What! do you not like me to sing? It is my way of talking."

"Yes; sing, pretty one! but sing something that we can understand; sing the songs I have given you, if you will. And now, may I ask why you put to me that question?"

"I have forgotten," said Fanny, absently, and looking down.

Now, at that instant, as Philip Vaudemont bent over the exceeding sweetness of that young face, a sudden thrill shot through his heart, and he, too, became silent and lost in thought. Was it possible that there could creep into his breast a milder affection for this creature than that of tenderness and pity? He was startled as the idea crossed him. He shrunk from it as a profanation—as a crime—as a frenzy. He, with his fate so uncertain and checkered—he to link himself with one so helpless—he to debase the very poetry that clung to the mental temperament of this pure being, with the feelings which every fair face can give to every coarse heart—to love Fanny! No, it was impossible! For what could he love in her but beauty, which the very spirit had forgot to guard? And she—could she even know what love was? He despised himself for even admitting such a thought; and, with that iron and hardy vigour which belonged to his mind, resolved to watch closely against every fancy that would pass the fairy boundary which separated Fanny from the world of women.

He was roused from this self-commune by an abrupt exclamation from his companion.

"Oh! I recollect now why I asked you that question. There is one thing that always puzzles me; I want you to explain it. Why does every thing in life depend upon money? You see even my poor grandfather forgot how good you are to us both when—when—Ah! I don't understand—it pains, it puzzles me!"

"Fanny, look there—no, to the left—you see that old woman, in rags, crawling wearily along: turn now to the right—you see that fine house glancing through the trees, with a carriage-and-four at the gates? The difference between that old woman and the owner of that house is—Money; and who shall blame your grandfather for liking money?"

Fanny understood; and, while the wise man thus moralised, the girl, whom his very compassion so haughtily contemned, moved away to the old woman to do her little best to smooth down those disparities from which wisdom and moralising never deduct a grain! Vaudemont felt this as he saw her glide towards the beggar; but, when she came bounding back to him, she had forgotten his dislike to her songs, and was chanting, in the glee of the heart that a kind act had made glad, one of her own impromptu melodies.

Vaudemont turned away. Poor Fanny had unconsciously decided his self-conquest: she guessed not what passed within him, but she suddenly recollected what he had said to her about her songs, and fancied him displeased.

"Ah! I will never do it again. Brother, don't turn away!"

"But we must go home. Hark! the clock strikes seven; I have no time to lose. And you will promise me never to stir out till I return?"

"I shall have no heart to stir out," said Fanny, sadly; and then, in a more cheerful voice, she added, "And I shall sing the songs you like before you come back again!"

CHAPTER VIII.

"Well did they know that service all by rote;

Some singing loud as if they had complained,
Some with their notes another manner feigned."

CHAUCER: *The C.ckoo and the Nightingale modernised*
by WORDSWORTH—HORN'S Edition.

And once more, sweet Winandermere, we are on the banks of thy happy lake! The softest ray of the soft clear sun of early autumn trembled on the fresh waters, and glanced through the leaves of the limes and willows that were reflected—distinct as a home for the Naiads—beneath the limpid surface. You might hear in the bushes the young blackbirds trilling their first untutored notes. And the graceful dragon-fly, his wings glittering in the translucent sunshine, darted to and fro the reeds gathered here and there in the mimic bays that broke the shelving marge of the grassy shore.

And by that grassy shore, and beneath those shadowy limes, sat the young lovers. It was the very place where young Spencer had first beheld Camilla. And now they were met to say "Farewell!"

"Oh, Camilla!" said he, with great emotion and eyes that swam in tears, "be firm—be true. You know how my whole life is wrapped up in your love. You go amid scenes where all will tempt you to forget me. I linger behind in those which are consecrated by your remembrance, which will speak to me every hour of you. Camilla, since you do love me—you do, do you not?—since you have confessed it—since your parents have consented to our marriage, provided only that your love last (for of mine there can be no doubt) for one year—one terrible year—shall I not trust you as truth itself? And yet how darkly I despair at times!"

Camilla innocently took the hands that, clasped together, were raised to her, as if in supplication, and pressed them kindly between her own.

"Do not doubt me—never doubt my affection. Has not my father consented? Reflect; it is but a year's delay!"

"A year! Can you speak thus of a year—a whole year? Never to see, to hear you for a whole year, except in my dreams! And if, at the end, your parents waver? Your father—I distrust him still. If this delay is but meant to wean you from me—if, at the end, there are new excuses found—if they then, for some cause or other not now foreseen, still refuse their assent—you may—I not still look to you?"

Camilla sighed heavily; and, turning her meek face on her lover, said timidly, "Never think that so short a time can make me unfaithful, and do not suspect that my father will break his promise."

"But if he does, you will still be mine."

"Ah, Charles, how could you esteem me as a wife if I were to tell you I could forget I am a daughter?"

This was said so touchingly, and with so perfect a freedom from all affectation, that her lover could only reply by covering her hand with his kisses. And it was not till after a pause that he continued, passionately.

"You do but show me how much deeper is my love than yours. You can never dream how I love you. But I do not ask you to love me as well: it would be impossible. My life from my earliest childhood has been passed in these solitudes. A happy life, though tranquil and monotonous. You seemed to me the living form of the very poetry I had worshiped; so bright—so

heavenly—I loved you from the first moment that we met. I am not like other men of my age. I have no pursuit—no occupation—nothing to abstract me from your thought. And I love you so purely, so devotedly, Camilla. I have never known even a passing fancy for another. You are the first—the only woman—it ever seemed to me possible to love. You are my Eve—your presence my Paradise! Think how sad I shall be when you are gone; how I shall visit every spot your footstep has hallowed; how I shall count every moment till the year is past!”

While he thus spoke, he had risen in that restless movement which belongs to great emotion; and Camilla now rose also, and said, soothingly, as she laid her hand on his shoulder with tender but modest frankness, “And shall I not also think of you? I am sad to feel that you will be so much alone—no sister—no brother!”

“Do not grieve for that. The memory of you will be dearer to me than comfort from all else. And you *will* be true?”

Camilla made no answer by words, but her eyes and her colour spoke. And in that moment, while plighting eternal truth, they forgot that they were about to part!

Meanwhile, in a room in the house, which, screened by the foliage, was only partially visible where the lovers stood, sat Mr. Robert Beaufort and Mr. Spencer.

“I assure you, sir,” said the former, “that I am not insensible to the merits of your nephew, and to the very handsome proposals you make; still I cannot consent to abridge the time I have named. They are both very young. What is a year?”

“It is a long time, when it is a year of suspense,” said the recluse, shaking his head.

“It is a longer time when it is a year of domestic dissension and repentance. And it is a very true proverb, ‘Marry in haste and repent at leisure.’ No! If, at the end of the year, the young people continue of the same mind, and no unforeseen circumstances occur—”

“No unforeseen circumstances, Mr. Beaufort?—that is a new condition—it is a very vague phrase.”

“My dear sir, it is hard to please you. Unforeseen circumstances,” said the wary father, with a wise look, “means circumstances that we don’t foresee at present. I assure you that I have no intention to trifle with you, and I shall be sincerely happy in so respectable a connection.”

“The young people may write to each other?”

“Why, I’ll consult Mrs. Beaufort. At all events, it must not be very often; and Camilla is well brought up, and will show all the letters to her mother. I don’t much like a correspondence of that nature: it often leads to unpleasant circumstances; if, for instance—”

“If what?”

“Why, if the parties change their minds, and my girl were to marry another. It is not prudent in matters of business, my dear sir, to put down anything on paper that can be avoided.”

Mr. Spencer opened his eyes. “Matters of business, Mr. Beaufort!”

“Well, is not marriage a matter of business, and a very grave matter too? More lawsuits about marriage and settlements, &c., than I like to think of. But to change the subject. You have never heard anything more of those young men, you say?”

“No,” said Mr. Spencer, rather inaudibly, and looking down.

“And it is your firm impression that the elder one, Philip, is dead?”

“I don’t doubt it.”

“That was a very vexatious and improper lawsuit their mother brought against me. Do you know that some wretched impostor, who, it appears, is a convict broke loose before his time, has threatened me with another on the part of one of those young men? You never heard anything of it, eh?”

“Never, upon my honour.”

“And, of course, you would not countenance so villainous an attempt?”

“Certainly not.”

“Because *that* would break off our contract at once. But you are too much a gentleman and a man of honour. Forgive me so improper a question. As for the younger Mr. Morton, I have no ill feeling against him. But the elder!—oh, a thorough reprobate! a very alarming character! I could have nothing to do with any member of the family while the elder lived; it would only expose me to every species of insult and imposition. And now I think we have left our young friends alone long enough. But stay: to prevent future misunderstanding, I may as well read over again the heads of the arrangement you honour me by proposing. You agree to settle your fortune after your decease, amounting to £23,000, and your house, with twenty-five acres, one rood, and three poles, more or less, upon your nephew and my daughter, jointly—remainder to their children—jointure £500 a year. Certainly, without offence, in a worldly point of view, Camilla might do better; still you are so very respectable, and you speak so handsomely, that I cannot touch upon that point; and I own that, though there is a large nominal rent-roll attached to Beaufort Court (indeed, there is not a finer property in the county), yet there are many encumbrances, and ready money would not be convenient to me. Arthur—poor fellow! a very fine young man, sir—is, as I have told you in perfect confidence, a little imprudent and lavish; in short, your offer to dispense with any dowry is extremely liberal, and proves your nephew is actuated by no mercenary feelings: such conduct prepossesses me highly in your favour, and his too.”

Mr. Spencer bowed, and the great man, rising with a stiff affectation of kindly affability, put his arm into the uncle’s, and strolled with him across the lawn towards the lovers. And such is life: love on the lawn, and settlements in the parlour!

The lover was the first to perceive the approach of the elder parties. And a change came over his face as he saw the dry aspect, and marked the stealthy stride of his future father-in-law; for then there flashed across him a dreary reminiscence of early childhood; the happy evening when, with his joyous father, that grave and ominous aspect was first beheld; and then the dismal burial, the funeral sables, the carriage at the door, and he himself clinging to the cold uncle to ask him to say a word of comfort to the mother who now slept far away.

“Well, my young friend,” said Mr. Beaufort, patronisingly, “your good uncle and myself are quite agreed: a little time for reflection, that’s all. Oh! I don’t think the worse of you for wishing to abridge it. But *papas* must be *papas*.”

There was so little jocular about that sedate man, that this attempt at jovial good-humour seemed harsh and grating: the hinges of that wily mouth wanted oil for a hearty laugh.

“Come, don’t be faint-hearted, Mr. Charles. ‘Faint heart’—you know the proverb. You must stay and dine with us. We return to-morrow to town. I should tell you that I received this morning a letter from my son Arthur, announcing his return from Baden; so we must give him the meeting—a very joyful one, you may guess. We have not seen him these three years. Poor fellow! he says he has been very ill, and the waters have ceased to do him any good. But a little quiet and country air at Beaufort Court will set him up, I hope.”

Thus running on about his son, then about his shooting—about Beaufort Court and its splendours—about parliament and its fatigues—about the last French revolution and the last English election—about Mrs. Beaufort, and her good qualities and bad health—about, in short, everything relating to himself, some things relating to the public, and nothing that related to the persons to whom his conversation was directed, Mr. Robert Beaufort wore away half an hour, when the Spencers took their leave, promising to return to dinner.

“Charles,” said Mr. Spencer, as the boat which the young man rowed bounded over the water to their quiet home; “Charles, I dislike these Beauforts!”

“Not the daughter?”

“No, she is beautiful, and seems good: not so handsome as your poor mother, but who ever was?” Here Mr. Spencer sighed, and repeated some lines from Shenstone.

“Do you think Mr. Beaufort suspects in the least who I am?”

“Why, that puzzles me; I rather think he does.”

“And that is the cause of the delay? I knew it.”

“No; on the contrary, I incline to think he has some kindly feeling to you, though not to your brother, and that it is such a feeling that made him consent to your marriage. He sifted me very closely as to what I knew of the young Mortons; observed that you were very handsome, and that he had fancied at first that he had seen you before.”

“Indeed!”

“Yes: and looked hard at me while he spoke; and said more than once, significantly, ‘So his name is Charles?’ He talked about some attempt at imposture and litigation; but that was evidently merely invented to sound me about your brother, whom, of course, he spoke ill of; impressing on me, three or four times, that he would never have any thing to say to any of the family while Philip lived.”

“And you told him,” said the young man, hesitatingly, and with a deep blush of shame over his face, “that you were persuaded—that is, that you believed Philip was—was—”

“Was dead! Yes, and without confusion. For the more I reflect, the more I think he must be dead. At all events, you may be sure that he is dead to us; that we shall never hear more of him.”

“Poor Philip!”

“Your feelings are natural; they are worthy of your excellent heart; but remember what would have become of you if you had stayed with him!”

“True!” said the brother, with a slight shudder; “a career of suffering—crime—perhaps the gibbet! Ah, what do I owe you?”

The dinner party at Mr. Beaufort’s that day was constrained and formal, though the host, in

unusual good-humour, sought to make himself agreeable. Mrs. Beaufort, languid and afflicted with the headache, said little. The two Spencers were yet more silent. But the younger sat next to her he loved; and both hearts were full: and in the evening they contrived to creep apart into a corner by the window, through which the starry heavens looked kindly on them. They conversed in whispers, with long pauses between each; and, at times, Camilla's tears flowed silently down her cheeks, and were followed by the false smiles intended to cheer her lover.

Time did not fly, but crept on breathlessly and heavily. And then came the last parting—formal, cold—before witnesses. But the lover could not contain his emotion, and the hard father heard his suppressed sob as he closed the door.

It will now be well to explain the cause of Mr. Beaufort's heightened spirits, and the motives of his conduct with respect to his daughter's suitor.

This, perhaps, can be best done by laying before the reader the following letters that passed between Mr. Beaufort and Lord Lilburne.

From LORD LILBURNE to ROBERT BEAUFORT, Esq., M. P.

"Dear Beaufort,—I think I have settled, pretty satisfactorily, your affair with your unwelcome visitor. The first thing it seemed to me necessary to do was to learn exactly what and who he was, and with what parties that could annoy you he held intercourse. I sent for Sharp, the Bow street officer, and placed him in the hall to mark, and afterward to keep watch and dog your new friend. The moment the latter entered, I saw at once, from his dress and his address, that he was a 'scamp;' and thought it highly inexpedient to place you in his power by any money transactions. While talking with him, Sharp sent in a billet containing his recognition of our gentleman as a transported convict.

"I acted accordingly; soon saw, from the fellow's manner, that he had returned before his time; and sent him away with a promise, which you may be sure he believes will be kept, that if he molest you farther, he shall return to the colonies; and that, if his lawsuit proceed, his witness or witnesses shall be indicted for conspiracy and perjury. Make your mind easy so far. For the rest, I own to you that I think what he says probable enough; but my object in setting Sharp to watch him is to learn what other parties he sees. And if there be really anything formidable in his proofs or witnesses, it is with those other parties I advise you to deal. Never transact business with the go-between if you can with the principal. Remember, the two young men are the persons to arrange with, after all. They must be poor, and, therefore, easily dealt with. For, if poor, they will think a bird in the hand worth two in the bush of a lawsuit.

"If, through Mr. Spencer, you can learn anything of either of the young men, do so; and try and open some channel through which you can always establish a communication with them, if necessary. Perhaps, by learning their early history, you may learn something to put them into your power.

"I have had a twinge of the gout this morning; and am likely, I fear, to be laid up for some weeks.

"Yours truly,

"LILBURNE.

"P.S.—Sharp has just been here. He followed the man who calls himself 'Captain Smith' to a house in Lambeth, where he lodges, and

from which he did not stir till midnight, when Sharp ceased his watch. On renewing it this morning, he found that the captain had gone off, to what place Sharp has not yet discovered.

"Burn this immediately."

From ROBERT BEAUFORT, Esq., M. P., to the LORD LILBURNE.

"Dear Lilburne,—Accept my warmest thanks for your kindness: you have done admirably, and I do not see that I have anything farther to apprehend. I suspect that it was an entire fabrication on that man's part, and your firmness has foiled his wicked designs. Only think, I have discovered—I am sure of it—one of the Mortons; and he, too, though the younger, yet, in all probability, the sole pretender the fellow could set up. You remember that the child Sidney had disappeared mysteriously—you remember, also, how much that Mr. Spencer had interested himself in finding out the same Sidney. Well, this gentleman at the Lakes is, as we suspected, the identical Mr. Spencer, and his *soi-disant* nephew, Camilla's suitor, is assuredly no other than the lost Sidney. The moment I saw the young man I recognised him, for he is very little altered, and has a great look of his mother into the bargain. Concealing my more than suspicions, I, however, took care to sound Mr. Spencer (a very poor soul), and his manner was so embarrassed as to leave no doubt of the matter; but, in asking him what he had heard of the brothers, I had the satisfaction of learning that, in all human probability, the elder is dead: of this Mr. Spencer seems convinced. I also assured myself that neither Spencer nor the young man had the remotest connection with our Captain Smith, nor any idea of litigation. This is very satisfactory, you will allow. And now I hope you will approve of what I have done. I find that young Morton, or Spencer, as he is called, is desperately enamoured of Camilla; he seems a meek, well-conditioned, amiable young man, writes poetry—in short, rather weak than otherwise. I have demanded a year's delay to allow mutual trial and reflection. This gives us the channel for constant information which you advise me to establish, and I shall have the opportunity to learn if the impostor makes any communication to them, or if there be any news of the brother. If by any trick or chicanery (for I will never believe that there was a marriage), a lawsuit that might be critical or hazardous can be cooked up, I can, I am sure, make such terms with Sidney, through his love for my daughter, as would effectively and permanently secure me from all farther trouble and machinations in regard to my property. And if, during the year, we convince ourselves that, after all, there is not a leg of law for any claimant to stand on, I may be guided by other circumstances how far I shall finally accept or reject the suit. That must depend on any other views we may then form for Camilla; and I shall not allow a hint of such an engagement to get abroad. At the worst, as Mr. Spencer's heir, it is not so very bad a match, seeing that they dispense with all marriage portion, &c.: a proof how easily they can be managed. I have not let Mr. Spencer see that I have discovered his secret; I can do that or not, according to circumstances hereafter; neither have I said anything of my discovery to Mrs. B. or Camilla. At present, 'least said soonest mended.' I heard from Arthur to-day. He is on his road home, and we hasten to town, sooner than we expected, to meet him. He complains still of his health. We shall all go down

to Beaufort Court. I write this at night, the pretended uncle and sham nephew having just gone. But, though we start to-morrow, you will get this a day or two before we arrive, as Mrs. Beaufort's health renders short stages necessary. I really do hope that Arthur, also, will not be an invalid, poor fellow! one in a family is quite enough; and I find Mrs. Beaufort's delicacy very inconvenient, especially in moving about and in keeping up one's county connections. A young man's health, however, is soon restored. I am very sorry to hear of your gout, except that it carries off all other complaints. I am very well, thank God; indeed, my health has been much better of late years: Beaufort Court agrees with me so well! The more I reflect, the more I am astonished at the monstrous and wicked impudence of that fellow—to defraud a man out of his own property! You are quite right: certainly a conspiracy.

"Yours truly,

"R. B.

"P.S.—I shall keep a constant eye on the Spencers.

"Burn this immediately."

After he had written and sealed this letter, Mr. Beaufort went to bed and slept soundly.

And the next day that place was desolate, and the board on the lawn announced that it was again to be let. But thither daily, in rain or sunshine, came the solitary lover, as a bird that seeks its young in the deserted nest: again and again he haunted the spot where he had strayed with the lost one; and again and again murmured his passionate vows beneath the fast fading limes. Are those vows destined to be ratified or annulled? Will the absent forget, or the lingerer be consoled? Had the characters of that young romance been lightly stamped on the fancy, where, once obliterated, they are erased for ever, or were they graven deep in those tablets where the writing, even when invisible, exists still, and revives, sweet letter by letter, when the light and the warmth borrowed from the one bright presence are applied to the faithful record? There is but one wizard to disclose that secret, as all others: the old grave-digger, whose churchyard is the earth—whose trade is to find burial places for passions that seemed immortal—disinterring the ashes of some long-crumbling memory, to hollow out the dark bed of some new perished hope: He who determines all things, and prophesies none; for his oracles are uncomprehended till the doom is sealed: He who, in the bloom of the fairest affection, detects the hectic that consumes it, and, while the hymn rings at the altar, marks with his joyless eye the grave for the bridal vow. Wherever is the sepulchre, there is thy temple, oh melancholy TIME!

BOOK V.

"Und zu neuen Stromen Gesand't
Nun ich, der nach Morgen floss."

SCHILLER: *Der Pilgrim*.

CHAPTER I.

"Per ambages et ministeria deorum."—PETRONIUS.

Mr. Roger Morton was behind his counter one drizzling, melancholy day. Mr. Roger Morton, alderman, and twice mayor of his native town, was a thriving man. He had grown portly and

corpulent. 'The nightly potations of brandy and water, continued year after year with mechanical perseverance, had deepened the roses on his cheek. Mr. Roger Morton was never intoxicated; he only "made himself comfortable." His constitution was strong; but, somehow or other, his digestion was not as good as it might be. He was certain that something or other disagreed with him. He left off the joint one day, the pudding another. Now he avoided vegetables as poison, and now he submitted with a sigh to the doctor's interdict of his cigar. Mr. Roger Morton never thought of leaving off the brandy and water; and he would have resented as the height of impertinent insinuation any hint upon that score to a man of so sober and respectable a character.

Mr. Roger Morton was seated; for the last four years, ever since his second mayoralty, he had arrogated to himself the dignity of a chair. He received rather than served his customers. The latter task was left to two of his sons. For Tom, after much cogitation, the profession of an apothecary had been selected. Mrs. Morton observed that it was a genteel business, and Tom had always been a likely lad. And Mr. Roger considered that it would be a great saving to have his medical adviser in his own son.

The two other sons, and the various attendants of the shop, were plying their profitable trade, as customer after customer, with umbrellas and in pattens, dropped into the tempting shelter, when a man, meanly dressed, and who was somewhat past the middle age, with a careworn, hungry face, entered timidly. He waited in patience by the crowded counter, elbowed by sharp-boned and eager spinsters—and how sharp the elbows of spinsters are, no man can tell who has not forced his unwelcome way through the agitated groups of a linen-draper's shop!—the man, I say, waited patiently and sadly, till the smallest of the shopboys turned from a lady, who, after much sorting and shading, had finally decided on two yards of lilach-coloured penny riband, and asked, in an insinuating professional tone,

"What shall I show you, sir?"

"I wish to speak to Mr. Morton. Which is he?"

"Mr. Morton is engaged, sir. I can give you what you want."

"No—it is a matter of business—important business."

The boy eyed the napless and dripping hat, the gloveless hands, and the rusty neckcloth of the speaker; and said, as he passed his fingers through a profusion of light curls,

"Mr. Morton don't attend much to business himself now; but that's *he*. Any cravats, sir?"

The man made no answer, but moved where, near the window, and chatting with the banker of the town (as the banker tried on a pair of beaver gloves,) sat still—after due apology for sitting—Mr. Roger Morton.

The alderman lowered his spectacles as he glanced grimly at the lean apparition that shaded the spruce banker, and said,

"Do you want me, friend?"

"Yes, sir, if you please;" and the man took off his shabby hat, and bowed low.

"Well, speak out. No begging petition, I hope?"

"No, sir? Your nephews—"

The banker turned round, and in his turn eyed the new-comer. The linen-draper started back.

"Nephews!" he repeated, with a bewildered

look. "What does the man mean? Wait a bit."

"Oh, I've done!" said the banker, smiling. "I am glad to find we agree so well upon this question: I knew we should. Our member will never suit us if he goes on in this way. Trade must take care of itself. Good-day to you!"

"Nephews!" repeated Mr. Morton, rising, and beckoning to the man to follow him into the back parlour, where Mrs. Morton sat casting up the washing bills.

"Now," said the husband, closing the door, "what do you mean, my good fellow?"

"Sir, what I wish to ask you is, if you can tell me what has become of—of the young Mr. Beau—that is, of your sister's sons. I understand there were two, and I am told that—that they are both dead. Is it so?"

"What is that to you, friend?"

"An please you, sir, it is a great deal to *them*!"

"Yes—ha! ha!—it is a great deal to everybody whether they are alive or dead!" Mr. Morton, since he had been mayor, now and then had his joke. "But really—"

"Roger!" said Mrs. Morton, under her breath, "Roger!"

"Yes, my dear."

"Come this way; I want to speak to you about this bill." The husband approached, and bent over his wife. "Who is this man?"

"I don't know."

"Depend on it, he has some claim to make—some bills, or something. Don't commit yourself; the boys are dead for what we know!"

Mr. Morton hemmed, and returned to his visitor.

"To tell you the truth, I am not aware of what has become of the young men."

"Then they are not dead—I thought not!" exclaimed the man, joyously.

"That's more than I can say. It's many years since I lost sight of the only one I ever saw; and they may be both dead for what I know."

"Indeed!" said the man. "Then you can give me no kind of—of—hint like, to find them out?"

"No. Do they owe you anything?"

"It does not signify talking now, sir. I beg your pardon."

"Stay—who are you?"

"I am a very poor man, sir."

Mr. Morton recoiled.

"Poor! Oh, very well—very well. You have done with me now. Good-day—good-day. I'm busy."

The stranger pecked for a moment at his hat, turned the handle of the door, peered under his gray eyebrows at the portly trader, who, with both hands buried in his pockets, his mouth pursed up, like a man about to say "No," fidgeted uneasily behind Mrs. Morton's chair. He sighed, shook his head, and vanished.

Mrs. Morton rang the bell—the maid-servant entered.

"Wipe the carpet, Jenny: dirty feet! Mr. Morton, it's a Brussels!"

"It was not my fault, my dear. I could not talk about family matters before the whole shop. Do you know, I'd quite forgot those poor boys. This unsettles me. Poor Catharine! she was so fond of them. A pretty boy that Sidney, too. What can have become of them! My heart rebukes me. I wish I had asked the man more."

"More! Why, he was just going to beg."

"Beg—yes—very true!" said Mr. Morton,

pausing irresolutely; and then, with a hearty tone, he cried out, "and, damme, if he had begged, I could afford him a shilling! I'll go after him." So saying, he hastened back through the shop, but the man was gone—the rain was falling—Mr. Morton had his thin shoes on—he blew his nose, and went back to the counter. But there still rose to his memory the pale face of his dead sister; and a voice murmured in his ear, "Brother, where is my child?"

"Pshaw! it is not my fault if he ran away. Bob, go and get me the county paper."

Mr. Morton had again settled himself, and was deep in a trial for murder, when another stranger strode haughtily into the shop. The new-comer, wrapped in a pelisse of furs, with a thick mustache, and an eye that took in the whole shop, from master to boy, from ceiling to floor, in a glance, had the air at once of a foreigner and a soldier. Every look fastened on him as he paused an instant, and then, walking up to the alderman, said,

"Sir, you are doubtless Mr. Morton?"

"At your commands, sir," said Roger, rising involuntarily.

"A word with you, then, on business."

"Business!" echoed Mr. Morton, turning rather pale, for he began to think himself haunted; "anything in my line, sir? I should be—"

The stranger bent down his tall stature, and hissed in Mr. Morton's foreboding ear,

"Your nephews!"

Mr. Morton was literally dumbstricken. Yes, he certainly *was* haunted! He stared at this second questioner, and fancied that there was something very supernatural and unearthly about him. He was so tall, and so dark, and so stern, and so strange. Was it the Unspeakable himself come for the linen-draper? Nephews again! The uncle of the babes in the wood could hardly have been more startled by the demand!

"Sir," said Mr. Morton at last, recovering his dignity, and somewhat peevishly, "sir, I don't know why people should meddle with my family affairs. I don't ask other folks about their nephews. I have no nephew that I know of."

"Permit me to speak to you alone for one instant."

Mr. Morton sighed, hitched up his trowsers, and led the way to the parlour, where Mrs. Morton, having finished the washing bills, was now engaged in tying certain pieces of bladders round certain pots of preserves. The eldest Miss Morton, a young woman of five or six and twenty, who was about to be very advantageously married to a young gentleman who dealt in coals and played the violin (for N—— was a very musical town,) had just joined her for the purpose of extorting "The Swiss Boy, with variations," out of a sleepy little piano, that emitted a very painful cry under the awakening fingers of Miss Margaret Morton.

Mr. Morton threw open the door with a grunt, and the stranger pausing at the threshold, the full flood of sound (key C) upon which "The Swiss Boy" was swimming along, "kine" and all, for life and death, came splash upon him.

"Silence! can't you?" cried the father, putting one hand to his ear, while with the other he pointed to a chair; and, as Mrs. Morton looked up from the preserves with that air of indignant suffering with which female meekness upbraids a husband's wanton outrage, Mr. Roger added, shrugging his shoulders,

"My nephews again, Mrs. M.!"

Miss Margaret turned round and dropped a

courtesy. Mrs. Morton gently let fall a napkin over the preserves, and muttered a sort of salutation as the stranger, taking off his hat, turned to mother and daughter one of those noble faces in which Nature has written her grant and warranty of the lordship of creation.

"Pardon me," he said, "if I disturb you. But my business will be short. I have come to ask you, sir, frankly, and as one who has a right to ask it, what tidings you can give me of Sidney Morton?"

"Sir, I know nothing whatever about him. He was taken from my house, about twelve years since, by his brother. Myself, and the two Mr. Beauforts, and another friend of the family, went in search of them both. My search failed."

"And theirs?"

"I understood from Mr. Beaufort that they had not been more successful. I have had no communication with those gentlemen since. But that's neither here nor there. In all probability, the elder of the boys, who, I fear, was a sad character, corrupted and ruined his brother; and, by this time, Heaven knows what and where they are."

"And no one has inquired of you since—no one has asked the brother of Catharine Morton—nay, rather, of Catharine Beaufort—where is the child intrusted to your care?"

This question, so exactly similar to that which his superstition had rung on his own ears, perfectly appalled the worthy alderman. He staggered back, stared at the marked and stern face that lowered upon him, and at last cried,

"For pity's sake, sir, be just! What could I do for one who left me of his own accord?"

"The day you had beat him like a dog. You see, Mr. Morton, I know all!"

"And what are you?" said Mr. Morton, recovering his English courage, and feeling himself strangely browbeaten in his own house; "what and who are you, that you thus take the liberty to catechise a man of my character and respectability?"

"Twice mayor—" began Mrs. Morton.

"Hush, mother!" whispered Miss Margaret; "don't work him up."

"I repeat, sir, what are you?"

"What am I? Your nephew! Who am I? Before men, I bear a name that I have assumed and not dishonoured; before Heaven, I am Philip Beaufort!"

Mrs. Morton dropped down upon her stool. Margaret murmured, "My cousin!" in a tone that the ear of the musical coal-merchant might not have greatly relished. And Mr. Morton, after a long pause, came up with a frank and manly expression of joy, and said,

"Then, sir, I thank Heaven, from my heart, that one of my sister's children stands alive before me!"

"And now, again, I—I, whom you accuse of having corrupted and ruined him—him, for whom I toiled and worked—him, who was to me, then, as a last surviving son to some anxious father—I, from whom he was reft and robbed—I ask you again for Sidney—for my brother!"

"And again I say that I have no information to give you—that—stay a moment—stay. You must pardon what I have said of you before you made yourself known. I went but by the accounts I had received from Mr. Beaufort. Let me speak plainly. That gentleman thought, right or wrong, that it would be a great thing to separate your brother from you. He may have found him—it must be so—and kept his name and condition

concealed from us all, lest you should detect it. Mrs. M., don't you think so?"

"I'm sure I'm so terrified I don't know what to think," said Mrs. Morton, putting her hand to her forehead, and seesawing herself to and fro upon her stool.

"But since they wronged you—since you— you seem so very—very—"

"Very much the gentleman," suggested Miss Margaret.

"Yes, so much the gentleman—well off, too, I should hope, sir," and the experienced eye of Mr. Morton glanced at the costly sables that lined the pelisse, "there can be no difficulty in your learning from Mr. Beaufort all that you wish to know. And pray, sir, may I ask, did you send any one here to-day to make the very inquiry you have made?"

"I? No. What do you mean?"

"Well, well—sit down—there may be something in all this that you may make out better than I can."

And, as Philip obeyed, Mr. Morton, who was really and honestly rejoiced to see his sister's son alive and apparently thriving, proceeded to relate pretty exactly the conversation he had held with the previous visitor. Philip listened earnestly and with attention. Who could this questioner be? Some one who knew his birth—some one who sought him out—some one who—Good Heavens! could it be the long-lost witness of the marriage?

As soon as that idea struck him, he started from his seat, and entreated Morton to accompany him in search of the stranger. "You know not," he said, in a tone impressed with that energy of will in which lay the talent of his mind, "you know not of what importance this may be to my prospects—to your sister's fair fame. If it should be the witness returned at last! Who else, of the rank you describe, would be interested in such inquiries? Come!"

"What witness?" said Mrs. Morton, fretfully. "You don't mean to come over us with the old story of the marriage?"

"Shall your wife slander your own sister, sir? A marriage there was—God yet will proclaim the right—and the name of Beaufort shall be yet placed on my mother's gravestone. Come?"

"Here are your shoes and umbrella, pa," cried Miss Margaret, inspired by Philip's earnestness.

"My fair cousin, I guess;" and, as the soldier took her hand, he kissed the reluctant cheek, turned to the door, Mr. Morton placed his arm in his, and the next moment they were in the street.

When Catharine, in her meek tones, had said, "Philip Beaufort was my husband," Roger Morton had disbelieved her. And now one word from the son, who could, in comparison, know so little of the matter, had almost sufficed to convert and to convince the skeptic. Why was this? Because—Man believes the Strong!

CHAPTER II.

*"Quid Virtus et quid Sapientia pos-sit
Utile proposuit nobis exemplar Ulysses."*—HOR.

Meanwhile, the object of their search, on quitting Mr. Morton's shop, had walked slowly and sadly on, through the plashing streets, till he came to a public house in the outskirts and on the high road to London. Here he took shelter

for a short time, drying himself by the kitchen fire, with the license purchased by four-penny-worth of gin; and having learned that the next coach to London would not pass for some hours, he finally settled himself in the ingle till the guard's horn should arouse him. By the same coach that the night before had conveyed Philip to N—, had the very man he sought been also a passenger!

The poor fellow was sickly and wearied out: he had settled into a doze, when he was suddenly awakened by the wheels of a coach and the trampling of horses. Not knowing how long he had slept, and imagining that the vehicle he had awaited was at the door, he ran out. It was a coach coming from London, and the driver was joking with a pretty barmaid, who, in rather short petticoats, was holding up to him the customary glass. The man, after satisfying himself that his time was not yet come, was turning back to the fire, when a head popped itself out of the window, and a voice cried, "Stars and garters! Will, so that's you!" At the sound of the voice the man halted abruptly, turned very pale, and his limbs trembled. The inside passenger opened the door, jumped out with a little carpet-bag in his hand, took forth a long leathern purse, from which he ostentatiously selected the coins that paid his fare and satisfied the coachman, and then, passing his arm through that of the acquaintance he had discovered, led him back into the house.

"Will, Will," he whispered, "you have been to the Mortons. Never mind, let's hear all. Jenny, or Dolly, or whatever your sweet pretty name is, a private room and a pint of brandy, my dear. Hot water, and lots of the grocery. That's right."

And, as soon as the pair found themselves, with the brandy before them, in a small parlour with a good fire, the last comer went to the door, shut it cautiously, flung his bag under the table, took off his gloves, spread himself wider and wider before the fire, until he had entirely excluded every ray from his friend, and then, suddenly turning, so that the back might enjoy what the front had gained, he exclaimed,

"Damme, Will, you're a pretty sort of a broother to give me the slip in that way. But, in this world, every man for his-self!"

"I tell you," said William, with something like decision in his voice, "that I will not do any wrong to these young men if they live."

"Who asks you to do a wrong to them, booby? Perhaps I may be the best friend they may have yet—ay, or you too, though you're the ungratefulest, whimsicallest sort of a son of a gun that ever I came across. Come, help yourself, and don't roll up your eyes in that way, like a Muggletonian aside of a Fy-Fy!"

Here the speaker paused a moment, and then, with a graver and more natural tone of voice, proceeded,

"So you did not believe me when I told you that these brothers were dead, and you have been to the Mortons to learn more?"

"Yes."

"Well, and what have you learned?"

"Nothing. Morton declares that he does not know that they are alive, but he says also that he does not know that they are dead."

"Indeed!" said the other, listening with great attention; "and you really think that he does not know anything about them?"

"I do, indeed."

"Hum! Is he a sort of man who would post down the rhino to help the search?"

"He looked as if he had the yellow fever when I said I was poor," returned William, turning round, and trying to catch a glimpse of the fire as he gulped his brandy and water.

"Then I'll be d—d if I run the risk of calling. I have done some things in this town by way of business before now; and, though it's a long time ago, yet folks don't forget a handsome man in a hurry, especially if he has done 'em! Now, then, listen to me. You see, I have given this matter all the 'tention in my power. If the lads be dead, said I to you, it is no use burning one's fingers by holding a candle to bones in a coffin. But Mr. Beaufort need not know they are dead, and we'll see what we can get out of him; and if I succeeds, as I think I shall, you and I may hold up our heads for the rest of our life. Accordingly, as I told you, I went to Mr. Beaufort, and—Gad, I thought we had it all our own way. But, since I saw you last, there's been the devil and all. When I called again, Will, I was shown in to an old lord, sharp as a gimlet. Hang me, William, if he did not frighten me out of my seven senses!"

Here Captain Smith (the reader has, no doubt, already discovered that the speaker was no less a personage) took three or four nervous strides across the room, returned to the table, threw himself on a chair, placed one foot on one hob and one on the other, laid his finger on his nose, and, with a significant wink, said in a whisper, "Will, he knew I had been lagged. He not only refused to hear all I had to say, but threatened to prosecute, persecute, hang, draw, and quarter us both if we ever dared to come out with the truth."

"But what's the good of the truth if the boys are dead?" said William, timidly.

The captain, without heeding this question, continued, as he stirred the sugar in his glass, "Well, out I sneaked, and, as soon as I had got to my own door, I turned round, and saw Sharp the runner on the other side of the way: I felt deused queer. However, I went in, sat down, and began to think. I saw that it was up with us so far as the old uns were concerned; and now it might be worth while to find out if the young uns really were dead."

"Then you did not know *that*, after all! I thought so. Oh, Jerry!"

"Why, look you, man, it was not our interest to take their side if we could make our bargain out of the other. 'Cause why? You are only a witness: you are a good fellow, but poor, and with very shakey nerves, Will. You does not know what them big wigs are when a man's caged in a witness-box; they flank one up and they flank one down, and they bully and bother, till one's like a horse at Astley's dancing on hot iron. If your testimony broke down, why, it would be all up with the case, and what then would become of us? Besides," added the captain, with dignified candour, "I *have* been lagged, it's no use denying it; I am back before my time. Inquiries about your respectability would soon bring the bulkies about me. And you would not have poor Jerry sent back to that d—d low place on t'other side of the herring pond, would you?"

"Ah, Jerry?" said William, kindly placing his hand in his brother's, "you know how I helped you to escape. I left all to come over with you."

"So you did, and you're a good fellow; though as to leaving *all*, why, you had got rid of *all* first.

And when you told me about the marriage, did not I say that I saw our way to a snug thing for life? But to return to my story. 'There is danger in going with the youngsters. But since, Will—since nothing but hard words is to be got on the other side, we'll do our duty, and I'll find them out, and do the best I can for us—that is, if they be yet above ground. And now I'll own to you that I think I knows that the younger one is alive."

"You do?"

"Yes! But as he won't come in for anything unless his brother is dead, we must have a hunt for the heir. Now I told you that, many years ago, there was a lad with me, who, putting all things together—seeing how the Beauforts came after him, and recollecting different things he let out at the time—I feel pretty sure is your old master's Hopeful. I knew that poor Will Gawtreys gave this lad the address of old Gregg, a friend of mine. So, after watching Sharp off the sly, I went that very night, or, rather, at two in the morning, to Gregg's house, and, after brushing up his memory, I found that the lad had been to him, and gone over afterward to Paris in search of Gawtreys, who was then keeping a matrimony shop. As I was not rich enough to go off to Paris in a pleasant, gentlemanlike way, I allowed Gregg to put me up to a noise, quiet little bit of business. Don't shake your head—all safe—a rural affair! That took some days. You see it has helped to new rig me;" and the captain glanced complacently over a very smart suit of clothes. "Well, on my return, I went to call on you, but you were flown. I half suspected you might have gone to the mother's relations here; and I thought, at all events, I could not do better than go myself, and see what they knew of the matter. From what you say, I feel I had better now let that alone, and go over to Paris at once; leave me alone to find out. And, faith, what with Sharp and the old lord, the sooner I quit England, the better."

"And you really think you shall get hold of them after all? Oh, never fear my nerves if I'm once in the right; it's living with you, and seeing you do wrong, and hearing you talk wickedly, that makes me tremble."

"Bother!" said the captain, "you need not crow over me. Stand up, Will; there, now, look at us two in the glass! Why, I look ten years younger than you do, in spite of all my troubles. I dress like a gentleman, as I am; I have money in my pocket; I put money in yours; without me you'd starve. Look you, you carried over a little fortune to Australia—you married—you farmed—lived honestly—and yet that d—d shilly-shally disposition of yours, 'ticed into one speculation to-day, and scared out of another to-morrow, ruined you!"

"Jerry! Jerry!" cried William, writhing; "don't—don't."

"But it's all true, and I wants to cure you of preaching. And then, when you were nearly run out, instead of putting a bold face on it, and setting your shoulder to the wheel, you gives it up—you sells what you have—you bolts over, wife and all, to Boston, because some one tells you you can do better in America—you are out of the way when a search is made for you—years ago, when you could have benefited yourself and your master's family without any danger to you or me, nobody can find you; 'cause why, you could not bear that your old friends in England, or in the colony either, should know that you were turned a slave-driver

in Kentucky. You kick up a mutiny among the niggers by moaning over them instead of keeping 'em to it—you get kicked out yourself—you wife begs you to go back to Australia, where her relations will do something for you—you work your passage out, looking as ragged as a colt from grass—wife's uncle don't like ragged nephews-in-law—wife dies broken-hearted—and you might be breaking stones on the road with the convicts, if I, myself a convict, had not taken compassion on you. Don't cry, Will, it is all for your own good: I hates cant! Whereas I, my own master from eighteen, never stooped to serve any other—have dressed like a gentleman—kissed the pretty girls—drove my pheasant—been in all the papers as 'the celebrated Dashing Jerry'—never wanted a guinea in my pocket—and, even when lagged at last, had a pretty little sum in the colonial bank to lighten my misfortunes. I escape—I bring you over—and here I am, supporting you, and, in all probability, the only one on whom depends the fate of one of the first families in the country. And you preaches at me, do you? Look you, Will, in this world honesty's nothing without force of character! And so your health!"

Here the captain emptied the rest of the brandy into his glass, drained it at a draught, and, while poor William was wiping his eyes with a ragged blue pocket-handkerchief, rang the bell, and asked what coaches would pass on the way to—, a seaport town at some distance. On hearing that there was one at six o'clock, the captain ordered the best dinner the larder would afford to be got ready as soon as possible; and, when they were again alone, thus accosted his brother:

"Now you go back to town: here are four shiners for you. Keep quiet—don't speak to a soul—don't put *your* foot in it, that's all I beg, and I'll find out whatever there is to be found. It is damnably out of my way embarking at—, but I had best keep clear of Lunnon. And I tell you what, if these youngsters have hopped the twig, there's another bird on the bough that may prove a goldfinch after all: young Arthur Beaufort. I hear he is a wild, expensive chap, and one who can't live without lots of money. Now it's easy to frighten a man of that sort, and I sha'n't have the old lord at *his* elbow."

"But I tell you that I only care for my poor master's children."

"Yes; but if they are dead, and, by saying they are alive, one can make old age comfortable, there's no harm in it, eh?"

"I don't know," said William, irresolutely. "But certainly it is a hard thing to be so poor at my time of life; and so honest and painstaking as I've been, too!"

And there *was* a touch of envy in the glance that the helpless Honesty cast on the careless face and sturdy form of the strong-willed Knavery.

CHAPTER III.

"*Mitis.* This Macilente, signior, begins to be more sociable on a sudden.—*Every Man out of his Humour.*

"*Pant.* Signior, you are sufficiently instructed.
Fal. Who? I, sir?"—*Ibid.*

After spending the greater part of the day in vain inquiries and a vain search, Philip and Morton returned to the house of the latter.

"And now," said Philip, "all that remains to be done is this: first, give to the police of the town a detailed description of the man; and,

secondly, let us put an advertisement both in the county journal and in some of the London papers, to the effect, that if the person who called on you will take the trouble to apply again, either personally or by letter, he may obtain the information sought for. In case he does, I will trouble you to direct to—yes—to Monsieur de Vaudemont, according to this address."

"Not to you, then?"

"It is the same thing," replied Philip, drily. "You have confirmed my suspicions that the Beauforts know something of my brother. What did you say of some other friend of the family who assisted in the search?"

"Oh—a Mr. Spencer! an old acquaintance of your mother's. Here Morton smiled; but, not being encouraged in a joke, went on, "However, that's neither here nor there; he certainly never found out your brother; for I have had several letters from him at different times, asking if any news had been heard of either of you."

And, indeed, Spencer had taken particular pains to deceive the Mortons, whose interposition he feared little less than that of the Beauforts.

"Then it can be of no use to apply to him," said Philip, carelessly, not having any recollection of the name of Spencer, and therefore, attaching little importance to the mention of him.

"Certainly I should think not. Depend on it, Mr. Beaufort must know."

"True," said Philip. "And I have only to thank you for your kindness, and return to town."

"But stay with us this day—do—let me feel that we are friends. I assure you that poor Sidney's fate has been a load on my mind ever since he left. You shall have the bed he slept in, and over which your mother bent when she left him and me for the last time."

These words were said with so much feeling, that the adventurer wrung his uncle's hand, and said, "Forgive me—I wronged you—I will be your guest."

Mrs. Morton, strange to say, evinced no symptoms of ill-humour at the news of the proffered hospitality. In fact, Miss Margaret had been so eloquent in Philip's praise during his absence, that she suffered herself to be favourably impressed. Her daughter, indeed, had obtained a sort of ascendancy over Mrs. M. and the whole house ever since she had received so respectable an offer. And, moreover, some people are like dogs: they snarl on the ragged, and fawn on the well-dressed. Mrs. Morton did not object to a nephew *de facto*; she only objected to a nephew *in forma pauperis*. The evening, therefore, passed more cheerfully than might have been anticipated, though Philip found some difficulty in parrying the many questions put to him on the past. He contented himself with saying, as briefly as possible, that he had served in a foreign service, and acquired what sufficed him for an independence; and then, with the ease which a man picks up in the great world, turned the conversation to the prospects of the family whose guest he was. Having listened with due attention to Mrs. Morton's eulogies on Tom, who had been sent for, and who drank the praises on his own gentility into a very large pair of blushing ears—also, to her self-felicitations on Miss Margaret's marriage; *item*, on the service rendered to the town by Mr. Roger, who had repaired the town-hall in his first mayoralty at his own expense; *item*, to a long chronicle of her own genealogy: how she had one cousin a clergy-

man, and how her great-grandfather had been knighted; *item*, to the domestic virtues of all her children; *item*, to a confused explanation of the chastisement inflicted on Sidney, which Philip cut short in the middle—he asked, with a smile, what had become of the Plaskwiths. "Oh!" said Mrs. Morton, "my brother Kit has retired from business. His son-in-law, Mr. Plimmins, has succeeded."

"Oh, then Plimmins married one of the young ladies?"

"Yes, Jane: she had a sad squint?—Tom, there is nothing to laugh at! we are all as God made us; 'Handsome is as handsome does.' She has had three little uns!"

"Do they squint too?" asked Philip; and Miss Margaret giggled, and Tom roared, and the other young men roared too. Philip had certainly said something very witty.

This time Mrs. Morton administered no reproof, but replied, pensively,

"Natur is vere mysterious: they *all* squint!"

Mr. Morton conducted Philip to his chamber. There it was, fresh, clean, unaltered; the same white curtains, the same honeysuckle paper, as when Catharine had crept across the threshold.

"Did Sidney ever tell you that his mother placed a ring round his neck that night?" asked Mr. Morton.

"Yes; and the dear boy wept when he said that he had slept too soundly to know that she was by his side that last, last time. 'The ring—oh, how well I remember it!—she never put it off till then; and often in the fields—for we were wild wanderers together in that day—often, when his head lay on my shoulder, I felt that ring still resting on his heart, and fancied it was a talisman—a blessing. Well, well—good night to you!' And he shut the door on his uncle, and was alone."

CHAPTER IV.

"The man of law
And a great suit is like to be between them."
BEN JOHNSON: *Staple of News*.

On arriving in London, Philip went first to the lodging he still kept there, and to which his letters were directed; and, among some communications from Paris, full of the politics and the hopes of the Carlists, he found the following note from Lord Lilburne.

"Dear Sir,—When I met you the other day, I told you I had been threatened with the gout. The enemy has now taken possession of the field. I am sentenced to regimen and the sofa. But as it is my rule in life to make afflictions as light as possible, so I have asked a few friends to take compassion on me, and help me 'to shuffle off this mortal coil,' by dealing me, if they can, four by honours. Any time between nine and twelve to-night, or to-morrow night, you will find me at home; and if you are not better engaged, suppose you dine with me to-day—or, rather, dine opposite to me—and excuse my Spartan broth. You will meet (besides any two or three friends whom an impromptu invitation may find disengaged) my sister, with Beaufort and their daughter; they only arrived in town this morning, and are kind enough 'to nurse me,' as they call it; that is to say, their cook is taken ill!"
Yours, LILBURNE.

"Park Lane, Sept. —"

"The Beauforts! Fate favours me—I will go. The date is for to-day."

He sent off a hasty line to accept the invitation, and, finding he had a few hours yet to spare, he resolved to employ them in consultation with some lawyer as to the chances of regaining his inheritance—a hope which, however wild, he had, since his return to his native shore, and especially since he had heard of the strange visit made to Roger Morton, permitted himself to indulge. With this idea he sallied out, meaning to consult Liancourt, who, having a large acquaintance among the English, seemed the best person to advise him as to the choice of a lawyer at once active and honest, when he suddenly chanced on that gentleman himself.

"This is lucky, my dear Liancourt. I was just going to your lodgings."

"And I was coming to yours, to know if you dine with Lord Lilburne. He told me he had asked you. I have just left him. And by the sofa of Mephistopheles there was the prettiest Margaret you ever beheld."

"Indeed! Who?"

"He called her his niece; but I should doubt if he had any relation on this side the Styx so human as a niece."

"You seem to have no great predilection for our host."

"My dear Vaudemont, between our blunt, soldierly natures, and those wily, icy, sneering intellects, there is the antipathy of the dog to the cat."

"Perhaps so on our side, not on his; or why does he invite us?"

"London is empty: there is no one else to ask. We are new faces, new minds to him. We amuse him more than the hackneyed comrades he has worn out. Besides, he plays—and you too. Fly on you!"

"Liancourt, I had two objects in knowing that man, and I pay the toll for the bridge. When I cease to want the passage I shall cease to pay the toll."

"But the bridge may be a drawbridge, and the moat is devilish deep below. Without metaphor, that man may ruin you before you know where you are."

"Bah! I have my eyes open. I know how much to spend on the rogue whose service I hire as a lackey's, and I know also where to stop. Liancourt," he added, after a short pause, and in a tone deep with suppressed passion, "when I first saw that man, I thought of appealing to his heart for one who has a claim on it. That was a vain hope. And then there came upon me a sterner and deadlier thought: the scheme of the Avenger! This Lilburne—this rogue, whom the world sets up to worship—ruined, body and soul, ruined—one whose name the world gibbets with its scorn! Well; I thought to avenge that man. In his own house, amid ye all, I thought to detect the sharper and brand the cheat!"

"You startle me! It has been whispered, indeed, that Lord Lilburne is dangerous—but skill is dangerous. To cheat!—an English gentleman! a nobleman!—impossible!"

"Whether he do or not," returned Vaudemont, in a calmer tone, "I have foregone the vengeance, because he is—"

"Is what?"

"No matter," said Vaudemont, aloud, while he added to himself, "Because he is the grandfather of Fanny!"

"You are very enigmatical to-day."

"Patience, Liancourt; I may solve all the riddles that make up my life yet. Bear with me a little longer. And now can you help me to a

lawyer? a man experienced, indeed, and of repute, but young, active, not overlaid with business; I want his zeal and his time, for a hazard that your monopolists of clients may not deem worth their devotion."

"I can recommend you, then, the very man you require. I had a suit some years ago at Paris, for which English witnesses were necessary. My *avocat* employed a solicitor here, whose activity in collecting my evidence gained my cause. I will answer for his diligence and his honesty."

"His address?"

"Mr. Barlow—somewhere by the Strand—let me see—Essex—yes, Essex-street."

"Then good-bye to you for the present. You dine at Lord Lilburne's too?"

"Yes. Adieu till then."

Vaudemont was not long before he arrived at Mr. Barlow's: a brass plate announced to him the house. He was shown at once into a parlour, where he saw a man whom lawyers would call young, and spinsters middle-aged, viz., about two-and-forty; with a bold, resolute, intelligent countenance, and that steady, calm, sagacious eye which inspires at once confidence and esteem.

Vaudemont scanned him with the look of one who has been accustomed to judge mankind, as a scholar does books, with rapidity because with practice. He had at first resolved to submit to him the heads of his case without mentioning names, and, in fact, he so commenced his narrative: but, by degrees, as he perceived how much his own earnestness arrested and engrossed the interest of his listener, he warmed into fuller confidence, and ended by a full disclosure, and a caution as to the profoundest secrecy, in case, if there were no hope to recover his rightful name, he might yet wish to retain, unannoyed by curiosity or suspicion, that by which he was not discreditably known.

"Sir," said Mr. Barlow, after assuring him of the most scrupulous discretion, "sir, I have some recollection of the trial instituted by your mother, *Mrs. Beaufort*;" and the slight emphasis he laid on that name was the most grateful compliment he could have paid to the truth of Philip's recital. "My impression is, that it was managed in a very slovenly manner by her lawyer, and some of his oversights we may repair in a suit instituted by yourself. But it would be absurd to conceal from you the great difficulties that beset us; your mother's suit, designed to establish her own rights, was far easier than that which you must commence, viz., an action for ejectment against a man who has been some years in undisturbed possession. Of course, until the missing witness is found out, it would be madness to commence litigation. And the question then will be, how far that witness will suffice? It is true, that one witness of a marriage, if the others are dead, is held sufficient by law. But I need not add that that witness must be thoroughly credible. In suits for real property, very little documentary or secondary evidence is admitted. I doubt even whether the certificate of the marriage on which—in the loss or destruction of the register—you lay so much stress, would be available in itself. But if an *examined copy*, it becomes of the last importance, for it will then inform us of the name of the person who extracted and examined it. Heaven grant it may not have been the clergyman himself who performed the ceremony, and who, you say, is dead; if some one else, we should then

have a second no doubt credible and most valuable witness. The document would thus become available as proof, and I think that we should not fail to establish our case."

"But this certificate, how is it ever to be found? I told you that we had searched every where in vain."

"True; but you say that your mother always said that the late Mr. Beaufort had so solemnly assured her, even just prior to his decease, that it was in existence, that I have no doubt as to the fact. It may be possible, but it is a terrible insinuation to make, that if Mr. Robert Beaufort, in examining the papers of the deceased, chanced upon a document so important to him, he abstracted or destroyed it. But to return. If this should not have been the case (and Mr. Robert Beaufort's moral character is unspotted—and we have no right to suppose it,) the probability is, either that it was entrusted to some third person, or placed in some hidden drawer or deposite, the secret of which your father never disclosed. Who has purchased the house you lived in?"

"Fernside? Lord Lilburne, Mrs. Robert Beaufort's brother."

"Humph! probably, then, he took the furniture and all. Sir, this is a matter that requires some time for close consideration. With your leave, I will not only insert in the London papers an advertisement to the effect that you suggested to Mr. Roger Morton (in case you should have made a right conjecture as to the object of the man who applied to him,) but I will also advertise for the witness himself. William Smith you say his name is. Did the lawyer employed by Mrs. Beaufort send to inquire for him in the colony?"

"No; I fear there could not have been time for that. My mother was so anxious and eager, and so convinced of the justice of her case—"

"That's a pity; her lawyer must have been a sad driveller."

"Besides, now I remember, inquiry was made of his relations in England. His father, a farmer, was then alive; the answer was that he had certainly left Australia. His last letter, written two years before that date, which had contained a request for money, which the father, himself made a bankrupt by reverses, could not give, had stated that he was about to seek his fortune elsewhere; since then they had heard nothing of him."

"Ahem! Well, you will perhaps let me know where any relations of his are yet to be found, and I will look up the former suit, and go into the whole case without delay. In the mean time, you do right, sir—if you will allow me to say it—not to disclose either your own identity or a hint of your intentions. It is no use putting suspicion on its guard. And my search for this certificate must be managed with the greatest address. But, by the way, speaking of *identity*, there can be no difficulty, I hope, in proving yours?"

Philip was startled. "Why, I am greatly altered."

"But probably your beard and mustache may contribute to that change; and, doubtless, in the village where you lived, there would be many with whom you were in sufficient intercourse, and on whose recollection, by recalling little anecdotes and circumstances with which no one but yourself could be acquainted, your features would force themselves along with the moral conviction that the man who spoke to them could be no other but Philip Morton—or, rather, Beaufort."

"You are right; there must be many such. There was not a cottage in the place where I and my dogs were not familiar and half domesticated."

"All's right so far, then. But, I repeat, we must not be too sanguine. Law is not justice—"

"But God is," said Philip; and he left the room.

CHAPTER V.

"*Folpout*. A little in a mist, but not dejected; Never—but still myself."

Ben Jonson: *Folpout*.

"*P. egrine*. Am I enough disguised?"

M. Ay, I warrant you.

P. Have you, fair lady.—*Ibid*.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. The ill wind that had blown gout to Lord Lilburne had blown Lord Lilburne away from the injury he had meditated against what he called "the object of his attachment." How completely and entirely, indeed, the state of Lord Lilburne's feelings depended on the state of his health, may be seen in the answer he gave to his valet, when, the morning after his first attack of the gout, that worthy person, by way of cheering his master, proposed to ascertain something as to the movements of one with whom Lord Lilburne professed to be so violently in love; "Confound you, Dykeman!" exclaimed the invalid, "why do you trouble me about women when I'm in this condition? I don't care if they were all at the bottom of the sea! Reach me the colic-cum; I must keep my mind calm."

Whenever tolerably well, Lord Lilburne was careless of his health; the moment he was ill, Lord Lilburne paid himself the greatest possible attention. Though a man of firm nerves, in youth of remarkable daring, and still, though no longer rash, of sufficient personal courage, he was by no means fond of the thought of death—that is, of his *own* death. Not that he was tormented by any religious apprehensions of the Dread Unknown, but simply because the only life of which he had any experience seemed to him a peculiarly pleasant thing. He had a sort of instinctive persuasion that John Lord Lilburne would not be better off anywhere else. Always disliking solitude, he disliked it more than ever when he was ill, and he therefore welcomed the visit of his sister and the gentle hand of his pretty niece. As for Beaufort, he bored the sufferer; and when that gentleman on his arrival, shutting out his wife and daughter, whispered to Lilburne, "Any more news of that impostor?" Lilburne answered peevishly, "I never talk about business when I have the gout! I have set Sharp to keep a look-out for him, but he has learned nothing as yet: and now go to your club. You are a worthy creature, but too solemn for my spirits just at this moment. I have a few people coming to dine with me; your wife will do the honours, and—you can come in the evening."

Though Mr. Robert Beaufort's sense of importance swelled and chafed at this very unceremonious *congé*, he forced a smile and said,

"Well, it is no wonder you are a little fretful with the gout. I have plenty to do in town, and Mrs. Beaufort and Camilla can come back without waiting for me."

"Why, as your cook is ill, and they can't dine at a club, you may as well leave them here till I am a little better; not that I care, for I can hire a better nurse than either of them."

"My dear Lilburne, don't talk of hiring nurses; certainly I am too happy if they can be of comfort to you."

turtle and venison. After turning over in his mind the space to be measured between a dry crust and three courses and a dessert; after examining with a most curious eye the turnpike roads which lead to the temple of Fortune, such as industry, talent, and so forth, Jonathan decided upon attempting the by-path of Plausibility; and as coachmen diminish the steepness of a hill by a zigzag course, began to insinuate himself up the steep ascent by a serpentine career, bowing and smiling on either side, as the sinuosities of his pathway seemed to justify. Jonathan was mild in his demeanour; gentle, patient, unpretending. Although he preached, when preaching was the order of the day, his homilies were couched in Chesterfieldian phrase.

He never mentioned hell to ears polite, but persuaded the good that they had regenerated him; the bad, that they had corrupted; and both, that it was their business to take care of their own. He became confidential man to every body having confidence; that is money, to dispose of: and with the money of the few soon commanded the respect of the many. Jonathan has now a mansion in Portland-place, a villa at Tottenham, and more turtle and venison than he can devour. He has acted as churchwarden, he has officiated as sheriff—he might be in parliament if he chose—but according to the argument of the Danish sailors, who would not send *Hamlet* into England because “all the men there were as mad as he,” Jonathan Wilson shirks an assemblage so eminently remarkable for its plausibility.

Has not this man speculated cunningly upon the gullibility of the world? Yet, Jonathan Wilson is a drop in the ocean of Plausible People.

KENSALL GREEN.

We may become too familiar with the charnel-house and its contents; and too much familiarity, says the proverb, breeds contempt. A want of respect for the dead is apt to induce a want of reverence for death; and the grim King of Terrors himself, when men's feet are kicking about his trophies, stands in danger of becoming a mere subject for idle gossip, or coarse and ribald jesting. This is not as it should be; yet this, as it seems to me, the confined and crammed burial grounds, which one sees in many parts of London, must inevitably, in some degree, tend to produce.

I strolled the other morning, having nothing better to do, to the new General Cemetery at Kensall Green; I believe the first of the dozen or more, which, after its example, have started into existence in the suburban districts. These cemeteries stand in much the same relation to the London churchyards and burial-grounds, as the Canadas, or New Zealand, to the mother country. They are the points of emigration for the dead; and, as such, they contribute in some degree towards correcting the evil of an over crowded city graveyard. They do something; but they cannot, nor indeed do I see clearly what can, do all. The very poor, who swarm and cluster together so densely in many quarters of the metropolis, can neither carry out their dead so far, nor pay the fees demanded for admission to these more undisturbed resting places. They must still go on in the old way, and lie huddled together in death as closely as they have been wont to do in life. But to return to Kensall Green.

It is a wholesome thing to pay a visit to such a place as this. We are too apt to pass mere ordinary churchyards, poor portions and fragments of the spoils of Death, without being awakened to a due sense of his power, and experiencing only a sort of mournful secure pity, as though the few who slumber beneath its surface form the exception and not the rule. But here, where the eye cannot at one glance take in the whole extent of his territories, we recognise at once the full sweep of his tremendous arm: here we are compelled to acknowledge that beneath that arm we ourselves must bow: and “peep about” us, as it were involuntarily, for some unoccupied nook, in whose shade, when the hour has actually arrived, we may moulder to our primal dust.

It is a fine, large, open space, this cemetery, with

its smooth shaven turf, its broad graveled walks sloping gently upwards to the west, and, on the brow of the ascent, its small simple chapel, silent to all the services of our church save one—the most solemn and the most beautiful—most sorrowful and yet most cheering. As a whole, however, the place at present lacks solemnity. It wants more of those trees which universal and immemorial usage has appropriated to such melancholy localities—the fir, and the yew, and the “sad cypress;” and those which it already possesses require yet a few years to bring them to maturity. The long lines of white tombstones, on either side of the boundary path, stand sadly in need of relief.

Among the multitude of monuments which have already been erected here, there are, of course, designs of all sorts, good, bad, and indifferent—the latter forming a considerable majority. Turning into the right hand path as you enter the consecrated portion of the ground, there stands a neat obelisk to the memory of Scipio Ciliat, inscribed simply with a cross, the name and a date. I think it is Byron who somewhere, in one of his letters or journals, says that a name and a date are all that are required above one's grave. Whoever it was, I fully agree with him. A bad or a mediocre epitaph is sufficient to mar the effect of the noblest tomb. One seldom meets with a decent inscription, even in prose; and as for the attempts of the kind in metre, they are enough to drive all Parnassus crazy. Our very jest-books are full of ridiculous effusions of this nature. A traveller, condemned, by some “accident of flood or field,” to tarry for an afternoon in a remote country village, strolls into the churchyard to read the epitaphs, with the same confident anticipation of amusement that he would feel in opening an album of H. B.'s caricatures, or the third series of *Sam Slick*, did the humble parlour table of the hostelry present such an unlooked for resource. But there is a large class of well-meaning people, who seem to think a gravestone without an epitaph a mere wilful waste of so much good stone; and that with one, or rather by one, the claims of the departed to the consideration of the public are mightily strengthened—that a plain tombstone is considerably more respectable than a simple raised turf—but that a tombstone, with an epitaph to boot, is positively and indisputably genteel. Therefore it is that, as observes the cosmopolite Lieou Chi Altangi, “when the person is buried, the next care is to make his epitaph.” Somewhere or other one must be discovered, and the surviving poets of the family set to work with all their might to supply the desideratum, much to their own satisfaction, and still more to the public amusement. The very stonemason's journeyman, as he chisels the doggerel, must laugh at its absurdity.

Perhaps I am over fastidious—but many of the tombs here are too pretty to please my taste. I like to see a grave kept with neatness and simplicity; the turf cannot be too green, the weeds cannot be too carefully removed; but, were I constituted censor of such matters, I am inclined to think I should publish an edict against anything beyond. There are several graves here which are positive garden plots, with the mould carefully raked and watered, and little painted wooden or iron trellis-work running round the edges, paling in roses, and violets, and hearts-ease, and fifty other small flowers, which have in them no touch of sadness. One would fancy that the surviving relatives really did come there, as somebody has in a most Juvenal-like line expressed it, to “botanise upon their mother's grave.” This is adopting the affectation, as well as the utility, of the foreign cemetery system. Were it not for the sake of the burial service, these floricultural mourners might as well have buried their dead in their own summer-bowers, or in the borders beneath their own parlour windows. But these are not the only specimens of amateur grave-making, if I may so call it, to be found here. There is one thing—for monument it is not—composed of literally nothing but wire trellis-work, and in shape and structure for all the world like a huge and extremely elaborate bird-cage; or still more, perhaps, like one of those magnificent barley-sugar pavilions, which stand in pastrycooks' shop windows to make the eyes and mouths of little boys and girls

of all descriptions stare, and gape, and water, for wonderment. The good, honest, solid gravestones round about ought to rise *en masse*, and vent their indignation at such a pitiful piece of nimity-pimityism, by throwing themselves flat upon it, and crushing it to atoms. Happily for the reputation of the inventor, it bears no name or syllable of any kind by which he may be even guessed at.

The “westend” of this Necropolis is, as an Irishman would say, in the middle, where the tombs stand more dispersedly among the evergreens than in the other parts of the ground, and present, therefore, a far more picturesque appearance to the eye. Among these are two or three handsome coroneted monuments, besides several covering the remains of officers of rank, and various well known public characters. I believe many of the aristocracy lie in the catacombs below, but I did not descend into these. *Vis-a-vis* to the monument of St. John Long, stands the family tomb of no less a personage than Andrew Ducrow, of amphitheatrical notoriety—to my thinking a structure in very vile taste; but, while I was contemplating it, there came up a couple of rather dingy individuals, presenting the appearance of journeymen tailors out for a holyday, the one of whom remarked to the other, as he passed, “Well! I'm blessed if this ain't the best tomb here, after all;” and, as his companion replied by an acquiescent grunt, my opinion on the matter must not be implicitly relied on. It is a square massive piece of workmanship, garnished with a begging dog, in bronze, on either side the entrance, with Egyptian columns, sphinxes, urns, and flower-pots, all of the same hue; and some angels with wreaths, and some horses with wings in relief; the last mentioned animals being (the wings always excepted) the only ornament for which I could perceive any reason. The only present occupant of the interior is the late Mrs. Ducrow, whose worth is commemorated in an ungrammatical and particularly ill-written inscription. For the “horse-taming Andrew” himself, long may it be ere the ring at Astley's knows him no more; for most assuredly, till the end of time,

“Within that circle none shall ride as he”

There is a tomb, not far removed from this, which few will pass without a sigh. It bears no laboured eulogy; but, to the great majority of those whose sorrows and sympathies are worth the waking, it tells an ample tale. Its simple inscription is—

ANNE SCOTT,
Daughter of Sir Walter Scott,
of Abbotsford, Baronet,
Died June the 25th, 1833,
In her 31st year.

Somewhere here, too, stands, above the grave of one untimely cut off, a handsome broken column, (of which, by the way, there are several in the cemetery,) but it wastes its poetry sadly. I heard a respectable looking man and woman gravely deploring its maimed condition, and innocently speculating whether the misfortune arose from mischief or high winds.

It is by no means the least striking feature of this cemetery, that it is closely neighboured on either side by one of those gigantic achievements of modern science—a railway. Singular enough it is, to stand on the terrace of the little chapel, and contrast an approaching funeral procession—the steps of the mourners heavy and slow—the laboured progress of the plumed hearse, with the momentary meteor-like glimpses of a passing train; the oppressive stillness and silence of death, with the noise, and the hurry, and the whirl of life! and to think that the most impatient traveller of all those who shot by not a moment ago must ere long be content to journey at the snail-like pace of the melancholy pageant before us. If the Kensall Green cemetery sends us home pondering well on these things, it will have preached a homily on mortality beyond the pulpit—a homily, moreover, of which we happily cannot lose the spirit, by setting ourselves to work after the most approved modern fashion to criticise the language.—*Blackwood.*

THE REVELS OF THE INNS OF COURT.

The Revels or solemn dances which used formerly to take place at the Inns of Court, are a very perplexing subject of speculation. That the grave ministers and professors of the law should have conceived it to be consistent with their dignity to exhibit their persons in the mazes of a dance, seems altogether inexplicable. Let us just suppose that, under "The Mirror of Fashion," in the Morning Chronicle, we read the following paragraph:—"Yesterday, being the Feast of St. Erkenwald, the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple gave their usual entertainment. After dinner the Solemn Revels commenced, by the Lord Chancellor walking a minuet with Mr. Justice Gaselee, as the youngest Judge. A quadrille succeeded, in which the Judges of the King's Bench and Common Pleas were to have taken part, but, as Lord Chief Justice Best was severely afflicted with the gout, and as Mr. Justice Littledale was not yet perfect in the figure of the dance, their places were supplied from amongst the King's Counsel, Mr. Marryat and Mr. Hart being selected for that purpose. 'The Lancers' succeeded; the Justices of the C. P. (with the exception of the C. J.) and the Barons of the Exchequer making up the set. We were sorry to observe that Mr. Baron Graham seemed fatigued with the exertion. Some waltzing now took place, the couples being led by Mr. Attorney and Mr. Solicitor. The grace and vigour displayed by Sir Charles Wetherell in this dance excited universal admiration. The Chancellor observed that he had seen nothing like it since Dunning's time. The Sergeants next advanced and danced several Scotch reels. Mr. Sergeant Vaughan distinguished himself particularly. The Solemn Revels being concluded, a gentleman of the Outer Bar (Mr. Charles Philips) was called upon for a song. He gave the favourite Air 'Oh I am the Boy for bewitching them,' with great effect. The Judges and Benchers being now seated, the Post Revels commenced with a country dance in which all the utter Barristers took part. Mr. Rose of the Chancery Bar observed that learned gentlemen seemed particularly expert at one part of the figure—change sides and back again. The whole concluded with a *Pas de deux* between the Vice Chancellor and Lord Stowell."

The professors of Divinity and Medicine do not appear to have indulged at any period in these salutary recreations. The solemnity of the College of Physicians was never disturbed by a Coranto. It is possible that the practice may have crept into our Inns of Court from the circumstance of their being formerly a sort of University for the education of our young nobility, with whom the art of dancing was an essential accomplishment. Fortescue tells us that in the Inns of Court the Students were taught.

Anecdotes of Westminster Hall.

From the London Metropolitan.

LINES

On Scott's Mental Decay, (written July, 1832.)

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Oh, this dire eclipse, of a glorious sun,
Making both heaven and earth in darkness one;
This total blindness from excess of light,
This utter feebleness from mental might.
Dear bard! our sorrow now, so late our pride,
To highest genius, highest worth allied;
The Christian poet, and the Attic sage,
The mentor, patriot, wonder of the age,
Like a proud monarch driven from his land,
The golden sceptre wrested from his hand;
Changing his Tyrian robes and jewell'd crown,
For the base weeds of some unseemly clown;
And all his own sad act, that tax'd too high
The proud prerogative of sovereignty;
Till reason rose rebellious at the wrong,
And careless nature ruled the kingly throng.
O, what a lesson for the gifted mind
In his deep darkness, what a light we find,
To beacon others, that might haply stray
Beyond the bounds of man's appointed way.

Behold our mental Danite! shorn at length
Of those bright locks, his beauty and his strength,
Of which each separate hair were fit to string
Apollo's lyre, to strains that angels sing.
That mine-like mind, too prodigal, is now
A captive debtor for that wreathed brow;
That shows like garland on some trophied tomb,
Mocking the dead cold dust with living bloom.
O God! the giver of all gifts that be,
That givest reason's light to lead to Thee;
Look down in mercy on this son of wo!
Oh! shrine his tears in thine eternal bow,
That brilliant covenant that hangs above,
Cradling the rays of thy returning love.
Save him, dear Lord! whom none beside can save,
Lift up his spirit from its living grave;
Open his prison-doors, and set him free,
Whose reason ever led him first to Thee:
And still would lead him, with returning grace,
To sun his soul in thy resplendent face!

All over doth this outer earth
An inner earth infold,
And sounds may reach us of its mirth,
Over its pales of gold.
There, spirits live, unwedded all
From the shades and shapes they wore,
Though still their printless footsteps fall
By the hearths they loved before.
We know them not, nor hear the sound
They make in threading all around:
Their office sweet and mighty prayer
Float without echo through the air.
Yet sometimes in unworldly places,
Soft sorrow's twilight vales,
We meet them with uncovered faces,
Outside their golden pales,
Though dim, as they must ever be,
Like ships far-off and out at sea,
With the sun upon their sails.

W. F. FABER.

SONNET.

On visiting the House at Boulogne on which is inscribed
"Ici est l'Auteur de Gil Blas."

"Ici est mort Le Sage." But what hath died!
I would say, what hath perished! Not Gil Blas!
He lives as heretofore; the ruthless law
Of change affects him not; he will abide
From age to age; all countries are his own.
What, then, hath perished? That corporeal mould,
Which, like a minstrel's harp, grown frail and old,
No longer could respond in wonted tone
Unto the master's touch! But did the mind
That framed the melody, and woke the strings,
Or did the song itself, destruction find
With that old harp? Oh, vain imaginings!
The mind and music live (though cast aside
The broken harp.) Le Sage hath never died!

Fraser's Magazine.

The principal end of reading is to enrich the mind;
the next to improve the pen and tongue. It is much
more genteel and suitable, when they shall appear
all of a price. Doubtless that is the best work,
where the Graces and the Muses meet.—*Felltham.*

NEW BOOKS.

Tweedie's Library of Medicine.

The Third Volume of this valuable series of medical works, to which we have already referred, is just published by Messrs. Lea and Blanchard. It contains *Dissertations on Diseases of the Digestive, Urinary and Uterine Organs*, by Doctors W. Bruce Jay, J. A. Symonds, George Budd, William Thomson, Robert Christison, Robert Ferguson, &c.; with Notes by Dr. Gerhard.

To members of the medical profession the value of Dr. Tweedie's Library of Medicine is perfectly well known—a fact which is sufficiently evinced by the

numbers of each volume which they purchase; its value is not less obvious to the general reader and to those who desire a convenient book of reference for use in families, on plantations, on ship-board, or in factories or forts where a physician is not always at hand, and a treatise, or rather a library of first rate authority is required for reference. The classification of the Treatises composing Dr. Tweedie's Library is so systematic and convenient that it is equivalent to a Medical Dictionary for instant use; while the completeness of each treatise gives it great advantages over any dictionary or abbreviated compend of theory and practice. Each of the volumes contains a class of treatises on kindred subjects, and is complete in itself, while the whole work, (five 8vo. volumes) will comprise a perfect library of the Theory and Practice of Medicine.

Macauley's Miscellanies.

One is sometimes tempted to wish that he had a spare hundred dollars to lay out in a copy of the Edinburgh Review. But Messrs. Carey & Hart have hit upon a contrivance which will save poor devil authors, critics, &c., the trouble of entertaining any more vain wishes on the subject. They have commenced the publishing of the Miscellaneous Works of all the best writers in the Edinburgh Review—in short, all the articles which gave weight to the opinions of the celebrated journal, and rendered its numbers readable and popular. Mr. Macauley has been for several years the Magnus Apollo of the Review, having succeeded the Rev. Sydney Smith, its former leader, and, in fact, its founder. Messrs. Carey & Hart have just published the "Miscellanies" of Macauley, including all his famous articles which have been the admiration of Europe for the last fifteen years; and they have in press the Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith, which will include all his contributions. The articles contributed by Sir Walter Scott are contained in Carey & Hart's complete edition of that illustrious author's works. They have only to publish the Miscellanies of Sir Francis Jeffrey and two or three more of the contributors, and they will leave the general reader little more to desire in a complete set of the Edinburgh Review.

The other papers of Macauley, included in the three volumes before us, are marked by the same vigorous style, richness of illustration and felicity of allusion which characterise the famous articles on the civil war. The Dialogue between Milton and Cowley would inevitably be identified in any situation as the work of Macauley by these marks.

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PAUL DE KOCK.

It is not alone to the external manifestations of life and character that the novelist, the only moralist of the present day, should turn for subjects. He must, in truth, look rather to the development of the world within, and watch his own motives, tendencies, and passions, long, close, and continually, before he can attempt to scrutinise the feelings of others as developed in their conduct. It is not, as is generally supposed, by intuition of other minds, nor even a searching observation of others' conduct down to the very minutiae of their existence, that he can obtain this faculty; his spirit might be a glass reflecting each form perfectly and to the life, yet it would, like that, lose every trace as soon as the original had vanished, if, like that also, it possessed nothing beyond a surface. It is only in the power of sympathy, residing, indeed, more or less in every breast, but cultivated alone by the man of genius, to go far beyond the outward forms and shapes of passing objects. It is by frequent solitude, by constant self-observation, and by ceaseless comparison of the acts of other men with the feelings of his own bosom, that he can hope to attain that facility of searching the human heart and laying bare its workings which has formed the renown in our day of Scott, Dickens, and De Kock; for Cooper, whose genius for the descriptions of nature at least equals the first of these, has nothing of the power even of the last to scan the workings of the secret spirit—and Sue, and Heine, &c. exaggerate them even to mockery.

It is in truth the remarkable characteristic of Paul de Kock that with all his relish for individuality, with all his care to mark the idiosyncracies of his personages, and his unsurpassable felicity in observing and adhering to them throughout the whole conduct of his very numerous tales, often as he wakes by a touch the very sources of the loftiest emotions, he seems never able, or willing, to dwell upon them. Whether this great writer fears that concentration of his powers would operate materially to diminish their variety;—whether he has been, by temperament and love of society, little disposed to meditate severely and long upon his own sensations;—or whether, as Barante observed of Voltaire, what he sees is at a glance, and the faculty of deep careful thought seems denied him,—we cannot assume to decide: but it is certain that whenever roused to a scene of deep and solemn tone, such as could scarcely fail to be effective in any hands, and least of all in those of the contriver, he is content to strike it off with a single stroke of his pencil, disappointing the reader, and

depreciating his own powers. His works consequently are not finished pictures, but moving panoramas; but as such pregnant with nature and truth.

The following lively sketch of the popularity of this author is from a work lately published.

"Paul de Kock has enjoyed, and still enjoys, more celebrity than any living writer; that is to say, if the extent of a man's reputation be judged by the number of his readers. From the highest lady in her luxurious *boudoir*, to the poorest *grisette* in her miserable attic,—from the lordly paladin in his spacious library, to the obsequious porter in his narrow lodge,—from the statesman who mounts the tribune in the Chamber of Deputies, to the copying clerk in the attorney's office,—from the colonel of the regiment, to the private sentinel in the ranks,—all have perused the novels of this distinguished writer,—all classes have pored over those pages which teem with gaiety and mirth, relieved by the finest touches of pathos and feeling—all have felt the magic charm of this great enchanter! A new novel by Paul de Kock creates a more powerful sensation than the speech of the king himself; and on the day of publication, not a diligence, not a mail, not a public conveyance leaves the French metropolis without bearing to the country librarians of all parts a package of the anxiously-awaited volumes. There is not a circulating library throughout France that does not possess one or more complete sets of his works: there is not a news-room where, amongst the few dozens of standard books which grace the little shelf in the corner, the novels of Paul de Kock are not to be found. His popularity extends to the meanest and most distant cottage in the empire: there exists not a labourer who tills the land in the remotest province, that has not heard of Paul de Kock, and laughed at some village pedant's recital of the best episode in his last work.

"Mount the *imperial* of the diligence, and the *Conducteur* will talk to you of Paul de Kock. Converse with the *fille du comptoir* in a café, and she will ask you to lend her his lately published novel. Hire a *cabriolet de place*, and the driver will tell you that he has just perused Paul de Kock's new work. Chatter with your porter's wife, when she brings you your newspaper in the morning, and she will call your attention to the critique of Paul de Kock's book in the *Feuilleton*. Speak to your cook relative to your dinner having been late the day before, and she will throw the blame upon Paul de Kock. Ask your friend why he broke his appointment, and his reply will be the same. In fine, M. Charles Paul de Kock engrosses public attention as much

as the prices of the funds, the measures of the ministers, or the war in Spain. He is a *Monsieur Tanson* whose existence is interminable.

"Nor is his popularity alone confined to France: it extends to every corner of Europe where books are read. In religious—in strict—in domestic communities, are his works devoured with as much enthusiasm as they are by the indolent and luxurious Parisians.

"But let it not be supposed that Paul de Kock can write nothing save humorous tales. His sentiment will frequently wring tears from the eyes. No one can peruse passages of *Sœur Anne*, *Frère Jacques*, or *La Laitière de Montfermeil*, without experiencing the most tender emotions; but no lasting impression is made upon the mind by the scenes which M. de Kock thus envelopes in pathos and melancholy, because the almost immediate occurrence of something excessively ludicrous effaces the reminiscence of the sentimental episode."

A passage from Barbier de Paris.

THE BOASTER.

"The person who now entered Maître Touquet's house was a man of four-and-thirty, but who seemed at least five-and-forty—so wizened was his face, and so hollow his cheeks: his sallow complexion was only relieved by two small scarlet circles upon his cheek-bones, the brilliancy of which betrayed their origin. His eyes were small but rather lively, and Monsieur Chaudoreille kept them constantly rolling about, never fixing them on the person he addressed: his short pug-nose formed a striking contrast with the immensity of his mouth, which was surmounted by an outrageous mustache, red like his hair, while beneath his under lip flourished an imperial, terminating in a point on his chin.

"The Chevalier's stature was barely five feet, and the meagreness of his body was the more apparent from the threadbare close coat which enclosed it. The buttons of his doublet had disappeared in several places, and a variety of botched darns and mendings seemed on the point of breaking out into holes again. On the other hand, his breeches, far too wide, gave an immense size to the upper part of the leg, which made the shrunk shanks, which issued from them a little above the knees, appear still more slender than they really were, for the funnel boots which he wore, falling as they did on the ankle, did not hide the absence of a calf. These boots, of a deep yellow colour, had heels two inches high, and were always provided with spurs: the doublet and breeches were of faded pink, and were accompanied by a little cloak of the same hue, which barely descended to his waist: add to these a very high ruff, a little hat surmounted by an old red feather, and cocked on one side; an old green silk belt; a sword much longer than was usually worn, whose hilt in fact rose to his chest, and you will have a faithful

portrait of the individual who styled himself the Chevalier de Chaudoreille, whose slight Gascon accent denoted his origin. He walked with his head in the air, his nose stuck up, his hand on his hip, his leg stretched out, as if about to put himself on his guard, and apparently disposed to defy all who passed by him.

"On entering the shop, Chaudoreille threw himself on a bench, as if overwhelmed with fatigue, and placed his hat beside him, exclaiming,

"Let me rest myself a moment. *Sandis!* I well deserve it!—Ouf!—what a night! Gad, what a night!"

"And what the devil has been doing to-night, to tire thee so much?"

"Ah! nothing very extraordinary for me, 'tis true; beaten three or four great fellows, who wanted to stop a countess's sedan; wounded two pages who were insulting a girl; gave a few inches of my sword to a student who was about to enter the window of a house; delivered over to the watch four thieves who were about to rifle a poor gentleman;—that is about what I did last night."

"Peste!" said Touquet, as a sneering smile escaped him, "dost thou know, Chaudoreille, thou alone art worth at least three patrols of the watch? It seems to me that the king, or monsieur the cardinal, ought to compensate such fine conduct, by naming thee to some high post in the police of this town, instead of leaving such a brave and useful personage to run about all day from one gambling house to another, trying to borrow a crown."

"Yes," said Chaudoreille, affecting not to have heard the latter portion of what the barber had said, "I admit that I am very brave, and that my sword has often been of service to the state; that is to say—to the oppressed; but I have ever acted disinterestedly; I yield to the impulses of my heart: 'tis in the blood. *Cadédis!* Honour above all things!—and in these times we are not given to trifling!—I am what they call at court 'the very punctilio of honour.' A disrespectful glance—a cold look—a cloak brushing against mine—*presto!*—the sword's in my hand; that's my only argument; I would fight with a child of five years old if he were disrespectful!"

"I know we live in times when people measure swords about nothing; but I never heard that thy duels had made much noise."

"I dare say not, my dear Touquet! dead men don't speak, and those who have to do with me never get out of the scrape. Thou hast heard of the renowned Balagni, surnamed the brave, who was killed in a duel fifteen years ago. Well, my friend, I am his pupil and successor."

"It is unfortunate for thee that thou wast not brought into the world two centuries earlier. Tournaments are getting out of fashion, and the knights who redressed wrongs, and split giants in two, are no longer seen—except in picture galleries."

"It is certain that, if I had lived in the time of the Crusades, I should have brought back from Palestine two thousand Saracen ears; but, my dear Rolanda was there. This redoubted sword, which I inherit from an ancestor who had it direct from Orlando Furioso—hath sent a devilish lot of people to the other world."

"I'm always afraid of its throwing thee down, it seems too long for thee."

"And yet its worn an inch shorter since I had it; if I go on in this way, it will become a mere stiletto."

A passage from the touching story of Zinzinette.

M. Guerreville is a widower, who has lost his daughter; and to relieve his melancholy he one day takes to hunting out lodgings;—in a house in a very humble street,

"A little girl of six was mounting to the fourth story just as M. Guerreville put his foot on the first step to descend. The child was poorly and thinly dressed for the season; a cap of brown cloth covered her head; a gown patched in many parts; an old black apron, composed all her dress; and her tiny feet were already inclosed in wooden shoes. She

carried under her arm a round 4 lb. loaf, a burden that must have been heavy for her; yet she appeared proud of carrying it, and looked at it with great triumph. Arrived at the landing, she held down her head on seeing strangers, and directed her steps towards another little dark staircase, much like the ladder of a mill, and in a corner of the roof. Fourré (the porter) stopped the child, saying—'Ah, young one, tell your father the landlord wants his money. What the devil! Jerome laughs at us!—Because he is ill he thinks we shall forget the rent he owes; but his goods will be sold if he does not pay—tell him that from me.' The child looked at the porter with a small countenance of mingled fear and shame; then quickly climbed the ladder and disappeared. M. Guerreville, who at first paid no attention to the child, turned as the porter spoke to her; he examined that little face, so pale, so thin: the features so small and delicate, surrounded by curls of bright chestnut hair; and he was surprised at the thoughtful expression of that very young countenance."

"This little girl had neither regular features nor rosy cheeks; it was not one of those fat, puffy cherubs, of whom it is customary to say 'what a fine child!' nor one of those perfect heads which painters love to put in their pictures; it was a slight, pale, delicate, serious girl, whom many persons would not have remarked, and others would have thought plain; but who possessed a charm for those who could read the expression of her countenance."

A parent's love had consecrated one spot—

"M. Guerreville had followed the porter and penetrated into a miserable room, whose wretched appearance wrung his heart. There was no paper to hide the walls and the beams which formed the ceiling; no curtains to the sloping window that admitted the light; a poor stump bedstead, a table, a few chairs, a little buffet of white wood which had been slightly varnished,—this was all the furniture of the room; but in a corner, a few boards had been fixed up to make a separation, which formed a sort of closet. There was placed a little child's bed; this bed was of walnut tree, very clean and bright, surmounted by a rod in form of an arrow, and on it were thrown curtains of green, which could surround the bed of the little girl, and screen her from the light which fell perpendicularly into this gloomy retreat."

"Having opened the door, the little girl went back and seated herself close to the sick man's bed, whose hand she took within her own; trying to read in his eyes the impression made upon him by this unexpected visit."

"Ah, yes—this is money well employed!" said the porter, taking a pinch of snuff with great importance. "To buy dolls and little furniture for this little brat; how can any one be so silly! besides they are not cheap playthings you buy, but handsome dolls, two francs a-piece."

"Ah,—but listen to me, Monsieur Fourré! it is because I think nothing too good for my Zinzinette—my little girl—my little angel—and now my little nurse. Ah! I should have liked to buy much handsomer things for her."

"Without appearing even to hear what the porter was saying, M. Guerreville put his hand on the cheek of the little girl; and while caressing her, said to the Auvergnat, 'Is it your only child?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And you love her much, do you not?' 'Do I love her!—Oh, she is my little treasure. Poor child! since I have been ill she has taken care of me, relieved my thirst, gone out to fetch bread and every thing I bid her. She is very young—only six and a half, but yet there is in that little head more thought and sense than in many older ones.' M. Guerreville made him no answer, he was again lost in thought, his head sunk upon his breast, and deep grief painted on all his features."

"Is it possible to stint oneself thus for a child?" cried M. Fourré, putting out his head from behind the boards. 'Here are three good mattresses on the

bed of this little one, and yet her father lies upon a hard palliasse.'

"If that pleases me, Mr. Porter," said Jerome, impatiently, 'I think I have a right to sleep as I like; and for me, who am neither delicate nor difficult, it does very well; but this little pet, Oh! she must be treated tenderly, you see, she is so delicate, so fragile; the least thing would hurt her.'

"Would not one think she was the child of a prince! I love my children, but certainly I could not deprive myself of comforts for them—Ah, well, sir, you have had time to look at this room, I must go down—if it suits you for 50 francs, you shall have it, and I'll take the beans elsewhere."

"On concluding these words the Auvergnat drew the little girl to his bed, and embraced her tenderly; 'And I am blamed,' he added, 'for buying her fine dolls. Oh, but I let the world talk and do as I like, don't I, Zinzinette?'

"The child smiled and said, 'Oh, I take great care of my dolly; she sleeps with me, and I'll make her a frock, for a lady in the house has promised me some very handsome pieces.'

"Yes, yes; you are a good contriver, and everybody in the house loves you, except the porter, who never speaks to you but to say something harsh; but he sha'n't abuse you neither, for I will break my pails over his back."

M. Guerreville takes his leave of the house, giving all the money he had about him to the child, and goes down stairs, where the porter waited his descent."

"And the hand of the porter was still held out before M. Guerreville, but he, after trying his pockets, where he found nothing, put aside the arm which barred his passage, and quitted the house, saying,—'Ah, I am sorry, but I have nothing about me.' M. Fourré remained an instant stupefied with anger; at length he stuck his cap with his hand crying, 'I am robbed, as in a wood; was ever heard such meanness! a well dressed man dare tell me he has no money. Fie, it is disgraceful!—Now that man,—after all, I believe he is an informer—a spy.'"

STORY OF LADY RUSSELL.

Lady Russell would have made a good chapter in the Roman history, at the side of Aria and Portia. What tenderness! What fortitude! What conjugal devotion!—Her picture should be framed, and gilt, and hung up in the memory of every married lady—particularly if she has a husband as amiable and affectionate as my said Lord Russell.

"My best life! how long the time has seemed since last I saw you! I am too happy when I am with you to know my happiness: 'tis at these times when I feel so desolate a creature, that I wake up to a deep sense of my happiness. It delights me to find you feel such a love to poor Stratton. May you live to do so for fifty years to come! and, if God pleases, I shall be glad I may keep your company most of those years, unless you were to wish otherwise at any time: when I think I could willingly leave all in the world, knowing you would take care of our children."

"Pardon, my dear love, (as you have a thousand other failings,) all the nonsense of this, and think me to be, as I am, your ever obedient and affectionate wife,

"R. RUSSELL."

"For the Lord Russell,
"At Southampton House,
"London."

"If we have as pleasant weather next year as we have had all this autumn, I shall enjoy sweet Stratton still more: for you will be here with us more than of late, will you not, dearest?—and we will return early in the summer."

They never returned together: on the 25th of

"No! on second thoughts, you may take back your wife—she's always talking of her own complaints—and leave me Camilla; you can't wait *her* for a few days."

"Just as you like. And you really think I have managed as well as I could about this young man, eh?"

"Yes—yes! And so you go to Beaufort Court in a few days?"

"I propose doing so. I wish you were well enough to come."

"Um! Chambers says that it would be a very good air for me—better than Fernside; and as to my castle in the north, I would as soon go to Siberia. Why, if I am better, I will pay you a visit, only you always have such a stupid set of respectable people about you. I shock them, and they oppress me."

"Why, as I hope soon to see Arthur, I shall make it as agreeable to him as I can, and I shall be very much obliged to you if you would invite a few of your own friends."

"Well, you are a good fellow, Beaufort, and I will take you at your word; and, since one good turn deserves another, I have now no scruple in telling you that I feel quite sure that you will have no farther annoyance from this troublesome witness-monger."

"In that case," said Beaufort, "I may pick up a better match for Camilla! Good-bye, my dear Lilburne."

"Form and ceremony of the world!" snarled the peer, as the door closed on his brother-in-law, "ye make little men very moral, and not a bit the better for being so!"

It so happened that Vaudemont arrived before any of the other guests that day, and during the half hour which Dr. Chambers assigned to his illustrious patient, so that, when he entered, there were only Mrs. Beaufort and Camilla in the drawing-room.

Vaudemont drew back involuntarily as he recognised in the faded countenance of the elder lady features associated with one of the dark passages in his earlier life; but Mrs. Beaufort's gracious smile, and urbane, though languid welcome, sufficed to assure him that the recognition was not mutual. He advanced, and again stopped short as his eye fell upon that fair and still childlike form, which had once knelt by his side, and pleaded with the orphan for his brother. While he spoke to her, many recollections, some dark and stern—but those, at least, connected with Camilla, soft and gentle—thrilled through his heart. Occupied as her own thoughts and feelings necessarily were with Sidney, there was something in Vaudemont's appearance—his manner—his voice—which forced upon Camilla a strange and undefined interest; and even Mrs. Beaufort was roused from her customary apathy as she glanced to that dark and commanding face with something between admiration and fear. Vaudemont had scarcely, however, spoken ten words, when some other guests were announced, and Lord Lilburne was wheeled in upon his sofa shortly afterward. Vaudemont continued, however, seated next to Camilla, and the embarrassment he had at first felt disappeared. He possessed, when he pleased it, that kind of eloquence which belongs to men who have seen much and felt deeply, and whose talk has not been frittered down to the commonplace jargon of the world. His very phraseology was distinct and peculiar, and he had that rarest of all charms in polished life, originality both of thought and of manner. Camilla blushed when she found at dinner that

he had placed himself by her side. That evening De Vaudemont excused himself from playing; but the table was easily made without him, and still he continued to converse with the daughter of the man whom he held as his worst foe. By degrees, he turned the conversation into a channel that might lead him to the knowledge he sought.

"It was my fate," said he, "once to become acquainted with an intimate friend of the late Mr. Beaufort. Will you pardon me if I venture to fulfil a promise I made to him, and ask you to inform me what has become of a—a—that is, of Sidney Morton?"

"Sidney Morton! I don't even remember the name. Oh, yes! I have heard it," added Camilla, innocently, and with a candour that showed how little she knew of the secrets of the family; "he was one of two poor boys in whom my brother felt a deep interest—some relations to my uncle. Yes—yes! I remember now. I never knew Sidney, but I once did see his brother."

"Indeed! and you remember—"

"Yes! I was very young then. I scarcely recollect what passed, it was all so confused and strange; but I know that I made papa very angry, and I was told never to mention the name of Morton again. I believe they behaved very ill to papa."

"And you never learned—never!—the fate of either—of Sidney?"

"Never!"

"But your father must know?"

"I think not; but tell me," said Camilla, with girlish and unaffected innocence, "I have always felt anxious to know—what and who were those poor boys?"

What and who were they? So deep, then, was the stain upon their name, that the modest mother and the decorous father had never even said to that young girl, "They are your cousins: the children of the man in whose gold we revel!"

Philip bit his lip, and the spell of Camilla's presence seemed vanished. He muttered some inaudible answer, turned away to the card-table, and Liancourt took the chair he had left vacant.

"And how does Miss Beaufort like my friend Vaudemont? I assure you that I have seldom seen him so alive to the fascination of female beauty."

"Oh!" said Camilla, with her silver laugh, "your nation spoils us for our own countrymen. You forget how little we are accustomed to flattery."

"Flattery! What truth could flatter on the lips of an exile? But you don't answer my question: what think you of Vaudemont? Few are more admired. He is handsome!"

"Is he?" said Camilla; and she glanced at Vaudemont as he stood at a little distance, thoughtful and abstracted. Every girl forms to herself some untold dream of that which she considers fairest. And Vaudemont had not the delicate and faultless beauty of Sidney. There was nothing that corresponded to her ideal in his marked features and lordly shape! But she owned, reluctantly to herself, that she had seldom seen, among the trim gallants of every-day life, a form so striking and impressive. The air, indeed, was professional: the most careless glance could detect the soldier; but it seemed the soldier of an elder age or a wilder clime. He recalled to her those heads which she had seen in the Beaufort gallery and other collections yet more celebrated—portraits by Titian of those

warrior statesmen who lived in the old republics of Italy in a perpetual struggle with their kind—images of dark, resolute, earnest men. Even whatever was intellectual in his countenance spoke, as in those portraits, of a mind sharpened rather in active than in studious life; intellectual, not from the pale hues, the worn exhaustion, and the sunken cheek of the bookman and dreamer, but from its collected and sterner repose, the calm depth that lay beneath the fire of the eyes, and the strong will that spoke in the close, full lips, and the high but not cloudless forehead.

And, as she gazed, Vaudemont turned round; her eyes fell beneath his, and she felt angry with herself that she blushed. Vaudemont saw the downcast eye, he saw the blush, and the attraction of Camilla's presence was restored. He would have approached her, but at that moment Mr. Beaufort himself entered, and his thoughts went again into a darker channel.

"Yes," said Liancourt, "you must allow Vaudemont looks what he is—a noble fellow and a gallant soldier. Did you never hear of his battle with the tigress? It made a noise in India. I must tell it you as I have heard it."

And, while Liancourt was narrating the adventure, whatever it was, to which he referred, the card-table was broken up, and Lord Lilburne, still reclining on his sofa, lazily introduced his brother-in-law to such of the guests as were strangers to him—Vaudemont among the rest. Mr. Beaufort had never seen Philip Morton more than three times; once at Fernside, and the other times by an imperfect light, and when his features were convulsed by passion, and his form disfigured by his dress. Certainly, therefore, had Robert Beaufort even possessed that faculty of memory which is supposed to belong peculiarly to kings and princes, and which recalls every face once seen, it might have tasked the gift to the utmost to have detected in the bronzed and decorated foreigner to whom he was now presented the features of the wild and long-lost boy. But still some dim and uneasy presentiment, or some struggling and painful effect of recollection, was in his mind as he spoke to Vaudemont, and listened to the cold, calm tone of his reply.

"Who do you say that Frenchman is?" he whispered to his brother-in-law, as Vaudemont turned away.

"Oh! a cleverish sort of adventurer—a gentleman; he plays—he has seen a good deal of the world—he rather amuses me—different from other people. I think of asking him to join our circle at Beaufort Court."

Mr. Beaufort coughed huskily; but, not seeing any reasonable objection to the proposal, and afraid of rousing the sleeping hyæna of Lord Lilburne's sarcasm, he merely said,

"Any one you please:" and, looking round for some one on whom to vent his displeasure, perceived Camilla still listening to Liancourt. He stalked up to her, and, as Liancourt, seeing her rise, rose also and moved away, he said peevishly, "You will never learn to conduct yourself properly; you are to be left here to nurse and comfort your uncle, and not to listen to the gibberish of every French adventurer. Well, Heaven be praised I have a son! girls are a great plague!"

"So they are, Mr. Beaufort," sighed his wife, who had just joined him, and who was jealous of the preference Lilburne had given to her daughter.

"And so selfish!" added Mrs. Beaufort; "they

only care for their own amusements, and never mind how uncomfortable their parents are for want of them."

"Oh! dear mamma, don't say so! Let me go home with you: I'll speak to my uncle!"

"Nonsense, child! Come along, Mr. Beaufort;" and the affectionate parents went out arm in arm. They did not perceive that Vaudemont had been standing close behind them; but Camilla, now looking up with tears in her eyes, again caught his gaze: he had heard all.

"And they ill-treat her," he muttered: "*that divides her from them!*—she will be left here—I shall see her again."

As he turned to depart, Lilburne beckoned to him.

"You do not mean to desert our table?"

"No; but I am not very well to-night; to-morrow, if you will allow me."

"Ay, to-morrow; and if you can spare an hour in the morning, it will be a charity. You see," he added, in a whisper, "I have a nurse, though I have no children. D'ye think that's love? Bah! sir—a legacy! Good night!"

"No—no—no!" said Vaudemont to himself, as he walked through the moonlighted streets, "No! though my heart burns—poor murdered felon!—to avenge thy wrongs and thy crimes, revenge cannot come from me; he is Fanny's grandfather and—*Camilla's uncle!*"

And Camilla, when that uncle had dismissed her for the night, sat down thoughtfully in her own room. The dark eyes of Vaudemont seemed still to shine on her; his voice yet rung in her ear: the wild tales of daring and danger with which Liancourt had associated his name yet haunted her bewildered fancy; she started, frightened at her own thoughts. She took from her bosom some lines that Sidney had addressed to her, and, as she read and re-read them, her spirit became calmed to its wonted and faithful melancholy. Vaudemont was forgotten, and the name of Sidney yet murmured on her lips when sleep came to renew the image of the absent one, and paint in dreams the fairy-land of a happy future!

CHAPTER V.

"Ring on, ye bells, most pleasant is your chime!"
Wilson: *Isle of Palma.*

"Oh, fairy child! what can I wish for thee?"—*Ibid.*

Vaudemont remained six days in London without going to H—, and each of those days he paid a visit to Lord Lilburne. On the seventh day, the invalid being much better, though still unable to leave his room, Camilla returned to Berkeley square. On the same day Vaudemont went once more to see Simon and poor Fanny.

As he approached the door, he heard from the window, partially opened, for the day was clear and fine, Fanny's sweet voice. She was chanting one of the simple songs she had promised to learn by heart; and Vaudemont, though but a poor judge of the art, was struck and affected by the music of the voice and the earnest depth of the feeling. He paused opposite the window and called her by her name. Fanny looked forth joyously, and ran, as usual, to open the door to him.

"Oh! you have been so long away; but I know so many of the songs: they say so much that I always wanted to say!"

Vaudemont smiled but languidly.

"How strange it is," said Fanny, musingly,

"that there should be so much in a piece of paper! for, after all," pointing to the open page of her book, "this is but a piece of paper—only there is life in it!"

"Ay," said Vaudemont, gloomily, and far from seizing the subtle delicacy of Fanny's thought—*her* mind dwelling upon poetry and *his* upon law; "ay; and do you know that upon a mere scrap of paper—yes, a mere scrap of paper, if I could but find it, may depend my whole fortune, my whole happiness, all that I care for in life?"

"Upon a scrap of paper! Oh! how I wish I could find it! Ah! you look as if you thought I should never be wise enough for that!"

Vaudemont, not listening to her, uttered a deep sigh. Fanny approached him timidly.

"Do not sigh, brother—I can't bear to hear you sigh. You are changed. Have you, too, not been happy?"

"Happy, Fanny! Yes, lately, very happy—too happy!"

"Happy, have you? and I—" the girl stopped short; her tone had been that of sadness and reproach, and she stopped—why! she knew not, but she felt her heart sink within her. Fanny suffered him to pass her, and he went straight to his own room. Her eyes followed him wistfully; it was not his habit to leave her thus abruptly. The family meal of the day was over, and it was an hour before Vaudemont descended to the parlour. Fanny had put aside the songs: she had no heart to recommence those gentle studies that had been so sweet: they had drawn no pleasure, no praise from him. She was seated idly and listlessly beside the silent old man, who every day grew more and more silent still. She turned her head as Vaudemont entered, and her pretty lip pouted as that of a neglected child. But he did not heed it, and the pout vanished, and tears rushed to her eyes.

Vaudemont *was* changed. His countenance was thoughtful and overcast, his manner abstracted. He addressed a few words to Simon, and then, seating himself by the window, leaned his cheek on his hand, and was soon lost in revery. Fanny, finding that he did not speak, and after stealing many a long and earnest glance at his motionless attitude and gloomy brow, rose gently, and gliding to him with her light step, said, in a trembling voice,

"Are you in pain, brother?"

"No, pretty one!"

"Then why won't you speak to Fanny? Will you not walk with her? Perhaps my grandfather will come too."

"Not this evening. I shall go out, but it will be alone."

"Where? Has not Fanny been good? I have not been out since you left us. And the grave, brother! I sent Sarah with the flowers; but—"

Vaudemont rose abruptly. The mention of the grave brought back his thoughts from the dreaming channel into which they had flowed. Fanny, whose very childishness had once so soothed him, now disturbed; he felt the want of that complete solitude which makes the atmosphere of growing passion; he muttered some scarcely audible excuse, and quitted the room. Fanny saw him no more that evening. He did not return till midnight. But Fanny did not sleep till she heard his step on the stairs and his chamber-door close; and, when she did sleep, her dreams were disturbed and painful. The next morning, when they met at breakfast (for

Vaudemont did not return to London), her eyes were red and heavy, and her cheek pale. And, still buried in meditation, Vaudemont's eye, usually so kind and watchful, did not detect those signs of a grief that Fanny could not have explained. After breakfast, however, he asked her to walk out; and her face brightened as she hastened to put on her bonnet and take her little basket full of fresh flowers, which she had already sent Sarah forth to purchase.

"Fanny!" said Vaudemont, as, leaving the house, he saw the basket on her arm, "to-day you may place some of those flowers on *another* tombstone! Poor child, what natural goodness there is in that heart! what pity that—"

He paused. Fanny looked delightedly in his face.

"You were praising me—*you!* And what is a pity, brother?"

While she spoke, the sound of joy-bells was heard near at hand.

"Hark!" said Vaudemont, forgetting her question, and almost gaily, "hark! I accept the omen. It is a marriage peal!"

He quickened his steps, and they reached the churchyard.

There was a crowd already assembled, and Vaudemont and Fanny paused; and, leaning over the little gate, looked on.

"Why are these people here, and why does the bell ring so merrily?"

"There is to be a wedding, Fanny."

"I have heard of a wedding very often," said Fanny, with a pretty look of puzzlement and doubt, "but I don't know exactly what it means. Will you tell me? And the bells, too?"

"Yes, Fanny; those bells toll but three times for man! The first time, when he comes into the world; the last time, when he leaves it; the time between, when he takes to his side a partner in all the sorrows, in all the joys that yet remain to him; and who, even when the last bell announces his death to this earth, may yet, for ever and for ever, be his partner in that world to come, that heaven, where they who are as innocent as you, Fanny, may hope to live and to love each other in a land where there are no graves!"

"And *this* bell?"

"Tolls for that partnership—for the wedding!"

"I think I understand you; and they who are to be wed are happy?"

"Happy, Fanny, if they love, and their love continue. Oh! conceive the happiness to know some one person dearer to you than your own self—some one breast into which you can pour every thought, every grief, every joy! One person, who, if all the rest of the world were to calumniate or forsake you, would never wrong you by a harsh thought or an unjust word; who would cling to you the closer in sickness, in poverty, in care; who would sacrifice all things to you, and for whom you would sacrifice all; from whom, except by death, night nor day, can you ever be divided; whose smile is ever at your hearth; who has no tears while you are well and happy, and your love the same. Fanny, such is marriage, if they who marry have hearts and souls to feel that there is no bond on earth so tender and so sublime. There is an opposite picture; I will not draw *that!* And as it is, Fanny, you cannot understand me!"

He turned away; and Fanny's tears were falling like rain upon the grass below: he did not see them! He entered the churchyard, for the bell now ceased. The ceremony was to begin. He followed the bridal party into the church, and

Fanny, lowering her veil, crept after him, awed and trembling.

They stood at a little distance and heard the service.

The betrothed were of the middle class of life, young, both comely; and their behaviour was such as suited the reverence and sanctity of the rite. Vaudemont stood, looking on intently, with his arms folded on his breast. Fanny leaned behind him, and apart from all, against one of the pews. And still in her hand, while the priest was solemnising Marriage, she held the flowers intended for the grave. Even to *that MORNING*—hushed, calm, earnest, with her mysterious and un conjectured heart—her shape brought a thought of NIGHT!

When the ceremony was over—when the bride fell on her mother's breast and wept; and then, when turning thence, her eyes met the bridegroom's, and the tears were all smiled away—when, in that one rapid interchange of looks, spoke all that holy love can speak to love, and with timid frankness she placed her hand in his to whom she had just vowed her life—a thrill went through the hearts of those present, Vaudemont sighed heavily. He heard his sigh echoed, but by one that had in its sound no breath of pain: he turned; Fanny had raised her veil; her eyes met his, moistened, but bright, soft, and her cheeks were rosy red. Vaudemont recoiled before that gaze, and turned from the church. The crowd dispersed. The persons interested retired to the vestry to sign their names in the registry, and Vaudemont and Fanny stood alone in the burial-ground.

"Look, Fanny," said the former, pointing to a tomb that stood far from his mother's (for *those* ashes were too hallowed for such a neighbourhood). "Look yonder; it is a new tomb, Fanny; let us approach it. Can you read what is there inscribed?"

The inscription was simply this:

To W—— G——.

MAN SEES THE DEED—OOD THE CIRCUMSTANCE.

JUDGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED.

"Fanny, this tomb fulfils your pious wish: it is to the memory of him whom you called your father. Whatever was his life here—whatever sentence it hath received, Heaven, at least, will not condemn *your* piety if you honour one who was good to *you*, and place flowers, however idle, even over that grave."

"It is his—my father's; and you have thought of this for me," said Fanny, taking his hand and sobbing. "And I have been thinking that you were not so kind to me as you were!"

"Have I not? Nay, forgive me, I am not happy."

"Not? You said yesterday you had been too happy."

"To remember happiness is not to be happy, Fanny."

"That's true: and—"

Fanny stopped; and, as she bent over the tomb, musing, Vaudemont, willing to leave her undisturbed, and feeling bitterly how little his conscience could vindicate, though it might find palliation for, the dark man who slept *not* there, retired a few paces.

At this time the new-married pair, with their witnesses, the clergyman, &c., came from the vestry and crossed the path. Fanny, as she turned from the tomb, saw them, and stood still, looking earnestly at the bride.

"What a lovely face!" said the mother; "is it—yes, it is—the poor idiot girl."

"Ah!" said the bridegroom, tenderly, "and she, Mary, beautiful as she is, *she* can never make another as happy as you have made me."

Vaudemont heard, and his heart felt sad. "Poor Fanny! And yet, but for that affliction, I might have loved her ere I met the fatal face of the daughter of my foe!" And with a deep compassion, an inexpressible and holy fondness, he moved to Fanny.

"Come, my child, now let us go home."

"Stay," said Fanny, "you forget." And she went to strew the flowers still left over Catharine's grave.

"Will my mother," thought Vaudemont, "forgive me if I have other thoughts than hate and vengeance for that house which builds its greatness over her slandered name?" He groaned: and that grave had lost its melancholy charm.

CHAPTER VII.

"Of all men I say,
That dare, for 'tis a desperate adventure,
Wear on their free necks the yoke of women,
Give me a soldier."—*Knight of Malta*.

"So lightly doth this little boat
Upon the scarce-touch'd billows float;
So careless doth she seem to be,
Thus left by herself on the homeless sea,
To 'ay there with her cheerful sail,
Till Heaven shall send some gracious gale."
WILSON: *Isle of Palms*.

Vaudemont returned that evening to London, and found at his lodgings a note from Lord Lilburne, stating that, as his gout was now somewhat mitigated, his physician had recommended him to try change of air—that Beaufort Court was in one of the western counties, in a genial climate—that he was therefore going thither the next day for a short time—that he had asked some of Monsieur de Vaudemont's countrymen, and a few other friends, to enliven the circle of a dull country-house—that Mr. and Mrs. Beaufort would be delighted to see Monsieur de Vaudemont also—and that his compliance with their invitation would be a charity to Monsieur de Vaudemont's faithful and obliged

LILBURNE.

The first sensation of Vaudemont on reading this effusion was delight. "I shall see *her*," he cried; "I shall be under the same roof!" But the glow faded at once from his cheek. The roof—what roof? Be the guest where he held himself the lord! Be the guest of Robert Beaufort! Was that all? Did he not meditate the deadliest war which civilised society admits of—the *War of Law*—war for name, property, that very hearth, with its household gods, against this man? Could he receive his hospitality? "And what then!" he exclaimed, as he paced to and fro the room; "because her father wronged me, and because I would claim mine own, must I therefore exclude from my thoughts, from my sight, an image so fair and gentle; the one who knelt by my side, an infant, to that hard man? Is Hate so noble a passion that it is not to admit one glimpse of Love? *Love!* what word is that? Let me beware in time!" He paused in fierce self-contest, and, throwing open the window, gasped for air. The street in which he lodged was in the neighbourhood of St. James's; and, at that very moment, as if to defeat all opposition and to close the struggle, Mrs. Beaufort's ba-

rouche drove by, Camilla at her side. Mrs. Beaufort, glancing up, languidly bowed; and Camilla herself perceived him, and he saw her change colour as she inclined her head. He gazed after them, almost breathless, till the carriage disappeared; and then, reclosing the window, he sat down to collect his thoughts, and again to reason with himself. But still, as he reasoned, he saw ever before him that blush and that smile. At last he sprang up, and a noble and bright expression elevated the character of his face: "Yes; if I enter that house, if I eat that man's bread, and drink of his cup, I must forego, not justice—not what is due to my mother's name—but whatever belongs to hate and vengeance. If I enter that house, and if Providence permit me the means whereby to regain my rights, why, she—the innocent one—she may be the means of saving her father from ruin, and stand like an angel by that boundary where justice runs into revenge! Besides, is it not my duty to discover Sidney? Here is the only clew I shall obtain." With these thoughts he hesitated no more—he decided; he would not reject this hospitality, since it might be in his power to pay it back ten thousand-fold. "And who knows," he murmured again, "if Heaven, in throwing this sweet being in my way, might not have designed to subdue and chasten in me the angry passions I have so long fed on? I have seen her: can I *now* hate her father?"

He sent off his note accepting the invitation. When he had done so, was he satisfied? He had taken as noble and as large a view of the duties thereby imposed on him as he well could take; but something whispered at his heart, "There is weakness in thy generosity. Darest thou love the daughter of Robert Beaufort!" And his heart had no answer to this voice.

The rapidity with which love is ripened depends less upon the actual number of years that have passed over the soil in which the seed is cast, than upon the freshness of the soil itself. A young man who lives the ordinary life of the world, and who fritters away, rather than exhausts, his feelings upon a variety of quick succeeding subjects—the Cynthias of the minute—is not apt to form a real passion at the first sight. Youth is not inflammable unless the *heart* is young.

There are certain times of life when, in either sex, the affections are prepared, as it were, to be impressed with the first fair face that attracts the fancy and delights the eye. Such times are when the heart has been long solitary, and when some interval of idleness and rest succeeds to periods of harsher and more turbulent excitement. This was precisely such a period in the life of Vaudemont. Although his ambition had been for many years his dream, and his sword his mistress, yet, naturally affectionate, and susceptible of strong emotion, he had often repined at his lonely lot. By degrees, the boy's fantasy and reverence, which had wound themselves round the image of Eugenie, subsided into that gentle and tender melancholy, which, perhaps, by weakening the strength of the sterner thoughts, leaves us inclined rather to receive than to resist a new attachment; and on the verge of the sweet Memory trembles the sweet Hope. The suspension of his profession, his schemes, his struggles, his career, left his passions unemployed. Vaudemont was thus unconsciously prepared to love. As we have seen, his first and earliest feelings directed themselves to Fanny. But he had so immediately detected the danger, and so

immediately recoiled from nursing those thoughts and fancies, without which love dies for want of food, for a person to whom he ascribed the affliction of an imbecility which would give such a sentiment—all the attributes either of the weakest rashness or of dishonour approaching to sacrilege—that the wings of the deity were scared away the instant their very shadow fell upon his mind. And thus, when Camilla rose upon him, his heart was free to receive her image. Her graces, her accomplishments, a certain nameless charm that invested her, pleased him even more than her beauty; the recollections connected with that first time he had ever beheld her were also grateful and endearing; the harshness with which her parents spoke to her moved his compassion, and addressed itself to a temper peculiarly alive to the generosity that leans towards the weak and the wronged; the engaging mixture of mildness and gaiety with which she tended her peevish and sneering uncle, convinced him of her better and more enduring qualities of disposition and womanly heart. And even—so strange and contradictory are our feelings—the very remembrance that she was connected with a family so hateful to him made her own image the more bright from the darkness that surrounded it. For was it not with the daughter of his foe that the lover of Verona fell in love at first sight? And is not *that* a common type of us all—as if Passion delighted in contradictions? As the diver, in Schiller's exquisite ballad, fastened, in the midst of the gloomy sea, upon the rock of coral, so we cling the more gratefully to whatever of fair thought and gentle shelter smiles out to us in the depths of Hate and Strife.

But perhaps Vaudemont would not so suddenly and so utterly have rendered himself to a passion that began, already, completely to master his strong spirit, if he had not, from Camilla's embarrassment, her timidity, her blushes, intoxicated himself with the belief that his feelings were not unshared. And who knows not that such a belief, once cherished, ripens our own love to a development in which hours are as years?

It was, then, with such emotions as made him almost blind to every thought but the luxury of breathing the same air as his cousin, which swept from his mind the Past, the Future, leaving nothing but a joyous, a breathless PRESENT on the face of Time, that he repaired to Beaufort Court. He did not return to H— before he went, but he wrote to Fanny a short and hurried line to explain that he might be absent for some days at least, and promised to write again if he should be detained longer than he anticipated.

In the mean while, one of those successive revolutions which had marked the eras in Fanny's moral existence, took its date from that last time they had walked and conversed together.

The very evening of that day, some hours after Philip was gone, and after Simon had retired to rest, Fanny was sitting before the dying fire in the little parlour in an attitude of deep and pensive reverie. The old woman-servant, Sarah, who, very different from Mrs. Boxer, loved Fanny with her whole heart, came into the room, as was her wont, before going to bed, to see that the fire was duly out and all safe; and, as she approached the hearth, she started to see Fanny still up.

"Dear heart-alive!" she said; "why, Miss Fanny, you will catch your death of cold: what are you thinking about?"

"Sit down, Sarah; I want to speak to you."

Now, though Fanny was exceedingly kind and attached to Sarah, she was seldom communicative to her, or, indeed, to any one. It was usually in its own silence and darkness that that lovely mind worked out its own doubts.

"Do you, my sweet young lady? I'm sure anything I can do—" and Sarah seated herself in her master's great chair, and drew it close to Fanny. There was no light in her room but the expiring fire, and it threw upward a pale glimmer on the two faces bending over it, the one so beautiful, so smooth, so blooming, so exquisite in its youth and innocence, the other withered, wrinkled, meager, and astute. It was like the Fairy and the Witch together.

"Well, miss," said the crone, observing that, after a considerable pause, Fanny was still silent; "well—"

"Sarah, I have seen a wedding!"

"Have you?" and the old woman laughed. "Oh! I heard it was to be to-day!—young Waldron's wedding! Yes, they have been long sweethearts."

"Were you ever married, Sarah?"

"Lord bless you, yes! and a very good husband I had, poor man! But he's dead these many years; and, if you had not taken me, I must have gone to the workhouse."

"He is dead! Wasn't it very hard to live after that, Sarah?"

"The Lord strengthens the hearts of widders!" observed Sarah, sanctimoniously.

"Did you marry your brother, Sarah?" said Fanny, playing with the corner of her apron.

"My brother!" exclaimed the old woman, aghast. "La! miss, you must not talk in that way: it's quite wicked and heathenish! One must not marry one's brother!"

"No!" said Fanny, tremblingly, and turning very pale, even by that light. "No! Are you sure of that?"

"It is the wickedest thing even to talk about, my dear young mistress; but you're like a babby unborn!"

Fanny was silent for some moments. At length she said, unconscious that she was speaking aloud, "But he is *not* my brother, after all!"

"Oh, miss, fy! Are you letting your pretty head run on the handsome gentleman? You, too—dear, dear! I see we're all alike, we poor felow creturs! You! who'd have thought it? Oh, Miss Fanny! you'll break your heart if you goes for to fancy any such thing."

"Any what thing?"

"Why, that that gentleman will marry you! I'm sure, tho' he's so simple like, he's some great gentleman! They say his hoss is worth a hundred pounds! Dear, dear! why didn't I ever think of this before? He must be a very wicked man. I see, now, why he comes here. I'll speak to him, *that* I will!—a *very* wicked man!"

Sarah was startled from her indignation by Fanny's rising suddenly, and standing before her in the flickering twilight, almost like a shape transformed, so tall did she seem, so stately, so dignified.

"Is it of *him* that you are speaking?" said she, in a voice of calm but deep resentment: "of him! If so, Sarah, we two can live no more in the same house."

And these words were said with a propriety and collectedness that even, through all her terror, showed at once to Sarah how much they now wronged Fanny who had suffered their lips to repeat the parrot-cry of the "idiot girl!"

"Oh! gracious me! miss—ma'am—I am so sorry—I'd rather bite out my tongue than say a word to offend you; it was only my love for you, dear innocent creature that you are!" and the honest woman sobbed with real passion as she clasped Fanny's hand. "There have been so many young persons, good and harmless, yes, even as you are, ruined. But you don't understand me. Miss Fanny! hear me: I must try and say what I would say. That man—that gentleman—so proud, so well-dressed, so grand-like—will never marry *you*, never—never. And if ever he says he does love you, and you say you loves him, and you two *don't* marry, you will be ruined and wicked, and die—die of a broken heart!"

The earnestness of Sarah's manner subdued and almost awed Fanny. She sunk down again in her chair, and suffered the old woman to caress and weep over her hand for some moments, in a silence that concealed the darkest and most agitated feelings Fanny's life had hitherto known. At length she said,

"Why may he not marry me if he loves me! He is not my brother, indeed he is not! I'd never call him so again."

"He cannot marry you," said Sarah, resolved, with a sort of rude nobleness, to persevere in what she felt to be a duty; "I don't say anything about money, because that does not always signify. But he cannot marry you, because—because people who are dedicated one way never marry those who are dedicated and brought up in another. A gentleman of that kind requires a wife to know—oh—to know ever so much; and *you*—"

"Sarah," interrupted Fanny, rising again, but this time with a smile on her face, "don't say anything more about it; I forgive you, if you promise never to speak unkindly of him again—never—never—never, Sarah!"

"But I may just tell him that—that—"

"That what?"

"That you are so young and innocent, and so protector like; and that, if you were to love him, it would be a shame in him—that it would!"

And then (oh! no, Fanny, there was nothing clouded *now* in your reason!)—and then the woman's alarm, the modesty, the instinct, the terror, came upon her.

"Never! never! I will not love him—I do not love him, indeed, Sarah. If you speak to him, I will never look you in the face again. It is all past—all, dear Sarah!"

She kissed the old woman; and Sarah, fancying that her sagacity and counsel had prevailed, promised all she was asked; so they went up stairs together—friends.

CHAPTER VIII.

"As the wind
Sole, an uncertain sweetness comes from out
The orange trees.

Rise up, Olympia. She sleeps soundly. Ho!
Stirring at last! —BARRY CORNWALL.

The next day Fanny was seen by Sarah counting the little hoard that she had so long and so painfully saved for her benefactor's tomb. The money was no longer wanted for *that* object—Fanny had found another; she said nothing to Sarah or to Simon. But there was a strange, complacent smile upon her lip as she busied herself in her work that puzzled the old woman. Late at noon came the postman's unwonted knock

at the door. A letter! a letter for Miss Fanny. A letter! the first she had ever received in her life. And it was from *him*! and it began with "Dear Fanny." Vaudemont had called her "dear Fanny" a hundred times, and the expression had become a matter of course. But "Dear Fanny" seemed so very different when it was *written*. The letter could not well be shorter, nor, all things considered, colder. But the girl found no fault with it. It began with "Dear Fanny," and it ended with "Yours truly." "Yours truly—*mine* truly—and how kind to write at all!" Now it so happened that Vaudemont, having never merged the art of the penman into that rapid scrawl into which people who are compelled to write hurriedly and constantly degenerate, wrote a remarkably good hand—bold, clear, symmetrical—almost too good a hand for one who was not to make money by caligraphy. And, after Fanny had got the words by heart, she stole gently to a cupboard, and took forth some specimens of her own hand, in the shape of house and work memoranda, and extracts which, the better to help her memory, she had made from the poem book Vaudemont had given her. She gravely laid his letter by the side of these specimens, and blushed at the contrast: yet, after all, her own writing, though trembling and irresolute was far from a bad or vulgar hand. But emulation was now fairly roused within her. Vaudemont, preoccupied by more engrossing thoughts, and, indeed, forgetting a danger which had seemed so thoroughly to have passed away, did not, in his letter, caution Fanny against going out alone. She remarked this; and, having completely recovered her own alarm at the attempt that had been made on her liberty, she thought she was now released from her promise to guard against a past and imaginary peril. So after dinner she slipped out alone, and went to the mistress of the school where she had received her elementary education. She had ever since continued her acquaintance with that lady, who, kind-hearted, and touched by her situation, often employed her industry, and was far from blind to the improvement that had for some time been silently working in the mind of her old pupil.

Fanny had a long conversation with this lady, and she brought back a bundle of books. The light might have been seen that night, and many nights after, burning long and late from her little window. And, having recovered her old freedom of habits, which Simon, poor man, did not notice, and which Sarah, thinking that anything was better than moping at home, did not remonstrate against, Fanny went out regularly for two hours, or sometimes for even a longer period, every evening, after old Simon had composed himself to the nap that filled up the interval between dinner and tea.

In a very short time—a time that, with ordinary stimulants, would have seemed marvellously short—Fanny's handwriting was not the same thing; her manner of talking became different; she no longer called herself "Fanny" when she spoke; the music of her voice was not quiet and settled; her sweet expression of face was more thoughtful; the eyes seemed to have deepened in their very colour; she was no longer heard chanting to herself as she tripped along. The books that she nightly fed on had passed into her mind; the poetry that had ever unconsciously sported round her young years began now to create poetry in herself. Nay, it might almost have seemed as if that restless disorder of the intellect, which the dullards had called Idiotcy, had

been the wild efforts, not of Folly, but of GENIUS seeking to find its path and outlet from the cold and dreary solitude to which the circumstances of her early life had compelled it.

Days, even weeks passed: she never spoke of Vaudemont. And once, when Sarah, astonished and bewildered by the change in her young mistress, asked,

"When does the gentleman come back?"

Fanny answered, with a mysterious smile, "Not yet, I *hope*—not quite yet."

CHAPTER IX.

"*Thi.* I do begin
To feel an alteration in my nature,
And in his full-smiled confidence a shower
Of gentle rain, that, falling on the fire,
Hath quenched it.

How is my heart divided
Between the duty of a son and love!"
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *Thierry and Theodoret*.

Vaudemont had now been a month at Beaufort Court. The scene of a country house, with the sports that enliven it and the accomplishments it calls forth, was one in which he was well fitted to shine. He had been an excellent shot as a boy; and, though long unused to the fowling-piece, had in India acquired a deadly precision with the rifle; so that a very few days of practice in the stubbles and covers of Beaufort Court made his skill the theme of the guests and the admiration of the keepers. Hunting began, and—this pursuit, always so strong a passion in the active man, and which, to the turbulence and agitation of his half-tamed breast, now excited by a kind of frenzy of hope and fear, gave a vent and release—was a sport in which he was yet more fitted to excel. His horsemanship, his daring, the stone walls he leaped, and the floods through which he dashed, furnished his companions with wondering tale and comment on their return home. Mr. Marsden, who, with some other of Arthur's early friends, had been invited to Beaufort Court in order to welcome its expected heir, and who, retaining all the prudence which had distinguished him of yore, when, having ridden over old Simon, he dismounted to examine the knees of his horse—Mr. Marsden, a skilful huntsman, who rode the most experienced horses in the world, and who generally contrived to be in at the death, without having leaped over anything higher than a hurdle, suffering the bolder quadruped (in case what is called the "knowledge of the country"—that is, the knowledge of gaps and gates—failed him) to perform the more dangerous feats alone, as he quietly scrambled over, or scrambled through, upon foot, and remounted the well-taught animal when it halted after the exploit, safe and sound—Mr. Marsden declared that he never saw a rider with so little judgment as Monsieur Vaudemont, and that the devil was certainly in him.

This sort of reputation, common-place and merely physical as it was in itself, had a certain effect upon Camilla: it might be an effect of fear. I do not say, for I do not know, what her feelings towards Vaudemont exactly were. As the calmest natures are often those the most hurried away by their contraries, so perhaps he awed and dazzled rather than pleased her; at least, he certainly forced himself on her interest. Still she would have started in terror if any one had said to her, "Do you love your betrothed less than when you met by the happy lake?" and her heart would have indignantly rebuked

the questioner. The letters of her lover were still long and frequent; hers were briefer and more subdued. But then there was constraint in the correspondence: it was submitted to her mother.

Whatever might be Vaudemont's manner to Camilla whenever occasion threw them alone together, he certainly did not make his attentions glaring enough to be remarked. His eye watched her rather than his lip addressed; he kept as much aloof as possible from the rest of her family, and his customary bearing was silent even to gloom. But there were moments when he indulged in a fitful exuberance of spirits, which had something strained and unnatural. He had outlived Lord Lilburne's short liking; for, since he had resolved no longer to keep watch on that noble gamester's method of play, he played but little himself; and Lord Lilburne saw that he had no chance of ruining him: there was, therefore, no longer any reason to like him. But this was not all: when Vaudemont had been at the house somewhat more than two weeks, Lilburne, petulant and impatient, whether at his refusals to join the card-table, or at the moderation with which, when he did, he confined his ill-luck to petty losses, one day hobbled up to him as he stood at the embrasure of the window, gazing on the wide lands beyond, and said,

"Vaudemont, you are bolder in hunting, they tell me, than you are at whist."

"Honours don't tell against one—over a hedge!"

"What do you mean?" said Lilburne, rather haughtily.

Vaudemont was at that moment in one of those bitter moods when the sense of his situation—the sight of the usurper in his home—often swept away the gentler thoughts inspired by his fatal passion. And the tone of Lord Lilburne, and his loathing to the man, were too much for his temper.

"Lord Lilburne," he said, and his lips curled, "if you had been born poor, you would have made a great fortune: you play luckily!"

"How am I to take this, sir?"

"As you please," answered Vaudemont, calmly, but with an eye of fire. And he turned away.

Lilburne remained on the spot very thoughtful. "Hum! he suspects me. I cannot quarrel on such ground—the suspicion itself dishonours me—I must seek another."

The next day, Lilburne, who was familiar with Mr. Marsden (though the latter gentleman never played at the same table), asked that prudent person, after breakfast, if he happened to have his pistols with him.

"Yes; I always take them into the country; one may as well practise when one has the opportunity. Besides, sportsmen are often quarrelsome; and if it is known that one shoots well, it keeps one out of quarrels!"

"Very true," said Lilburne, rather admiringly; "I have made the same remark myself when I was younger. I have not shot with a pistol for some years. I am well enough now to walk out with the help of a stick. Suppose we practise for half an hour or so."

"With all my heart," said Mr. Marsden.

The pistols were brought, and they strolled forth; Lord Lilburne found his hand out.

"As I never hunt now," said the peer, and he gnashed his teeth and glanced at his maimed limb; "(for, though lameness would not prevent my keeping my seat, violent exercise hurts

my leg; and Brodie says any fresh accident might bring on tic douloureux), and as my gout does not permit me to join the shooting parties, it would be a kindness in you to lend me your pistols—it would while away an hour or so—though, thank heaven, my duelling days are over!”

“Certainly,” said Mr. Marsden; and the pistols were consigned to Lord Lilburne.

Four days from that date, as Mr. Marsden, Vaudemont, and some other gentlemen, were making for the covers, they came upon Lord Lilburne, who, in a part of the park not in sight or sound of the house, was amusing himself with Mr. Marsden's pistols, which Dykeman was at hand to load for him. He turned round, not at all disconcerted by the interruption.

“You have no idea how I've improved, Marsden; just see!” and he pointed to a glove nailed to a tree. “I've hit that mark twice in five times; and every time I have gone straight enough along the line to have killed my man.”

“Ay, the mark itself does not so much signify,” said Mr. Marsden; “at least, not in actual duelling; the great thing is to be in the line.”

While he spoke, Lord Lilburne's ball went a third time through the glove. His cold bright eye turned on Vaudemont as he said, with a smile,

“They tell me you shoot well with a fowling-piece, my dear Vaudemont—are you equally adroit with the pistol?”

“You may see, if you like; but *you take aim*, Lord Lilburne; that would be of no use in English duelling. Permit me.”

He walked to the glove, and tore from it one of the fingers, which he fastened separately to the tree, took the pistol from Dykeman as he walked past him, gained the spot whence to fire, turned at once round, without apparent aim, and the finger fell to the ground.

Lilburne stood aghast.

“That's wonderful!” said Marsden, “quite wonderful. Where the devil did you get such a knack? for it's only knack, after all!”

“I lived for many years in a country where the practice was constant—where all that belongs to rifle-shooting was a necessary accomplishment: a country in which man had often to contend against the wild beast. In civilised states, man himself supplies the place of the wild beast—but we don't hunt *him*! Lord Lilburne” (and this was added with a smiling and disdainful whisper), “you must practise a little more.”

But, disregarding the advice, from that day Lord Lilburne's morning occupation was gone. He thought no more of a duel with Vaudemont. As soon as the sportsmen had left him, he bade Dykeman take up the pistols, and walked straight home into the library, where Robert Beaufort, who was no sportsman, generally spent his mornings.

He flung himself down on an armchair, and said, as he stirred the fire with unusual vehemence.

“Beaufort, I'm very sorry I asked you to invite Vaudemont. He's a very ill-bred, disagreeable fellow!”

Beaufort threw down his steward's account-book on which he was employed, and replied,

“Lilburne, I have never had an easy moment since that man has been in the house. As he was your guest, I did not like to speak before; but don't you observe—you *must* observe—how like he is to the old family portraits? The more I have examined him, the more another resem-

blance grows upon me. In a word,” said Robert, pausing and breathing hard, “if his name were not Vaudemont—if his history were not, apparently, so well known, I should say—I should swear that it is Philip Morton who sleeps under this roof!”

“Ha!” said Lilburne, with an earnestness that surprised Beaufort, who expected to have heard his brother-in-law's sneering sarcasm at his fears, “the likeness you speak of to the old portraits did strike me; it struck Marsden, too, the other day, as we were passing through the picture-gallery; and Marsden remarked it aloud to Vaudemont. I remember now that he changed countenance, and made no answer. Hush! hush! hold your tongue; let me think—let me think. This Philip—yes—yes—I and Arthur saw him with—with—Gawtreys—in Paris—”

“Gawtreys! Was that the name of the rogue he was said to—”

“Yes—yes—yes. Ah! now I guess the meaning of those looks—those words,” muttered Lilburne, between his teeth. “This pretension to the name of Vaudemont was always apocryphal—the story always but half believed—the invention of a woman in love with him. The claim on your property is made at the very time he appears in England. Ha! have you a newspaper there? Give it me. No! it's not in this paper. Ring the bell for the file!”

“What's the matter? You terrify me!” gasped out Mr. Beaufort, as he rang the bell.

“Why! have you not seen an advertisement repeated several times within the last month?”

“I never read advertisements, except in the county paper, if land is to be sold.”

“Nor I often; but this caught my eye. John (here the servant entered), bring the file of the newspapers. The name of the witness whom Mrs. Morton appealed to was Smith, the same name as the captain: what was the Christian name?”

“I don't remember.”

“Here are the papers—shut the door—and here is the advertisement: ‘If Mr. William Smith, son of Jeremiah Smith, who formerly rented the farm of Shipdale-Bury, under the late Right Hon. Charles Leopold Beaufort (that's your uncle), and who emigrated in the year 18— to Australia, will apply to Mr. Barlow, Solicitor, Essex street, Strand, he will hear of something to his advantage.’”

“Good heavens! why did you not mention this to me before?”

“Because I did not think it of any importance. In the first place, there might be some legacy left to the man, quite distinct from your business. Indeed, *that* was the probable supposition: or, even if connected with the claim, such an advertisement might be but a despicable attempt to frighten you. Never mind—don't look so pale—after all, this is a proof that the witness is not found; that Captain Smith is neither *the* Smith, nor has discovered where *the* Smith is?”

“True!” observed Mr. Beaufort: “true—very true!”

“Humph!” said Lord Lilburne, who was still rapidly glancing over the file, “here is another advertisement which I never saw before: this looks suspicious. ‘If the person who called, on the — of September, on Mr. Morton, linen draper, &c., of N—, will renew his application personally or by letter, he may now obtain the information he sought for.’”

“Morton! the woman's brother! their uncle! it is too clear!”

“But what brings this man—if he be really Philip Morton, what brings him here?—to spy or to threaten?”

“I will get him out of the house this day.”

“No—no; turn the watch upon *himself*. I see, now; he is attracted by your daughter; sound her quietly; don't tell her to discourage his confidences; find out if he ever speaks of these Mortons. Ha! I recollect—he has spoken to *me* of the Mortons, but vaguely—I forget what. Humph! this is a man of spirit and daring; watch him, I say—watch him! When does Arthur come back?”

“He has been traveling so slowly, for he still complains of his health, and has had relapses; but he ought to be in Paris this week; perhaps he is there now. Good heavens! he must not meet this man!”

“Do what I tell you! Get out all from your daughter. Never fear: he can do nothing against you except by law. But if he really like Camilla—”

“He! Philip Morton—the adventurer—the—”

“He is the eldest son; remember, you thought even of accepting the second. He *may* find the witness—he *may* win his suit; if he like Camilla, there *may* be a compromise.”

Mr. Beaufort felt as if turned to ice.

“You think him likely to win this infamous suit, then?” he faltered.

“Did you not guard against the possibility by securing the brother? More worth while to do it with this man. Hark ye! the politics of private are like those of public life: when the state cannot crush a demagogue, it should entice him over. If you *can* ruin this dog” (and Lilburne stamped his foot fiercely, forgetful of the gout), “ruin him! hang him! If you can't” (and here, with a wry face, he caressed the injured foot), “if you can't ('sdeath, what a twinge!), and he can ruin *you*, bring him into the family, and make *his* secrets *ours*! I must go and lie down—I have over-excited myself.”

In great perplexity Beaufort repaired at once to Camilla. His nervous agitation betrayed itself, though he smiled a ghastly smile, and intended to be exceedingly cool and collected. His questions, which confused and alarmed her, soon drew out the fact, that the very first time Vaudemont had been introduced to her, he *had* spoken of the Mortons; and that he had often afterward alluded to the subject, and seemed at first strongly impressed with the notion that the younger brother was under Beaufort's protection, though at last he appeared reluctantly convinced of the contrary. Robert, however agitated, preserved at least enough of his natural slyness not to let out that he suspected Vaudemont to be Philip Morton himself, for he feared lest his daughter should betray that suspicion to its object.

“But,” said he, with a look meant to win confidence, “I dare say he knows these young men. I should like to know myself more about them. Learn all you can, and tell me; and, I say—I say, Camilla—he! he! he!—you have made a conquest, you little flirt you! Did he, this Vaudemont, ever say how much he admired you?”

“He! Never!” said Camilla, blushing, and then turning pale.

“But he looks it. Ah! you say nothing, then. Well, well, don't discourage him—that is to say—yes, don't discourage him. Talk to him as much as you can; ask him about his own early life. I've a particular wish to know—it's of great importance to me.”

“But my dear father,” said Camilla, trembling,

and thoroughly bewildered, "I fear this man—I fear—I fear—"

"Was she going to add, 'I fear myself?'" I know not; but she stopped short, and burst into tears.

"Hang these girls!" muttered Mr. Beaufort, "always crying when they ought to be of use to one. Go down—dry your eyes—do as I tell you—get all you can from him. Fear him! Yes, I dare say she does!" muttered the poor man, as he closed the door.

From that time, what wonder that Camilla's manner to Vaudemont was yet more embarrassed than ever? what wonder that he put his own heart's interpretation on that confusion? Beaufort took care to thrust her more often than before in his way; he suddenly affected a creeping, fawning civility to Vaudemont; he was sure he was fond of music: what *did* he think of that new air Camilla was so fond of? He must be a judge of scenery, he who had seen so much: there were beautiful landscapes in the neighbourhood, and, if he would forego his sports, Camilla drew prettily, had an eye for that sort of thing, and was so fond of riding.

Vaudemont was astonished at this change, but his delight was greater than the astonishment. He began to perceive that his identity was suspected: perhaps Beaufort, more generous than he had deemed him, meant to repay every early wrong or harshness by that one inestimable blessing. The generous interpret motives in extremes, ever too enthusiastic or too severe. Vaudemont felt as if he had wronged the wronger; he began to conquer even his dislike to Robert Beaufort. For some days he was thus thrown much with Camilla: the questions her father forced her to put to him, uttered tremulously and fearfully, seemed to him proofs of her interest in his fate. His feelings to Camilla, so sudden in their growth, so ripened and so favoured by the sub-ruler of the world—CIRCUMSTANCE—might not, perhaps, have the depth and the calm completeness of that one true love, of which there are many counterfeits, and which, in man at least, possibly requires the touch and mellowness, if not of time, at least of many memories—of perfect and tried conviction of the faith, the worth, the value, and the beauty of the heart to which it clings; but those feelings were nevertheless strong, ardent, and intense. He believed himself beloved, he was in Elysium. But he did not yet declare the passion that beamed in his eyes. No! he would not yet claim the hand of Camilla Beaufort, for he imagined the time would soon come when he could claim it, not as the inferior or the suppliant, but as the lord of her father's fate.

CHAPTER X.

"Here's something got among us!"—*Knight of Malta.*

Two or three nights after his memorable conversation with Robert Beaufort, as Lord Lilburne was undressing he said to his valet,

"Dykeman, I am getting well."

"Indeed, my lord, I never saw your lordship look better."

"There you lie. I looked better last year—I looked better the year before—and I looked better and better every year back to the age of twenty-one! But I'm not talking of looks—no man with money wants looks—I am talking of feelings. I feel better. The gout is almost gone. I have been quiet now for a month; that's a long time—time wasted when, at my age, I have so

little time to waste. Besides, as you know, I am very much in love!"

"In love, my lord? I thought that you told me never to speak of—"

"Blockhead! what the deuce was the good of speaking about it when I was wrapped in flannels? I am never in love when I am ill—who is? I am well now, or nearly so; and I've had things to vex me—things to make this place very disagreeable; I shall go to town, and before this day week I shall have that pretty little girl to enliven the solitude of Fernside. I shall look to it myself now. I see you're going to say something: spare yourself the trouble! Nothing ever goes wrong if I myself take it in hand."

The next day Lord Lilburne, who, in truth, felt himself uncomfortable and *gene* in the presence of Vaudemont, who had won as much as the guests at Beaufort Court seemed inclined to lose, and who made it the rule of his life to consult his own pleasure and amusement before anything else, sent for his post-horses, and informed his brother-in-law of his departure.

"And you leave me alone with this man just when I am convinced that he is the person we suspected! My dear Lilburne, do stay till he goes."

"Impossible! I am between fifty and sixty: every moment is precious at that time of life. Besides, I've said all I can say; rest quiet—act on the defensive—entangle this cursed Vaudemont, or Morton, or whoever he be, in the mesh of your daughter's charms, and then get rid of him, not before. This can do no harm, let the matter turn out how it will. Read the papers, and send for Blackwell if you want advice on any new advertisements. I don't see that anything more is to be done at present. You can write to me: I shall be at Park Lane or Fernside. Take care of yourself. You're a lucky fellow—you never have the gout! Good-bye!"

And in half an hour Lord Lilburne was on the road to London.

The departure of Lilburne was a signal to many others, especially and naturally to those he himself had invited. He had not announced to such visitors his intention of going till his carriage was at the door. This might be delicacy or carelessness, just as people chose to take it: and how they did take it, Lord Lilburne, much too selfish to be well-bred, did not care a rush. The next day, half at least of the guests were gone; and even Mr. Marsden, who had been specially invited on Arthur's account, announced that he should go after dinner: he always travelled by night—he slept well on the road—a day was not lost by it.

"And it is so long since you saw Arthur!" said Mr. Beaufort, in remonstrance, "and I expect him every day."

"Very sorry—best fellow in the world—but the fact is, that I am not very well myself. I want a little sea air; I shall go to Dover or Brighton. But I suppose you will have the house full again about Christmas; in that case, I shall be delighted to repeat my visit."

The fact was, that Mr. Marsden, without Lilburne's intellect on the one hand, or vices on the other, was, like that noble sensualist, one of the broken pieces of the great looking glass "SELF." He was noticed in society as always haunting the places where Lilburne played at cards, carefully choosing some other table, and as carefully betting upon Lilburne's side. The card-tables were now broken up; Vaudemont's superiority in shooting, and the manner in which he engrossed

the talk of the sportsmen, displeased him. He was bored—he wanted to be off—and off he went. Vaudemont felt that the time was come for him to depart too; but Robert Beaufort—who felt in his society the painful fascination of the bird with the boa—who hated to see him there, and dreaded to see him depart—who had not yet extracted all the confirmation of his persuasions that he required, for Vaudemont easily enough parried the artless questions of Camilla—pressed him to stay with so eager an hospitality, and made Camilla herself falter out against her will, and even against her remonstrances (she never before had dared to remonstrate with either father or mother), "Could not you stay a few days longer?" that Vaudemont was too contented to yield to his own inclinations; and so, for some little time longer, he continued to move before the eyes of Mr. Beaufort—stern, sinister, silent, mysterious—like one of the family pictures stepped down from its frame. Vaudemont wrote, however, to Fanny, to excuse his delay; and, anxious to hear from her as to her own and Simon's health, bade her direct her letter to his lodging in London (of which he gave her the address), whence, if he still continued to defer his departure, it would be forwarded to him. He did not do this, however, till he had been at Beaufort Court several days after Lilburne's departure, and till, in fact, two days before the eventful one which closed his visit.

The party, now greatly diminished, were at breakfast when the servant entered, as usual, with the letter-bag. Mr. Beaufort, who was always important and pompous in the small ceremonials of life, unlocked the precious deposite with slow dignity, drew forth the newspapers, which he threw on the table, and which the gentlemen of the party eagerly seized; then, diving out one by one, jerked first a letter to Camilla, next a letter to Vaudemont, and thirdly, seized a letter for himself.

"I beg that there may be no ceremony, Monsieur de Vaudemont. Pray excuse me, and follow my example: I see this letter is from my son;" and he broke the seal.

The letter ran thus:

"My Dear Father,—Almost as soon as you receive this, I shall be with you. Ill as I am, I can have no peace till I see and consult you. The most startling—the most painful intelligence has just been conveyed to me. It is like a dream! It is of a nature not to bear any but personal communication.

"Your affectionate son,

"ARTHUR BEAUFORT.

"Boulogne.

"P.S.—This will go by the same packet boat that I shall take myself, and can only reach you a few hours before I arrive."

Mr. Beaufort's trembling hand dropped the letter; he grasped the elbow of the chair to save him from falling. It was clear the same visitor who had persecuted himself had now sought his son. He grew sick; his son might have heard the witness—might be convinced. His son himself now appeared to him as a foe; for the father dreaded the son's honour! He glanced furtively round the table, till his eye rested on Vaudemont, and his terror was redoubled, for Vaudemont's face, usually so calm, was animated to an extraordinary degree as he now lifted it from the letter he had just read. Their eyes met. Robert Beaufort looked on him as a prisoner at the bar

looks on the accusing counsel when he first commences his harangue.

"Mr. Beaufort," said the guest, "the letter you have given me summons me to London on important business, and immediately. Suffer me to send for horses at your earliest convenience."

"What's the matter?" said the feeble and seldom heard voice of Mrs. Beaufort. "What's the matter, Robert? Is Arthur coming?"

"He comes to-day," said the father, with a deep sigh; and Vaudemont, at that moment rising from his half-finished breakfast, with a bow that included the group, and with a glance that lingered on Camilla as she bent over her own unopened letter (a letter from Winandermere, the seal of which she dared not yet break), quitted the room. He hastened to his own chamber, and strode to and fro with a stately step—the step of the master; then taking forth the letter, he again hurried over its contents. They ran thus:

"Dear Sir,—At last the missing witness has applied to me. He proves to be, as you conjectured, the same person who called on Mr. Roger Morton; but, as there are some circumstances on which I wish to take your instructions without a moment's delay, I shall leave London by the mail, and wait you at D— (at the principal inn), which is, I understand, twenty miles on the high road from Beaufort Court.

"I have the honour to be, sir, yours, &c.,

"JOHN BARLOW.

"Essex street."

Vaudemont was yet lost in the emotions that this letter aroused, when they came to announce that his chaise was arrived. As he went down the stairs he met Camilla, who was on the way to her own room.

"Miss Beaufort," said he, in a low and tremulous voice, "in wishing you farewell I may not now say more. I leave you, and, strange to say, I do not regret it, for I go upon an errand that may entitle me to return again, and speak those thoughts which are uppermost in my soul even at this moment."

He raised her hand to his lips as he spoke, and at that moment Mr. Beaufort looked from the door of his own room, and cried "Camilla." She was too glad to escape. Philip gazed after her light form for an instant, and then hurried down the stairs.

CHAPTER XI.

"Longueville. What! are you married, Beaufort?"

Beaufort. Ay, as fast
As words, and hands, and hearts, and priest
Could make us."

BEAUFORT AND FLETCHER: Noble Gentleman.

In the parlour of the inn at D— sat Mr. John Barlow. He had just finished his breakfast, and was writing letters and looking over papers connected with his various business, between the intervals in his progress through a pint of sherry, when the door was thrown open, and a gentleman entered abruptly.

"Mr. Beaufort," said the lawyer, rising, "Mr. Philip Beaufort—for such I now feel you are by right, though," he added, with his usual formal and quiet smile, "not yet by law; and much, very much, remains to be done to make the law and the right the same—I congratulate you on having something at last to work on. I had begun to despair of finding up our witness after a month's advertising, and had commenced

other investigations, of which I will speak to you presently, when yesterday, on my return to town from an errand on your business, I had the pleasure of a visit from William Smith himself. My dear sir, do not yet be too sanguine. It seems that this poor fellow, having known misfortune, was in America when the first fruitless inquiries were made. Long after this he returned to the colony, and there met with a brother, who, as I drew from him, was a convict. He helped the brother to escape. They both came to England. William learned from a distant relation, who lent him some little money, of the inquiry that had been set on foot for him; consulted his brother, who desired him to leave all to his management. The brother afterward assured him that you and Mr. Sidney were both dead; and it seems (for the witness is simple enough to allow me to extort all) he then went to Mr. Beaufort, to hold out the threat of a lawsuit, and to offer the sale of the evidence yet existing—"

"And Mr. Beaufort—"

"I am happy to say, seems to have spurned the offer. Meanwhile William, incredulous of his brother's report, proceeded to N—, learned nothing from Mr. Morton, met his brother again, and the brother (confessing that he had deceived him in the assertion that you and your brother were dead) told him that he had known you in earlier life, and set out to Paris to seek you—"

"Known me? To Paris?"

"More of this presently, William returned to town, living hardly and penuriously on the little his brother bestowed on him, too melancholy and too poor for the luxury of a newspaper, and never saw our advertisement, till, as luck would have it, his money was out; he had heard nothing farther of his brother, and he went for new assistance to the same relation who had before aided him. This relation to his surprise, received the poor man very kindly, lent him what he wanted, and then asked him if he had not seen our advertisement. The newspaper shown him contained both the advertisements; that relating to Mr. Morton's visitor, that containing his own name. He coupled them both together, and called on me at once. I was from town on your business. He returned to his own home. The next morning (yesterday morning) came a letter from his brother, which I obtained from him at last, and with promises that no harm should happen to the writer on account of it."

Vaudemont took the letter and read as follows:

"Dear William,—No go about the youngster I went after: all researches in vane. Paris devilish expensive. Never mind, I have sene the other—the young B—; different sort of fellow from his father—very ill—frightened out of his wits—will go off to the governor—take me with him as far as Bullone. I think we shall settel it now. Mind, as I saide before, don't put your foot in it. I send you a Nap in the sele—all I can spare.

"Yours,

"JEREMIAH SMITH.

"Direct to me, Monsieur Smith—always a safe name—Ship Inn, Bullone."

"Jeremiah—Smith—Jeremiah!"

"Do you know the name, then?" said Mr. Barlow. "Well, the poor man owns that he was frightened at his brother—that he wished to do what is right—that he feared his brother would not let him—that your father was very kind to him—and so he came off at once to me,

and I was very luckily at home to assure him that the heir was alive and prepared to assert his rights. Now, then, Mr. Beaufort, we have the witness, but will that suffice us? I fear not. Will the jury believe him with no other testimony at his back? Consider! When he was gone, I put myself in communication with some officers at Bow-street about this brother of his: a most notorious character, commonly called in the police slang *Dashing Jerry*—"

"Ah! Well, proceed!"

"Your one witness, then, is a very poor, peniless man; his brother a rogue, a convict: this witness, too, is the most timid, fluctuating, irresolute fellow I ever saw: I should tremble for his testimony against a sharp, bullying lawyer. And that, sir, is all at present we have to look to."

"I see—I see. It is dangerous, it is hazardous. But truth is truth; justice—justice! I will run the risk."

"Pardon me if I ask, Did you ever know this brother? Were you ever absolutely acquainted with him? in the same house?"

"Many years since—years of early hardship and trial—I was acquainted with him: what then?"

"I am sorry to hear it;" and the lawyer looked grave. "Do you not see that if this witness is browbeat—is disbelieved, and if it can be shown that you, the claimant, was—forgive my saying it—intimate with a brother of such a character, why, the whole thing might be made to look like perjury and conspiracy. If we stop here, it is an ugly business!"

"And is this all you have to say to me? The witness is found—the only surviving witness—the only proof I ever shall or ever can obtain, and you seek to terrify me—me, too—from using the means for redress Providence itself vouchsafes me. Sir, I will not hear you!"

"Mr. Beaufort, you are impatient: it is natural. But if we go to law—that is, should I have anything to do with it, wait—wait till your case is good. And hear me yet. This is not the only proof—this is not the only witness: you forget that there was an examined copy of the register; we may yet find that copy, and the person who copied it may yet be alive to attest it. Occupied with this thought, and weary of waiting the result of our advertisement, I resolved to go into the neighbourhood of Fernside. Luckily, there was a gentleman's seat to be sold in the village. I made the survey of this place my apparent business. After going over the house, I appeared anxious to see how far some alterations could be made—alterations to render it more like Lord Lilburne's villa. This led me to request a sight of that villa: a crown to the housekeeper got me admittance. The housekeeper had lived with your father, and been retained by his lordship. I soon, therefore, knew which were the rooms the late Mr. Beaufort had principally occupied; shown into his study, where it was probable he would keep his papers; I inquired if it were the same furniture (which seemed likely enough, from its age and fashion) as in your father's time: it was so; Lord Lilburne had bought the house just as it stood, and, save a few additions in the drawing-room, the general equipment of the villa remained unaltered. You look impatient! I'm coming to the point. My eye fell upon an old-fashioned bureau—"

"But we searched every drawer in that bureau!"

"Any secret drawers?"

"Secret drawers! No! there were no secret drawers that I ever heard of!"

Mr. Barlow rubbed his hands, and finished his pint before he proceeded:

"I was struck with that bureau, for my father had had one like it. It is not English—it is of Dutch manufacture."

"Yes, I have heard that my father bought it at a sale three or four years after his marriage."

"I heard this from the housekeeper, who was flattered by my admiring it. I could not find out from her at what sale it had been purchased, but it was in the neighbourhood, she was sure. I had now a date to go upon; I learned, by careful inquiries, what sales near Fernside had taken place in a certain year. A gentleman had died at that date whose furniture was sold by auction. With great difficulty, I found that his widow was still alive, living far up the country: I paid her a visit; and, not to fatigue you with too long an account, I have only to say that she not only assured me that she perfectly remembered the bureau, but that it had secret drawers and wells very curiously contrived; nay, she showed me the very catalogue in which the said receptacles are noticed in capitals, to arrest the eye of the bidder, and increase the price of the bidding. That your father should never have revealed where he stowed this document is natural enough during the life of his uncle; his own life was not spared long enough to give him much opportunity to explain afterward; and I feel perfectly persuaded in my own mind, that, unless Mr. Robert Beaufort discovered that paper among the others he examined, in one of those drawers will be found all we want to substantiate your claims. This is the more likely from your father never mentioning, even to your mother, apparently, the secret receptacles in the bureau. Why else such mystery? The probability is, that he received the document either just before or at the time he purchased the bureau, or that he bought it for that very purpose; and, having once deposited the paper in a place he deemed secure from curiosity—accident, carelessness, policy, perhaps rather shame itself (pardon me) for the doubt of your mother's discretion that his secrecy seemed to imply, kept him from ever alluding to the circumstance, even when the intimacy of after years made him more assured of your mother's self-sacrificing devotion to his interests. At his uncle's death he thought to repair all!"

"And how, if that be true—if that Heaven which has delivered me hitherto from so many dangers, has, in the very secrecy of my poor father, saved my birthright from the gripe of the usurper—how, I say, is—"

"The bureau to pass into our possession? That is the difficulty. But we must contrive it somehow, if all else fail us; meanwhile, as I now feel sure that there has been a copy of that register made, I wish to know whether I should not immediately cross the country into Wales, and see if I can find any person in the neighbourhood of A*** who did examine the copy taken; for, mark you, the said copy is only of importance as leading us to the testimony of the actual witness who took it."

"Sir," said Vaudemont, heartily shaking Mr. Barlow by the hand, "forgive my first petulance. I see in you the very man I desired and wanted; your acuteness surprises and encourages me. Go to Wales, and God speed you!"

"Very well! in five minutes I shall be off. Meanwhile, see the witness yourself; the sight of his benefactor's son will do more to keep him

steady than anything else. There's his address, and take care not to give him money. And now I will order my chaise; the matter begins to look worth expense. Oh! I forgot to say that Monsieur Liancourt called on me yesterday about his own affairs. He wishes much to consult you. I told him you would probably be this evening in town, and he said he would wait you at your lodging."

"Yes; I will not lose a moment in going to London and visiting our witness. And he saw my mother at the altar! My poor mother!—ah, how could my father have doubted her!" and, as he spoke, he blushed for the first time with shame at that father's memory. He could not yet conceive that one so frank, one usually so bold and open, could for years have preserved from the woman who had sacrificed all to him, a secret to her so important! That was, in fact, the only blot on his father's honour: a foul and grave blot it was. Heavily had the punishment fallen on those whom the father had loved best. Alas! Philip had not yet learned what terrible corrupters are the hope and the fear of immense wealth—ay, even in men reputed the most honourable, if they have been reared and pampered in the belief that wealth is the arch blessing of life! Rightly considered, in Philip Beaufort's solitary meanness lay the vast moral of this world's darkest truth!

Mr. Barlow was gone. Philip was about to enter his own chaise, when a dormeuse and four drove up to the inn door to change horses. A young man was reclining at his length in the carriage, wrapped in cloaks, and with a ghastly paleness—the paleness of long and deep disease—upon his cheeks. He turned his dim eye with, perhaps, a glance of the sick man's envy on that strong and athletic form, majestic with health and vigour, as it stood beside the more humble vehicle. Philip did not, however, notice the new arrival; he sprang into the chaise, it rattled on, and thus, unconsciously, Arthur Beaufort and his cousin had again met! To which was now the Night—to which the Morning?

CHAPTER XII.

"Bakem. Let my men guard the walls
Syana. And mine the temple."—*The Island Princess.*

While thus eventfully the days and the weeks had passed for Philip, no less eventfully, so far as the inner life is concerned, had they glided away for Fanny. She had feasted in quiet and delightful thought on the consciousness that she was improving—that she was growing worthier of him—that he would perceive it on his return. Her manner was more thoughtful, more collected—less childish, in short, than it had been. And yet, with all the stir and flutter of the aroused intellect, the charm of her strange innocence was not scared away. She rejoiced in the ancient liberty she had regained of going out and coming back when she pleased; and, as the weather was too cold ever to tempt Simon from his fireside, except, perhaps, for half an hour in the forenoon, so, the hours of dusk, when he least missed her, were those which she chiefly appropriated for stealing away to the good schoolmistress, and growing wiser and wiser every day in the ways of God and the learning of his creatures. The schoolmistress was not a brilliant woman; nor was it accomplishments of which Fanny stood in need, so much as the opening of her thoughts

and mind by profitable books and rational conversation. Beautiful as were all her natural feelings, the schoolmistress had now little difficulty in educating feelings up to the dignity of principles.

At last, hitherto patient under the absence of one never absent from her heart, Fanny received from him the letter he had addressed to her two days before he quitted Beaufort Court; another letter—a second letter—a letter to *excuse* himself for not coming before—a letter that gave her an address, that asked for a reply. It was a morning of unequalled delight approaching to transport. And then the excitement of answering it—the pride of showing how she was improved—what an excellent hand she now wrote! She shut herself up in her room: she did not go out that day. She placed the paper before her, and, to her astonishment, all that she had to say vanished from her mind at once. How was she even to begin? She had always hitherto called him "Brother." Ever since her conversation with Sarah, she felt that she could not call him that name again for the world—no, never! But what *should* she call him, what *could* she call him? He signed himself "Philip." She knew that was his name. She thought it a musical name to utter, but to *write* it! No! some instinct she could not account for seemed to whisper that it was improper—presumptuous to call him "Dear Philip." Had Burns's songs—the songs that unthinkingly he had put into her hand, and told her to read—songs that comprise the most beautiful love-poems in the world—had they helped to teach her some of the secrets of her own heart? And had timidity come with knowledge? Who shall say, who guess what passed within her? Nor did Fanny herself, perhaps, know her own feelings: but write the words "*Dear Philip*" she could *not*. And the whole of that day, though she thought of nothing else, she could not even get through the first line to her satisfaction. The next morning she sat down again. It would be so unkind if she did not answer immediately: she must answer. She placed his letter before her—she resolutely began; but copy after copy was made and torn. And Simon wanted her—and Sarah wanted her—and there were bills to be paid; and dinner was over before her task was really begun. But after dinner she began in good earnest.

"How kind in you to write to me" (the difficulty of any name was dispensed with by adopting none), "and to wish to know about my dear grandfather! He is much the same, but hardly ever walks out now, and I have had a good deal of time to myself. I think something will surprise you, and make you smile, as you used to do at first, when you come back. You must not be angry with me that I have gone out by myself very often—every day, indeed. I have been so safe. Nobody has ever offered to be rude again to Fanny" (the word "*Fanny*" was here carefully scratched out with a penknife, and *me* substituted.) "But you shall know all when you come. And are you sure *you* are well; quite—quite well? Do you never have the headaches you complained of sometimes? Do say this! Do you walk out—every day? Is there any pretty charchyard near you now? Whom do you walk with?"

"I have been so happy in putting the flowers on the two graves. But I still give yours the prettiest, though the other is so dear to me. I feel sad when I come to the last, but not when I look at the one I have looked at so long. Oh,

how good you were! But you don't like me to thank you."

"This is very stupid!" cried Fanny, suddenly throwing down her pen, "and I don't think I am improved at all;" and she half cried with vexation. Suddenly a bright idea crossed her. In the little parlour where the schoolmistress privately received her, she had seen among the books, and thought, at the time, how useful it might be to her if ever she had to write to Philip, a little volume entitled "The Complete Letter-writer." She knew by the title-page that it contained models for every description of letter: no doubt it would contain the precise thing that would suit the present occasion. She started up at the notion. She would go—she could be back to finish the letter (if she paid sixpence for it) before post-time. She put on her bonnet; left the letter, in her haste, open on the table; and, just looking into the parlour in her way to the street-door, to convince herself that Simon was asleep and the wire-guard was on the fire, she hurried to the kind schoolmistress.

One of the fogs that in the autumn gather sullenly over London and its suburbs covered the declining day with premature dimness. It grew darker and darker as she proceeded, but she reached the house in safety. She spent a quarter of an hour in timidly consulting her friend about all kind of letters except the identical one that she intended to write; and, having had it strongly impressed on her mind that, if the letter was to a gentleman at all genteel, she ought to begin "Dear Sir," and end with, "I have the honour to remain," and that he would be everlastingly offended if she did not in the address affix "Esquire" to his name (*that* was a great discovery,) she carried off the precious volume and quitted the house. There was a wall that, bounding the demesnes of the school, ran for some short distance into the main street. The increasing fog here faintly struggled against the glimmer of a single lamp at some little distance. Just in this spot her eye was caught by a dark object in the road, which she could scarcely perceive to be a carriage, when her hand was seized, and a voice said in her ear,

"Ah! you will not be so cruel to me, I hope, as you were to my messenger! I have come myself for you."

She turned in great alarm, but the darkness prevented her recognising the face of him who thus accosted her.

"Let me go!" she cried; "let me go!"

"Hush! hush! No—no! Come with me. You shall have a house—carriage—servants! You shall wear silk gowns and jewels! You shall be a great lady!"

As these various temptations succeeded in rapid course each new struggle of Fanny, a voice from the coach-box said, in a low tone,

"Take care, my lord, I see somebody coming—perhaps the policeman!"

Fanny heard the caution, and screamed for rescue.

"Is it so?" muttered the molester. And suddenly Fanny felt her voice checked, her head mantled, her light form lifted from the ground. She clung—she struggled: it was in vain. It was the affair of a moment: she felt herself borne into the carriage—the door closed—the stranger was by her side, and his voice said,

"Drive on, Dykeman. Fast! fast!"

Two or three minutes, which seemed to her terror as ages, elapsed, when the gag and the

mantle were gently removed, and the same voice (she still could not see her companion) said, in a very mild tone,

"Do not alarm yourself; there is no cause—indeed there is not. I would not have adopted this plan had there been any other—any gentler one. But I could not call at your own house; I knew no other where to meet you. This was the only course left to me—indeed it was. I made myself acquainted with your movements. Do not blame me, then, for prying into your footsteps. I watched for you all last night: you did not come out. I was in despair. At last I find you. Do not be so terrified: I will not even touch your hand if you do not wish it."

As he spoke, however, he attempted to touch it, and was repulsed with an energy that rather disconcerted him. The poor girl recoiled from him into the farthest corner of that prison in speechless horror—in the darkest confusion of ideas. She did not weep, she did not sob, but her trembling seemed to shake the very carriage. The man continued to address, to expostulate, to pray, to soothe. His manner was respectful: his protestations that he would not harm her for the world were endless.

"Only just see the home I can give you—for two days—for one day. Only just hear how rich I can make you and your grandfather, and, *then*, if you wish to leave me, you shall."

More—much more to this effect did he continue to pour forth, without extracting any sound from Fanny but gasps as for breath, and now and then a low murmur:

"Let me go—let me go! My grandfather—my blind grandfather!"

And finally tears came to her relief, and she sobbed with a passion that alarmed, and, perhaps, even touched her companion, cynical and icy as he was. Meanwhile the carriage seemed to fly. Fast as two horses, thorough-bred and almost at full speed, could go, they were whirled along, till about an hour, or even less, from the time in which she had been thus captured, the carriage stopped.

"Are we here already?" said the man, putting his head out of the window. "Do, then, as I told you. Not to the front door—to my study."

In two minutes more the carriage halted again before a building which looked white and ghost-like through the mist. The driver dismounted—opened with a latchkey a window door—entered for a moment to light the candles in a solitary room from a fire that blazed on the hearth—reappeared, and opened the carriage-door. It was with a difficulty for which they were scarcely prepared that they were enabled to get Fanny from the carriage. No soft words, no whispered prayers could draw her forth; and it was with no trifling address—for her companion sought to be as gentle as the force necessary to employ would allow—that he disengaged her hands from the window-frame—the lining—the cushions—to which they clung, and at last bore her into the house. The driver closed the window again as he retreated, and they were alone. Fanny then cast a wild, scarce conscious glance over the apartment. It was small and simply furnished. Opposite to her was an old-fashioned bureau, over which was the portrait of a female in the bloom of life; a face so fair, a brow so candid, an eye so pure, a lip so rich in youth and joy, that Fanny felt comforted—felt as if some living protectress were there as her gaze rested on the features. The walls were hung with prints of horses and hunts, and the draperies were of a

gay and lively, but somewhat faded chints. The fire burned bright and merrily; a table, spread as for dinner, was drawn near it. To any other eye but hers the place would have seemed a picture of English comfort. At last her looks rested on her companion. He had thrown himself, with a long sigh, partly of fatigue, partly of satisfaction, on one of the chairs, and was contemplating her, as she thus stood and gazed, with an expression of mingled curiosity and admiration: she recognised at once her first, her only persecutor. She recoiled, and covered her face with her hands. The man approached her:

"Do not hate me, Fanny—do not turn away. Believe me, though I have acted thus violently, here all violence will cease. I love you, but I will not be satisfied till you love me in return. I am not young, and I am not handsome; but I am rich and great, and I can make those whom I love happy—so happy, Fanny!"

But Fanny had turned away, and was now busily employed in trying to reopen the door at which she had entered. Failing in this, she suddenly darted away, opened the inner door, and rushed into the passage with a loud cry. Her persecutor stifled an oath, and sprung after and arrested her. He now spoke sternly, and with a smile and a frown at once:

"This is folly; come back, or you will repent it! I have promised you, as a gentleman—as a nobleman, if you know what that is—to respect you. But neither will I myself be trifled with nor insulted. There must be no screams!"

His look and his voice awed Fanny in spite of her bewilderment and her loathing, and she suffered herself passively to be drawn into the room. He closed and bolted the door. She threw herself on the ground in one corner, and moaned low, but piteously. He looked at her musingly for some moments as he stood by the fire, and at last went to the door, opened it and called "Harriet" in a low voice. Presently a young woman of about thirty appeared, neatly but plainly dressed, and of a countenance that, if not very winning, might certainly be called very handsome. He drew her aside for a few moments, and a whispered conference was exchanged. He then walked gravely up to Fanny:

"My young friend," said he, "I see my presence is too much for you this evening. This young woman will attend you—will get you all you want. She can tell you, too, that I am not the terrible sort of person you seem to suppose. I shall see you to-morrow." So saying, he turned on his heel and walked out.

Fanny felt something like liberty—something like joy again. She rose, and looked so pleadingly, so earnestly, so intently into the woman's face, that Harriet turned away her bold eyes abashed; and at this moment Dykeman himself looked into the room.

"You are to bring us in dinner here yourself, uncle, and then go to my lord in the drawing-room."

Dykeman looked pleased, and vanished. Then Harriet came up and took Fanny's hand, and said kindly,

"Don't be frightened. I assure you, half the girls in London would give I don't know what to be in your place. My lord never will force you to do anything you don't like: it's not his way; and he's the kindest and best man, and so rich he does not know what to do with his money!"

To all this Fanny made but one answer; she threw herself suddenly upon the woman's breast, and sobbed out,

"My grandfather is blind—he cannot do without me—he will die—die. Have you nobody you love too? Let me go—let me out! What can they want with me? I never did harm to any one."

"And no one will harm *you*: I swear it!" said Harriet, earnestly. "I see you don't know my lord. But here's the dinner, come and take a bit of something, and a glass of wine. Now go, uncle; we don't want you."

Fanny could not touch anything except a glass of water, and that nearly choked her. But at last, as she recovered her senses, the absence of her tormentor—the presence of a *woman*—the solemn assurances of Harriet that, if she did not like to stay there after a day or two, she should go back, tranquillised her in some measure. She did not heed the artful and lengthened eulogiums that the she-tempter then proceeded to pour forth upon the virtues, and the love, and the generosity, and, above all, the money, of my lord. She only kept repeating to herself, "I shall go back in a day or two." At length Harriet, having ate and drank as much as she could by her single self, and growing wearied with efforts from which so little resulted, proposed to Fanny to retire to rest. She opened a door to the right of the fireplace, and lighted her up a winding staircase to a pretty and comfortable chamber, where she offered to help her to undress. Fanny's complete innocence, and her utter ignorance of the precise nature of the danger that awaited her, though she fancied it must be very great and very awful, prevented her quite comprehending all that Harriet meant to convey by her solemn assurances that she should not be disturbed. But she understood, at least, that she was not to see her hateful jailer till the next morning; and when Harriet, wishing her "good-night," showed her a bolt to the door, she was less terrified at the thought of being alone in that strange place. She listened till Harriet's footsteps had died away, and then, with a beating heart, tried to open the door: it was locked from without. She sighed heavily. The window? Alas! when she had removed the shutter, there was another one barred from without, which precluded all hope there; she had no help for it but to bolt her door, stand forlorn and amazed at her own condition, and, at last, falling on her knees to pray, in her own simple fashion, which, since her recent visits to the schoolmistress, had become more intelligent and earnest, to Him from whom no bolts and no bars can exclude the voice of the human heart.

CHAPTER XIII.

"In te omnis domus inclinata recumbit."—VIRGIL.

Lord Lilburne, seated before a tray in the drawing-room, was finishing his own solitary dinner, and Dykeman was standing close behind, nervous and agitated. The confidence of many years between the master and the servant—the peculiar mind of Lilburne, which excluded him from all friendship with his own equals—had established between the two the kind of intimacy so common with the noble and the valet of the old French *régime*: and, indeed, in much, Lilburne more resembled the men of that day and land than he did the nobler and statelier being that belongs to our own. But to the end of time, whatever is at once vicious, polished, and intellectual, will have a common likeness.

"But, my lord," said Dykeman, "just reflect.

This girl is so well known in the place, she will be sure to be missed; and if any violence is done to her, it's a capital crime, my lord—a capital crime. I know they can't hang a great lord like you, but all concerned in it may—"

Lord Lilburne interrupted the speaker by "Give me some wine, and hold your tongue!" Then, when he had emptied his glass, he drew himself nearer to the fire, warmed his hands, mused a moment, and turned round to his confidant:

"Dykeman," said he, "though you're an ass and a coward, and you don't deserve that I should be so condescending, I will relieve your fears at once. I know the law better than you can; for my whole life has been spent in doing exactly as I please, without ever putting myself in the power of LAW, which interferes with the pleasures of other men. You are right in saying violence would be a capital crime. Now, the difference between vice and crime is this: Vice is what parsons write sermons against, Crime is what we make laws against. I never committed a crime in all my life; at an age between fifty and sixty I am not going to begin. Vices are safe things—I may have my vices like other men—but crimes are dangerous things—illegal things—things to be carefully avoided. Look you" (and here the speaker, fixing his puzzled listener with his eye, broke into a grim of sublime mockery,) "let me suppose you to be the World—that cringing valet of valets the WORLD! I should say to you this: 'My dear World, you and I understand each other well; we are made for each other; I never come in your way, nor you in mine. If I get drunk every day in my own room, that's vice—you can't touch me; if I take an extra glass for the first time in my life, and knock down the watchman, that's a crime, which, if I am rich, costs me one pound—perhaps five pounds; if I am poor, sends me to the treadmill. If I break the hearts of five hundred old fathers, by buying with gold or flattery the embraces of five hundred young daughters, that's vice—your servant, Mr. World! If one termagant wench scratches my face, make a noise, and goes brazen-faced to the Old Bailey to swear to her shame, why, that's crime, and my friend, Mr. World, pulls a hemp-rope out of his pocket.' Now do you understand? Yes, I repeat," he added, with a change of voice, "I never committed a crime in my life; I have never even been accused of one; never had an action of *crim. con.*—of seduction, even, against me. I know how to manage such matters better. I was forced to carry off this girl, because I had no other means of courting her. To court her is all I mean to do now. I am perfectly aware that an action for violence, as you call it, would be the more disagreeable, because of the very weakness of intellect which the girl is said to possess, and of which report I don't believe a word. I shall most certainly avoid every the remotest appearance that could be so construed. It is for that reason that no one in the house shall attend the girl except yourself and your niece. Your niece I can depend on, I know: I have been kind to her; I have got her a good husband; I shall get her husband a good place; I shall be godfather to her first child. To be sure, the other servants will know there's a lady in the house, but to that they are accustomed: I don't set up for a Joseph. They need know no more unless you choose to blab it out. Well, then, supposing that at the end of a few days, more or less, without any rudeness on my part, a young woman, after seeing a few jewels, and

fine dresses, and a pretty house, and being made very comfortable, and being convinced that her grandfather shall be taken care of without her slaving herself to death, chooses of her own accord to live with me, where's the crime, and who can interfere with it?"

"Certainly, my lord, that alters the case," said Dykeman, considerably relieved. "But still," he added, anxiously, "if the inquiry is made—if, before all this is settled, it is found out where she is?"

"Why, then, no harm will be done, no violence will be committed. Her grandfather—drivelling and a miser, you say—can be appeased by a little money, and it will be nobody's business, and no case can be made of it. Tush, man! I always look before I leap! People in this world are not so charitable as you suppose. What more natural than that a poor and pretty girl—not as wise as Queen Elizabeth—should be tempted to pay a visit to a rich lover! All they can say of the lover is, that he is a very gay man or a very bad man, and that's saying nothing new of me. But I don't think it *will* be found out. Just get me that stool: this has been a very troublesome piece of business—rather tired me—I am not so young as I was. Yes, Dykeman, something which that Frenchman Vaude-mont, or Vaut-rien, or whatever his name is, said to me once, has a certain degree of truth. I felt it in the last fit of the gout, when my pretty niece was smoothing my pillows. A nurse, as we grow older, may be of use to one. I wish to make this girl like me or be grateful to me. I am meditating a longer and more serious attachment than usual—a companion!"

"A companion, my lord, in that poor creature! so ignorant, so uneducated!"

"So much the better. This world palls upon me," said Lilburne, almost gloomily. "I grow sick of the miserable quackeries—of the piteous conceits that men, women, and children call 'knowledge.' I wish to catch a glimpse of nature before I die. This creature interests me, and that is something in this life. Clear those things away, and leave me."

"Ay!" muttered Lilburne, as he bent over the fire alone, "when I first heard that that girl was the grand-daughter of Simon Gawtreys—and, therefore, the child of the man whom I am to thank that I am a cripple—I felt as if love to her were a part of that hate which I owe to him; a segment in the circle of my vengeance. But now, poor child! I forget all this. I feel for her, not passion, but what I never felt before—*affection*. I feel that if I had such a child, I could understand what men mean when they talk of the tenderness of a father. I have not one impure thought for that girl—not one. But I would give thousands if she could love me. Strange! strange! in all this I do not recognise myself!"

Lord Lilburne retired to rest betimes that night; he slept sound; rose refreshed at an earlier hour than usual; and what he considered as a fit of vapours of the previous night was passed away. He looked with eagerness to an interview with Fanny. Proud of his intellect, pleased in any of those sinister exercises of it which the code and habits of his life so long permitted to him, he regarded the conquest of his fair adversary with the interest of a scientific game. Harriet went to Fanny's room to prepare her to receive her host; and Lord Lilburne now resolved to make his own visit the less unwelcome, by reserving for his especial gift some showy, if not valuable trinkets, which, for similar purposes,

never failed the depositories of the villa he had purchased for his pleasures. He recollected that these gewgaws were placed in the bureau in the study; in which, as having a lock of foreign and intricate workmanship, he usually kept whatever might tempt cupidity in those frequent absences when the house was left guarded but by two women servants. Finding that Fanny had not yet quitted her own chamber, while Harriet went up to attend and reason with her, he himself limped into the study below, unlocked the bureau, and was searching in the drawers, when he heard the voice of Fanny above, raised a little, as if in remonstrance or entreaty, and he paused to listen. He could not, however, distinguish what was said; and, in the mean while, without attending much to what he was about, his hands were still employed in opening and shutting the drawers, passing through the pigeon-holes, and feeling for a topaz brooch, which he thought could not fail of pleasing the unsophisticated eyes of Fanny. One of the recesses was deeper than the rest; he thought the brooch was there; he stretched his hand into the recess; and, as the room was partially darkened by the lower shutters from without being still unclosed to prevent any attempted escape of his captive, he had only the sense of touch to depend on; not finding the brooch, he stretched on till he came to the extremity of the recess, and was suddenly sensible of a sharp pain; the flesh seemed caught, as in a trap; he drew back his finger with sudden force and a half-suppressed exclamation, and he perceived the bottom or floor of the pigeon-hole recede, as if sliding back. His curiosity was aroused; he again felt, warily and cautiously, and discovered a very slight inequality and roughness at the extremity of the recess. He was aware instantly that there was some secret spring; he pressed with some force on the spot, and he felt the board give way; he pushed it back towards him, and it slid suddenly with a whirring noise, and left a cavity below exposed to his sight. He peered in, and drew forth a paper; he opened it at first carelessly, for he was still trying to listen to Fanny. His eye ran rapidly over a few preliminary lines, till it rested on what follows:

"*Marriage. The year 18—*

"No. 83, page 21.

"Philip Beaufort, of this parish of A—, and Catharine Morton, of the parish of Botolph, Aldgate, London, were married in this church by banns, this 12th day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and —, by me.

CALEB PRICE, Vicar.

"This marriage was solemnised between us,
PHILIP BEAUFORT.
CATHARINE MORTON.

"In the presence of DAVID APFRECE.
WILLIAM SMITH.

"The above is a true copy, taken from the registry of marriages in A— parish, this 19th day of March, 18—, by me,
MORGAN JONES, Curate of C—."

Lord Lilburne again cast his eye over the lines prefixed to this startling document, which, being those written, at Caleb's desire, by Mr. Jones to

* This is according to the form customary at the date at which the copy was made. There has since been an alteration.

Philip Beaufort, we need not here transcribe to the reader. At that instant Harriet descended the stairs and came into the room; she crept up on tiptoe to Lilburne, and whispered,

"She is coming down, I think; she does not know you are here."

"Very well—go," said Lord Lilburne. And scarce had Harriet left the room, when a carriage drove furiously to the door, and Robert Beaufort rushed into the study.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Gone, and none know it.

How now? What news what hopes and steps discovered?"
BEAUFORT AND FLUTCHER. *The Pilgrim.*

When Philip arrived at his lodgings in town it was very late, but he still found Liancourt waiting the chance of his arrival. The Frenchman was full of his own schemes and projects. He was a man of high repute and connections; negotiations for his recall to Paris had been entered into; he was divided between a Quixotic loyalty and a rational prudence; he brought his doubts to Vaudemont. Occupied as he was with thoughts of so important and personal a nature, Philip could yet listen patiently to his friend, and weigh with him the *pros* and *cons*. And, after having mutually agreed that loyalty and prudence would both be best consulted by waiting a little, to see if the nation, as the Carlists yet fondly trusted, would soon, after its first fever, offer once more the throne and the purple to the descendant of St. Louis, Liancourt, as he lighted his cigar to walk home, said, "A thousand thanks to you, my dear friend; and how have you enjoyed yourself in your visit? I am not surprised nor jealous that Lilburne did not invite me, as I do not play at cards, and as I have said some sharp things to him."

"I fancy I shall have the same disqualifications for another invitation," said Vaudemont, with a severe smile. "I may have much to disclose to you in a few days. At present my news is still unripe. And have you seen anything of Lilburne? He left us some days since. Is he in London?"

"Yes; I was riding with our friend Henri, who wished to try a new horse off the stones, a little way into the country yesterday. We went through ***** and H—. Pretty places, those. Do you know them?"

"Yes, I know H—."

"And just at dusk, as we were spurring back to town, whom should I see walking on the path of the high road but Lord Lilburne himself! I could hardly believe my eyes. I stopped, and, after asking him about you, I could not help expressing my surprise to see him on foot at such a place. You know the man's sneer. 'A Frenchman so gallant as Monsieur de Liancourt,' said he, 'need not be surprised at much greater miracles; the iron moves to the magnet: I have a little adventure here. Pardon me if I ask you to ride on.' Of course I wished him good-day; and, a little farther up the road, I saw a dark, plain chariot—no coronet—no arms—no footman—only the man on the box; but the beauty of the horses assured me it must belong to Lilburne. Can you conceive such absurdity in a man of that age—and a very clever fellow too? Yet how is it that one does not ridicule it in Lilburne as one would in another man between fifty and sixty?"

"Because one does not ridicule—one loathes him."

"No, that's not it. The fact is, that one can't fancy Lilburne old. His manner is young, his eye is young. I never saw any one with so much vitality. 'The bad heart and the good digestion:' the twin secrets for wearing well, eh?"

"Where did you meet him? not near H—?"

"Yes, close by. Why? Have you any adventure there too? Nay, forgive me, it was but a jest. Good-night!"

Vaudemont fell into an uneasy reverie; he could not divine exactly why he should be alarmed, but he *was* alarmed at Lilburne being in the neighbourhood of H—. It was the foot of the profane violating the sanctuary. An undefined thrill shot through him as his mind coupled together the associations of Lilburne and Fanny; but there was no ground for forebodings. Fanny did not stir out alone. An adventure, too—pooh! Lord Lilburne must be awaiting a willing and voluntary appointment, most probably from some one of the fair but decorous frailties in London. Lord Lilburne's more recent conquests were said to be among those of his own rank: suburbs are useless for such assignments. Any other thought was too horrible to be contemplated. He glanced to the clock; it was three in the morning. He would go to H— early—even before he sought out Mr. William Smith. With that resolution, and even his hardy frame worn out by the excitement of the day, he threw himself on his bed and fell asleep.

He did not wake till near nine; and had just dressed and hurried over his abstemious breakfast, when the servant of the house came to tell him that an old woman, apparently in great agitation, wished to see him. His head was still full of witnesses and lawsuits, and he was vaguely expecting some visitor connected with his primary objects, when Sarah broke into the room. She cast a hurried, suspicious look round her, and then, throwing herself on her knees to him, "Oh!" she cried, "if you have taken that poor young thing away, God forgive you. Let her come back again. It shall be all hushed up. Don't ruin her! don't! that's a dear, good gentleman!"

"Speak plainly, woman; what do you mean?" cried Philip, turning pale.

A very few words sufficed for explanation: Fanny's disappearance the previous night—the alarm of Sarah at her non-return—the apathy of old Simon, who did not comprehend what had happened, and quietly went to bed—the search Sarah had made during half the night—the intelligence she had picked up, that the policeman, going his rounds, had heard a female shriek near the school, but that all he could perceive through the mist was a carriage driving rapidly past him—Sarah's suspicions of Vaudemont confirmed in the morning, when, entering Fanny's room, she perceived the poor girl's unfinished letter with his own—the clew to his address that the letter gave her—all this, ere she well understood what she herself was talking about, his alarm seized, the reflection of a moment construed: the carriage—Lilburne seen lurking in the neighbourhood the previous day—the former attempt—all flashed on him with an intolerable glare. While Sarah was yet speaking, he rushed from the house—he flew to Lord Lilburne's, in Park Lane—he composed his manner—he inquired calmly. His lordship had slept from home; he was, they believed, at Fernside. Fernside!

A L R I D I D S

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EDITED BY JOHN SANDERSON, ESQ.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1841.

NO. 18.

WALDIE & CO. No. 43 CARPENTER STREET, PHILADELPHIA. \$5 for 60 numbers, payable in advance.

June, 1683, the year after the above letter is dated, the Lady Russell came to her husband, who was sitting in the library. She was pale and agitated. "Forgive my breaking thus upon your studies," she said, in a hurried voice, and, having closed the door, he advanced to the writing-table at which her husband was sitting: placing her hand upon it as if to steady her trembling frame, she looked him in the face with an expression of anxious and tender inquiry—"Can you give a reason, dear husband, where your household and your wife give nought but agree surmises? There is a fellow pacing before the outer gate. He has been there this hour and more; and Watkins, and others of the servants, know him to be a messenger from the Council."

"The reason, my sweet anxious wife," replied Lord Russell, laying aside his pen and looking up with a quiet smile; "the reason seems to me one easily discovered if your words bear reference to all men, for, at this present time, all men seem to be suspected; but the reason I cannot so easily explain with reference to myself in particular. I cannot tell why I should be marked and singled out as an enemy to the state. However, you must not be thus agitated, thus easily alarmed, my wife, my own sweet bosom friend," he added, tenderly pressing the hand still resting on the table: "this little hand is tell-tale to a fearful, fluttering heart, and there is still too much anxiety in those dear eyes."

"Well, I will not tremble," replied his lady, "I will not be thus foolishly anxious. I disturb you, and might unfit myself for being of use. Those are but sorry wives who only weep and complain."

She sat down, and leaning her cheek upon her hand, sunk all unconsciously into a reverie of pleasant recollections; while her husband, who had made no answer, gazed upon her fair and modest face, and sighed to think that the time was, perhaps at hand, when their sweet domestic life would meet with unusual interruptions.

"We have been so happy!" she said, and the words stole like a gentle murmur from her lips. "Would we were safely back at Stratton! dear peaceful Stratton! But I am breaking my resolutions ere they are scarcely formed. I had forgotten myself and wandered back in pleasant day-dreams to our happy home at Stratton. I dreamed of our quiet mornings in the library, or under the old spreading trees, where we have read together, and together held such sweet converse, the children at our feet or in our arms—where we have drunk such draughts of deep and innocent delight. Alas these forebodings! I wonder that till now I never felt them. Will you not send for the man who is thus placed as sentinel at our gates? Will you not question him?"

"No," replied Lord Russell; "were I to speak with him, it might appear that I had feared myself an object of suspicion: nor will I seek to pass him, and go forth, as I would willingly, among my friends, to ask if they know any thing I do not know?—if they would have me prepared to meet this danger?"

"This danger!" interrupted his lady; "dear husband, what danger? You speak as if you knew of some positive danger, of calamity already falling."

"Nay, my Rachael, I speak as one perhaps too well acquainted with men and things at this present time. I repeat that there is nothing that I ought to fear; and yet there now are many things that all must fear. But you shall satisfy yourself and me, if you will undertake to go forthwith to some of my tried friends, and tell them of my plight, and bring me back whatever news you hear."

"O, I will go at once," returned the lady. "How kind to take me at my word, and make me useful! How kind to treat me with such confidence! I will go at once; but—" She paused—looked very thoughtful—"You will be here," she continued gravely; "you will not be gone when I return, unless you leave the house by the back gates, where there is no spy to watch your movements. It suddenly occurs to me, that there may be a friendly warning intended by the Council. It may be they would apprise you of some danger by sending thus a show of hostile feeling; but, at the same time, leaving open an avenue of escape."

"Let the intentions of others be what they may,"

the words still ring in our ears, nor do the mental images of the scene ever fade from the eye of any body suspected him of any design against his person; but that he had good evidence of his being in design against his government."

From whence they committed him a close prisoner to the Tower, and his trial soon followed.

"It cannot be," said the Lady Russell to herself, that they will condemn him to death; and yet there is such a settled resignation, such a calm sadness in his look and manner, that he himself seems to forbid all hope." A thrill of anguish ran through the whole assembly, when the Lady Russell rose up at the commencement of her husband's trial; it being signified to him that he might have a servant to write for him, and take notes of his trial. "My wife is here to do it," were Lord Russell's words. She took her seat at once, firm, modest, and self-collected; and nothing was so remarkable about her demeanour, during those hours when a thousand words were spoken to agitate and to afflict her, as her quiet, unremitting attention; nay, the devotedness of that attention, not it seemed to her husband, certainly not to her own feelings, but to the quiet duties of the office she had undertaken: she scarcely trusted herself to raise her eyes even to her husband's countenance; but a close observer might have seen that not a word escaped her. Now and then a crimson blush suffused her face—nay, spread to her brow; and when the news was suddenly brought into court, that the Lord Essex had been found that morning, it was supposed self-murdered in the Tower, the tears fell fast and heavily from her downcast eyes upon the paper.

Almost mechanically she continued writing, with a diligent attention that suffered nothing to escape. At last her task was finished: quietly she laid down her pen; her eyes and her hand were weary, and her heart was sick almost unto death: she had heard the conviction, and the condemnation of her husband; but not a sob, not a sound had escaped her lips: she had come prepared to hear, and, with God's help, to sustain the worst, without uttering a word that might agitate her beloved husband, or shake his grave and manly composure. When she rose up to accompany him from the court, every eye was turned towards them; and several of the kind and compassionate wept aloud: but the Lady Russell was enabled to depart with the same sweet and modest self-possession; still her husband's nearest, dearest companion. When they reached his prison, she gave way to no wild and passionate bursts of grief; but, repressing every murmur, she sat down, and began to discuss with him all, and every possible means of honourably saving his life. He had a settled conviction that every exertion would be made in vain, and secretly gave himself to prepare for inevitable death; but, to please and satisfy her, he entered into all her plans; at least consulted with her upon them; and, at her request particularly, drew up a petition to the Duke of York; which, however, proved utterly fruitless: the Duke of York being his determined and relentless enemy.

Still the Lady Russell was unwearied, and resolved

cater for the capricious appetite of the town, he either escapes by miracle, or breaks down that way, amidst the shout of the multitude and the condolence of friends, to see the idol of the moment pushed from its pedestal, and reduced to its proper level. There is only one living writer who can pass through this ordeal; and if he had barely written half what he has done, his reputation would have been none the less. His inexhaustible facility makes the willing world believe there is not much in it. Still, there is no alternative. Popularity, like one of the Danaides, imposes impossible tasks on her votary,—to pour water into sieves, to reap the wind. If he does nothing, he is forgotten; if he attempts more than he can perform, he gets laughed at for his pains. He is impelled by circumstances to fresh sacrifices of time, of labour, and of self-respect; parts with well-earned fame for a newspaper puff, and sells his birth-right for a mess of pottage. In the meanwhile, the public wonder why an author writes so badly and so much. With all his efforts, he builds no house, leaves no inheritance, lives from hand to mouth, and though condemned to daily drudgery for a precarious subsistence, is expected to produce none but works of first-rate genius. No; learning unincorporated, unendowed, is no match for the importunate demands and thoughtless ingratitude of the reading public.

"O, let not virtue seek
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To have done, is to hang,
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery:—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gauds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More land than gilt o'er-dusted."

Mr. Godwin, we suspect, regards his *Political Justice* as his great work—his passport to immortality; or perhaps he balances between this and *Caleb Williams*. Now, it is something for a man to have two works of so opposite a kind about which he and his admirers can be at a loss to say, in which he has done best. We never heard his title to originality in either of these performances called in question: yet they are as distinct, as to style and subject-matter, as if two different persons wrote them. No one in reading the philosophical treatise would suspect the embryo romance: those who personally know Mr. Godwin would as little anticipate either. The man differs from the author, at least as much as the author in this case apparently did from himself. It is as if a magician had produced some mighty feat of his art

never failed the depositories of the villa he had purchased for his pleasures. He recollected that these gewgaws were placed in the bureau in the study; in which, as having a lock of foreign and intricate workmanship, he usually kept whatever might tempt cupidity in those frequent absences when the house was left guarded but by two women servants. Finding that Fanny had not yet quitted her own chamber, while Harriet went up to attend and reason with her, he himself limped into the study below, unlocked the bureau, and was searching in the drawers, when he heard the voice of Fanny above, raised a little, as if in remonstrance or entreaty, and he paused to listen. He could not, however, distinguish what was said; and, in the mean while, without attending much to what he was about, his hands were still employed in opening and shutting the drawers, passing through the pigeon-holes, and feeling for a topaz brooch, which he thought could not fail of pleasing the unsophisticated eyes of Fanny. One of the recesses was deeper than the rest; he thought the brooch was there; he stretched his hand into the recess; and, as the room was partially darkened by the lower shutters from without being still unclosed to prevent any attempted escape of his captive, he had only the sense of touch to depend on; not finding the brooch, he stretched on till he came to the extremity of the recess, and was suddenly sensible of a sharp pain; the flesh seemed caught, as in a trap; he drew back his finger with sudden force and a half-suppressed exclamation, and he perceived the bottom or floor of the pigeon-hole recede, as if sliding back. His curiosity was aroused; he again felt, warily and cautiously, and discovered a very slight inequality and roughness at the extremity of the recess. He was aware instantly that there was some secret spring; he pressed with some force on the spot, and he felt the board give way; he pushed it back towards him, and it slid suddenly with a whirring noise, and left a cavity below exposed to his sight. He peered in, and drew forth a paper; he opened it at first carelessly, for he was still trying to listen to Fanny. His eye ran rapidly over a few preliminary lines, till it rested on what follows:

"Marriage. The year 18—

"No. 83, page 21.

"Philip Beaufort, of this parish of A—, and Catharine Morton, of the parish of Botolph, Aldgate, London, were married in this church by banns, this 12th day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and —, by me.

CALEB PRICE, Vicar.

"This marriage was solemnised between us,
PHILIP BEAUFORT.
CATHARINE MORTON.

"In the presence of DAVID APRECE.
WILLIAM SMITH.

"The above is a true copy, taken from the registry of marriages in A— parish, this 19th day of March, 18—, by me,
MORGAN JONES, Curate of C—."

Lord Lilburne again cast his eye over the lines prefixed to this startling document, which, being those written, at Caleb's desire, by Mr. Jones to

* This is according to the form customary at the date at which the copy was made. There has since been an alteration.

Philip Beaufort, we need not here transcribe to the reader. At that instant Harriet descended the stairs and came into the room; she crept up on tiptoe to Lilburne, and whispered,

"She is coming down, I think; she does not know you are here."

"Very well—go," said Lord Lilburne. And scarce had Harriet left the room, when a carriage drove furiously to the door, and Robert Beaufort rushed into the study.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Gone, and none know it.

How now? What news what hopes and steps discovered?
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *The Pilgrim*.

When Philip arrived at his lodgings in town it was very late, but he still found Liancourt waiting for him. *The Frenchman*

AMUSEMENTS OF THE LEARNED.

Among the Jesuits it was a standing rule of the order, that after an application to study for two hours, the mind of the student should be unbent by some relaxation however trifling. When Petavius was employed in his *Dogmata Theologica*, a work of the most profound and extensive erudition, the great recreation of the learned father was at the end of every second hour to twirl his chair for five minutes. After protracted studies Spinoza would mix with the family party where he lodged, and join in the most trivial conversations, or unbend his mind by setting spiders to fight each other; he observed their combats with so much interest that he was often seized with immoderate fits of laughter. A continuity of labour deadens the soul, observes Seneca, in closing his treatise on "The Tranquility of the Soul," and the mind must unbend itself by certain amusements. Socrates did not blush to play with children; Cato, over his bottle, found an alleviation from the fatigues of government; a circumstance, he says in his manner, which rather gives honour to this defect, than the defect dishonours Cato. Some men of letters portioned out their day between repose and labour. Asinius Pollio would not suffer any business to occupy him beyond a stated hour; after that time he would not allow any letter to be opened during his hours of relaxation, that they might not be interrupted by unforeseen labours. In the senate, after the tenth hour, it was not allowed to make any new motion.

Tycho Brahe diverted himself with polishing glasses for all kinds of spectacles, and making mathematical instruments; an amusement too closely connected with his studies to be deemed as one.

D'Andilly, the translator of Josephus, after seven or eight hours of study every day, amused himself in cultivating trees; Barclay, the author of the *Argenis*, in his leisure hours was a florist; Balsac amused himself with a collection of crayon portraits; Peiresc found his amusement amongst his medals and antiquarian curiosities; the Abbe de Maroles with his prints; and Politian in singing airs to his lute. Descartes passed his afternoons in the conversation of a few friends, and in cultivating a little garden; in the morning, occupied by the system of the world, he relaxed his profound speculations by rearing delicate flowers.

Conrad ab Uffenbach, a learned German, recreated his mind, after severe studies, with a collection of prints of eminent persons, methodically arranged; he retained this ardour of the *Grangerite* to his last days.—*D'Israeli*.

NEW BOOK.

The Philosophy of History; in a course of Lectures.

By Frederick Von Schlegel, with a memoir of the author. By James Burton Robertson, Esq. New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1841.

Frederick Von Schlegel, is the brother of Augustus, who wrote the famous *Lectures on Dramatic*

Literature, and contributed so largely, in concert with Madame de Stael, to bring the romantic school of dramatic writing into vogue in France. The work by which Frederick is best known in this country, is a *Course of Lectures on the History of Literature*, published in this city about twenty years since. In Germany the Schlegels have long been revered for genius and profound learning.

The work before us, written in the full maturity of the author's genius, is probably his best. Forming as it does a most able philosophical commentary upon all history, it will attract universal attention and find its way into every well selected library.

The memoir of the author adds greatly to the value of the work. It will be read with interest, and treasured up as a valuable addition to the stores of literary history.

From the *American Medical Intelligencer*.

JEFFERSON MEDICAL COLLEGE.—REORGANISATION. —It is with the greatest gratification that we announce the reorganisation of this college, with a corps of professors whose names and professional acquirements are known over every portion of this country. At a late meeting of the board of trustees, the following professors were unanimously appointed to the respective branches:

Dr. Dunglison, Institutes of Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence.

Dr. Huston, Materia Medica and General Therapeutics.

Dr. Pancoast, General, Descriptive, and Surgical Anatomy.

Dr. J. K. Mitchell, Practice of Medicine.

Dr. Randolph, Practice of Surgery.

Dr. Mütter, Institutes of Surgery.

Dr. Meigs, Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.

Dr. Franklin Bache, Chemistry.

Of these gentlemen Drs. Dunglison, Huston and Pancoast are medical officers of the Philadelphia Hospital; Drs. Randolph and Meigs, of the Pennsylvania Hospital; and Dr. Mütter is surgeon to the Philadelphia Dispensary.

With the college thus fully organised, the effect must be to render Philadelphia still more the centre of medical education in the Union. The higher the reputation of the schools, and the more harmonious their co-operation in the great work of medical instruction, the more certainly must this result be accomplished. Unworthy rivalry should be abolished, but an honourable competition as to which institution can be most extensively useful to the profession and the public should endure.

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PART I.

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NO. 18.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE & CO. No. 43 CARPENTER STREET, PHILADELPHIA. \$5 for 60 numbers, payable in advance.

NOVELS AND NOVELISTS.

We have often been astonished at the quantity of talent—of invention, observation, and knowledge of character, as well as of spirited and graceful composition, that may be found in those works of fiction in our language, which are generally regarded as among the lower productions of our literature,—upon which no great pains is understood to be bestowed, and which are seldom regarded as the titles of a permanent reputation. If novels, however, are not fated to last as long as epic poems, they are at least a great deal more popular in their season; and, slight as their structure, and imperfect as their finishing may often be thought in comparison, we have no hesitation in saying, that the better specimens of the art are incomparably more entertaining, and considerably more instructive. The great objection to them, indeed, is, that they are too entertaining—and are so pleasant in the reading, as to be apt to produce a disrelish for other kinds of reading which may be more necessary, and can in no way be made so agreeable. Neither science, nor authentic history, nor political nor professional instruction, can be conveyed in a pleasant tale; and, therefore, all these things are in danger of appearing dull and uninteresting to the votaries of those more seductive studies.—*Ed. Review.*

GODWIN.

Either we are changed or Mr. Godwin is changed since he wrote his masterly performance of Caleb Williams. We remember the first time of reading it well, though now long ago. In addition to the singularity and surprise occasioned by seeking a romance written by a philosopher and politician, what a quickening of the pulse,—what an interest in the progress of the story,—what an eager curiosity in divining the future,—what an individuality and contrast in the characters,—what an elevation and what a fall was that of Falkland;—how we felt for his blighted hopes, his remorse, and despair, and took part with Caleb Williams as his ordinary and unformed sentiments are brought out, and rendered more and more acute by the force of circumstances, till hurried on by an increasing and uncontrollable impulse, he turns upon his proud benefactor and unrelenting persecutor, and in a mortal struggle overthrows him on the vantage-ground of humanity and justice! There is not a moment's pause in the action or sentiments: the breath is suspended, the faculties wound up to the highest pitch, as we read. Page after page is greedily devoured. There is no laying down the book till we come to the end; and even then

the words still ring in our ears, nor do the mental apparitions ever pass away from the eye of memory. Few books have made a greater impression than Caleb Williams on its first appearance. It was read, admired, parodied, dramatised. All parties joined in its praise.

Mr. Godwin was thought a man of very powerful and versatile genius; and in him the understanding and the imagination reflected a mutual and dazzling light upon each other. His St. Leon did not lessen the wonder, nor the public admiration of him, or rather "seemed like another morn risen on mid-noon." But from that time he has done nothing of superlative merit.

Had Mr. Godwin been bred a monk, and lived in the good old times, he would assuredly either have been burnt as a freethinker, or have been rewarded with a mitre, for a tenth part of the learning and talent he has displayed. He might have reposed on a rich benefice, and the reputation he had earned, enjoying the *otium cum dignitate*, or at most relieving his official cares by revising successive editions of his former productions, and enshrining them in cases of sandalwood and crimson velvet in some cloistered hall or princely library. He might then have courted

—"retired leisure,
That in trim gardens takes its pleasure,"—

have seen his peaches ripen in the sun; and smiling secure on fortune and on fame, have repeated with complacency the motto—*Horas non numero nisi serenas!* But an author by profession knows nothing of all this. His is only "the iron rod, the torturing hour." He lies "stretched upon the rack of restless ecstasy;" he runs the everlasting gauntlet of public opinion. He must write on, and if he had the strength of Hercules and the wit of Mercury, he must in the end write himself down.

"And like a gallant horse, fallen in first rank,
Lies there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er run and trampled on."

He cannot let well done alone. He cannot take his stand on what he has already achieved, and say, Let it be a durable monument to me and mine, and a covenant between me and the world for ever! He is called upon for perpetual new exertions, and urged forward by ever-craving necessities. The *wolf* must be kept from the door; the *printer's devil* must not go empty-handed away. He makes a second attempt, and though equal perhaps to the first, because it does not excite the same surprise, it falls tame and flat on the public mind. If he pursues the real bent of his genius, he is thought to grow dull and monotonous; or if he varies his style, and tries to

cater for the capricious appetite of the town, he either escapes by miracle, or breaks down that way, amidst the shout of the multitude and the condolence of friends, to see the idol of the moment pushed from its pedestal, and reduced to its proper level. There is only one living writer who can pass through this ordeal; and if he had barely written half what he has done, his reputation would have been none the less. His inexhaustible facility makes the willing world believe there is not much in it. Still, there is no alternative. Popularity, like one of the Danaides, imposes impossible tasks on her votary,—to pour water into sieves, to reap the wind. If he does nothing, he is forgotten; if he attempts more than he can perform, he gets laughed at for his pains. He is impelled by circumstances to fresh sacrifices of time, of labour, and of self-respect; parts with well-earned fame for a newspaper puff, and sells his birth-right for a mess of pottage. In the meanwhile, the public wonder why an author writes so badly and so much. With all his efforts, he builds no house, leaves no inheritance, lives from hand to mouth, and though condemned to daily drudgery for a precarious subsistence, is expected to produce none but works of first-rate genius. No; learning unincorporated, unendowed, is no match for the importunate demands and thoughtless ingratitude of the reading public.

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Mr. Godwin, we suspect, regards his *Political Justice* as his great work—his passport to immortality; or perhaps he balances between this and *Caleb Williams*. Now, it is something for a man to have two works of so opposite a kind about which he and his admirers can be at a loss to say, in which he has done best. We never heard his title to originality in either of these performances called in question: yet they are as distinct, as to style and subject-matter, as if two different persons wrote them. No one in reading the philosophical treatise would suspect the embryo romance: those who personally know Mr. Godwin would as little anticipate either. The man differs from the author, at least as much as the author in this case apparently did from himself. It is as if a magician had produced some mighty feat of his art

without warning. He is not deeply learned; nor is he much beholden to a knowledge of the world: he has no passion but a love of fame, or we may add to this another, the love of truth, for he has never betrayed his cause or swerved from his principles, to gratify a little temporary vanity: his senses are not acute: but it cannot be denied that he is a man of great capacity and of uncommon genius. How is this seeming contradiction to be reconciled? Mr. Godwin is by way of distinction and emphasis an author; he is so not only by habit, but by nature, and by the whole turn of his mind. To make a book is with him the prime end and use of creation. His is the *scholastic* character handed down in its integrity to the present day. If he had cultivated a more extensive intercourse with the world, with nature, or even with books, he would not have been what he is—he could not have done what he has done. Mr. Godwin in society is nothing; but shut him up by himself, set him down to write a book,—it is then that the electric spark begins to unfold itself,—to expand, to kindle, to illumine, to melt, or shatter all in its way.

His *Caleb Williams* is the illustration of a single passion: his *Political Justice* is the single proposition or view of a subject. In both, there is the same pertinacity and unity of design, the same agglomeration of objects round a centre, the same aggrandisement of some one thing at the expense of every other, the same sagacity in discovering what makes for its purpose, and blindness to every thing but that. His genius is not dramatic; but it has something of an heroic cast; he gains new trophies in intellect, as the conqueror overruns new provinces and kingdoms, by patience and boldness: and he is great because he wills to be so.

Not contented with his ethical honours (for no work of the kind could produce a stronger sensation, or gain more converts than this did at the time), he determined to enter upon a new career, and fling him into the arena once more; thus challenging public opinion with singular magnanimity and confidence in himself. He did not stand "shivering on the brink" of his just-acquired reputation, and fear to tempt the perilous stream of popular favour again. The success of Caleb Williams justified the experiment. There was the same hardihood and gallantry of appeal in both. In the former case, the author had screwed himself up to the most rigid logic; in the latter, he gave unbounded scope to the suggestions of fancy. It cannot be denied that Mr. Godwin is, in the pugilistic phrase, an *out-and-outer*. He does not stop till he "reaches the verge of all we hate:" it is to be wondered if he sometimes falls over? He certainly did not do this in Caleb Williams or St. Leon. Both were eminently successful; and both, as we conceive, treated of subjects congenial to Mr. Godwin's mind. The one, in the character of Falkland, embodies that love of fame and respect for intellectual excellence, which is a cherished inmate of the author's bosom; (the desire of undying renown breathes through every page and line of the story, and sheds its lurid light over the close, as it has been said that the genius of war blazes through the Iliad;)—in the hero of the other, St. Leon, Mr. Godwin has depicted, as well he might, the feelings and habits of a solitary recluse, placed in new and imaginary situations: but from the philosophical to the romantic visionary, there was perhaps but one step. We give the decided preference to Caleb Williams over St. Leon; but if it is more original and interesting, the other is

more imposing and eloquent. In the suffering and dying Falkland, we feel the heart-strings of our human being break; in the other work, we are transported to a state of fabulous existence, but unfolded with ample and gorgeous circumstances. The palm-tree waves over the untrodden path of luxuriant fiction; we tread with tip-toe elevation and throbbing heart to high hill-tops of boundless existence; and the dawn of hope and renovated life makes strange music in our breast, like the strings of Memnon's harp, touched by the morning's sun. After these two works he fell off; he could not sustain himself at that height by the force of genius alone, and Mr. Godwin has unfortunately no resources but his genius.

It is worth knowing (in order to trace the history and progress of the intellectual character) that the author of *Political Justice* and *Caleb Williams* commenced his career as a dissenting clergyman; and the book-stalls sometimes present a volume of *Sermons* by him, and, we believe, an *English Grammar*.—*Ed. Review.*

STORY OF LADY RUSSELL.

(Concluded from our la. t.)

The Lady Russell had heard all that had been spoken, had hung breathless on every word; and her heart had sunk within her, when she found how firmly the king seemed opposed to showing any mercy to her husband. She had blessed the woman whose voice pleaded so kindly for her, though she guessed, and guessed rightly, that she was blessing the frail Louise de Querouaille, then Duchess of Portsmouth.

She heard the receding steps of the lord in waiting, and felt that in another moment her opportunity would be gone. She did not stop to think or hesitate, but threw open the door, and advanced quietly and meekly to the very centre of the chamber.

The room which Lady Russell entered, was of large dimensions, and furnished rather with splendid luxuriance than elegance. The windows opened into a balcony, filled with orange trees in full blossom, and the atmosphere of the chamber was richly scented with the delicious perfume of the flowers: the walls were hung alternately with some of Lely's beautiful but wanton portraits, and with broad pier glasses; and the profusion of gilding with which the sculptured frames and cornices, the tables, the couches and seats of various descriptions, were enriched, dazzled and fatigued the gaze. Upon and underneath one table, amid piles of music, lay several kinds of lutes and other instrument of music. On another an ivory casket of jewels stood open, glowing and blazing in a flood of sunshine. Before a broad slab of the richest green marble, opposite one of the looking-glasses, sat Louise de Querouaille, on a low ottoman. She had been reading aloud to the idle monarch; and her book, a light, loose French romance, lay upon the table, the place kept open by a bracelet of large pearls. Very near her the king was carelessly reclining upon a sofa covered with cushions of Genoa velvet. Into this chamber a pure and modest matron had entered to plead for the life of one of the most noble and upright gentlemen of the land; had she much chance of success with such a ruler?

"I am prepared," said the Lady Russell, as she knelt before the king, "to bear, though not to brave, your majesty's just anger. My coming thus uncalled into your presence is an intrusion, an impertinence, which the king may not perchance forgive; but I make my appeal, not to the king, but to the gentleman before whom I kneel." Charles, who had sat astonished rather than angry at the unexpected appearance of the lady, rose up at these words, and, tenderly raising her, led her to a seat with that gallant courteousness in which he was excelled by no one in his day. "My boldness is very great," she continued, "but grief makes me

forget all difference of station: I am alive only to the power conferred upon your majesty's high station by the almighty and most merciful of kings. Forgive a wife, once a very happy wife, if she implores you to use that power in its most blessed exercise of mercy.

"Think that on the breath of your lips it depends whether the whole future course of a life, long so supremely happy, shall be gloom and wretchedness to the grave. But let me not take so selfish a part as to plead only for my own happiness. Do justice to an upright, honest subject; or, if you deem him faulty, (and who is not?) do not visit a fault with that dreadful doom that you would give to crime and wickedness. Nay, for yourself, for your own good interest, do not let them rob you of a servant whose fellow may not easily be found, one who shall serve your majesty with more true faithfulness than many that have been more forward in their words."

The king listened with attention, with well-bred and courteous attention; and then expressed with soft and well-bred excuses his deep regret that it was impossible, beyond his power, as one bound to consider the welfare of the state, to accede to her entreaties: and, as he spoke, the Lady Russell could not help contrasting the artful softness of his voice and manner with the rough but far more honest refusal she had heard, when waiting in the ante-room.

Charles ceased speaking; and the Lady Russell, who had continued seated all the time she spoke, and who had spoken with a modest and reverent dignity of manner, still sat calm, sad, and motionless, perplexed and silenced by his cold, easy self-possession.

"There is, then, no hope," she exclaimed, at length. The king met the melancholy gaze of her soft eyes as she asked the hopeless question, and the few words in which he replied were intended to destroy all hope. Yet they were spoken in the same smooth, courteous tone.

She rose up, but she did not go: still she remained standing where she rose up, calm, bewildered, her lips unclosed, her eyes cast down as if unwilling to depart, yet too stupefied by grief and disappointment to know what to say, too abashed, indeed, by his polite indifference to know how to act. At last she roused herself; and, as she lifted up her head, a clearness and brightness came into her eyes, and over her brow, and over her whole countenance.

"I must not, will not go abashed and confounded," she thought within herself; "I must not lose this last, this very last opportunity I can ever have of saving him."

"Bear with my importunity," she said, with a feminine sweetness, which, notwithstanding the deep dejection that hung on every look and every word, was inexpressibly fascinating: "Bear with me, and do not bid me rise, till I have been heard:" and she again threw herself at the feet of the king. "At least let me speak in my own name, let me urge my own claims to your gracious mercy. As the daughter of Thomas Wriothesley, your long-tried servant, your royal father's faithful and favoured friend, I humbly ask for pity and for mercy; your friend and your father's friend forget not. Alas, sire, you are not one to whom affliction is unknown; your heart is not hardened, I am sure it cannot be, against such calamities as mine are likely to be very soon. You have known," she added, raising at the same time her clasped hand, and her meek and innocent face, over which the tears flowed fast; "you have known one, whose loved and honoured head was cruelly laid low; you have seen something of what a widow and a mother suffers in such a desolate estate as mine will be, I fear, too soon. No, no! you do not misunderstand me—you know well of whom I speak. Imagine what your royal mother would have felt, had she knelt, as I do now, to one who could have saved the life of her beloved and noble husband; and pity—pray, pray pity me! What! not a word, not one kind pitying word!" She turned her eyes, as one who looks for help, on either side; and her glance fell upon the frail, but kind-hearted Louise de Querouaille, who sat weeping and sobbing with unaffected feeling.

I—was on the direct way to that villa! scarcely ten minutes had elapsed since he heard the story, ere he was on the road, with such speed as the promise of a guinea a mile could extract from the spurs of a young postboy applied to the flanks of London posthorses.

CHAPTER XV.

"Ex humili magna ad fastigia rerum
Extol. it."—JUVENAL.

When Harriet had quitted Fanny, the waiting-woman, craftily wishing to lure her into Lilburne's presence, had told her that the room below was empty, and the captive's mind naturally and instantly seized on the thought of escape. After a brief breathing pause, she crept noiselessly down the stairs and gently opened her door; and, at the very instant she did so, Robert Beaufort entered from the other door; she drew back in terror, when, what was her astonishment in hearing a name uttered that spellbound her; the last name she could have expected to hear; for Lilburne, the instant he saw Beaufort, pale, haggard, agitated, rush into the room and bang the door after him, could only suppose that something of extraordinary moment had occurred with regard to the dreaded guest, and cried, "You come about Vaudemont! Something has happened about Vaudemont! about Philip! What is it? Calm yourself!"

Fanny, as the name was thus abruptly uttered, actually thrust her face through the door; but, at the sight of a stranger, she drew back, and, all her senses preternaturally quickened at that name, while she held the door almost closed, listened with her whole soul in her ears.

The faces of both the men were turned from her, and her partial entry had not been perceived.

"Yes," said Robert Beaufort, leaning his weight, as if ready to sink to the ground, upon Lilburne's shoulder, "yes; Vaudemont, or Philip, for they are one—yes, it is about that man I have come to consult you. Arthur has arrived."

"Well?"

"And Arthur has seen the wretch who visited us; and the rascal's manner has so imposed on him, so convinced him that Philip is the heir to all our property, that he has come over—ill—ill—I fear" (added Beaufort, in a hollow voice), "dying, to—to—"

"To guard against their machinations?"

"No, no, no; to say that, if such be the case, neither honour nor conscience will allow us to resist his rights. He is so obstinate in this matter—his nerves so ill bear reasoning and contradiction, that I know not what to do—"

"Take breath—go on."

"Well, it seems that this man found out Arthur almost as soon as my son arrived at Paris; that he has persuaded Arthur that he has it in his power to prove the marriage; that he pretended to be very impatient for a decision; that Arthur, in order to gain time to see me, affected irresolution; took him to Boulogne—for the rascal does not dare to return to England—left him there; and now comes back, my own son my worst enemy, to conspire against me for my property! I could not keep my temper if I had stayed. But that's not all—that's not the worst: Vaudemont left me suddenly in the morning on the receipt of a letter. In taking leave of Camilla, he let fall hints which fill me with fear. Well, I inquired his movements as I came along:

he had stopped at D—, been closeted for above an hour with a man whose name the landlord of the inn knew, for it was on his carpet-bag: the name was Barlow! You remember the advertisement! Good heavens! what is to be done? I would not do anything unhandsome or dishonest. But there never was a marriage. I never will believe there was a marriage—never!"

"There was a marriage, Robert Beaufort," said Lord Lilburne, almost enjoying the torture he was about to inflict; "and I hold here a paper that Philip Vaudemont—for so we will yet call him—would give his right hand to clutch for a moment. I have but just found it in a secret cavity in that bureau. Robert, on this paper may depend the fate, the fortune, the prosperity, the greatness of Philip Vaudemont; or his poverty, his exile, his ruin. See!"

Robert Beaufort glanced over the paper held out to him, dropped it on the floor, and staggered to a seat. Lilburne coolly replaced the document in the bureau, and, limping to his brother-in-law, said, with a smile,

"But the paper is in my possession: I will not destroy it. No, I have no right to destroy it. Besides, it would be a crime; but if I give it to you, you can do with it as you please."

"Oh, Lilburne, spare me, spare me. I meant to be an honest man. I—I—" And Robert Beaufort sobbed.

Lilburne looked at him in scornful surprise.

"Do not fear that I shall ever think worse of you: and who else will know it? Do not fear me. No; I too have reasons to hate and to fear this Philip Vaudemont; for Vaudemont shall be his name, and not Beaufort, in spite of fifty such scraps of paper! He has known a man—my worst foe; he has secrets of mine—of my past—perhaps of my present; but I laugh at his knowledge while he is a wandering adventurer; I should tremble at that knowledge, if he could thunder it out to the world as Philip Beaufort, of Beaufort Court! There, I am candid with you. Now hear my plan. Prove to Arthur that his visitor is a convicted felon, by sending the officers of justice after him instantly; off with him again to the settlements; defy a single witness; entrap Vaudemont back to France, and prove him (I think I will prove him such—I think so—with a little money and a little pains)—prove him the accomplice of William Gawtreys, a coiner and a murderer! Pshaw! take yon paper. Do with it as you will—keep it—give it to Arthur—let Philip Vaudemont have it, and Philip Vaudemont will be rich and great, the happiest man between earth and Paradise! On the other hand, come and tell me that you have lost it, or that I never gave you such a paper, or that no such paper ever existed, and Philip Vaudemont may live a pauper, and die, perhaps, a slave at the galleys! Lose it, I say—lose it—and advise with me upon the rest."

Horror-struck, bewildered, the weak man gazed upon the calm face of the master-villain as the scholar of the old fables might have gazed on the fiend who put before him worldly prosperity here and the loss of his soul hereafter. He had never hitherto regarded Lilburne in his true light. He was appalled by the black heart that lay bare before him.

"I can't destroy it—I can't," he faltered out; "and if I did, out of love for Arthur, don't talk of galleys—of vengeance; I—I—"

"The arrears of the rents you have enjoyed, will send you to jail for your life. No, no, don't destroy the paper!"

Beaufort rose with a desperate effort; he moved to the bureau. Fanny's heart was in her lips; of this long conference she had understood only the one broad point on which Lilburne had insisted with an emphasis that could have enlightened an infant—and he looked on Beaufort as an infant then—*On that paper rested Philip Vaudemont's fate: happiness if saved, ruin if destroyed; Philip—her Philip!* And Philip himself had said to her once—when had she ever forgotten his words? and now, how those words flashed across her—Philip himself had said to her once, "Upon a scrap of paper, if I could but find it, may depend my whole fortune, my whole happiness, all that I care for in life." Robert Beaufort moved to the bureau, seized the document, looked over it again hurriedly, and, ere Lilburne, who by no means wished to have it destroyed in *his own* presence, was aware of his intention, he hastened with tottering steps to the hearth, averted his eyes, and cast it on the fire. At that instant, something white—he scarce knew what: it seemed to him as a spirit, as a ghost—darted by him, and snatched the paper from the embers! There was a pause for the hundredth part of a moment—a gurgling sound of astonishment and horror from Beaufort—an exclamation from Lilburne—a laugh from Fanny, as, her eyes flashing light, with a proud dilation of stature, with the paper clasped tightly to her bosom, she turned her looks of triumph from one to the other. The two men were both too amazed at the instant for rapid measures. But Lilburne, recovering himself first, hastened to her; she eluded his grasp; she made towards the door to the passage; when Lilburne, seriously alarmed, seized her arm.

"Foolish child! give me that paper!"

"Never, but with my life!" And Fanny's cry for help rang through the house.

"Then—" the speech died on his lips, for at that instant a rapid stride was heard without—a momentary scuffle—voices in altercation—the door gave way, as if a battering-ram had forced it—not so much thrown forward as actually hurled into the room, the body of Dykeman fell heavily, like a dead man's, at the very feet of Lord Lilburne—and Philip Vaudemont stood in the doorway!

The grasp of Lilburne on Fanny's arm relaxed, and the girl, with one bound, sprung to Philip's breast. "Here, here!" she cried; "take it—take it!" and she thrust the paper into his hand. "Don't let them have it—read it—see it—never mind me!" But Philip, though his hand unconsciously closed on the precious document, did mind Fanny; and in that moment her cause was the only one in the world to him.

"Foul villain!" he said, as he strode to Lilburne, while Fanny still clung to his breast: "speak! speak! Is she—is she—man, man, speak! you know what I would say! She is the child of your own daughter—the grandchild of that Mary whom you dishonoured—the child of the woman whom William Gawtreys saved from pollution! Before he died Gawtreys commended her to my care! Oh God of Heaven!—speak!—I am not too late!"

The manner—the words—the face of Philip left Lilburne struck, and (for after all he was human) terror-struck with conviction. But the man's crafty ability, debased as it was, triumphed even over remorse for the dread guilt meditated—over gratitude for the dread guilt spared. He glanced at Beaufort, at Dykeman—who now, slowly recovering, gazed at him with eyes that

seemed starting from their sockets—and, lastly, fixed his look on Philip himself. There were three witnesses: presence of mind was his great attribute!

"And if, Monsieur de Vaudemont, I knew, or, at least, had the firmest persuasion that Fanny was my grandchild, what then? Why else should she be here? Pooh, sir! I am an old man."

Philip recoiled a step in wonder; his plain sense was baffled by the calm lie. He looked down at Fanny, who, comprehending nothing of what was spoken—for all her faculties, even her very sense of sight and hearing, were absorbed in her impatient anxiety for him—cried out,

"No harm has come to Fanny—none: only frightened. Read! read! Save that paper! You know what you once said about a mere scrap of paper! Come away! Come!"

He did now cast his eyes on the paper he held. That was an awful moment for Robert Beaufort—even for Lilburne! To snatch the fatal document from *that* gripe! they would as soon have snatched it from a tiger! He lifted his eyes: they rested on his mother's picture! Her lips smiled on him! He turned to Beaufort in a state of emotion too exulting, too blessed for vulgar vengeance—for vulgar triumph—almost for words.

"Look yonder, Robert Beaufort, look!" (and he pointed to the picture). "Her name is spotless. I stand again beneath my father's roof, the heir of Beaufort! We shall meet before the justice of our country. For you, Lord Lilburne, I will believe you: it is too horrible to doubt even your intentions. If wrong had chanced to her, I would have rent you where you stand, limb from limb. And thank *her*" (for Lilburne recovered, at this language, the daring of his youth, before calculation, indolence, and excess had dulled the edge of his nerves; and, unawed by the height, and manhood, and strength of his menacer, stalked haughtily up to him)—"and thank your relationship to her," said Philip, sinking his voice into a whisper, "that I do not brand you as a pilferer and a cheat! Hush, knave! Hush, pupil of George Gawtreys! There are no duels for me but with men of honour!"

Lilburne now turned white, and the big word stuck in his throat. In another instant Fanny and her guardian had quitted the house.

"Dykeman," said Lord Lilburne, after a long silence, "I shall ask you another time how you came to admit that impertinent person; at present, go and order breakfast for Mr. Beaufort."

As soon as Dykeman, more astounded, perhaps, by his lord's coolness than even by the preceding circumstances, had left the study, Lilburne came up to Beaufort, who seemed absolutely struck as if by palsy, and, touching him impatiently and rudely, said,

"Sdeath, man! rouse yourself! There is not a moment to be lost! I have already decided on what you are to do. This paper is not worth a rush, unless the curate who examined it will depose to that fact. He is a curate—a Welsh curate; you are yet Mr. Beaufort, a rich and a great man. The curate, properly managed, may depose to the contrary; and then we'll endite them all for forgery and conspiracy. At the worst, you can, no doubt, get the parson to forget all about it—to stay away. His address was on the certificate, C—. Go yourself into Wales without an instant's delay. Then, having arranged with Mr. Jones, hurry back; cross to Boulogne, and buy this convict and his witness

—yes, *buy* them! *That*, now, is the only thing. Quick! quick! quick! Zounds, man! if it were *my* affair, *my* estate, I would not care a pin for that fragment of paper; I should rather rejoice at it. I see how it could be turned against them! Go!"

"No, no, I am not equal to it. Will you manage it? will you? Half my estate! all! Take it; but save—"

"Tut!" interrupted Lord Lilburne in great disdain. "I am as rich as I want to be. *Money* does not bribe *me*. I manage this! I! Lord Lilburne! I! Why, if found out, it is subornation of witnesses—it is exposure—it is dishonour—it is ruin. What then? *You* should take the risk, for you must meet ruin if you do not. I cannot. I have nothing to gain!"

"I dare not! I dare not!" murmured Beaufort, quite spirit-broken. "Subornation—dishonour—exposure! And I, so respectable—my character! And my son against me, too! my son, in whom I lived again! No, no, let them take it! Ha! ha! let them take it! Good day to you."

"Where are you going?"

"I shall consult Mr. Blackwell, and I'll let you know."

And Beaufort walked tremulously back to his carriage.

"Go to his lawyer!" growled Lilburne. "Yes, if his *lawyer* can help him to defraud men lawfully, he'll defraud them fast enough. *That* will be the respectable way of doing it! Um! this may be an ugly business for me—the paper found here—if the girl can depose to what she heard, and she must have heard something. No, I think the laws of real property will hardly allow her evidence; and if they do—Um!—My granddaughter! Is it possible! And Gawtreys rescued her mother, *my* child, from her own mother's vices! I thought my liking to that girl different from any other I have ever felt: it was pure—it was!—it was pity—affection. And I must never see her again! must forget the whole thing! And I am growing old—and I am childless—and alone!" He paused, almost with a groan: and then, the expression of his face changing to rage, he cried out, "The man threatened me,—and I was a coward! What to do? Nothing! The defensive is my line. I shall play no more. I attack no one. Who will accuse Lord Lilburne? Still, Robert is a fool. I must not leave him to himself. Ho, there! Dykeman! the carriage! I shall go to London."

Fortunate no doubt it was for Philip that Mr. Beaufort was not Lord Lilburne. For all history teaches us—public and private history—conquerors—statesmen—sharp hypocrites and brave designers—yes, they all teach us how mighty one man of great intellect and no scruple is against the justice of millions! The One Man moves, the Mass is inert. Justice sits on a throne—Roguerie never rests—Activity is the lever of Archimedes.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Quam multa injusta ac prava sunt moribus."—TULL.

"Volat ambigua
Mobilis aile Hora."—SENeca.

Mr. Robert Beaufort sought Mr. Blackwell, and long, rambling, and disjointed was his narrative. Mr. Blackwell, after some consideration, proposed to set about doing the very things that Lilburne had proposed at once to do. But the

lawyer expressed himself legally and covertly, so that it did not seem to the sober sense of Mr. Beaufort at all the same plan. He was not the least alarmed at what Mr. Blackwell proposed, though so shocked at what Lilburne dictated. Blackwell would go the next day into Wales—he would find out Mr. Jones—he would sound him! Nothing was more common, with people of the nicest honour, than *just* to get a witness out of the way! Done in election petitions, for instance, every day.

"True," said Mr. Beaufort, much relieved.

Then, after having done that, Mr. Blackwell would return to town, and cross over to Boulogne to see this very impudent person whom Arthur (young men are so apt to be taken in!) had actually believed. He had no doubt he could settle it all. Robert Beaufort returned to Berkley Square actually in spirits.

There he found Lilburne, who, on reflection, seeing that Blackwell was at all events more up to the business than his brother, assented to the propriety of the arrangement.

Mr. Blackwell accordingly did set off the next day. *That next day*, perhaps, made all the difference. Within two hours from his gaining the document so important, Philip, without any subtler exertion of intellect than the decision of a plain, bold sense, had already forestalled both the peer and the lawyer. He had sent down Mr. Barlow's head clerk into Wales with the document, and a short account of the manner in which it had been discovered. And fortunate, indeed, was it that that copy had been found; for all the inquiries of Mr. Barlow at A— had failed, and probably would have failed, without such a clew, in fastening upon any one probable person to have officiated as Caleb Price's amanuensis. The sixteen hours' start Mr. Barlow gained over Blackwell enabled the former to see Mr. Jones—to show him his own handwriting—to get a written and witnessed attestation, from which the curate, however poor, and however tempted, could never well have escaped (even had he been dishonest, which he was not), of his perfect recollection of the fact of making an extract from the registry at Caleb's desire, though he owned he had quite forgotten the names he extracted till they were again placed before him. Barlow took care to arouse Mr. Jones's interest in the case—quitted Wales—hastened over to Boulogne—saw Captain Smith, and, without bribes, without threats, but by plainly proving to that worthy person that he could not return to England nor see his brother without being immediately arrested—that his brother's evidence was *already pledged* on the side of truth—and that, by the acquisition of new testimony, there could be no doubt that the suit would be successful, he scared the captain from all disposition towards perfidy, convinced him on which side his interest lay, and saw him return to Paris, where, very shortly afterward, he disappeared for ever from this world, being forced into a duel, much against his will, with a Frenchman whom he had attempted to defraud, and shot through the lungs: thus verifying a favourite maxim of Lord Lilburne's, viz., that it does not do, on the long run, for little men to play the great game!

On the same day that Blackwell returned, frustrated in his half-and-half attempts to corrupt Mr. Jones, and not having been able to discover Mr. Smith, Mr. Robert Beaufort received notice of an ejectment to be brought by Philip Beaufort at the next assizes. And, to add to his afflictions, Arthur, whom he had hitherto endeavoured to

amuse by a sort of ambiguous shilly-shally correspondence, became so alarmingly worse that his mother brought him up to town for advice. Lord Lilburne was, of course, sent for; and, on learning all, his counsel was prompt.

"I told you before that this man loves your daughter. See if you can effect a compromise. The lawsuit will be ugly, and probably ruinous. He has a right to claim six years arrears; that is, above £100,000. Make yourself his father-in-law, and me his uncle-in-law; and, since we can't kill the wasp, we may at least soften the venom of his sting."

Beaufort, still perplexed, irresolute, sought his son; and, for the first time, spoke to him frankly—that is, frankly for Robert Beaufort! He owned that the copy of the register had been found by Lilburne in a secret drawer. He made the best of the story Lilburne himself furnished him with (adhering, of course, to the assertion uttered or insinuated to Philip) in regard to Fanny's abduction or interposition; he said nothing of his attempt to destroy the paper. Why should he? By admitting the copy in court—if so advised—he could get rid of Fanny's evidence altogether; even without such concession her evidence might possibly be objected to or eluded. He confessed that he feared the witness who copied the register, and the witness to the marriage, were alive. And then he talked pathetically of his desire to do what was right, his dread of slander and misinterpretation. He said nothing of Sidney, and his belief that Sidney and Charles Spencer were the same; because, if his daughter were to be made the instrument for effecting a compromise, it was clear that her engagement with Spencer must be cancelled and concealed. And, luckily, Arthur's illness and Camilla's timidity, joined now to her father's injunctions not to excite Arthur in his present state with any additional causes of anxiety, prevented the confidence that might otherwise have ensued between the brother and sister. And Camilla, indeed, had no heart for such a conference. How, when she looked on Arthur's glassy eye, and listened to his hectic cough, could she talk to him of love and marriage? As to the automaton Mrs. Beaufort, Robert made sure of her discretion.

Arthur listened attentively to his father's communication, and the result of that interview was the following letter from Arthur to his cousin:

"I write to you without fear of misconstruction, for I write to you unknown to all my family; and I am the only one who can have no interest in the struggle about to take place between my father and yourself. Before the law can decide between you I shall be in my grave. I write this from the bed of death. Philip, I write this—I, who stood beside a deathbed more sacred to you than mine—I, who received your mother's last sigh. And with that sigh there was a smile that lasted when the sigh was gone: for I promised to befriend her children. Heaven knows how anxiously I sought to fulfil that solemn vow! Feeble and sick myself, I followed you and your brother with no aim, no prayer but this: to embrace you and say, 'Accept a new brother in me.' I spare you the humiliation—for it is yours, not mine—of recalling what passed between us when at last we met. Yet I still sought to save at least Sidney, more especially confided to my care by his dying mother. He mysteriously eluded our search; but we had reason, by a letter received from some unknown hand, to believe him saved and provided for. Again I met you

at Paris. I saw you were poor. Judging from your associate, I might with justice think you depraved. Mindful of your declaration never to accept bounty from a Beaufort, and remembering with natural resentment the outrage I had before received from you, I judged it vain to seek and remonstrate with you; but I did not judge it vain to aid. I sent you, anonymously, what at least would suffice, if absolute poverty had subjected you to evil courses, to rescue you from them if your heart were so disposed. Perhaps that sum, trifling as it was, may have smoothed your path and assisted your career. And why tell you all this now? To dissuade you from asserting rights you conceive to be just? Heaven forbid! If justice is with you, so also is the duty due to your mother's name. But simply for this: That, in asserting such rights, you content yourself with justice, not revenge; that, in righting yourself, you do not wrong others. If the law should decide for you, the arrears you could demand would leave my parents and my sister beggars. 'This may be law—it would not be justice; for my father solemnly believed himself, and had every apparent probability in his favour, the true heir of the wealth that devolved upon him. This is not all. There may be circumstances connected with the discovery of a certain document, that, if authentic—and I do not presume to question it—may decide the contest so far as it rests on truth: circumstances which might seem to bear hard upon my father's good name and faith. I do not know sufficiently of law to say how far these could be publicly urged, or, if urged, exaggerated and tortured by an advocate's calumnious ingenuity. But again I say, justice and not revenge! And with this I conclude, enclosing to you these lines, written in your own hand, and leaving you the arbiter of their value.

"ARTHUR BEAUFORT."

The lines enclosed were these, a second time placed before the reader:

"I cannot guess who you are: they say that you call yourself a relation; that must be some mistake. I knew not that my poor mother had relations so kind. But, whoever you be, you soothed her last hours—she died in your arms; and if ever—years, long years hence—we should chance to meet, and I can do anything to aid another, my blood, and my life, and my heart, and my soul, all are slaves to your will. If you be really of her kindred, I commend to you my brother; he is at — with Mr. Morton. If you can serve him, my mother's soul will watch over you as a guardian angel. As for me, I ask no help from any one: I go into the world, and will carve out my own way. So much do I shrink from the thought of charity from others, that I do not believe I could bless you as I do now if your kindness to me did not close with the stone upon my mother's grave.

PHILIP."

This letter was sent to the only address of Monsieur de Vaudemont which the Beauforts knew, viz., his apartments in town, and he did not receive it the day it was sent.

Meanwhile Arthur Beaufort's malady continued to gain ground rapidly. His father, absorbed in his own more selfish fears (though, at the first sight of Arthur, overcome by the alteration of his appearance), had ceased to consider his illness fatal. In fact, his affection for Arthur was rather one of pride than love: long absence had weak-

ened the ties of early custom. He prized him as an heir rather than treasured him as a son. It almost seemed that, as the heritage was in danger, so the heir became less dear: this was only because he was less thought of. Poor Mrs. Beaufort, yet but partially acquainted with the terrors of her husband, still clung to hope for Arthur. Her affection for him brought out from the depths of her cold and insignificant character qualities that had never before been apparent. She watched, she nursed, she tended him. The fine lady was gone; nothing but the mother was left behind.

With a delicate constitution, and with an easy temper which yielded to the influence of companions inferior to himself except in bodily vigour and more sturdy will, Arthur Beaufort had been ruined by prosperity. His talents and acquirements, if not first-rate, at least far above mediocrity, had only served to refine his tastes, not to strengthen his mind. His amiable impulses, his charming disposition, and sweet temper, had only served to make him the dupe of the parasites that feasted on the lavish heir. His heart, frittered away in the usual round of light intrigues and hollow pleasures, had become too sated and exhausted for the redeeming blessings of a deep and a noble love. He had so lived for Pleasure that he had never known Happiness. His frame broken by excesses in which his better nature never took delight, he came home—to hear of ruin and to die!

It was evening in the sick-room. Arthur had risen from the bed to which, for some days, he had voluntarily taken, and was stretched on the sofa before the fire. Camilla was leaning over him, keeping in the shade, that he might not see the tears which she could not suppress. His mother had been endeavouring to amuse him, as she would have amused herself, by reading aloud one of the light novels of the hour: novels that paint the life of the higher classes as one gorgeous holyday.

"My dear mother," said the patient, querulously, "I have no interest in these false descriptions of the life I have led. I know that life's worth—ah! had I been trained to some employment, some profession; had I—well, it is weak to repine. Mother, tell me—you have seen Monsieur de Vaudemont—is he strong and healthy?"

"Yes; too much so. He has not your elegance, dear Arthur."

"And do you admire him, Camilla? Has no other caught your heart or your fancy?"

"My dear Arthur," interrupted Mrs. Beaufort, "you forget that Camilla is scarcely out; and, of course, a young girl's affections, if she's well brought up, are regulated by the experience of her parents. It is time to take the medicine; it certainly agrees with you; you have more colour to-day, my dear, dear son."

While Mrs. Beaufort was pouring out the medicine, the door gently opened, and Mr. Robert Beaufort appeared; behind him there rose a taller and a statelier form, but one which seemed more bent, more humbled, more agitated. Beaufort advanced. Camilla looked up and turned pale. The visitor escaped from Mr. Beaufort's grasp on his arm; he came forward, trembling; he fell on his knees beside Arthur, and seizing his hand, bent over it in silence; but silence so stormy! silence more impressive than all words; his breast heaved, his whole frame shook. Arthur guessed at once whom he saw, and bent down gently, as if to raise his visitor.

"Oh! Arthur, Arthur!" then cried Philip, "forgive me! My mother's comforter—my cousin—my brother! Oh! *brother*, forgive me!"

And, as he half rose, Arthur stretched out his arms, and Philip clasped him to his breast.

It is in vain to describe the different feelings that agitated those who beheld: the selfish congratulations of Robert, mingled with a better and purer feeling—the stupor of the mother—the emotions, that she herself could not unravel, which rooted Camilla to the spot.

"You own me, then—you own me!" cried Philip. "You accept the brotherhood that my mad passions once rejected! And you too—you, Camilla—you, who once knelt by my side under this very roof—do you remember me *now*? Oh, Arthur! that letter, that letter! Yes, indeed; that aid which I ascribed to any one—to felons and to malefactors rather than to you, made the date of a fairer fortune. I might owe to that aid the very fate that has preserved me till now—the very name which I have not discredited. No, no, do not think you can ask *me* a favour; you can but claim your due. Brother! my dear brother!"

CHAPTER VII.

"*Warwick*. Exceeding well, his cares are now all over."
Henry IV.

The excitement of this interview soon overpowering Arthur, Philip, in quitting the room with Mr. Beaufort, asked a conference with that gentleman, and they went into the very parlour from which the rich man had once threatened to expel the haggard suppliant. Philip glanced round the room, and the whole scene came again before him. He motioned Beaufort to seat himself, and, after a pause, thus began:

"Mr. Beaufort, let the past be forgotten. We may have need of mutual forgiveness: and I, who have so wronged your noble son, am willing to suppose that I misjudged you. I cannot, it is true, forego this lawsuit."

Mr. Beaufort's face fell.

"I have no right to do so. I am the trustee of my father's honour and my mother's name: I must vindicate both: I cannot forego this lawsuit. But when I once bowed myself to enter your house—then only with a hope, where now I have the certainty, of obtaining my heritage—it was with the resolve to bury in oblivion every sentiment that would transgress the most temperate justice. *Now* I will do more. If the law decide *against* me, we are as we were; if *with* me—listen: I will leave you the lands of Beaufort for your life and your son's. I ask but for me and for mine such a deduction from your wealth as will enable me, should my brother be yet living, to provide for him; and (if you approve the choice that out of all earth I would desire to make) to give whatever belongs to more refined or graceful existence than I care for, to her whom I would call my wife. Robert Beaufort, in this room I once asked you to restore to me the only being I then loved: I am now again your suppliant, and this time you have it in your power to grant my prayer. Let Arthur be in truth my brother: give me, if I prove myself, as I feel assured, entitled to hold the name my father bore, give me your daughter as my wife; give me Camilla, and I will not envy the lands I am willing for myself to resign; and if they pass to *my* children, those children will be your daughter's!"

The first impulse of Mr. Beaufort was to grasp the hand held out to him—to pour forth an incoherent torrent of praise and protestation, as assurances that he could not hear of such generosity—that what was right was right—that he should be proud of such a son-in-law, and much more to the same key. And in the midst of this, it suddenly occurred to Mr. Beaufort that, if Philip's case were really as good as he said it was, he could not talk so coolly of resigning the property it would secure him for the term of a life (Mr. Beaufort thought of *his own*) so uncommonly good, to say nothing of Arthur's. At this notion he thought it best not to commit himself too far; drew in as artfully as he could, until he could consult Lord Lilburne and his lawyer; and, recollecting also that he had a great deal to manage with respect to Camilla and her prior attachment, he began to talk of his distress for Arthur; of the necessity of waiting a little before Camilla was spoken to, while so agitated about her brother; of the exceedingly strong case which his lawyer advised him he possessed—not but what he would rather rest the matter on justice than law—and that, if the law *should* be with him, he would not the less (provided he did not force his daughter's inclinations, of which, indeed, he had no fear) be most happy to bestow her hand on his brother's son, with such a portion as would be most handsome to all parties.

It often happens to us in this world, that when we come with our heart in our hands to some person or other—when we pour out some generous burst of feeling so enthusiastic and self-sacrificing that a by-stander would call us fool and Quixote—it often, I say, happens to us to find our warm self suddenly thrown back upon our cold self; to discover that we are utterly uncomprehended; and that the swine who would have munched up the acorn does not know what to make of the pearl. That sudden ice which then freezes over us—that supreme disgust and despair almost of the whole world, which, for the moment, we confound with the one worldling—they who have felt may reasonably ascribe to Philip. He listened to Mr. Beaufort in utter and contemptuous silence, and then replied only,

"Sir, at all events, this is a question for law to decide. If it decide as you think, it is for you to act; if as I think, it is for me. Till then, I will speak to you no more of your daughter or my intentions. Meanwhile, all I ask is the liberty to visit your son. I would not be banished from his sick-room!"

"My dear nephew!" cried Mr. Beaufort, again alarmed, "consider this house as your home."

Philip bowed and retreated to the door, followed obsequiously by his uncle.

It chanced that both Lord Lilburne and Mr. Blackwell were of the same mind as to the course advisable for Mr. Beaufort now to pursue. Lord Lilburne was not only anxious to exchange a hostile litigation for an amicable lawsuit, but he was really eager to put the seal of relationship upon any secret with regard to himself that a man who might inherit £20,000 a year—a dead shot and a bold tongue—might think fit to disclose. This made him more earnest than he otherwise might have been in advice as to other people's affairs. He spoke to Beaufort as a man of the world, to Blackwell as a lawyer.

"Pin the man down to his generosity," said Lilburne, "before he gets the property. Possession makes a great change in man's value of money. After all, you can't enjoy the property

when you're dead: he gives it next to Arthur, who is not married; and if anything happen to Arthur, poor fellow! why, in returning to your daughter's husband and children, it goes in the right line. Pin him down at once: get credit with the world for the most noble and disinterested conduct, by letting your counsel state that, the instant you discovered the lost document, you wished to throw no obstacle in the way of proving the marriage, and that the only thing to consider is, if the marriage be proved; if so, you will be the first to rejoice, &c. &c. You know all that sort of humbug as well as any man."

Mr. Blackwell suggesting the same counsel, though in different words, proposed that, as an intermediate step, the examination of the facts should be submitted to the private arbitration of some three of the most eminent lawyers, according to whose verdict the defence should be fought gallantly or waived nobly. This idea Beaufort caught at. The arbitration was suggested to Philip; agreed to, with some hesitation, by Mr. Barlow. The arbiters were selected, and they soon came to a unanimous opinion that the marriage could be proved, and Philip Beaufort establish his claims.

As soon as this report was made, Mr. Beaufort saw Philip. It was settled that the lawsuit, though equally necessary, should be merely formal, so far as the defendant was concerned; and, in short, he let Philip understand that he was sensible of his generosity, and not unwilling to profit by it.

While this went on, Arthur continued gradually to decline. Philip was with him always. The sufferer took a strange liking to the long-dreaded relation, this man of iron frame and thews. In Philip there was so much of life, that Arthur almost felt as if in his presence itself there was antagonism to death. And Camilla saw thus her cousin, day by day, hour by hour, in that sick chamber, lending himself, with the gentle tenderness of a woman, to soften the pang, to arouse the weariness, to cheer the dejection. Philip never spoke to her of love; in such a scene that had been impossible. She overcame, in their mutual cares, the embarrassment she had before felt in his presence; whatever her other feelings, she could not, at least, but be grateful to one so tender to her brother. Three letters of Charles Spencer's had been, in the afflictions of the house, only answered by a brief line. She now took the occasion of a momentary and delusive amelioration in Arthur's disease to write to him more at length. She was carrying, as usual, the letter to her mother, when Mr. Beaufort met her and took the letter from her hand. He looked embarrassed for a moment, and bade her follow him into his study. It was then that Camilla learned, for the first time distinctly, the claims and rights of her cousin; then she learned, also, at what price the more valuable part of those rights was to be sacrificed. Mr. Beaufort naturally put the case before her in the strongest point of the dilemma. He was to be ruined, utterly ruined; a pauper, a beggar, if Camilla did not save him. The master of his fate demanded his daughter's hand. Naturally subservient to every whim of her parents, this intelligence—the entreaty—the command with which it was accompanied—overwhelmed her. She answered but by tears; and Mr. Beaufort, assured of her submission, left her, to consider of the tone of the letter he himself should write to Mr. Spencer. He had sat down to this very

ask, when he was summoned to Arthur's room. His son was suddenly taken worse: spasms, that threatened immediate danger, convulsed and exhausted him; and, when these were allayed, he continued for three days so feeble, that Mr. Beaufort, his eyes now thoroughly open to the loss that awaited him, had no thoughts even for worldly interests.

On the night of the third day, Philip, Robert Beaufort, his wife, his daughter, were grouped round the deathbed of Arthur. He had just awakened from a sleep, and he motioned to Philip to raise him. Mr. Beaufort started as by the dim light he saw his son in the arms of *Catharine's*! and another Chamber of Death seemed, shadow-like, to replace the one before him. Words, long since uttered, knelled in his ear: "There shall be a deathbed yet in which you shall see the spectre of her, now so calm, rising for retribution from the grave!" His blood froze—his hair stood erect—he cast a hurried, shrinking glance round the twilight of the darkened room; and, with a feeble cry, covered his white face with his trembling hands! But on Arthur's lips there was a serene smile; he turned his eyes from Philip to Camilla, and murmured, "*She* will repay you!" A pause, and the mother's shriek ran through the room. Robert Beaufort raised his face from his hands: his son was dead!

CHAPTER XVIII.

"*But what reward do you propose? It must be my love.*"—*The Double Marriage.*

While these events—dark, hurried, and stormy—had befallen the family of his betrothed, Sidney Beaufort (as we are now entitled to call him) had continued his calm life by the banks of the lovely lake. After a few weeks, his confidence in Camilla's fidelity overbore all his apprehensions and forebodings. Her letters, though constrained by the inspection to which they were submitted, gave him inexpressible consolation and delight. He began, however, early to fancy that there was a change in their tone. The letters were of the same length, but they seemed to shun the one subject to which all others were as naught; they turned rather upon the guests assembled at Beaufort Court; and why I know not—for there was nothing in them to arouse jealousy—the brief words devoted to Monsieur de Vaudemont filled him with uneasy and terrible suspicion. He gave vent to these feelings as fully as he dared do, under the knowledge that his letter would be seen; and Camilla never again even mentioned the name of Vaudemont. Then there was a long pause—then her brother's arrival and illness were announced—then, at intervals, but a few hurried lines—then a complete, long, dreadful silence—and, lastly, with a deep black border, and a solemn black seal, came the following letter from Mr. Beaufort:—

"My dear Sir,—I have the unutterable grief to announce to you and your worthy uncle the irreparable loss I have sustained in the death of my only son. It is a month to-day since he departed this life. He died, sir, as a Christian *should* die—humbly, penitently; exaggerating the few faults of his short life, but—" (and here the writer's hypocrisy, though so natural to him—was it that he knew not that he was hypocritical?—fairly gave way before the real and

human anguish for which there is no dictionary!)—"but I cannot pursue this theme!

"Slowly now awakening to the duties yet left me to discharge, I cannot but be sensible of the material difference in the prospects of my remaining child. Miss Beaufort is now the heiress to an ancient name and a large fortune. She subscribes with me to the necessity of consulting those new considerations which so melancholy an event forces upon her mind. The little fancy or liking (the acquaintance was too short for more) that might naturally spring up between two amiable young persons thrown together in the country, must be banished from our thoughts. As a friend, I shall be always happy to hear of your welfare; and should you ever think of a profession in which I can serve you, you may command my utmost interest and exertions. I know, my young friend, what you will feel at first, and how apt you will be to call me mercenary and selfish. Heaven knows if *that* be really my character! But at your age impressions are easily effaced; and any experienced friend of the world will assure you, that in the altered circumstances of the case I have no option. All intercourse and correspondence, of course, cease with this letter, until, at least, we may all meet with no sentiments but those of friendship and esteem. I desire my compliments to your worthy uncle, in which Mrs. and Miss Beaufort join; and I am sure you will be happy to hear that my wife and daughter, though still in great affliction, have suffered less in health than I could have ventured to anticipate.

"Believe me, dear sir,

"Yours sincerely,

"ROBERT BEAUFORT."

"To C. SPENCER, Esq., Junr."

When Sidney received this letter, he was with Mr. Spencer, and the latter read it over the young man's shoulder, on which he leaned affectionately. When they came to the concluding words, Sidney turned round with a vacant look and a hollow smile. "You see, sir," he said, "you see—"

"My boy—my son—you bear this as you ought. Contempt will soon efface—"

Sidney started to his feet, and his whole countenance was changed.

"Contempt! Yes, for *him*! But for *her*—*she* knows it not—*she* is no party to this—I cannot believe it—I will not! I—I—" and he rushed out of the room. He was absent till nightfall, and when he returned he endeavoured to appear calm, but it was in vain.

The next day brought him a letter from Camilla, written unknown to her parents; short, it is true (confirming the sentence of separation contained in her father's), and imploring him not to reply to it, but still so full of gentle and of sorrowful feeling, so evidently worded in the wish to soften the anguish she inflicted, that it did more than soothe—it even administered hope.

Now, when Mr. Robert Beaufort had recovered the ordinary tone of his mind sufficiently to indite the letter Sidney had just read, he had become fully sensible of the necessity of concluding the marriage between Philip and Camilla before the publicity of the lawsuit. The action for the ejectment could not take place before the ensuing March or April. He would waive the ordinary etiquette of time and mourning to arrange all before. In the first place, he could thus, by means of settlements, at once secure all the conditions most to his advantage; and, secondly, he lived in hourly fear lest Philip should

discover that he had a rival in his brother, and break off the marriage with its contingent advantages. The first announcement of such a suit in the newspapers might reach the Spencers; and if the young man were, as he doubted not, Sidney Beaufort, would necessarily bring him forward, and ensure the dreaded explanation. Thus apprehensive and ever scheming, Robert Beaufort spoke to Philip so much, and with such apparent feeling, of his wish to gratify, at the earliest possible period, the last wish of his son in the union now arranged—he spoke with such seeming consideration and good sense of the avoidance of all scandal and misinterpretation in the suit itself, which suit a previous marriage between the claimant and his daughter would show at once to be of so amicable a nature—that Philip, ardently in love as he was, could not but assent to any hastening of his expected happiness compatible with decorum. As to any previous publicity by way of newspaper comment, he agreed with Mr. Beaufort in deprecating it. But then came the question, What name was he to bear in the interval?

"As to that," said Philip, somewhat proudly, "when, after my mother's suit in her own behalf, I persuaded her not to bear the name of Beaufort, though her due—and, for my own part, I prized her own modest name, which, under such dark appearances, was in reality spotless—as much as the loftier one which you bear and my father bore, so I shall not resume the name the law denies me till the law restores it to me. Law alone can efface the wrong which law has done me."

Mr. Beaufort was pleased with this reasoning (erroneous though it was), and he now hoped that all would be safely arranged.

That a girl so situated as Camilla, and of a character not energetic or profound, but submissive, dutiful, and timid, should yield to the arguments of her father, the desire of her dying brother—that she should not dare to refuse to become the instrument of peace to a divided family, the saving sacrifice to her father's endangered fortunes—that, in fine, when, nearly a month after Arthur's death, her father, leading her into the room where Philip waited her footstep with a beating heart, placed her hand in his, and Philip, falling on his knees, said, "May I hope to retain this hand for life?" she should falter out such words as he might construe into not reluctant acquiescence—that all this should happen, is so natural that the reader is already prepared for it. But still she thought with bitter and remorseful feelings of him thus deliberately and faithlessly renounced. She felt how deeply he had loved her, she knew how fearful would be his grief. She looked sad and thoughtful; but her brother's death was sufficient, in Philip's eyes, to account for that. The praises and gratitude of her father, to whom she suddenly seemed to become an object of even greater pride and affection than ever Arthur had been—the comfort of a generous heart, that takes pleasure in the very sacrifice it makes: the acquittal of her conscience as to the motives of her conduct—began, however, to produce their effect. Nor, as she had lately seen more of Philip, could she be insensible of his attachment—of his many noble qualities—of the pride which most women might have felt in his addresses when his rank was once made clear; and, as she had ever been of a character more regulated by duty than passion, so one who could have seen what was passing in her mind, would have had little fear

for Philip's future happiness in her keeping; little fear but that, when once married to him, her affections would have gone along with her duties; and that, if the first love were yet recalled, it would be with a sigh due rather to some romantic recollection than some continued regret. Few of either sex are ever united to their first love; yet married people jog on, and call each other "my dear" and "my darling" all the same! It might be, it is true, that Philip would be scarcely loved with the intenseness with which he loved; but if Camilla's feelings were capable of corresponding to the ardent and impassioned ones of that strong and vehement nature—such feelings were not yet developed in her: the heart of the woman might still be half concealed in the veil of the virgin innocence—Philip himself was satisfied; he believed that he was beloved; for it is the property of love, in a large and noble heart, to reflect itself, and to set its own image in the eyes on which it looks. As the poet gives ideal beauty and excellence to some ordinary child of Eve, worshipping less the being that is than the being it images and conceives, so Love, which makes us all poets for a while, throws its own divine light over a heart perhaps really cold, and becomes dazzled into the joy of a false belief by the very lustre with which it surrounds its object.

The more, however, Camilla saw of Philip, the more (gradually overcoming her former mysterious and superstitious awe of him) she grew familiarised to his peculiar cast of character and thought, so the more she began to distrust her father's assertion that he had insisted on her hand as a price—a bargain—an equivalent for the sacrifice of a dire revenge. And with this thought came another. Was she worthy of this man? Was she not deceiving him? Ought she not to say, at least, that she *had* known a previous attachment, however determined she might be to subdue it? Often the desire for this just and honourable confession trembled on her lips, and as often was it checked by some chance circumstance or some maiden fear. Despite their connection, there was not yet between them that delicious intimacy which ought to accompany the affianced of two hearts and souls. The gloom of the house—the restraint on the very language of love which a death so recent and so deplored imposed, accounted in much for this reserve. And for the rest, Robert Beaufort left them very few and very brief opportunities to be alone.

In the mean time, Philip (now persuaded that the Beauforts were ignorant of his brother's fate) had set Mr. Barlow's activity in search of Sidney; and his painful anxiety to discover one so dear and so mysteriously lost, was the only cause of uneasiness which the brightening future appeared likely to bestow. While these researches, hitherto fruitless, were being made, it so happened, as London began now to refill and gossip to revive, that a report got abroad, no one knew how (probably from the servants), that Monsieur de Vaudemont, a distinguished French officer, was shortly to lead the daughter and sole heiress of Robert Beaufort, Esq., M. P., to the hymeneal altar; and that report very quickly found its way into the London papers; from the London papers it spread to the Provincial; it reached the eyes of Sidney in his now gloomy and despairing solitude. The day that he read it he disappeared.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Jul. Good lady, love him!
You have a noble and an honest gentleman.
I ever found him so.
Love him no less than I have done, and serve him,
And Heaven shall bless you—you shall bless my ashes."
The Double Marriage.

We have been too long absent from Fanny: it is time to return to her. The delight she experienced when Philip made her understand all the benefits, the blessings that her courage, nay, her *intellect* had bestowed upon him—the blushing ecstasy with which she heard (as they returned to H—, the eventful morning of her deliverance, side by side, her hand clasped in his, and often pressed to his grateful lips) his praises, his thanks, his fear for her safety, his joy at regaining her—all this amounted to a bliss which, till then, she could not have conceived that life was capable of bestowing. And when he left her at H— to hurry to his lawyer's with the recovered document, it was but for an hour. He returned, and left her not for several days. And in that time he became sensible of her astonishing, and to him, it seemed, miraculous improvement in all that renders mind the equal to mind: miraculous, for he guessed not the influence that makes miracles its commonplace. And now he listened attentively to her when she conversed; he read with her (though reading was never much in his vocation;) his unfastidious ear was charmed with her voice when it sang those simple songs; and his manner (impressed alike by gratitude for the signal service rendered to him, and by the discovery that Fanny was no longer a child, whether in mind or years,) though not less gentle than before, was less familiar, less superior, more respectful, and more earnest. It was a change which raised her in her own self-esteem. Ah, those were rosy days for Fanny!

A less sagacious judge of character than Lilburne would have formed doubts, perhaps, of the nature of Philip's interest in Fanny. But he comprehended at once the fraternal interest which a man like Philip might well take in a creature like Fanny, if commended to his care by a protector whose doom was so awful as that which had engulfed the life of William Gawtreys. Lilburne had some thoughts at first of claiming her; but, as he had no power to compel her residence with him, he did not wish, on consideration, to come again in contact with Philip on ground so full of humbling recollections as that still overshadowed by the images of Gawtreys and Mary. He contented himself with writing an artful letter to Simon, stating that, from Fanny's residence with Mr. Gawtreys, and from her likeness to her mother, whom he had only seen as a child, he had conjectured the relationship she bore to himself; and, having obtained other evidence of that fact (he did not say what or where,) he had not scrupled to remove her to his roof, meaning to explain all to Mr. Gawtreys the next day. This letter was accompanied by one from a lawyer, informing Simon Gawtreys that Lord Lilburne would pay £200 a year, in quarterly payments, to his order; and that he was requested to add, that when the young lady he had so benevolently reared came of age, or married, an adequate provision would be made for her. Simon's eyes blazed up at this last intelligence, when read to him, though he neither comprehended nor sought to know why Lord Lilburne should be so generous, or what that noble person's letter to himself was intended to convey. For two days he seemed restored to vigorous sense; but, when he had once clutched the first payment made in ad-

vance, the touch of the money seemed to numb him back to his lethargy; the excitement of desire died in the feeling of possession.

And just at that time Fanny's happiness came to a close. Philip received Arthur Beaufort's letter; and now ensued long and frequent absences; and on his return, for about an hour or so at a time, he spoke of sorrow and death; and the books were closed, and the songs silenced. All fear for Fanny's safety was of course over—all necessity for her work—their little establishment was increased. She never stirred out without Sarah; yet she would rather that there had been some danger on her account for him to guard against, or some trial that his smile might soothe. His prolonged absences began to prey upon her—the books ceased to interest—no study filled up the dreary gap—her step grew listless—her cheek pale—she was sensible, at last, that his presence had become necessary to her very life. One day he came to the house earlier than usual, and with a much happier and serenest expression of countenance than he had worn of late.

Simon was dozing in his chair, with his old dog, now scarce vigorous enough to bark, curled up at his feet. Neither man nor dog was more as a witness to what was spoken than the leather chair or the hearth rug on which they severally reposed.

There was something which, in actual life, greatly contributed to the interest of Fanny's strange lot, but which in narration, I feel I cannot make sufficiently clear to the reader. And this was her connection and residence with that old man. Her character forming, as his was completely gone; here the blank becoming filled, there the page fading to a blank. It was the utter, total deathliness in life of Simon that, while so impressive to see, renders it impossible to bring him before the reader in his full force of contrast to the young Psyche. He seldom spoke—often not from morning till night—he now seldom stirred. It is in vain to describe the indescribable: let the reader draw the picture for himself. And whenever (as I sometimes think he will, after he has closed this book) he conjures up the idea he attaches to the name of its heroine, let him see before her, as she glides through the humble room—as she listens to the voice of him she loves—as she sits musing by the window, with the church spire just visible—as, day by day, the soul brightens and expands within her—still let the reader see within the same walls—gray-haired, blind, dull to all feeling, frozen to all life—that stony image of Time and Death! Perhaps then he may understand why they who beheld the real and the living Fanny blooming under that chill and mass of shadow, felt that her grace, her simplicity, her charming beauty were raised by the contrast, till they grew associated with thoughts and images, mysterious and profound, belonging not more to the lovely than to the sublime.

So there sat the old man; and Philip, though aware of his presence, speaking as if he were alone with Fanny, after touching on more casual topics, thus addressed her:

"My true and my dear friend, it is to you that I shall owe, not only my rights and fortune, but the vindication of my mother's memory. You have not only placed flowers upon that gravestone, but it is from you, under Providence, that it will be inscribed at last with the name which refutes all calumny. Young and innocent as you now are, my gentle and beloved benefactress, you cannot as yet know what a blessing it will

be to me to engrave that name upon that simple stone. Hereafter, when you yourself are a wife, a mother, you will comprehend the service you have rendered to the living and the dead!"

He stopped, struggling with the rush of emotions that overflowed his heart. Alas! THE DEAD! what service can we render to them? What availed it now, either to the dust below or to the immortality above, that the fools and knaves of this world should mention Catharine whose life was gone, whose ears were deaf, with more or less respect? There is in calumny that poison that, even when the character throws off the slander, the heart remains diseased beneath the effect. They say that truth comes sooner or later; but it seldom comes before the soul, passing from agony to contempt, has grown callous to men's judgments. Calumniate a human being in youth, adulate that being in age: what has been the interval? Will the adulation atone either for the torture, or the hardness which the torture leaves at last? And if, as in Catharine's case (a case how common!) the truth came *too late*—if the tomb is closed—if the heart you have wrung can be wrung no more—why, the truth is as valueless as the epitaph on a forgotten name! Some such conviction of the hollowness of his own words, when he spoke of service to the dead, smote upon Philip's heart, and stopped the flow of his words.

Fanny, conscious only of his praise, his thanks, and the tender affection of his voice, stood still silent, her eyes downcast, her breast heaving.

Philip resumed:

"And now, Fanny, my honoured sister, I would thank you for more, were it possible, even than this. I shall owe to you not only name and fortune, but happiness. It is from the rights to which you have assisted me, and which will shortly be made clear, that I am enabled to demand a hand I have long coveted: the hand of one as dear to me as you are. In a word, the time has this day been fixed when I shall have a home to offer to you and to this old man; when I can present to you a sister who will prize you as I do; for I love you so dearly, I owe you so much, that even that home would lose half its smiles if you were not there. Do you understand me, Fanny? The sister I speak of will be my wife!"

The poor girl who heard this speech of most cruel tenderness did not fall, or faint, or evince any outward emotion except in a deadly paleness. She seemed like one turned to a stone. Her very breath forsook her for some moments, and then came back with a long deep sigh. She laid her hand lightly upon his arm, and said calmly,

"Yes, I understand. We once saw a wedding. You are to be married: I shall see *yours*."

"You shall; and later, perhaps, I may see your own. I have a brother—ah! if I could but find him—younger than I am, beautiful almost as you!"

"You will be happy," said Fanny, still calmly.

"I have long placed my hopes of happiness in such a union! Stay! where are you going?"

"To pray for you!" said Fanny, with a smile in which there was something of the old vacancy; and she walked gently from the room. Philip followed her with moistened eyes. He had no suspicion of her secret, and her manner now might have deceived one more vain. He soon after quitted the house and returned to town.

Three hours after, Sarah found Fanny stretched on the floor of her own room, so still, so white,

that, for some moments, the old woman thought life was gone. She recovered, however, by degrees; and, after putting her hands to her eyes, and muttering some moments, seemed much as usual, except that she was more silent, and that her lips remained colourless, and her hands cold like stone.

CHAPTER XX.

Voc. Ye see what follows.

Drake. O, gentle sir! this shape again!"—*The Chances.*

That evening Sidney Beaufort arrived in London. It is the nature of solitude to make the passions calm on the surface, agitated in the deeps. Sidney had placed his whole existence in one object. When the letter arrived that told him to hope no more, he was at first rather sensible of the terrible and dismal blank—the "void abyss"—to which all his future was suddenly changed, than roused to vehement and turbulent emotion. But Camilla's letter had, as we have seen, raised his courage and animated his heart. To the idea of her faith he still clung with the instinct of hope in the midst of despair. The tidings that she was absolutely betrothed to another, and in so short a time since her rejection of him, let loose from all restraint his darker and more impetuous passions. In a state of mind bordering on phrensy, he hurried to London to seek her, to see her; with what intent, what hope, if hope there were, he himself could scarcely tell. But what man who has loved with fervour and trust will be contented to receive the sentence of eternal separation except from the very lips of the one thus worshipped and thus forsworn?

The day had been intensely cold. Towards evening, the snow fell fast and heavily. Sidney had not, since a child, been before in London; and the immense city, covered with a wintry and icy mist, through which the hurrying passengers and the slow-moving vehicles passed, spectre-like, along the dismal and slippery streets, opened to the stranger no hospitable arms. He knew not a step of the way—he was pushed to and fro—his scarce intelligible questions impatiently answered—the snow covered him—the frost pierced to his veins. At length a man, more kindly than the rest, and seeing that he was a stranger to London, procured him a hackney-coach, and directed the driver to the distant quarter of Berkeley Square. The snow balled under the hoofs of the horses; the groaning vehicle proceeded at the pace of a hearse. At length, and after a period of such suspense and such emotion as Sidney never in after-life could recall without a shudder, the coach stopped, the benumbed driver heavily descended, the sound of the knocker knelled loud through the muffled air, and the light from Mr. Beaufort's hall glared full upon the dizzy eyes of the visiter. He pushed aside the porter, and sprang into the hall. Luckily, one of the footmen who had attended Mrs. Beaufort to the lakes recognised him; and, in answer to his breathless inquiry, said,

"Why, indeed, Mr. Spencer, Miss Beaufort is at home—up stairs in the drawing-room, with master and mistress, and Monsieur de Vaudemont; but—"

Sidney waited no more. He bounded up the stairs; he opened the first door that presented itself to him, and burst, unannounced and unlooked for, upon the eyes of the group seated within. He saw not the terrified start of Mr.

Robert Beaufort; he heeded not the faint, nervous exclamation of the mother; he caught not the dark and wondering glance of the stranger seated beside Camilla; he saw but Camilla herself, and in a moment he was at her feet.

"Camilla, I am here! I, who love you so; I, who have nothing in the world but you!—I am here, to hear from you, and you alone, if I am indeed abandoned—if you are indeed to be another's!"

He had dashed his hat from his brow as he sprang forward; his long, fair hair, damp with the snows, fell disordered over his forehead; his eyes were fixed, as for life and death, upon the pale face and trembling lips of Camilla. Robert Beaufort, in great alarm, and well aware of the fierce temper of Philip, anticipative of some rash and violent impulse, turned his glance upon his destined son-in-law. But there was no angry pride in the countenance he there beheld. Philip had risen, but his frame was bent, his knees knocked together, his lips were parted, his eyes were staring full upon the face of the kneeling man.

Suddenly Camilla, sharing her father's fear, herself half arose, and, with an unconscious pathos, stretched one hand, as if to shelter, over Sidney's head, and looked to Philip. Sidney's eyes followed hers. He sprang to his feet.

"What, then, it is true! And this is the man for whom I am abandoned! But, unless you—*you*, with your own lips—tell me that you love me no more—that you love another, I will not yield you up but with life."

He stalked sternly and impetuously up to Philip, who recoiled as his rival advanced. The characters of the two men seemed suddenly changed. The timid dreamer seemed dilated into the fearless soldier. The soldier seemed shrinking—quailing—into nameless terror. Sidney grasped that strong arm, as Philip still retreated, with his slight and delicate fingers; grasped it with violence and menace; and, frowning into the face from which the swarthy blood was scared away, said, in a hollow whisper,

"Do you hear me? Do you comprehend me? I say that she shall not be forced into a marriage at which, I yet believe, her heart rebels. My claim is holier than yours. Renounce her, or win her but with my blood."

Philip did not apparently hear the words thus addressed to him. His whole senses seemed absorbed in the one sense of sight. He continued to gaze upon the speaker, till his eye dropped on the hand that yet gripped his arm. And as he thus looked he uttered an inarticulate cry. He caught the hand in his own, and pointed to a ring on the finger, but remained speechless. Mr. Beaufort approached, and began some stammered words of soothing to Sidney; but Philip motioned him to be silent; and at last, as if by a violent effort, said, not to Sidney, but to Beaufort,

"His name? his name?"

"It is Mr. Spencer—Mr. Charles Spencer," cried Beaufort. "Listen to me; I will explain all; I—I—"

"Hush! hush!" cried Philip; and, turning to Sidney, he put his hand on his shoulder, and, looking him full in the face, said,

"Have not you known another name? Are you not—yes, it is so—it is—it is! Follow me, follow!"

And still retaining his grasp, and leading Sidney, who was now subdued, awed, and a prey to new and wild suspicions, he moved on gently, stride by stride, his eyes fixed on that fair face,

his lips muttering, till the closing door shut both forms from the eyes of the three there left—in what state of presentiment, or conjecture, or fear, the reader can imagine better than I describe.

It was the adjoining room into which Philip led his rival. It was lit but by a small reading-lamp, and the bright, steady blaze of the fire; and by this light they both continued to gaze on each other, as if spellbound, in complete silence. At last Philip, by an irresistible impulse, fell upon Sidney's bosom, and, clasping him with convulsive energy, gasped out,

"Sidney! Sidney! my mother's son!"

"What!" exclaimed Sidney, struggling from the embrace, and at last freeing himself; "it is you, then! you—my own brother! You, who have been hitherto the thorn in my path, the cloud in my fate! You, who are now come to make me a wretch for life! I love that woman, and you tear her from me! You, who subjected my infancy to hardship, and, but for Providence, might have degraded my youth, by your example, into shame and guilt!"

"Forbear! Forbear!" cried Philip with a voice so shrill in its agony that it smote the hearts of those in the adjoining chamber like the shriek of some despairing soul. They looked at each other, but not one had the courage to break upon the interview.

Sidney himself was appalled by the sound. He threw himself on a seat, and, overcome by passions so new to him, by excitement so strange, hid his face, and sobbed as a child.

Philip walked rapidly to and fro the room for some moments; at length he paused opposite to Sidney and said, with the deep calmness of a wronged and goaded spirit,

"Sidney Beaufort, hear me! When my mother died, she confided you to my care, my love, and my protection. In the last lines that her hand traced, she bade me think less of myself than of you, be to you as a father as well as brother. The hour that I read that letter, I fell on my knees and vowed that I would fulfil that injunction—that I would sacrifice my very self, if I could give fortune or happiness to you. And this not for your sake alone, Sidney; no! but as my mother—our wronged, our belied, our broken-hearted mother—oh Sidney, Sidney! have you no tears for *her* too?" He passed his hand over his own eyes for a moment, and resumed: "But as our mother, in that last letter, said to me, 'Let *my* love pass into your breast for him, so, Sidney, so, in all that I could do for you, I fancied that my mother's smile looked down upon me, and that, in serving you, it was my mother whom I obeyed. Perhaps hereafter, Sidney, when we talk over that period of my earlier life when I worked for you—when the degradation you speak of (there was no crime in it!) was borne cheerfully for your sake, and yours the holyday, though mine the task—perhaps hereafter you will do me more justice. You left me or were reft me, and I gave all the little fortune that my mother had bequeathed us to get some tidings from you. I received your letter—that bitter letter—and I cared not then that I was a beggar, since I was alone. You talk of what I have cost you—you talk!—and you now ask me to—to—merciful Heaven! let me understand you. Do you love Camilla? Does she love you? Speak—speak—explain; what new agony awaits me?"

It was then that Sidney, affected and humbled, amid all his more selfish sorrows, by his brother's language and manner, related, as succinctly as he could, the history of his affection for Camilla, the

circumstances of their engagement, and ended by placing before him the letter he had received from Mr. Beaufort.

In spite of all his efforts for self-control, Philip's anguish was so great, so visible, that Sidney, after looking at his working features, his trembling hands for a moment, felt all the earlier parts of his nature melt in a flow of generous sympathy and remorse. He flung himself on the breast from which he had shrunk before, and cried,

"Brother, brother! forgive me. I see how I have wronged you. If she has forgotten me—if she love you, *take* her and be happy!"

Philip returned his embrace, but without warmth, and then moved away; and again, in great disorder, paced the room. His brother only heard disjointed exclamations that seemed to escape unawares: "They said she loved *me*! Heaven give me strength! Mother, mother! let me fulfil my vow! Oh, that I had died ere this!" He stopped at last, and the large dewdrops rolled down his forehead.

"Sidney!" said he, "there is mystery here that I comprehend not. But my mind now is very confused. If she loves you—if! Is it possible for a woman to love *two*? Well, well, I go to solve the riddle: wait here!"

He vanished into the next room, and for nearly half an hour Sidney was alone. He heard through the partition murmured voices; he caught more clearly the sound of Camilla's sobs. The particulars of that interview between Philip and Camilla, alone at first (afterward Mr. Robert Beaufort was re-admitted), Philip never disclosed, nor could Sidney himself ever obtain a clear account from Camilla, who could not recall it, even years after, without great emotion. But at last the door was opened, and Philip entered leading Camilla by the hand. His face was calm, and there was a smile on his lips; a greater dignity than even that habitual to him was diffused over his whole person. Camilla was holding her handkerchief to her eyes, and weeping passionately. Mr. Beaufort followed them with a mortified and slinking air.

"Sidney," said Philip, "it is past. All is arranged. I yield to your earlier, and, therefore, better claim. Mr. Beaufort consents to your union. He will tell you, at some fitter time, that our birthright is at last made clear, and that there is no blot on the name we shall hereafter bear. Sidney, embrace your bride!"

Amazed, delighted, and still half incredulous, Sidney seized and kissed the hand of Camilla; and as he then drew her to his breast, she said, as she pointed to Philip,

"Oh! if you do love me as you say, see in him the generous, the noble—" Fresh sobs broke off her speech; but, as Sidney sought again to take her hand, she whispered, with a touching and a womanly sentiment, "Ah! respect *him*: see!" and Sidney, looking then at his brother, saw that, though he still attempted to smile, his lip writhed, and his features were drawn together, as one whose frame is wrung by torture, but who struggles not to groan.

He flew to Philip, who, grasping his hand, held him back and said,

"I have fulfilled my vow! I have given you up the only blessing my life has known. Enough! you are happy; and I shall be so too, when God pleases to soften this blow. And now you must not wonder or blame me if, though so lately found, I leave you a while. Do me one kindness—you, Sidney—you, Mr. Beaufort. Let

the marriage take place at H—, in the village church by which my mother sleeps; let it be delayed till the suit is terminated; by that time I shall hope to meet you all—to meet *you*, Camilla, as I ought to meet my brother's wife: till then, my presence will not sadden your happiness. Do not seek to see me, do not expect to hear from me. Hush! be silent, all of you; my heart is yet bruised and sore. Oh Thou," and here, deepening in his voice, he raised his arms, "Thou, who hast preserved my youth from such snares and such peril—who hast guided my steps from the abyss to which they wandered, and beneath whose hand I now bow, grateful if chastened—receive this offering and bless that union! Fare ye well."

CHAPTER XXI.

"Heaven's airs amid the harpstrings dwell;
And we wish they ne'er may fade;
They cease; and the soul is a silent cell,
Where music never played.
Dream follows dream through the long night-hours"
WILSON: *The Past, a poem.*

The self-command which Philip had obtained for a while deserted him when he was without the house. His mind felt broken up into chaos; he hurried on, mechanically, on foot; he passed street upon street, now solitary and deserted, as the lamps gleamed upon the thick snow. The city was left behind him. He paused not, till, breathless, and exhausted in spirit if not in frame, he reached the churchyard where Catharine's dust reposed. The snow had ceased to fall, but it lay deep over the graves. The yew-trees, clad in their white shrouds, gleamed ghostlike through the dimness. Upon the rail that fenced the tomb yet hung a wreath that Fanny's hand had placed there; but the flowers were hid; it was a wreath of snow! Through the intervals of the huge and still clouds there gleamed a few melancholy stars. The very calm of the holy spot seemed unutterably sad. The death of the year overhung the death of man. And, as Philip bent over the tomb, within and without all was Ice and Night!

How long he remained on that spot, what were his emotions or his prayers, he himself never afterward could recall. Long past midnight Fanny heard his step on the stairs, and the door of his chamber close with unwonted violence. She heard, too, for some hours, his heavy tread on the floor, till suddenly all was silent. The next morning, when, at the usual hour, Sarah entered to uncloset the shutters and light the fire, she was startled by wild exclamations and wilder laughter. The fever had mounted to the brain: he was delirious.

For several weeks Philip Beaufort was in imminent danger; for a considerable part of that time he was unconscious; and, when the peril was past, his recovery was slow and gradual. It was the only illness to which his vigorous frame had ever been subjected; and the fever had perhaps exhausted him more than it might have done one in whose constitution the disease had encountered less resistance. His brother, imagining he had gone abroad, was unacquainted with his danger. None tended his sickbed save the hireling nurse, the fee'd physician, and the unpurchaseable rank of the heir of Beaufort Court were as nothing. Here was reserved for him Fate's crowning lesson, in the vanity of those human wishes which anchor in gold and power. For how many years had the exile and the outcast pined indignantly

for his birthright! Lo! it was won, and with it came the crushed heart and the smitten frame. As he slowly recovered sense and reasoning, these thoughts struck him forcibly. He felt as if he were rightly punished in having disdained, during his earlier youth, the enjoyments within his reach. Was there nothing in the glorious health—the unconquerable hope—the heart, if wrung, and chafed, and sorely tried, free at least from the direst anguish of the passions, disappointed and jealous love? Though certain, if spared to the future, to be rich, powerful, righted in name and honour, might he not, from that sickbed, envy his earlier past? even when with his brother-orphan he wandered through the solitary fields, and felt with what energies we are gifted when we have something to protect; or when, loving and beloved, he saw life smile out to him in the eyes of Eugenie; or when, after that melancholy loss, he wrestled boldly, and breast to breast, with Fortune, in a far land, for honour and independence? There is something in severe illness, especially if it be in violent contrast to the usual strength of the body, which has often the most salutary effect upon the mind—which often, by the affliction of the frame, roughly wins us from the too morbid pains of the heart—which makes us feel that, in mere life, enjoyed as the robust enjoy it, God's great principle of good breathes and moves. We rise, thus, from the sickbed softened and humbled, and more disposed to look around us for such blessings as we may yet command.

The return of Philip, his danger, the necessity of exertion, of tending him, had roused Fanny from a state which might otherwise have been permanently dangerous to the intellect so lately ripened within her. With what patience, with what fortitude, with what unutterable thought and devotion she fulfilled that best and holiest woman's duty, let the man whose struggle with life and death has been blessed with the vigil that wakes and saves imagine to himself. And in all her anxiety and terror she had glimpses of a happiness which it seemed to her almost criminal to acknowledge. For, even in his delirium, her voice seemed to have some soothing influence over him, and he was calmer when she was by. And when at last he was conscious, her face was the first he saw, and her name the first which his lips uttered. As then he grew gradually stronger, and the bed was deserted for the sofa, he took more than the old pleasure in hearing her read to him, which she did with a feeling that lecturers cannot teach. And once, in a pause from this occupation, he spoke to her frankly; he sketched his past history—his last sacrifice. And Fanny, as she wept, learned that he was no more another's!

It has been said that this man, naturally of an active and impatient temperament, had been little accustomed to seek those resources which are found in books. But somehow, in that sick chamber, it was Fanny's voice—the voice of her over whose mind he had once so haughtily lamented—that taught him how much of aid and solace the herd of men derive from the everlasting genius of the few.

Gradually, and interval by interval, moment by moment, thus drawn together, all thought beyond shut out (for, however crushing for the time the blow that had stricken Philip from health and reason, he was not that slave to a guilty fancy that he could voluntarily indulge—that he would not earnestly seek to shun all sentiments that yet turned with unholy yearning towards the betrothed of his brother)—gradually,

I say, and slowly, came those progressive and delicious epochs which mark a revolution in the affections: unspeakable gratitude, brotherly tenderness, the united strength of compassion and respect that he had felt for Fanny, seemed, as he gained health, to mellow into feelings yet more exquisite and deep. He could no longer delude himself with a vain and imperious belief that it was a defective mind that his heart protected; he began again to be sensible to the rare beauty of that tender face: more lovely, perhaps, for the paleness that had replaced its bloom. The fancy that he had so imperiously checked before—before he saw Camilla, returned to him, and neither pride nor honour had now the right to chase the soft wings away. One evening, fancying himself alone, he fell into a profound reverie; he awoke with a start, and the exclamation, "Was it true love that I ever felt for Camilla, or a passion—a phrensy—a delusion?"

His exclamation was answered by a sound that seemed both of joy and grief. He looked up, and saw Fanny before him; the light of the moon, just risen, fell full on her form, but her hands were clasped before her face; he heard her sob.

"Fanny, dear Fanny," he cried, and sought to throw himself from the sofa to her feet. But she drew herself away, and fled from the chamber as a dream.

Philip rose, and, for the first time since his illness, walked, but with feeble steps, to and fro the room. With what different emotions from those in which last, in fierce and intolerable agony, he had paced that narrow boundary! Returning health crept through his veins; a serene, a kindly, a celestial joy circumfused his heart. Had the time yet come when the old Florimel had melted into snow; when the new and the true one, with its warm life, its tender beauty, its maiden wealth of love, had risen before his hopes? He paused before the window; the spot within seemed so confined, the night without so calm and lovely, that he forgot his still-clinging malady, and unclosed the casement: the air came soft and fresh upon his temples, and the church tower and spire, for the first time, did not seem to him to rise in gloom against the heavens. Even the grave-stone of Catharine, half in moonlight, half in shadow, appeared to him to wear a smile. His mother's memory was become linked with the living Fanny.

"Thou art vindicated—thy Sidney is happy," he murmured: "to her the thanks!"

Fair hopes and soft thoughts busy within him, he remained at the casement till the increasing chill warned him of the danger he incurred.

The next day, when the physician visited him, he found the fever had returned. For many days Philip was again in danger—dull, unconscious even of the step and voice of Fanny.

He woke at last as from a long and profound sleep; woke so refreshed, so revived, that he felt at once that some great crisis had been passed, and that, at length, he had struggled back to the sunny shores of Life.

By his bedside sat Liancourt, who, long alarmed at his disappearance, had at last contrived, with the help of Mr. Barlow, to trace him to Gawtreys house, and had for several days taken share in the vigils of poor Fanny.

While he was yet explaining all this to Philip, and congratulating him on his evident recovery, the physician entered to confirm the congratulation. In a few days the invalid was able to quit his room, and nothing but change of air seemed

necessary for his convalescence. It was then that Liancourt, who had for two days seemed impatient to unburden himself of some communication, thus addressed him:

"My dear friend, I have learned, now, your story from Barlow, who called several times during your relapse, and who is the more anxious about you, as the time for the decision of your case now draws near. The sooner you quit this house the better."

"Quit this house? and why? Is there not one in this house to whom I owe my fortune and my life?"

"Yes; and for that reason I say, Go hence: it is the only return you can make her."

"Pshaw! speak intelligibly."

"I will," said Liancourt, gravely. "I have been a watcher with her by your sickbed, and I know what you must feel already; nay, I must confess that even the old servant has ventured to speak to me. You have inspired that poor girl with feelings dangerous to her peace."

"Ha!" cried Philip, with such joy that Liancourt frowned and said, "Hitherto I have been too honourable to—"

"So you think she loves me?" interrupted Philip.

"Yes; what then? You, the heir of Beaufort Court—of a rental of £20,000 a year—of an historical name—you cannot marry this poor girl!"

"Well! I will consider what you say; and, at all events, I will leave the house to attend the result of the trial. Let us talk no more on the subject now."

Philip had the penetration to perceive that Liancourt, who was greatly moved by the beauty, the innocence, and unprotected position of Fanny, had not confined caution to himself; that, with his characteristic, well-meaning bluntness, and with the license of a man somewhat advanced in years, he had spoken to Fanny herself: for Fanny now seemed to shun him; her eyes were heavy, her manner was embarrassed. He saw the change, but it did not grieve him; he hailed the omens which he drew from it.

And at last he and Liancourt went. He was absent three weeks, during which time the formality of the friendly lawsuit was decided, and the public were in ecstasies at the noble and sublime conduct of Mr. Robert Beaufort; who, the moment he had discovered a document which he might so easily have buried for ever in oblivion, voluntarily agreed to dispossess himself of estates he had so long enjoyed, preferring conscience to lucre. Some persons observed that it was reported that Mr. Philip Beaufort had also been generous; that he had agreed to give up the estates for his uncle's life, and was only, in the meanwhile, to receive a fourth of the revenues. But the universal comment was, "He could not have done less!" Mr. Robert Beaufort was, as Lord Lilburne had once observed, a man who was born, made, and reared to be spoken well of by the world; and it *was* a comfort to him now, poor man! to feel that his character was so highly estimated. If Philip should live to the age of one hundred, he will never become so respectable and popular a man with the crowd as his worthy uncle. But does it much matter?

Philip returned to H—the eve before the day fixed for the marriage of his brother and Camilla.

CHAPTER XXII.

"From Night, Sunshine and Day arose!"—Hes.

The sun of early May shone cheerfully over the quiet suburb of H—. In the thoroughfares life was astir. It was the hour of noon, the hour at which commerce is busy and streets are full. The old retired trader, eyeing wistfully the rolling coach or the oft-pausing omnibus, was breathing the fresh and scented air in the broadest and most crowded road, from which, afar in the distance, rose the spires of the metropolis. The boy let loose from the day-school was hurrying home to dinner, his satchel on his back; the ballad-singer was sending her cracked whine through the obscurer alleys, where the baker's boy, with puddings on his tray, and the smart maid-servant, despatched for porter, paused to listen. And round the shops where cheap shawls and cottons tempted the female eye, many a loitering girl detained her impatient mother, and eyed the tickets and calculated her hard-gained savings for the Sunday gear. And in the corners of the streets steamed the itinerant kitchens of the piemen, and rose the sharp cry, "All hot! all hot!" in the ear of infant and ragged Hunger. And amid them all rolled on some lazy coach of ancient merchant or withered maiden, unconscious of any life but that creeping through their own dull-rivered veins. And before the house in which Catharine died there loitered many stragglers, gossips of the hamlet, subscribers to the news-room hard by, to guess, and speculate, and wonder why, from the church behind, there rose the merry peal of the marriage bell!

At length, along the broad road leading from the great city, there were seen rapidly advancing three carriages of a different fashion from those familiar to the suburb. On they came; swiftly they whirled round the angle that conducted to the church, the hoofs of the gay steeds ringing cheerily on the ground, the white favours of the servants gleaming in the sun. Happy is the bride the sun shines on! And when the carriages had thus vanished, the scattered groups melted into one crowd, and took their way to the church. They stood idling without in the burial-ground, many of them round the fence that guarded from their footsteps Catharine's lonely grave. All in nature was glad, exhilarating, and yet serene; a genial freshness breathed through the soft air; not a cloud was to be seen in the smiling azure; even the old dark yews seemed happy in their everlasting verdure. The bell ceased, and then even the crowd grew silent; and not a sound was heard in that solemn spot to whose demesnes are consecrated alike the Birth, the Marriage, and the Death.

At length there came forth from the church-door the goodly form of a rosy beadle. Approaching the groups, he whispered the better-dressed, and commanded the ragged; remonstrated with the old, and lifted his cane to the young; and the result of all was, that the churchyard, not without many a murmur and expostulation, was cleared, and the crowd fell back in the space behind the gates of the principal entrance, where they swayed, and gaped, and chattered round the carriages which were to bear away the bridal party.

Within the church, as the ceremony was now concluded, Philip Beaufort conducted, hand-in-hand, silently along the aisle, his brother's wife.

Leaning on his stick, his cold sneer upon his thin lip, Lord Lilburne limped, step by step, with the pair, though a little apart from them, glancing

from moment to moment at the face of Philip Beaufort, where he had hoped to read a grief that he could not detect. Lord Lilburne had carefully refrained from an interview with Philip till that day, and he now only came to the wedding, as a surgeon goes to an hospital to examine a wound which he had been told would be great and sore: he was disappointed. Close behind followed Sidney, radiant with joy, and bloom, and beauty; and his kind guardian, the tears rolling down his eyes, murmured blessings as he looked upon him. Mrs. Beaufort had declined attending the ceremony: her nerves were too weak; but behind, at a long interval, came Robert Beaufort, sober, staid, collected as ever to outward seeming; but a close observer might have seen that his eye had lost its habitual complacent cunning, that his step was more heavy, his stoop more joyless. About his air there was something crestfallen. The consciousness of acres had passed away from his portly presence; he was no longer a possessor, but a pensioner. The rich man, who had decided as he pleased on the happiness of others, was a cipher: he had ceased to have an interest in anything. What to him the marriage of his daughter now? Her children would not be the heirs of Beaufort. As Camilla kindly turned round, and, through happy tears, waited for his approach to clasp his hand, he forced a smile, but it was sickly and piteous. He longed to creep away and be alone.

"My father!" said Camilla, in her sweet, low voice; and she extricated herself from Philip and threw herself on his breast.

"She is a good child," said Robert Beaufort, vacantly; and, turning his dry eyes to the group, he caught instinctively at his customary common-places; "and a good child, Mr. Sidney, makes a good wife!"

The clergyman bowed as if the compliment were addressed to himself; he was the only man there whom Robert Beaufort could now deceive.

"My sister," said Philip Beaufort, as, once more leaning on his arm, they passed before the church-door, "may Sidney love and prize you—as I would have done; and believe me, both of you, I have no regret, no memory that wounds me now."

He dropped her hand, and motioned to her father to lead her to the carriage. Then winding his arm into Sidney's, he said,

"Wait till they are gone: I have one word yet with you. Go on, gentlemen."

The clergyman bowed, and walked through the churchyard. But Lilburne, pausing and surveying Philip Beaufort, said to him whisperingly,

"And so much for feeling—the folly! So much for generosity—the delusion! Happy man!"

"I am thoroughly happy, Lord Lilburne."

"Are you? Then it was neither feeling nor generosity; and we were taken in! Good-day." With that he limped slowly to the gate.

Philip answered not the sarcasm even by a look, for at that moment a loud shout was set up by the mob without: they had caught a glimpse of the bride.

"Come, Sidney, this way," said he; "I must not detain you long."

Arm in arm they passed out of the church, and turned to the spot hard by where the flowers smiled up to them from the stone on their mother's grave.

The old inscription had been effaced, and the name of CATHARINE BEAUFORT was placed upon the stone.

"Brother," said Philip, "do not forget this grave: years hence, when children play around your own hearth. Observe, the name of Catharine Beaufort is fresher on the stone than the dates of birth and death; the name was only inscribed there to day—*your* wedding day! Brother, by this grave we are now indeed united."

"Oh, Philip!" cried Sidney, in deep emotion, clasping the hand stretched out to him, "I feel, I feel how noble, how great you are; that you have sacrificed more than I dreamed of—"

"Hush!" said Philip, with a smile; "no talk of this. I am happier than you deem me. Go in; she waits you."

"And you! Leave you alone!"

"Not alone," said Philip, pointing to the grave.

Scarce had he spoken when from the gate came the shrill, clear voice of Lord Lilburne.

"We wait for Mr. Sidney Beaufort."

Sidney passed his hand over his eyes, wrung his brother's hand once more, and in a moment was by Camilla's side.

Another shout—the whirl of the wheels—the tramping of feet—the distant hum and murmur—and all was still.

The clerk returned to lock up the church—he did not observe where Philip stood in the shadow of the wall—and went home to talk of the gay wedding, and inquire at what hour the funeral of a young woman, his next-door neighbour, would take place the next day.

It might be a quarter of an hour after Philip was thus left—nor had he moved from the spot—when he felt his sleeve pulled gently. He turned round and saw before him the wistful face of Fanny!

"So you would not come to the wedding?" said he.

"No. But I fancied you might be here alone—and sad."

"And you will not even wear the dress I gave you?"

"Another time. Tell me, are you unhappy?"

"Unhappy, Fanny! No; look around. The very burial-ground has a smile. See the laburnums clustering over the wall; listen to the birds on the dark yews above; and yonder, see, even the butterfly has settled upon a grave! I am not unhappy." As he thus spoke he looked at her earnestly, and, taking both her hands in his, drew her gently towards him, and continued: "Fanny, do you remember that, leaning over that gate, I once spoke to you of the happiness of marriage where two hearts are united. Nay, Fanny, nay, I must go on. It was here in this spot—it was here that I first saw you on my return to England. I came to seek the dead, and I have thought since it was my mother's guardian spirit that drew me hither to find *you*—the living! And often afterward, Fanny, you would come with me here, when, blinded and dull as I was, I came to brood and repine, insensible of the treasures even then, perhaps, within my reach. But best as it was; the ordeal through which I have passed has made me more grateful for the prize I now dare to hope for. On this grave your hand daily renewed the flowers. By this grave, the link between the Time and the Eternity, whose lessons we have read together, will you consent to record our vows? Fanny—dearest, fairest, tenderest, best—I love you, and at last as alone you *should* be loved! I woo you as my wife! Mine, not for a season, but for ever: for ever, even when these graves are opened, and the World shrivels like a scroll. Do you understand me?"

Do you heed me? Or have I dreamed that that—"

He stopped short: a dismay seized him at her silence. Had he been mistaken in his divine belief? The fear was momentary: for Fanny, who had recoiled as he spoke, now placing her hands to her temples, gazing on him, breathless, and with lips apart, as if, indeed, with great effort and struggle, her modest spirit conceived the possibility of the happiness that broke upon it, advanced timidly, her face suffused in blushes; and, looking into his eyes as if she would read into his very soul, said, with an accent, the intensity of which showed that her whole fate hung on his answer,

"But this is pity! They have told you that I—in short, you are generous—you—you—Oh, deceive me not! Do you love her still? Can you—do you love the humble, foolish Fanny?"

"As God shall judge me, sweet one, I am sincere! I have survived a passion, never so sweet, so tender, so entire as that I now feel for you! And oh, Fanny, hear this true confession! It was you—you to whom my heart turned before I saw Camilla! Against that impulse I struggled in the blindness of a haughty error!"

Fanny uttered a low and suppressed cry of delight and rapture. Philip passionately continued:

"Fanny, make blessed the life you have saved. Fate destined us for each other. Fate for me has ripened your sweet mind: Fate for you has softened this rugged heart. We may have yet much to bear and much to learn. We will console and teach each other!"

He drew her to his breast as he spoke; drew her trembling, blushing, confused, but no more reluctant; and there, by the GRAVE that had been so memorable a scene in their common history, were murmured those vows in which all this world knows of human happiness is treasured and recorded: love that takes the sting from grief, and faith that gives eternity to love. All silent, yet all serene around them! Above, the heaven; at their feet, the grave. For the love, the grave! for the faith, the heaven!

CHAPTER THE LAST.

"A labore reclinat otium."—HORAT.

I feel that there is some justice in the affection the general reader entertains for the old-fashioned, and now somewhat obsolete, custom of giving to him, at the close of a work, the latest news of those who sought his acquaintance through its progress.

The weak but well-meaning Smith, no more oppressed by the evil influence of his brother, has continued to pass his days in comfort and respectability on the income settled on him by Philip Beaufort. Mr. and Mrs. Roger Morton still live, and have just resigned their business to their eldest son, retiring themselves to a small villa adjoining the town in which they had made their fortune. Mrs. Morton is very apt, when she goes out to tea, to talk of her dear deceased sister-in-law, the late Mrs. Beaufort, and of her own remarkable kindness to her nephew when a little boy. She observes that, in fact, the young men owe every thing to Mr. Roger and herself; and, indeed, though Sidney was never a grateful disposition, and has not been near her since, yet the elder brother, *the* Mr. Beaufort, always evinces his respect to them by the yearly present

of a fat buck. She then comments on the ups and downs of life; and observes that it is a pity that her son Tom preferred the medical profession to the Church; their cousin, Mr. Beaufort, has two livings. To all this Mr. Roger says nothing, except an occasional "Thank Heaven, I want no man's help! I am as well to do as my neighbours. But that's neither here nor there."

There are some readers—they who do not thoroughly consider the truths of this life—who will yet ask, "But how is Lord Lilburne punished?" Punished: ay and indeed, how? The world, and not the poet, must answer that question. Crime is punished from without. If Vice is punished, it must be within. The Lilburnes of this hollow world are not to be pelted with the soft roses of poetical justice. They who ask why he is not punished, may be the first to doff the hat to the equipage in which he lolls through the streets! The only offence he habitually committed of a nature to bring the penalties of detection, he renounced the moment he perceived there was danger of discovery; he gambled no more after Philip's hint. He was one of those, some years after, most bitter upon a certain nobleman charged with unfair play; one of those who took the accusation as proved, and whose authority settled all disputes thereon.

But, if no thunderbolt falls on Lord Lilburne's head—if he is fated still to eat, and drink, and die on his bed, he may yet taste the ashes of the Dead Sea fruit which his hands have gathered. He is grown old. His infirmities increase upon him. His sole resources of pleasure—the senses—are dried up. For him there is no longer savour in the viands or sparkle in the wine: inan delights him not, nor woman either. He is alone with Old Age, and in sight of Death.

With the exception of Simon, who died in his chair not many days after Sidney's marriage, Robert Beaufort is the only one among the more important agents left at the last scene of this history who has passed from our mortal stage. After the marriage of his daughter, he moped and drooped. He was wont to say—for what he *said* was always amiable—that he missed his dear child, especially now he had no son. But what he did miss, was the heritage of Beaufort Court. The last straw to which he had clung—the hope that Camilla would marry the elder brother, and thus that *his* grandchildren would reign in his stead—once swept away, he sank deeper and deeper into the despondent sense of his own nothingness. What though he still possessed the mansion and the main property for his life, he was there but a guest on sufferance. Where was that respectable, comforting, complacent feeling of rights *in se*—of possession—of property? He walked joylessly round the park, and rode listlessly round the farms, and sat silently in the halls: he was but the tenant of another.

Thus gradually and insensibly he pined away from want—moral want, in the midst of actual wealth, luxury, and plenty! There was no visible disease which the doctors could cope with. They could not put the acres into pills that he might swallow, nor melt the woods into decoctions that he might drink and be well. Camilla, hearing that he was ill and that her presence might restore him, flew to his side. But it was evident then that she was nothing in his thoughts; and even when her first son was born, and crowded in his arms, he looked at it vacantly, "My grandchild! Yes, and his uncle has provided for him, and for you too, handsomely: I don't

deny it, but my grandchild will never be member for the county!" Still he did not complain, and still he caught at sentiments that did him honour: "He never desired anything but what was just; he might have resisted the lawsuit, but he never thought of such a thing. Mr. Philip was a very fine young man, and, he was happy to say, appreciated his motives. He had never cared overmuch for money. Thank Heaven! covetousness was not his fault." And so—he died!

Mrs. Beaufort, after his death, established herself in London, and could never be persuaded to visit Beaufort Court. She took a companion, who more than replaced, in her eyes, the absence of Camilla.

And Camilla—Spencer—Sidney. They live still by the gentle lake, happy in their own serene joys and graceful leisure; shunning alike ambition and its trials, action and its sharp vicissitudes; envying no one, covetous of nothing; making around them, in the working world, something of the old pastoral and golden holiday. If Camilla had at one time wavered in her allegiance to Sidney, her good and simple heart has long since been entirely regained by his devotion; and, as might be expected from her disposition, she loved him better after marriage than before.

Philip had gone through severer trials than Sidney. But, had their earlier fates been reversed, and that spirit, in youth so haughty and self-willed, been lapped in ease and luxury, would Philip now be a better or a happier man? Perhaps, too, for a less tranquil existence than his brother, Philip yet may be reserved; but in proportion to the uses of our destiny do we repose or toil. He who never knows pain knows but the half of pleasure. The lot of whatever is most noble on the earth below falls not amid the rosy gardens of the Epicurean. We may envy the man who enjoys and rests, but the smile of Heaven settles rather on the front of him who labours and aspires!

And did Philip ever regret the circumstances that had given him Fanny as the partner of his life? To some, who take their notions of the ideal from the conventional rules of romance rather than from their own perceptions of what is fine, this narrative would have been more pleasing had Philip never loved but Fanny; but all that had led to that love at last had only served to render it more enduring and concentrated. Man's strongest and worthiest affection is his last—is the one that unites and embodies all his past dreams of what is excellent—the one from which Hope springs out, the brighter from former disappointments—the one in which the MEMORIES are the most tender and abundant—the one which, replacing all others, nothing hereafter can replace.

And now, ere the scene closes, and the audience, whom, perhaps, the actors may have interested for a while, disperse, to forget, amid the pursuits of actual life, the shadows that have amused an hour or beguiled a care, let the curtain fall on one happy picture:

It is some few years after the marriage of Philip and Fanny: years spent chiefly abroad. It is a summer's morning. In a small, old-fashioned room at Beaufort Court, with its casements open, to the gardens, stood Philip, having just entered; and near the window sat Fanny, his boy by her side. She was at the mother's hardest task, the first lessons to the firstborn child; and, as the boy looked up at her sweet, earnest face with a

smile of intelligence on his own, you might have seen at a glance how well understood were the teacher and the pupil. Yes; whatever might have been wanting in the virgin to the full development of mind, the cares of the mother had supplied. When a being was born to lean on her alone—dependent on her providence for life—then, hour after hour, step after step in the progress of infant destinies, had the reason of the mother grown in the child's growth, adapting itself to each want that it must foresee, and taking its perfectness and completion from the breath of the New Love!

The child caught sight of Philip, and rushed to embrace him.

"See!" whispered Fanny, as she also hung upon him, and strange recollections of her own mysterious childhood crowded upon her, "see," whispered she, with a blush half of shame and half of pride, "the poor idiot girl is the teacher of your child!"

"And," answered Philip, "whether for child or mother, what teacher is like Love?"

Thus saying, he took the boy into his arms; and, as he bent over those rosy cheeks, Fanny saw, from the movement of his lips and the moisture in his eyes, that he blessed God. He looked upon the mother's face, he glanced round on the flowers and foliage of the luxurious summer, and again he blessed God; and, without and within, it was Light and MORNING!

THE END.

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

WISHES.

Now, give me but a cot that's good,
In some great town's neighbourhood:
A garden, where the winds may play
Fresh from the blue hills far away,
And wanton with such trees as bear
Their loads of green through all the year,
Laurel, and ducky juniper
So may some friends, whose social talk
I love, there taking their evening walk
And spend a frequent holiday.

And may I own a quiet room,
Where the morning sun may come,
Stored with books of poesy,
Tale, science, old morality,
Fable and divine history,
Ranged in separate cases round,
Each with lying marble crown'd.
Here should Apollo stand, and there
Isis, with her sweeping hair:
Here Phidian Jove, or the face of thought
Of Pallas, or Laocoon,
Or Adrian's boy Antinous,
Or the winged Mercurius,
Or some that conquest lately brought
From the land Italian.

And one I'd have whose heaving breast
Should rock me nightly to my rest,
By holy chains bound fast to me,
Faster by love's sweet sorcery.
I would not have my beauty as
Juno or Paphian Venus was,
Or Dian with her crested moon
(Else, haply, she might change as soon),
Or Portia, that high Roman dame,
Or she who set the world on flame,
Spartan Helen, who did leave
Her husband-king to grieve,

And fled with Priam's shepherd boy,
And caused the mighty tale of Troy.
She should be a woman who
(Graceful without much endeavour)
Could praise or excuse all I do,
And love me ever.
I'd have her thoughts fair, and her skin
White as the white soul within;
And her fringed eyes of darkest blue,
Which the great soul looketh through,
Like heaven's own gates cerulean:
And these I'd gaze and gaze upon,
As did of old Pygmalion.

A FRESH MORNING.

It is a noisy morning: yet the sky
Looks down as bright as on a summer's day.
The ocean curling as in wanton play,
Doth bare her bosom to Apollo's eye,
And every whispering wind that flutters by
Seems like a spirit charged to greet the day,
And duly hurries tow'rd the East—away:
For there the sun, seen o'er the mountain high,
Comes smiling on the world. The fruit, the flower,
Earth, heaven, the sea, and oh! the heart of man,
And all that came within his mighty plan
Fling back the glance in joy: and from her bower
The spirit of MEDITATION comes, to see
All nature join in social jubilee.

THE LAST SONG.

Must it be!—Then farewell,
Thou whom my woman's heart cherished so long:
Farewell, and be this song
The last, wherein I say "I loved thee well."

Many a weary strain
(Never yet heard by thee) hath this poor breath
Uttered, of love and death,
And maiden grief, hidden and chid in vain.

Oh! if in after years
The tale that I am dead shall touch thy heart,
Bid not the pain depart;
But shed, over my grave, a few sad tears.

Think of me—still so young,
Silent, though fond, who cast my life away,
Daring to disobey
The passionate spirit that around me clung.

Farewell again; and yet,
Must it indeed be so—and on this shore
Shall you and I no more
Together see the sun of Summer set?

For me, my days are gone:
No more shall I, in vintage times, prepare
Chaplets to bind my hair,
As I was wont: oh 'twas for you alone.

But on my bier I'll lay
Me down in frozen beauty, pale and wan,
Martyr of love to man,
And, like a broken flower, gently decay.

STANZAS.

Farewell!—You have banished me then
From my home, and the language of men
Must come foreign and chill to my heart!—
But you scorn'd—and 'twas time to depart.

I go, like the shadow that flies,
When night and her darknesses rise,
And there is not a star in the sky,
To light me on—even to die.

You have slighted me, cruel! and yet
I cannot disdain or forget,
For in hate you still keep your control,
And it lies like a chain on my soul.

And now for the storm and the breeze,
And the music that lives on the seas,
And the ever-green valleys that lie
(Midst the Alps) in the smile of the sky!

I shall stand on the mountain, and shout
To the stars as they wander about,
And perhaps they may stop at my call—
But thou wilt be brighter than all.

Oh, then why do I strive to remove
Thee? I lived on the thought of thy love
Once, and never must think ('tis my fate)
Of thee—though I think of thy hate.

Farewell! Thou hast struck in thy pride
A heart that for thee would have died!
Yet I bear the reproach, as I go,
Of filling thy bosom with woe.

No matter! I have, and 'tis well,
A spirit that nothing shall quell!
And I know that, whatever my doom,
The laurel must spring from my tomb.

SONG.

My love is a lady of gentle line,
Tow'rd some like the cedar bending,
Tow'rd me she flies—like a shape divine
From heaven to earth descending.

Her very look is life to me,
Her smile like the clear moon rising,
And her kiss is as sweet as the honey'd bee,
And more and more enticing.

Mild is my love as the summer air,
And her cheek (her eyes half closing)
Now rests on her full-blown bosom fair,
Like languor on love reposing.

NIGHT.

Now, to thy silent presence, Night!
Is this, my young song offer'd; Oh! to thee,
Down-looking with thy thousand eyes of light—
To thee, and thy stary nobility,
That float, with a delicious murmuring
(Though unheard here) about thy forehead blue:
And as they ride along, in order due,
Circling the round globe in their wandering,
To thee, their ancient queen, and mother, sing.

Mother of beauty! veiled queen!
Fear'd and sought, and never seen
Without a heart-imposing feeling,
Whither art thou gently stealing?
In thy smiling presence I
Kneel in star-struck idolatry,
And turn me to thine eye (the moon),
Fretting that it must change so soon,
Toying with this idle rhyme,
I scorn that bearded villain, Time,
Thine old remorseless enemy,
And build my linked verse to thee.

Not dull and cold and dark art thou:
Who that beholds thy clearer brow,
Endiadem'd with the gentlest streaks
Of fleecy-silver'd cloud, adorning
Thee, fair as when the young Sun wakes
And from his cloudy bondage breaks,
And lights upon the breast of morning,
But must feel thy powers—
Mightier than the storm that lowers,
Fairer than the virgin Hours,
That smile when Titan's daughter scatters
Her rose-leaves on the valleys low,
And bids her servant breezes blow.

Not Apollo when he dies
In the wild October skies,
Red and stormy; nor when he
In his meridian beauty rides
Over the bosom of the waters,
And turns the blue and burning tides
To silver, is a peer for thee,
In thy full regality.

The Lady Russell rose from her knees, and went to her;—"Madam," she said entreatingly, "they say you have much influence with the king: I am sure you have a kind heart; come and beg that for pity's sake he will hear me." The Duchess of Portsmouth did not refuse,—she came forward. Just then a side door was opened gently, and the Duke of York entered the apartment. He stopped and stared at all present with a look of apparent astonishment: for a moment his eye met that of the king; but he said not a word, walked to the farther end of the room, laid on a table a packet of papers which he carried in his hand, and seemed to occupy himself busily with them.

The Lady Russell felt, that if ever there had been a hope of success for her, there was now none. The king was still as courteous, and as smooth in speech, as before, though a little more commanding in his manner. The Duchess of Portsmouth was still careless to hide her weeping, and, kneeling in her tears before the king, she implored for Lord Russell's pardon; and she herself, the wretched heart-stricken wife, redoubled her entreaties; nay, at last she ceased to ask for pardon, (seeing that her prayer was utterly in vain,) and begged, if but for a respite of six weeks for her condemned husband. She turned to the Duke of York:—coldly and civilly he begged to decline offering any interference. The only words he spoke were those by which he replied to the Lady Russell; and he would have seemed to her entirely occupied with his papers, had she not once or twice observed his eye fixed with a calm and penetrating glance upon his royal brother. At last the king grew weary, his dark brow lowered heavily, and his strongly marked and saturnine features assumed an expression not commonly harsh and unpleasant—"What!" said he, angrily, and almost brutally, "shall I grant that man six weeks, who, if it had been in his power, would not have granted me six hours?"

The poor insulted lady spoke not another word of entreaty: she rose at once, and with a grave, meek sorrow, at once dignified and sweetly humble, she departed.

The Lady Russell went forth from the palace, convinced in her own mind that her husband's life would not be spared; and, more at peace than she had been for many days, she could scarcely understand how with such a settled conviction she could be calm. But she began to see the gracious design of Him to whom she prayed so constantly, to prepare her Himself, by the strong supports and consolations of His grace, for her heaviest trial.

She entered her husband's cell with a firm step and an untrodden countenance, and told him herself, and at once, with a voice that faltered only as she began to speak, that, according to his expectation, her errand to Whitehall had been utterly useless.

Still no possible and honourable way of saving him was left untried by her, and by their families and friends. Applications were again made, but made in vain, to those who possessed, humanly speaking, the power of life and death. The Earl of Bedford was said to have offered a hundred thousand pounds, through the Duchess of Portsmouth, for his son's life; but the unjust and cruel government had determined that he should be sacrificed. No words can describe, like those of Burnet, the tender love of Lord Russell to his wife, and the high and grateful estimation in which he held her.

"Lord Russell expressed great joy in that magnanimity of spirit he saw in his wife, and said, the parting with her was the hardest thing he had to do, for he was afraid she would be hardly able to bear it: the concern about preserving him, he said, filled her mind so now, that it in some measure supported her; but when that would be over, he feared the quickness of her spirits would work all within her."

"The morning before he suffered, he said he wished his wife would give over beating every bush, and running so about for his preservation: (she was then making an attempt to gain a respite from Saturday till Monday, and that little favour was denied her:) but when he considered that it would be some mitigation of her sorrow afterwards, that she had left nothing undone that could have given any probable

hope, he acquiesced; and, indeed, I never saw his heart so near failing, as when he spake of her. Sometimes I saw a tear in his eye, and he would turn about and presently change the discourse.

He suffered his children, that were very young, and some few of his friends, to take leave of him; in which he maintained his constancy of temper, though he was a very fond father. At eleven o'clock on Friday evening, my lady left him: he kissed her four or five times; and she kept her sorrow so within herself, that she gave him no disturbance at their parting. She suffered neither sob nor tear to escape her, but quietly, silently departed. After she was gone, he said, 'Now the bitterness of death was passed,' and ran out into a long discourse concerning her; how great a blessing she had been to him; and said what a misery it would have been, if she had not had that magnanimity of spirit, joined to her tenderness, as never to have desired him to do a base thing for the saving of his life."

Soon after her husband's shameful execution, the Lady Russell was called to take her place as comforter, at the bedside of the venerated Countess of Bedford, the once lovely Lady Anne Carr; who died of a broken heart at the death of her son, the Lord Russell.

ABSTRACTION OF MIND.

Some have exercised this power of abstraction to a degree that appears marvellous to volatile spirits, and puny thinkers.

To this patient habit, Newton is indebted for many of his great discoveries; an apple falls upon him in his orchard,—and the system of attraction succeeds in his mind! he observes boys blowing soap bubbles, and the properties of light display themselves! Of Socrates, it is said, that he would frequently remain an entire day and night in the same attitude, absorbed in meditation; and why shall we doubt this, when we know that La Fontaine and Thomson, Descartes and Newton, experienced the same abstraction? Mercator, the celebrated geographer, found such delight in the ceaseless progression of his studies, that he would never willingly quit his maps to take the necessary refreshments of life. In Cicero's Treatise on Old age, Cato applauds Gallus, who, when he sat down to write in the morning, was surprised by the evening: and when he took up his pen in the evening, was surprised by the appearance of morning. Buffon once described these delicious moments with his accustomed eloquence.—"Invention depends on patience; contemplate your subject long; it will gradually unfold, till a sort of electric spark convulses for a moment the brain, and spreads down to the very heart a glow of irritation. Then come the luxuries of genius! the true hours for production and composition: hours so delightful that I have spent twelve and fourteen successively at my writing-desk, and still been in a state of pleasure." It is probable that the anecdote related of Marini, the Italian poet, is true; that he was once so absorbed in revising his Adonis, that he suffered his leg to be burnt for some time, without any sensibility.

Abstraction of this sublime kind is the first step to that noble enthusiasm which accompanies Genius: it produces those raptures and that intense delight, which some curious facts will explain to us.

Poggius relates of Dante, that he indulged his meditations more strongly than any man he knew; whenever he read, he was only alive to what was passing in his mind, to all human concerns, he was, as if they had not been! Dante went one day to a great public procession; he entered the shop of a bookseller to be a spectator of the passing show. He found a book which greatly interested him; he devoured it in silence, and plunged into an abyss of thought.—On his return he declared that he had neither seen, nor heard, the slightest occurrence of the public exhibition which passed before him. This enthusiasm renders every thing surrounding us as distant as if an immense interval separated us from the scene. A modern astronomer, one summer night, withdrew to his chamber; the brightness of the hea-

ven showed a phenomenon. He passed the whole night in observing it, and when they came to him early in the morning, and found him in the same attitude, he said, like one who had been recollecting his thoughts for a few moments, "It must be thus; but I'll go to bed before 'tis late." He had gazed the entire night in meditation, and did not know it.

This intense abstraction operates visibly: this perturbation of the faculties, as might be supposed, affects persons of genius physically. What a forcible description the late Madam Roland, who certainly was a woman of the first genius, gives of herself on her first reading of Telemachus and Tasso. "My respiration rose: I felt a rapid fire colouring my face, and my voice changing, had betrayed my agitation; I was Eucharis for Telemachus, and Erminia for Tancréd: however during this perfect transformation, I did not yet think that I myself was any thing, for any one. The whole had no connection with myself, I sought for nothing around me; I was them, I saw only the objects which existed for them; it was a dream, without being awakened."—Metastasio describes a similar situation. "When I apply with a little attention, the nerves of my sensorium are put into a violent tumult. I grow as red in the face as a drunkard, and am obliged to quit my work." When Malebranche first took up Descartes on Man, the germ and origin of his philosophy, he was obliged frequently to interrupt his reading by a violent palpitation of the heart. When the first idea of the Essay on the Arts and Sciences rushed on the mind of Rousseau, it occasioned such a feverish agitation that it approached to a delirium.

This delicious inebriation of the imagination occasioned the ancients, who sometimes perceived the effects, to believe it was not short of divine inspiration. Fielding says, "I do not doubt but that the most pathetic and affecting scenes have been writ with tears. He perhaps would have been pleased to have confirmed his observation by the following circumstances. The tremors of Dryden, after having written an Ode, a circumstance tradition has accidentally handed down, were not unusual with him; in the preface to his Tales he tells us, that, in translating Homer he found greater pleasure than in Virgil; but it was not a pleasure without pain; the continual agitation of the spirits must needs be a weakener to any constitution, especially in age, and many pauses are required for refreshment betwixt the heats." In writing the ninth scene of the second act of the Olympiad, Metastasio found himself in tears; an effect which afterwards, says Dr. Burney, proved very contagious. It was on this occasion that that tender poet commemorated the circumstance in the following interesting sonnet:

"In 1773, the author composing his Olympiad, felt himself suddenly moved, even to tears, in expressing the separation of two tender lovers. Surprised that a fictitious grief, invented too by himself, could raise so true a passion, he reflected how little reasonable and solid a foundation the others had, which so frequently agitated us in this state of our existence.

"SONNET.—IMITATED.

"Fables and dreams I feign; yet though but verse
The dreams and fables that adorn this scroll,
Fond fool, I rave, and grieve as I rehearse;
While genuine tears, for fancied sorrows roll.
Perhaps the dear delusion of my art
Is wisdom; and the agitated mind,
As still responding to each plaintive part,
With love and rage, a tranquil hour can find.
Ah! not alone the tender rhymes I give
Are fictions; but my fears and hopes I deem
Are fables all; deliciously I live,
And life's whole course is one protracted dream.
Eternal power! when shall I wake to rest
This wearied brain on Truth's immortal breast?"

TIME FOR MATRIMONY.

The most proper age for entering the holy bands of matrimony has been much discussed, but never settled. I am entitled to my opinion; and although

I cannot here give the grounds on which it rests, the reader may take it for granted that I could adduce, were this the proper place, a great number of weighty reasons, both moral and physical, for the dogma which I am going to propound. The maxim, then, which I would inculcate is this—that matrimony should not be contracted before the first year of the Fourth Septenniad, on the part of the female, nor before the last year of the same in the case of the male. In other words, the female should be at least twenty-one years of age, and the male twenty-eight years. That there should be seven years difference between the ages of the sexes, at whatever period of life the solemn contract is entered upon, need not be urged, as it is universally admitted. There is a difference of seven years, not in the actual duration of life, in the two sexes, but in the stamina of the constitution, the symmetry of the form, and the lineaments of the face. The wear and tear of bringing up a family might alone account for this inequality; but there are other causes inherent in the constitution and independent of matrimony or celibacy.

In respect to early marriage, as far as it concerns the softer sex, I have to observe, that for every year at which the hymeneal knot is tied below the age of twenty-one, there will be on an average three years of premature decay of the corporeal fabric, and a considerable abbreviation of the usual range of human existence. It is in vain to point out instances that seem to nullify this calculation. There will be individual exceptions to all general rules. The above will be found a fair average estimate.

On the moral consequences of too early marriages, it is not my intention to dilate; though I could adduce many strong arguments against, and very few in favour of the practice. It has been said that "matrimony may have miseries, but celibacy has no pleasures." As far as too early marriage is concerned, the adage ought to run thus—"marriage must have miseries, though celibacy may have no pleasures."

The choice of a wife or a husband is rather foreign to my subject, and has occupied much abler pens than mine to little advantage. My own opinion is, that were the whole of the adult population registered as they come of age, and each person male and female, drew a name out of the urn, and thus rendered matrimony a complete lottery, the sum total of happiness, misery, or content, would be nearly, if not exactly the same, as upon the present principle of selection. This, at first sight, will appear a most startling proposition; but the closer we examine it, the less extravagant it will be found.—*Economy of Health.*

AMUSEMENTS OF THE LEARNED.

Rohault wandered from shop to shop to observe the mechanics labour; Count Caylus passed his mornings in the studios of artists, and his evenings in writing his numerous works on art. This was the true life of an amateur.

Granville Sharp, amidst the severities of his studies, found a social relaxation in the amusement of a barge on the Thames, which was well known to the circle of his friends; there was festive hospitality with musical delight. It was resorted to by men of the most eminent talents and rank. His little voyages to Putney, to Kew, and to Richmond, and the literary intercourse they produced, were singularly happy ones. "The history of his amusements cannot be told without adding to the dignity of his character," observes Mr. Prince Hoare, in the very curious life of this great philanthropist.

Some have found amusement in composing treatises on odd subjects. Seneca wrote a burlesque narrative of Claudian's death. Pterius Valerianus has written an eulogium on beards; and we have had a learned one recently, with due gravity and pleasantry, entitled "Eloge de Perruques."

Holstein has written an eulogium on the North Wind; Heinsius, on "the Aas;" Menage, "the Transmigration of the Parasitical Pedant to a Parrot;" and also the "Petition of the Dictionaries."

Erasmus composed, to amuse himself when travelling in a post-chaise, his panegyric on *Moria*, or Folly; which, authorised by the pun, he dedicated to Sir Thomas More.

Sallengre, who would amuse himself like Erasmus, wrote, in imitation of his work, a panegyric on *Ebriety*. He says, that he is willing to be thought as drunken a man as Erasmus was a foolish one. Synesius composed a Greek panegyric on *balldness*; these burlesques were brought into great vogue by Erasmus's *Mora Encomium*.

It seems, Johnson observes in his life of Sir Thomas Browne, to have been in all ages the pride of art to show how it could exalt the low and amplify the little. To this ambition perhaps we owe the frogs of Homer; the gnat and the bees of Virgil; the butterfly of Spenser; the shadows of Wowerus; and the quincunx of Browne.

Cardinal de Richelieu, amongst all his great occupations, found a recreation in violent exercises; and he was once discovered jumping with his servant, to try who could reach the highest side of a wall. De Grammont, observing the cardinal to be jealous of his powers, offered to jump with him; and in the true spirit of a courtier, having made some efforts which nearly reached the cardinal's, confessed the cardinal surpassed him. This was jumping like a politician; and by this means he is said to have ingratiated himself with the minister.

The great Samuel Clarke was fond of robust exercise; and this profound logician has been found leaping over tables and chairs: once perceiving a pedantic fellow, he said, "Now we must desist, for a fool is coming in."

What ridiculous amusements passed between Dean Swift and his friends, in Ireland, some of his prodigal editors have revealed to the public. He seems to have outlived the relish of fame, when he could level his mind to such perpetual trifles.

An eminent French lawyer, confined by his business to a Parisian life, amused himself with collecting from the classics all the passages which relate to a country life. The collection was published after his death.

Contemplative men seem to be fond of amusements which accord with their habits. The thoughtful game of chess, and the tranquil delight of angling, have been favourite recreations with the studious. Paley had himself painted with a rod and line in his hand; a strange characteristic for the author of "Natural Theology." Sir Henry Wotton called angling "idle time not idle spent;" we may suppose that his meditations and his amusements were carried on at the same moment.

The amusements of the great Daguesseau, chancellor of France, consisted in an interchange of studies: his relaxations were all the varieties of literature. "Le changement de l'étude est mon seul delassement," said this great man; and Thomas observes, "that in the age of the passions, his only passion was study."

Seneca has observed on amusements proper for literary men, in regard to robust exercises, that these are a folly, and indecency to see a man of letters exult in the strength of his arm, or the breadth of his back! such amusements diminish the activity of the mind. Too much fatigue exhausts the animal spirits, as too much food blunts the finer faculties; but elsewhere he allows his philosopher an occasional slight inebriation; an amusement which was very prevalent among our poets formerly, when they exclaimed,

Fetch me Ben Jonson's skull, and fil't with sack,
Rich as the same he drank, when the whole pack
Of jolly sisters pledged, and did agree
It was no sin to be as drunk as he!

Seneca concludes admirably, "whatever be the amusements you choose, return not slowly from those of the body to the mind; exercise the latter night and day. The mind is nourished at a cheap rate; neither cold nor heat, nor age itself can interrupt this exercise; give therefore all your cares to a possession which ameliorates even in its old age!"

An ingenious writer has observed, that "a garden just accommodates itself to the perambulations of a scholar, who would perhaps rather wish his walks abridged than extended." There is a good characteristic account of the mode in which the literati take exercise in Pope's letters. "I, like a poor squirrel, am continually in motion indeed, but it is about a

cage of three foot; my little excursions are like those of a shopkeeper, who walks every day a mile or two before his own door, but minds his business all the while." A turn or two in a garden will often very happily close a fine period, mature an unripened thought, and raise up fresh associations, when the mind like the body becomes rigid by preserving the same posture. Buffon often quitted the apartment he studied in, which was placed in the midst of his garden, for a walk in it; Evelyn loved "books and a garden."

MELANCHOLY.

"Hence all ye vain delights
As short as are the nights,
Wherein you spend your folly
There's nought in this life so sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy.
Oh! sweet melancholy.
Welcome folded arms and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies;
A look that's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up without a sound,
Fountain heads and pathless groves.
Places which pale passion loves,
Moonlight walks when all the fowls
Are safely housed, save bats and owls,
A midnight bell, a parting groan,
These are sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley,
Nothing so dainty sweet as melancholy."

NEW BOOKS.

Sutton on the Sacrament.

This is another of the series of devotional books published by Messrs. D. Appleton, & Co. to which we have already referred. It is published in the same elegant style as the preceding volumes. The printing, binding, paper and embellishments, are every way suitable to a work which on account of its intrinsic value, is likely to be kept and read and re-read many times.

The Looking Glass of the Mind.

This is the name of a juvenile book just published by Messrs. D. Appleton, & Co. New York. It consists of translations from Berquin's works. Of course its moral tone and tendency are unexceptionable. The embellishments are some forty or fifty wood cuts done in England in a very highly finished style. This will be a very popular little book.

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MR. COMBE'S NOTES ON THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Our readers, we presume, are by this time satiated with the agreeable fictions of Mr. Bulwer. For their relief we have selected the new work of Mr. Combe upon the United States. We look upon novels as the pepper and salt of literature, to be used only as seasoning—as an elixir to provoke appetite by an agreeable vellication of the nerves, and not to be made a common article of food. The choice we have made of Combe's book, we flatter ourselves, will be generally approved. It relates immediately to ourselves; is written by an author of celebrity, and we are happily enabled to serve it up in the freshness of its novelty.

There is one quality of human nature greatly in favour of these travellers; it is our curiosity of knowing what others may be pleased to say of us—an active, stirring quality, which even makes some people listen at the keyhole. We read page after page, and though we may learn nothing, still are we entertained; as the huntsman, though catching no game, has yet the pleasurable excitement of the chase.

Travellers, more than other writers, are allowed to be talkative and digressive; and Mr. Combe ventures often to the utmost stretch of his privilege. He would have made no kind of figure at Sparta. A good portion of his work is composed without the least wear and tear of brains—this to be set to the account of book-making. But there is much also that is instructive and entertaining, and the whole is written in the liberal spirit of one desiring the welfare of all mankind, and in good faith; and there is no malice intermixed—for which abstinence he deserves a special commendation; for when was an Englishman ever known to be tolerant of any thing not English?—with any thing out of the atmosphere of his own whims!—This author we perceive was quite a pet during his sojourn in our cities, which also places him in favourable contrast with the other English tourists, who, some how or other, contrived to make themselves supremely disagreeable.

No complaint will be made of Mr. Combe on the score of variety. He is indeed quite dithyrambic in some of his movements; giving us the pigs and the pretty women on Chestnut street,

socially at the side of each other, on the same page with "Human responsibility," and the thermometer 90°.

This book is in one respect a literary curiosity. Suppose it to fall under the eye of any one unacquainted with the phrenological doctrines of the author, and desirous of seeing a description of our great men. *Mr. Clay*—"the anterior lobe of average size,—coronal region large,—temperament sanguine—Lymphatic."—This he must accept as the character, moral and intellectual, of *Mr. Clay*.—Should phrenology ever attain the perfection anticipated by its votaries, what improvement in the conveniences of travellers, especially of English, so coy of familiarities. Think of being able to ascertain the merits and demerits of foreign people, without incurring any loss of respectability by making their acquaintance! And this is not all; you scarce can conceive a question of metaphysics that may not be solved, or dissent of opinion that may not be reconciled by the phrenological didactics of this writer. If for example, *Mr. Channing* is abused by *Mr. Hazlit* and *Lord Brougham* in the *Edinburgh*, it is because his lordship and *Mr. Hazlit*, as *Mr. C.* tells us, are deficient in a bump necessary to an apprehension of *Mr. Channing's* merits. If we are daily becoming more fitted to our republican institutions, it is because soon after the revolution our people yet retained some of the organs of their aristocratic progenitors; but this generation, *Mr. Combe* alleges, having "died out," our bump of veneration has been gradually reduced down to a smooth, democratic flatness. Thus in spite of the many predictions of our political ruin,—though we have had a war, a pestilence, a paper currency, and have been abused by *Mrs. Trollope*, yet the republic endures,—on, on, on goes the current, and our steamboats are booming their way through the solitudes of the *Mississippi*.

But *Mr. C.'s* visit has not been exclusively phrenological. He has overrun a great portion of the country, and has described its scenery, and descanted freely, but liberally, upon its customs, manners, and institutions, and take him altogether he deserves a first place (no very great praise) amongst the best of the English tourists.

We take the liberty of omitting those parts of his work, designed only for the instruction of his English readers.

THE MUSIC OF NATURE AND ART.

FROM GARDENER.

The author mentions the following curious anecdotes of cuckoos and parrots.

"This noted bird is a foreign musician, and, like many others, remarkable for his cunning as well as his song. They lay their eggs in the nests of other birds, which are no sooner hatched and fed than the young cuckoo, with lawless strength, bundles out his brother nestlings, and takes complete possession. Thus obtaining bed and board at other's cost, he stays and sings; and having passed the summer with us, bids John Bull adieu, and goes abroad.

"Parrots, like cuckoos, form their notes deep in the throat, and show great aptitude in imitating the human voice. A most remarkable instance I met with at *Mr. Braham's* villa in Brompton. A lady who had great admiration for his talents, presented him with a parrot, on which she had bestowed great pains in teaching it to talk. After dinner, during a pause in the conversation, I was startled by a voice from one corner of the room calling out, in a strong hearty manner, 'Come, Braham, give us a song!' Nothing could exceed the surprise and admiration of the company. The request being repeated and not answered, the parrot struck up the first verse of 'God save the King,' in a clear warbling tone, aiming at the style of the singer, and sang it through. The ease with which this bird was taught was equally surprising with the performance. The same lady prepared him to accost *Catalini*, when dining with *Mr. Braham*, which so alarmed Madame that she nearly fell from her chair. Upon his commencing 'Rule Britannia,' in a loud and intrepid tone, the chauntress fell on her knees before the bird, exclaiming in terms of delight her admiration of its talents.

"This parrot has only been exceeded by *Lord Kelly's*, who, upon being asked to sing, replied—'I never sing on a Sunday.' 'Never mind that, Poll, come, give us a song.' 'No, excuse me, I've got a cold—don't you hear how hoarse I am?' This extraordinary creature performed the three verses entire of 'God save the King,' words and music, without hesitation from the beginning to the end."

Mr. Gardener's chapter on bells convinces us of the truth of a remark which we have often made to musicians, that too little use is made of that instrument in the composition and performance of pieces intended to be heard by large audiences. We fully coincide in his opinion, that by the hand of a composer they might be so constructed, as instead of the senseless jargon which we so often hear, to yield the most varied and agreeable melodies. It is calculated that eight bells of different notes would furnish forty thousand three hundred and twenty different passages. Without going further than this, we see here at once an inexhaustible source of melody, which musicians still permit to remain comparatively uncultivated. In listening to the sound of bells in the open air, one is often surprised to hear them on the right hand side, when in fact they are rung on the left hand side. This curious phenomenon is the result of the power of echo, upon which the author makes some interesting observations.

"In the whole hemisphere of sounds there is no circumstance more strikingly curious than that of an echo. To hear one's own voice returned as if it were the voice of another, is perhaps more surprising than the reflection of one's self in a glass. Indeed there is so close a resemblance between the effects of light and sound, that we might almost suppose them governed by the same laws. Sound is not only reflected in the same way, but it may also be converged into a point like light. An imperfect experiment of this kind may be tried upon Westminster bridge in the night time. If a person whisper in one of the alcoves (the form of which produces the effect) he will be distinctly heard in the opposite one though at so great a distance; but a still more striking instance of a similar kind takes place in the whispering gallery that encircles the inside of the dome of St. Paul's.

"Echoes are produced by the voice falling upon a reflecting body—as a house, a hill, or a wood. These objects at seventy feet distance from the speaker, will distinctly return a monosyllable, and for every forty feet farther from the reflecting body, a syllable more. In Italy, where the atmosphere and the country are so favourable to echoes, you meet with many of extraordinary duration. Some repeat whole strains of music, which have given rise to those puerile repetitions or symphonies to be met with in early writers of that country. So perfect is the echo, that the ear is often deceived in not distinguishing the reflected sounds from those which are direct. In listening to the ringing of bells, when an object so intervenes as to cut off the direct rays, we hear the sounds as if they came from the other side of the street, and imagine the church to be in an opposite quarter. In whistling or calling to a dog, you find him so deceived by this circumstance as sometimes to run away from you. It is this reflex of sound that contributes so much to the musical excellence of a well constructed room; and it is a mistaken notion that curvatures, circular walls, or arched roofs, add to its perfection. On the contrary, they injure the general effect by converging the rays of sound into large portions, and throwing them into particular parts of the room. The best figure for a concert room is a parallelogram or long square, in which the sounds are equally diffused. Our cathedrals partake of this form, and are the finest buildings in the country for the display of musical effects."

In his remarks upon the various instruments which musicians use, the author gives the preference, as who would not?—to the organ.

"Of all instruments this is the most noble, possessing powers of the greatest extent and variety. How the sober dignity of its tones harmonises with the dark massive pile which we walk around and view with wonder! while gazing on the heavy towers on high, its hollow tones within speak of mass and veipers, long gone by, and all the train of superstitious chivalry. And as we pace the long drawn aisles of light and shade, where the glowing beams of tinted windows fall on the youthful fair, kneeling to ask heaven's grace, so beautifully expressed by the poet,—

Rose bloom fell on her hands together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory like a saint.

"How the heavenly tones in solemn grandeur roll along! It is only upon the continent that we can enjoy these sublime sensations. Holland, the Low Countries, and Germany, are spread over with these majestic instruments in profuse variety. At Haarlem there is one of stupendous size: the effect of

* The writer was admitted to the rehearsal of the first grand performance in York Cathedral, 1823, composed of six hundred performers, when only five auditors were present. Upon the first burst of the voices and instruments on the words "*Gloria be to God*," the effect was more than the senses could bear, so much was the sound augmented by the vast space of this noble building; nor was it till those overpowering concussions ceased that the imagination could recover itself, when the retiring of the sounds could only be compared to the distant roll and convulsion of nature."

which surpasses every thing the mind can conceive. They are sounds which seem to roll from the skies into the deep abyss of harmony. In the puritanical service of the Dutch, nothing but psalmody is ever performed. For the purpose of leading their immense congregations, of not less than three thousand voices singing in unison, these organs are furnished with an enormous pipe called the *vox humana*, which so predominates over the rolling thunder of the double diapasons, that you might conceive it to be the voice of a monster, concealed in this mountain of sounds. The grandeur of this organ is much augmented by the vastness of the church in which it stands. Higher than Westminster Abbey—it fills up the end of the large aisle, reaching from the ground to the roof, and from one side to the other, the pipes having the appearance of vast columns of silver. The extempore flourishes which the organist introduces between the lines of the psalm can only be compared to a commotion of the elements, or the rolling of the surges upon the shore. The largest organs in England are but mere toys compared to this magnificent instrument, which strikes the senses with awe and wonder. The writer, on Whitsunday, 1824, was in the organ loft at Westminster Abbey, when the king and queen of Owhyee, Sandwich Isles, were introduced by the dean, and placed near himself in the choir. The king, a vulgar looking man, perfectly black, dressed in a black coat, white waistcoat, and pea-green gloves, which were not long enough to conceal his sooty wrists, stood up the whole time of the service gazing with amazement at the roof. The queen, a tall, fine, masculine figure, was so struck upon the first burst of the organs, as to be thrown into extreme agitation, so much so, that she would have leaped out of the stall in which she was placed, had not her maid of honour (an English lady) prevented her by laying hands upon her. Every time the organ recommenced with its full volume of sound, this phrensy returned, and caused much confusion. During the sermon she settled down into something like composure, and at the conclusion was led out by the dean and other dignitaries to view the edifice. Habited in a fashionable morning dress, her majesty was only distinguishable from her attendants by her gaunt and gigantic figure, and the sudden ejaculation of surprise which she was constantly making. The king, however, lost in mute attention, never lowered his eyes from the roof, but kept staggering about the church till he made his exit at the door."

It is supposed that one of the most perfect organs in this country, for equality of tone and richness of combination, is that of St. Martin's church, Leicester; it is the work of Snetzler, a German, who constructed a similar instrument for Halifax. The clarionet was formerly so difficult an instrument, that few persons could master it in less than twenty years, and even then only by incessant practice of at least six hours a day. Most of the difficulties are, however, now removed by having clarionets made in different keys. The trombone is the sackbut of the Scriptures. One of these instruments was discovered in Herculaneum, where it had lain for nearly two thousand years under the ashes; the lower part of it was made with bronze, and the upper with the mouth piece of gold. It was presented by the King of Naples to George III., and from that model the modern trombone, used with so much effect in military bands, has been fashioned. The trumpet has been carried to the greatest perfection in Russia.

"There is a species of horn or trumpet music in Russia that surpasses every thing of its kind, and which can only be heard in the palace of the emperor at Moscow. A friend of the writer, M. Baillot, when at that court, was conducted by Prince Potemkin into a long dark gallery, where, at a distance, was stationed this extraordinary band. The composer listened with astonishment, and was asked by the prince what he thought of it. 'All that I know,' replied the musician, 'is, that it is like nothing on this earth. It is the music of another world, and I am utterly at a loss even to guess how it is produced.' Lights were instantly brought, and there appeared two hundred soldiers, each with a trumpet or horn in his hand, varying in length from the size of an extin-

guisher—which they much resembled, to twenty feet in length. And what is most extraordinary, each performer upon his instrument made but a single note, all of which fell in succession so aptly, that the two hundred tones, in performing a symphony of Haydn's, had the effect of one grand instrument. The power of accent thus exerted by every person upon his individual note, gave a series of effects to the performance unattainable in any other way, and as endless as they were surprising."

The drum is also now used with great effect in concerted pieces. It was probably introduced for the first time at Leicester, in 1774, at the first grand musical festival that ever took place in England. On that occasion the drum attracted great attention, not only from its novel effect, but from its having been beaten by the Earl of Sandwich, by whom, in conjunction with Mr. Cradock of Gumley, the assemblage was convened. His lordship was so enamoured of drums, that he had one side of his music room at Hinchinbrook strained with parchment, for one of the oratorios which were performed there: but such was the effect of the parchment when first suddenly struck, that the company were dreadfully alarmed, and several ladies went into fits. When played in pianissimo, the sound of the drum is peculiarly grateful, as it resembles a distant echo, and fills the mind with an idea of vastness. It is upon this principle that we feel excited by the sound of storms.

"Who has not felt the charms of a winter's evening, the cheerful fire, and warm hearth rug, with curtains falling in ample draperies upon the floor, when the storm has been raging without? The whirling trees, the cries of the blast through the crannies of the hall, as if benighted wretches were imploring shelter? These are the sounds that touch the musician's ear. Sounds still more awful are the hollow murmurs of earthquakes, the thunder of volcanoes, and the roar of hurricanes. Happily we are not visited with these tremendous convulsions: yet we have them upon a smaller scale, sufficient to raise the sublimest sensations. Lying as we do in the midst of waters, the grandest exhibition with us is the sea in a storm. When at rest, like a monster asleep, it strikes us with awe by its vastness; but when roused into tempestuous fury, and swelling waves threaten to overwhelm the land, we may truly say, that in Britain, Neptune has fixed his throne. Winstanley, in his description of the Eddystone lighthouse, has represented the sea as dashing a hundred feet above the top of that perilous structure. But the furious commotion of the northern sea far surpasses this in grandeur. A friend of the writer who was employed upon the trigonometrical survey in the Orkney Isles, describes the waves in that region during a storm to be of the most frightful vastness, striking the granite face of the perpendicular rocks with a force so tremendous as to carry the spray over the island for thirty miles, destroying the crops in the whole of the distance. It is this scenery in nature's theatre, accompanied by the roar of the elements, that so appeals us, that we involuntarily turn away from the stupendous sight.

"In the storms on land trees are the grand instruments which augment the mighty roar. Their yells mixed up with the blast send forth the most terrible harmonies. Those who have traversed the black forests in Germany can have some idea of the horrid din of those domains. The common people hide themselves from the spirit of the woods, little reflecting that it is the lashing winds against the giant trunks of the forest which causes the dreadful howling they hear! Sir Thomas Lauder has given us some idea of these effects in the hurricanes of Scotland, 1829, when he describes the flood of Moray. There was something inexpressibly fearful and sublime in the roar of the torrents which filled the valley, and the fitful gusts of the north wind that groaned among the woods. The tall ornamental trees, one by one, had begun to yield; the noise was a distinct combination of two kinds of sound; one a uniform continued roar, the other like rapid discharges of many cannons at once. The first proceeded from the violence of the water; the other, which was heard through it, and as it were muffled by it, came from the enormous stones which the stream was hurling

NOTES .

ON THE

United States of North America,

DURING

A PHRENOLOGICAL VISIT IN 1838-9-40.

BY GEORGE COMBE.

INTRODUCTION.

A few observations are necessary to inform the reader of the circumstances under which the following work has been prepared, and of the objects aimed at by the author.

In 1832, Dr. Spurzheim proceeded to the United States of America, with a view of diffusing a knowledge of Phrenology by public lectures. He had not completed his first course in Boston, when he was taken ill; and he died on the 10th November in the same year. Brief as was the space during which he was permitted to labour, his expositions of this science had excited great and extensive interest, not in Boston only, but in many other parts of the Union. After his death, numerous invitations were sent to me by the friends of Phrenology to repair to the United States, and to follow up the work which he had so successfully begun. For several years this was not in my power; but at last, in 1838, circumstances permitted me to obey the call, and I sailed for New York in September, and commenced a course of lectures in Boston, in October of that year. I continued in the United States till 1st June, 1840; and during the whole period was incessantly engaged—in the winter and spring, in lecturing on Phrenology in the cities; and in summer—in preparing a work on Moral Philosophy for the American press, and in making excursions into the interior of the country for necessary recreation. These occupations were not favourable for a minute study of the social and political institutions of America and its society; nor, in going to that country, had I any intention of writing a work in relation to them. From my first arrival, however, I kept a note-book, in which I entered, from day to day, such observations as were suggested by the objects and circumstances around me. At first, the novelty of aspect under which even commonplace objects occasionally presented themselves, imparted to many of them an interest which they did not intrinsically possess. But as, at that time, my journal was written solely for private use, I felt no scruple in recording on its pages many observations and impressions which would never have found a place in it, had it been composed originally with a view to publication. In proportion, however, as the country and its affairs were displayed to me in more familiar intercourse, higher objects excited attention, and many passing events, institutions, and social arrangements, suggested reflections which, judging from my own experience, seemed calculated to interest the British public. It was thus only at a late period that the idea of publishing my observations presented itself, and that the considerations to be afterwards mentioned, gradually led to its being realised.

Such being the origin of the present work, it will not surprise any reflecting reader to find, especially in the beginning, many notices of comparatively trivial objects and occurrences, to which novelty had lent an exaggerated importance. But, although fully sensible of the exist-

ence of these and other imperfections in the materials of the work (a discovery which presented itself most forcibly after the book was printed, and when time and distance from the scene of observation had blunted many impressions), there are reasons which have induced me to hazard its publication. Some of these are the following:—

First, I regard it as impossible for any individual accurately to describe a great nation. The objects and interests are so vast, compared with the capacity of one mind, that a whole life would not suffice to attain to truth in all points of detail and to logical soundness in all inferences. A certain extent of error, therefore, is unavoidable on the part of all observers who attempt to delineate so extensive a field. The only method by which philosophic minds can arrive at truth in regard to national character and institutions, is to analyse and compare the reports of numerous observers; each individual author being regarded as a single witness in a vast and complicated cause. The value of the testimony of each will depend more on the purity of his motives, and the sincerity of his narrative, than upon an abstract freedom from mistake, which is not to be expected from even the most gifted and accomplished men.

I regard the works of all the authors who have written on the United States as valuable in this view; and their value is increased by the difference in the minds, circumstances, and education of the individuals who produced them. Mrs. Trollope, Mrs. Butler, and Miss Martineau, for example, each possessed a peculiar combination of faculties, moved in a different sphere, and were interested by different objects. When, therefore, they gave to the public the impressions which the United States had made on their mind, their works were not without interest, although they might contain errors, and embody false inferences. Each was a faithful witness to her own impressions, and a philosophic reader could draw instruction from them all. In like manner, Stuart, Hall, Hamilton, and Marryat, without, in all instances, relating absolute truth, or the whole truth, may each have evolved some portion of fact and of just inference, by means of which the public may be instructed. It is simply in the character of another witness in the great investigation that I present these notes. And there are some circumstances, besides those already stated, which, on reflection, have appeared to my own mind to justify this step.

My pursuits and studies, previously to my visit to the United States, had been widely different from those of all the authors, except perhaps Mr. Stuart, who had written recently on the subject, and my circle of interests during my stay was also different. Captain Marryat, for example, the latest writer, mentions the American habit of drinking and forming social acquaintances at the bars of the American hotels and taverns—and says—"I was always willing to accommodate the Americans in this particular as far as I could, (there, at least, they will do me justice); that at times I drank much more than I wished, is certain, yet still I gave most serious offence, especially in the west, because I would not drink early in the morning or before dinner, which is a general custom in the states, although more prevalent in the south and west, where it is literally, 'Stranger, will you drink or fight?'" This spirit of accommodation must have opened up to Captain Marryat a large field of observation, and enabled him successfully to describe

one portion of American life and manners. But during my whole residence in the states, I never drank, and never was even once asked to drink, at the bar of any hotel. This is only one among many circumstances which indicate that my sphere of observation may have been widely different from his. I may, therefore, be viewed as a witness, testifying to some points different from those reported on by him.

The necessity for the labours of numerous observers to elucidate so vast a subject will be readily recognised, when we consider a few of the difficulties that obstruct the path of each in his search after truth.

In America, as in other countries, the vast majority even of educated and intelligent people, are conversant chiefly with their own localities and circles, and entertain some ideas regarding other places and interests which an intelligent stranger soon perceives to be erroneous. Persons are to be found in Boston, for example, who express not only imperfect, but occasionally prejudiced and erroneous views of the people and condition of many things in Philadelphia, and *vice versa*: just as many of the inhabitants of Edinburgh and Glasgow, who, although living only forty-two miles apart, and under the same laws and institutions, are by no means (speaking even of the enlightened class) well acquainted with each other's mental characteristics and social habits. An intelligent American, a stranger to both, who should live three months in each of these Scottish cities, would therefore be, in some respects, better qualified to present a picture of their minds, manners, and state of civilisation, than nineteen out of twenty of the inhabitants of either city themselves, even although he should fall into some mistakes which a resident native would have avoided. His views would probably differ from those entertained of themselves and of each other, by the mass of the inhabitants of both towns; but they might nevertheless contain much truth, which might have escaped their own notice. Even such observations, however, must also be imperfect; for the stranger represents only an individual mind, with natural aptitudes, biases, and deficiencies of his own; and all that he can legitimately achieve, is to give a candid statement of the impressions made on his own faculties by the objects to which they were directed.

In the United States, the difficulties of attaining to truth in delineating the incidents of travel, are increased by the feelings which the remarks of British authors have excited in some circles of society. Their pictures of American manners have been resented, and this resentment has shown itself on the part of individuals in attempts to mystify and mislead British travellers who are suspected of the intention of writing a book on the United States. In Boston, I was told that a certain person boasts of having given Miss Martineau erroneous information for the purpose of leading her into mistakes; and another in Philadelphia assures his friends, that he "crammed" Captain Marryat with old "Joe Millers," that is to say, jokes and fictions, which the captain embodied into his books as facts illustrative of American manners. I am not aware of having been practised upon with similar intentions; but this may have happened unconsciously to myself; as it is said to have done in the case of my predecessors; and in this way I may unsuspectingly have been led to record error. But again, my apology is, that each writer is a single witness; that the truth will be evolved by multiply-

ing their number; and that those features of American character respecting which all or most of the descriptions concur, may be viewed as correctly drawn; while those about which extensive differences exist, must be regarded as requiring farther elucidation.

I am sensible of the deficiency of system or connection in the work, and of its embracing topics that to many readers will present no interest. My apology for these imperfections is, that the pressing nature of my proper occupations deprived me of leisure either to acquire or to digest systematic views while I was in the country, and that after my return, although I had provided myself with books and printed documents containing a large extent of general information, I experienced an impossibility in applying them. In a systematic work, one important error may vitiate the whole superstructure; and I found that, in the absence of all the persons, objects, and institutions, by reference to which my inferences from these materials might be checked and corrected, I could not feel secure in my premises. The only alternatives presented to me, therefore, were to publish my notes, imperfect as they might be, or to publish nothing.

In farther apology for the apparently trifling nature of some of the incidents recorded, I may observe that the American Democracy is a phenomenon which has scarcely had a parallel in the world. It is, therefore, full of interest in all its features. From the vast political and social power wielded even by the meanest of the people, from their being, not in name only but in fact, the sovereigns of the nation, their manners, habits, opinions, and social condition are far more interesting than those of the same classes in a European kingdom. If Mrs. Trollope, or any other traveller, has described the puerile love of titles, the ungainly habits, or the peculiar manner of some American citizens; or if, in the following pages, I have introduced the gossip of wayfaring people, or anecdotes of the obscurest of men, they really do not appear trivial to my mind: because, to these very people the most profound and enlightened statesmen, the most learned lawyers, and the most accomplished divines, must address themselves; they must guide their understanding, and direct their passions, or allow their country to be ruined. In the election which took place in Massachusetts in November 1839, Mr. Edward Everett, a man of great talents and accomplishments, was ejected from office as governor of the state by a majority of one vote. The man who gave that vote may have been the most odd or illiterate person described in the following pages; and the knowledge that such individuals are invested with influence on the destinies of their country, gives to every feature of their character a deep interest. If they are vain, the politician leads them by their vanity; if they are absorbed in the pursuit of gain, he presents to them a golden bait; if they are self-confident and half-informed, he leads them by encomiums and plausibilities; and hence their faults, foibles, and imperfections, as well as their virtues and attainments, become efficient causes of bad or good government, and constitute fundamental elements in speculating on the future destinies of the nation. Innumerable remarks, therefore, which to my readers on both sides of the Atlantic, who do not take this view, may appear puerile, are in my eyes invested with a philosophical importance; and I do not believe that a correct view of the practical effect of the American institutions can be presented without intro-

ducing these apparently trifling elucidations. I have endeavoured to appreciate these details, according to their real importance, and to seize the principles upon which their interest depends; but these, without the substratum of facts, although evolved occasionally in trivial and ludicrous anecdotes, would, in my opinion be abstractions little instructive to any reader.

A portion of the "notes" consists of notices of remarks which were made to me by various persons, or of information drawn from individuals by direct inquiries. The value of these remarks must necessarily depend on the knowledge, judgment, and honesty of the persons from whom they were derived, as well as upon the accuracy with which they have been reported. I found no cause of inquiry so instructive in the United States as conversations with persons of different professions, such as proprietors of land, merchants, lawyers, bankers, ministers of the Gospel, teachers, doctors in medicine, and men of science, as well as common working men; and by no other means could I give such a correct and vivid picture of the American mind as by reporting these, only suppressing names, places, and dates, so that there should be no key to the discovery of the individuals, so to implicate them in any possible error; and I have pursued this course. The conversations introduced are generally transposed in time and place, in order to avoid personal reference. It may reasonably be remarked, that, without the names, no one can know whether the individuals were the representatives of classes, or isolated persons uttering merely their own impressions. In reply, I observe, that the interest of these conversations consists in the thoughts which they embody, and that this is altogether independent of the individuals. I endeavoured to practise discrimination in judging what remarks I should record. On the inherent weight of the ideas, and on this discretion their value rests. It would have been easy to give forth as my own, numerous remarks and suggestions which I derived from such sources; but this would not have rendered them more worthy of acceptance, while it would have implied that I pretended to possess an extent of information and depth of sagacity to which I had no legitimate claim.

In the course of my progress in the United States, I saw many things in a more advanced condition than similar objects were in my own country, and, therefore, concluded that a notice of them would be both useful and interesting. The common school system, for example, the houses of refuge, the prisons, the lunatic asylums, and the voluntary church system, are objects that in Britain are engaging a large portion of general or local attention. It was not in my power to write systematic treatises on these subjects, but, by collecting and publishing such cursory remarks as were within my reach, I hoped to convey some useful information that might benefit the laborers in the same enterprises at home. To my American readers nothing may appear more jejune than quotations from their own common school journals, acts establishing houses of refuge, or slight notices of their asylums and prisons; yet, on submitting these to persons of intelligence in Scotland before publishing them, I am assured that they are calculated to be useful in my own country.

Again, the Americans will probably be struck with the frequent notices of sermons introduced into the work; but the object of alluding to these was not trivial. An intense interest exists

in Britain, and especially in Scotland, on the subject of a voluntary or an endowed church, and the most contradictory reports of the operation of the voluntary system in the United States have been published by British authors; and consequently, at the present time, no element of information concerning the United States is calculated to excite more general interest than one regarding the state of religion in that country.

Some persons may probably be offended at the frequency and freedom with which religious opinions are introduced and commented on. My apology is, that I was struck with the far greater frequency with which questions on religious topics were put to me when lecturing in the United States than when lecturing in Britain. This was an important feature in the mental condition of the people; and by making such notes of these questions as I was able to write down, I considered that I was preserving evidence of this important fact itself, even allowing many errors on my part to have been unintentionally committed in representing the views and motives of the parties who put them. My situation as a lecturer on the philosophy of mind exposed me to such questions, and I regarded them as among the most interesting incidents of my experience. In this way I have occasionally made remarks on the spirit displayed by different sects; these are open to the approval or condemnation of every reader according to his own judgment; but if the religion of a country be an important element in its civilisation, there can be no impropriety in freely introducing such remarks on its peculiarities as these naturally suggested.

Again, my frequent and slight notices of banks and stocks may appear to many persons unnecessary, unsatisfactory, or unphilosophical. On this point, I would observe, that a strong tendency exists at present in Britain towards multiplying banks; and the popular illustrations given in the following pages of some of the evils attending excessive issues of paper money, may instruct many whom a scientific work would never reach. Farther, a considerable number of my own countrymen are interested in American stocks, having invested, or proposing to invest in them. They may peruse with interest the cursory notices which occur in these pages, and may be thereby induced to make more extensive and satisfactory inquiries for their own safety.

To some readers, also, the frequent repetition of dates, and of the state of the thermometer, may appear unmeaning pedantry; but when I contemplated proceeding to the United States, no subject was more interesting to me than to ascertain facts concerning the temperature; for on them depended not only the provision which we should make in regard to clothing, but also against the peculiarities of the climate. In scientific works, tables of the thermometer in certain localities might be found; but I could not discover the precise temperature in the streets in towns; that temperature, in short, which would affect our feelings and health most directly. I therefore noted the temperature of the external air in the shade between 6 and 7 o'clock in the morning, in the various hotels and other residences which we occupied. These may not correspond with the scientific reports of the same districts, in open and exposed situations, but they will supply to future visitors, information which it would have benefited us considerably to have attained, before our departure for the American continent.

To many of my readers the introduction of Phenology in so many forms and places may

appear tedious and uninteresting; but Phrenology was the great object of my visit and my occupation while in the United States. It gave origin to the work itself; and to have passed it over in silence, would have been like acting the tragedy of Hamlet, omitting the character of that name. I proceeded thither with the impression that this science would contribute powerfully to the advancement of civilisation in that country; and I returned, not only with the impression converted to conviction, but further persuaded, that in the United States, probably earlier than in any other country, will Phrenology be applied to practical and important purposes. To save my readers on both sides of the ocean, however, from unnecessary alarm on this head I may here mention, that I do not consider that the generation is yet born which is destined to carry this science into practical effect in public affairs; but I entertain the conviction that, within a century from this time, Phrenology will be so applied in the United States. This idea is participated in by those who, from their acquaintance with Phrenology and experience of mankind, are best qualified to judge, and for them this portion of the work is composed.

I may remark, that the Americans in reading a work on the United States written by a foreigner, judge of it, almost uniformly, as a book composed not only *about*, but exclusively *for* themselves. If it contain statements and descriptions which lie on the surface of their country and social habits, they regard it as twaddle and gossip; but this book is written for the readers of the English language on this side of the Atlantic; and the Americans, with all deference to their superior knowledge of their own affairs, are not better judges than we are, concerning what will interest our own people. I have read the tours of Americans in Great Britain, and in proportion to the faithfulness of their representations, did they appear to me to be trite and commonplace; but this was an unfair criterion of their merits. This very fidelity, which deprived them of interest to a Briton, invested them with it to the American who had never visited the British shores. May I not hope that the candid among my American readers will allow me the benefit of the same rule of judging?

CHAPTER I.

Voyage in the Great Western steamship from Bristol to New York.

1838.

On the 8th of September, 1838, we sailed from the wharf at Bristol in the Cambrian steamboat, and found ourselves amid an immense multitude of men, women, and children, dogs, bales, bags, porters, and musicians. We were cheered by the strains—not very dulcet, of a harp and a violin, as we descended the stream of the muddy yet romantic Avon. In sailing down the river, we saw two persons shoot across the gulf, of which it forms the narrow bottom, in a car, slung on an iron bar 785 feet in length, and 170 feet above our heads. It is used by the workmen now engaged in constructing a suspension-bridge from cliff to cliff across the stream.

In an hour and a half we were on board of the Great Western, lying at anchor in King-Road. Her first appearance disappointed us; for we had heard much of her great dimensions. When compared with the vessels lying near her, she was seen to be very long, but neither remarkably

broad nor high. She was launched on 19th July, 1837, and sailed on her first voyage to New York on 2d April, 1838.

The passengers were gay; and, although many of us looked wistfully at the receding shores of England, there was no possibility of indulging in sentiment in such a scene of bustle. On entering the ship, every thing seemed confusion doubly confounded. The middle portion of the after-deck was occupied by a suite of new state-rooms, erected on it since her first voyage, directly above the great skylight of the saloon; and a space of only a few feet was left on each side, between them and the bulwarks of the vessel. These narrow paths were literally blocked up with people and luggage.

On descending, the saloon appeared long, narrow, high in the ceiling for a ship, and very tastefully ornamented, but dark and gloomy. On repairing to our state-room (Nos. 19 and 20), we found it nearly the worst in the main-cabin; almost at the stern of the vessel, and the lower bed so narrow, owing to the bend in the timbers, that it admitted the occupant to lie on his side, but not on his back, if his shoulders were of any approach to Herculean dimensions. Early in July we had obtained the services of a friend in Bristol, well acquainted with the vessel, to secure berths for us; and these were the best that he could find then disengaged. We now learned the cause of our bad fortune. The board of directors in Bristol, with a surprising self-denial, allotted certain berths to London and certain berths to Liverpool, which can be engaged in these cities only, and these are the best in the saloon; they reserve the worst for Bristol. Thus, although we went early to the fountain-head, as we thought, we were not so successful as some who had used less foresight.

As many travellers now cross the Atlantic, it may interest those who are meditating a voyage, to learn the nature and extent of the accommodations provided for them. We paid eighty guineas for the fare of two persons, and had a state-room six feet square, with a window five or six inches in diameter, opening, close on the upper bed, to the sea. This left our apartment still dusky. We had two beds, three small drawers, two basins and stands, a shelf, water-bottles, and a few large pegs for hanging clothes on. We set busily to work to arrange our luggage. The trunks not required during the voyage were placed "below" in the hold, and order was soon produced in our little world. It was wonderful how soon order arose also in the ship, by each passenger having his effects quietly conveyed to his own state-room.

At five o'clock P. M. all friends left the vessel, and we sailed. Tears streamed from many a glistening eye; but when the pang of parting was over, we received three hearty cheers from several steamboats, crowded with company, who had come to see us off. The promontories, and rising grounds of the shore, also, were crowded with people, who cheered us as we passed down the Severn.

Half-past 7 P. M.—Wind northeast; sails set full on the two front masts (for the ship has *four* masts altogether); and we move gloriously down the channel. Already, however, owing to our inexperience, a disagreeable incident has occurred to us. The door of our state-room opens directly on one of the dining-tables. At tea, we naturally seated ourselves there; but were soon displaced. We were then first informed, that it has long been a practice in the New York sailing-packets, for

passengers to choose their places at table at the first meal, and to keep them during the voyage. No previous notice of this rule was given to the passengers. The first meal on this occasion, was a cold collation, at which we and our friends all seemed to us to sit promiscuously. Some experienced gentleman, however, whose berths were in the lower regions, familiarly named the "catacombs," had taken possession of the seats opposite our state-room, and we found all the places at table already appropriated, except those in the least accessible and least comfortable part of the saloon. Two of these we were obliged to occupy during the voyage.

This custom is not convenient in steam-ships. In the sailing packets there are no berths on the lower or upper decks: all enter directly from the saloon. There is, therefore, no inducement to any person to seat himself opposite the door of his neighbour's state-room; but in the steam-ships, half of the passengers sleep below or above the saloon. The proper seats for them at table would be those on the inner sides, leaving those opposite the saloon state-rooms for the occupants of these apartments. To ladies this makes a great difference. There are many days when they could venture to come to table if one step sufficed to carry them into their berths when uncomfortable, although they could not encounter a walk of thirty or forty yards down one side and up another of a very long table, staggering against waiters, in a rolling sea, as we had to do on this occasion.

Sunday, "Sept. 9.—Noon, wind westerly; Lat. 51° 3', Long. 6° 52'; distance run 150 miles; weather moderate, cloudy."

Such is the official report of the ship's log, which is consulted every day with intense interest by the passengers shortly after noon. The sea was smooth all night, and most of us rose in excellent health. The rules of the ship were now produced. Nothing is said in them about taking seats for the voyage. All lights in the saloon must be extinguished at half past eleven, and in the state-rooms at twelve. This leaves us in profound darkness when many need assistance; but the danger of fire has rendered this rule necessary. In some steam-ships, however, a wick floating in oil in a glass cup, burns all night, to the great comfort of the sick, while it is so constructed that fire from it seems nearly impossible. Thermometer 62°. Saw several ships, but no land.

We were called to prayers in the saloon, and a sermon on the evidences of Christianity was preached by a clergyman, one of the passengers. He introduced very appropriately Dr. Beattie's illustration to his son, of the existence of God, called forth by sowing seed in a plot of ground in the form of the letters of the child's name. When the boy saw the letters, he called his father to observe the wonder. His father asked what was wonderful? Some one must have done it, said the child. Why, may not the seed have grown into those forms by chance? asked the father. Impossible, said the child; and on this admission, he founded his argument in demonstration of the being of a God. This was new to most of the children on board, and produced a strong impression on the more intelligent among them.

The tables in the saloon are fixed to the floor, and it is impossible to walk in it. As we have scarcely any space on deck for locomotion, we feel as if imprisoned.

Monday.—The wind has blown strongly from

the north all night, and the distress of the passengers has been horrible. The attendance on the sufferers has been very deficient. In the afternoon, we passed several ships, and saw abundance of stormy petrels. It is evident that the children on board suffer much less from sea-sickness than the adults.

Tuesday.—This day the wind is strong from the southwest, and a heavy sea is running. Still we carry sail and advance. The passengers complain not a little of inattention in the servants, and of bad arrangements.

Wednesday.—A heavy sea is rolling, and many of the passengers are again ill. Others, however, have recovered, and their enjoyments aggravate the sufferings of the sick. There are on board 142 passengers, of all ages and both sexes. The saloon accommodates about 120 at dinner. Champagne, hock, claret, port, sherry, madeira, brandy, porter, ale, and soda-water, are served out to all at their pleasure. Apparently, some of the individuals on board have not been accustomed to the use of these wines *ad libitum*, and as they have paid a large sum for their passage, they seem resolved to "take it out," as some of them express it, in wine. While most of the ladies lie sick in bed and suffering severely, separated from the saloon only by a half inch board, these jolly companions pass the afternoon in deep potations, with the usual tavern accompaniments of singing (often not the most choice songs,) rapping on the table, delivering speeches, and cheering. The very smell of their orgies penetrates into the berths of the sick; and the loud, crapulous, everlasting laugh, at nothing, which distinguishes a certain state of cerebral excitement, rings in the ears of the ladies hour after hour. One of them compares her own sufferings to those of Pandemonium, and wishes for a Dante to describe the scene. Some of the sailing packet-ships have reduced their charge, and omitted wine and spirits in their bill of fare; leaving each passenger to call and pay for whatever portion of these he chooses. This rule renders those individuals the most temperate who, under the present system, are the most intemperate. It is because they are not in the habit of using such wine when they have to pay for it, that they indulge so largely, when it is presented to them at their pleasure.

Thursday.—I have seen as heavy seas in the passage between Leith and London as any we have yet encountered, and am rather disappointed with the great Atlantic. We were told before sailing that this ship is so long that she extends over two waves at a time, and does not pitch and roll so much as smaller vessels. She, however, pitches and rolls abundantly; yet she is very staunch, and her engines work with admirable regularity. This evening we had no attendance at our part of the table. The servant assigned to it was drunk and off duty. I am not surprised at this: the gentlemen drink so deeply, and wine and spirits are in such unceasing circulation, that the servants rather deserve praise for the degree of sobriety which they in general exhibit.

Friday.—The weather is very disagreeable, and as there is a great want of room, a good deal of discomfort is felt. We have on board Mr. Wilson and Miss Sherriff, the celebrated vocalists. Mr. Wilson most obligingly favours us occasionally with one of his exquisite songs. To-day at noon we were 120 miles short of the distance which the ship had reached at the end of the same time in her last voyage. Many passengers are still unwell. Large waves, occasion-

ally a passing vessel, and tumbling porpoises, are the only objects which greet our eyes when we look beyond the deck. Bottles, glasses, and plates are precipitated into the laps of the passengers at every lurch. There are no guards on the table; every object directly obeys the law of gravitation, and the destruction by breakage is prodigious. To-day a brig, close-reefed, has passed our vessel, and stormy petrels or Mother Carey's Chickens fly thick around us. The sailors tell landmen that these birds are never seen at rest, on land or at sea, but sleep and hatch their eggs on the wing!

Saturday.—Dreary and uncomfortable.

Sunday.—The ship rolls and pitches much; but, nevertheless, we have had prayers and sermon in the saloon from an American divine. The passengers mustered pretty numerously. He prayed for the President of the United States, and Victoria, Queen of England. There is a coloured family on board who are rich, and the young lady is well educated. So far as I could observe, there was only one gentleman in the ship who addressed them; and he, to the honour of his country, was an Irishman. The father is a merchant at —, and one of his own ships waits for him at New York. We are told that, on account of their colour, this family will find it difficult to obtain apartments in any good hotel in that city.

Monday.—To-day the sun shines, and although the ship rolls considerably, we are now accustomed to the motion, and are nearly all on deck and gay. The narrow space between the deck state-rooms and the bulwarks is so crowded that it is impossible to walk; but to breathe the fresh air, and bask in the sun, is a luxury. We spoke the "St. Lawrence" on her voyage westward. She sailed from Liverpool on the 27th August. We left Bristol twelve days later, and have overtaken her. The waves of the Atlantic are a deep blue; those of the British seas green. This is the chief difference that I perceive between them.

Tuesday.—Last night it blew hard from the west, with a heavy head sea. The engineer put out two of his furnaces, and slackened his speed to five miles an hour. He wastes coals, and gains no compensating advantage, by steaming hard against a head-wind and sea. The engine was reduced to eight strokes in the minute; it is capable of performing sixteen, and in this voyage has pretty generally done twelve.

A lottery of sixty tickets, at a sovereign each, has been set on foot, the prizes in which are to be decided by the hour at which the New York pilot shall board the vessel. Each ticket bears one hour, commencing at 6 P. M. ship's time, on Sunday, 23d September, and they extend over the subsequent sixty hours. They are all put into a hat, and the subscribers draw one for each sovereign which they deposit. There are five prizes, and the holder of the ticket bearing the hour at which the pilot boards us, gets the highest, and the holder of each of the next four hours receives one of the minor prizes. The parties to the lottery present three tickets to the mates and ship's pilot.

One of the ladies complained to-day that the passengers in the state-rooms adjoining hers, carried wine or stronger liquors into their berths, and continued their bacchanalian orgies and singing till half past twelve, much to her annoyance. There is a great deal of card-playing and heavy betting on board.

About 3 P. M. the wind changed to the east, and the sea became smooth. The square sails

were set, and the engine was put at full speed. At 10 P. M. we were going at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

Wednesday.—We are now on the great Bank of Newfoundland, and have dense fog and rain. This is the constant weather here. The soundings give from 28 to 40 and 50 fathoms. The waves are now green. The great depth of the ocean gave them their blue colour.

Thursday.—I very reverently beg pardon of the Atlantic for any disrespectful terms used in describing its appearance in the previous page; to-day it has come forth in all its glory. Very early this morning a regular equinoctial gale from the northwest sprang up, and blew with great violence all day; yet the sky was clear, and the sun shone brilliantly. Wave after wave, as high as the top of our huge paddle-boxes, came rolling on, and our gallant ship rose majestically over them. All sickness was now past, and, seated on the highest part of the deck, near the steerman, I saw the sublime moving masses of water rolling slowly yet irresistibly on, embodying the very spirit of gigantic power. My whole frame thrilled with pleasing excitement. The wall of dark blue water (for we had now passed the bank) appeared far above the bow of the vessel, as the wave approached us. In a few moments she breasted it, and rode triumphantly over its crest. With the speed of lightning, she rushed down the watery steep; and anon, the wave, foaming with her pressure, rolled high above the stern, and showed her track far in the wake. The spray flew from stem to stern, but she shipped no heavy seas. She felt firm as a rock, and neither quivered nor quailed beneath the giant blows of the mighty element. The captain Hoskins, stood for hours beside the steersman, and gave the word how to direct her to the gale, and his eye beamed and his countenance was lighted up with joy, as he contemplated her admirable performance. When in the hollow waves, we seemed as if sunk in an abyss of water. When we rose on their crests, the commotion of the sea all around was magnificent. Looking at the horizon, where the heavens seemed to touch the water, even at that vast distance, the swell and fall were distinguishable. Every billow wore a crest of snow-white foam, which added life and grace to its stately mass. The engine laboured a little when the paddles were immersed deeply in the wave; but never was for a moment arrested. The performance of the ship and machinery were admirable, and no sentiment of danger presented itself, even to the imagination.

After enjoying the sublime scene for several hours, and desiring much to have seen from the deck of another vessel, our own noble ship rushing onward against the gale and the sea, a spectacle of power that does honour to human art, I continued my position, and, holding on by a rope attached to the hind mast, read the opening scene of the *Talisman*, in Sir Walter Scott's *Tales of the Crusaders*. The imagination was transported in an instant to the calm, sultry, desert regions of the Dead Sea, while the reader was careering amidst the wild Atlantic billows, and fanned by an equinoctial gale! The enjoyment was exquisite.

The scene in the saloon was not so sublimely captivating. There all was confusion. Chairs, dishes, wine-glasses, and decanters, men and children, rolled on the floor, as they were shaken from the table and the seats. The sufferings of sickness with many of the ladies were renewed. C—— was in her berth, unable to lift her head.

and on the little window being opened for one moment for air, the sea rushed in in a fearful torrent, and inundated her clothes. She quietly observed, that she had almost rivalled the celebrated Mrs. Partington, for she had mopped the Atlantic out of her bed!

The gale continued the whole day, and about 6 P. M. the fore-yard gave way. The foresail was the only one set, and had steadied us a little. The spar was replaced with sailor-like celerity.

A gentleman on board told me that he saw this ship when building, and that her timbers are exceedingly strong, and so close that it is impossible to insert the edge of the hand between her ribs. The engine rests on a vast frame, the beams of which extend to, and press equally on, every part of her bottom, so that there is no accumulation of pressure on the middle of her keel, as many landmen believe. Her performance to-day accords with this description.

Amidst this sea, the cooking went on without interruption; and a sumptuous breakfast, dinner, and tea, that would have done no discredit to a London tavern, were placed on the table. There, however, many of the viands remained only while they were held by the hands of the servants or guests. About seven tenths of our whole complement of passengers mustered at dinner, and there was great mirth at the many ludicrous incidents that occurred in such a scene.

Friday. To-day the sun shines clear and benignant, over a comparatively calm sea. The passengers are all on deck, gay and full of hope of a speedy termination to the voyage. At 8 A. M. the thermometer stood at 67° in the shade.

No circumstance connected with this voyage has been so little anticipated by me as the rapid rate at which, if I may use such an expression, we run away from time. It is only thirteen days since we left Bristol, and already the sun is four hours later than my watch, which still shows the London hours. We have in this brief period sailed over an extent of the earth's surface, equal to that accomplished in four hours by the globe turning on its axis. Of course, every child who has been instructed in the rudiments of geography has learned that it must be so, as we have now run 60 degrees of longitude; but the actual perception of a phenomenon like this, strikes the mind more forcibly than the mere knowledge of it. I never before had so strong an impression of the diminutive size of the globe which we inhabit.

Saturday. This has been a deliciously calm day. A light wind has blown from the south, and the thermometer has stood at 67°. We have carried sail on all our four masts. The engine has performed fifteen and sixteen strokes per minute, its greatest available speed, and our actual progression has been from eleven to twelve miles an hour.

To-day, the passengers formed themselves into a court of Criminal Sessions, to try one of their own number for disturbing the public peace. He was arraigned under the name of Jingle Jingle, Esq., and his offence was disturbing the company in the fore-cabin, by rising and making sundry noises at half-past five o'clock in the morning. The ex-Governor of the state of — was appointed judge; Mr. A —, clerk of court; Mr. B —, constable; Professor —, attorney-general; and Messrs. — and —, defendant's counsel. A huge hand-spike served as the mace of court. A jury was empanelled; and a most impartial trial was granted. The speeches of the learned gentlemen, who conducted the pro-

secution and defence, would have done honour to Westminster Hall. The jury found the panel guilty, and the judge, in consideration of its being his first offence, sentenced him only to eat his soup with a fork, and to have no grog till he arrived at New York.

At half-past three o'clock P. M., we bore down and spoke the ship "Bazaar," out thirty-five days from Liverpool, and bound for Boston. It was a beautiful sight. She had all sails set, yet we passed her like an arrow.

After dinner, Mr. Wilson and Miss Sherriff favoured us with a duet. We then had "God save the Queen," from Mr. Wilson, the company joining in the chorus; "La Parisienne," from a party of Frenchmen; and the "Star-Spangled Banner," from an American gentleman. This was a lively and interesting scene; it was gratifying to hear the sons of these rival, and too long hostile, nations, cordially joining in the choruses of each other's songs.

Sunday. We are now on St. George's Bank, and enveloped in a dense fog, accompanied with a high temperature and much damp. A huge horn, like a coachman's, has been blown all night, to warn ships of our approach. We had prayers and a sermon in the saloon.

Monday. At two P. M. the welcome sound of "land in sight," was transmitted with the rapidity of an electric spark, through the ship. We saw Long Island, and coasted it for several hours. Those to whom the sight was new, watched its hills and trees with deep interest.

Ten minutes to seven, P. M. We have had a glorious sunset. The pilot has just come on board. There is a great excitement, as the prizes in the lottery are decided. So high has the spirit of gambling now risen, that, before he entered the ship, bets were offered and taken on the colour of his eyes and whiskers, his stature, and even whether he were right or left handed. He was so closely scrutinised by those whose sovereigns were depending on his appearance, that his temper was at first a little ruffled; but when he was told the object of the survey, he submitted to it with much good humour. The passengers passed a vote of thanks to the captain and ship's officers, and resolutions in commendation of the ship.

Sandy Hook is a promontory of sand, in the form which its name indicates, running into the sea at the entrance of the Bay of New York. Its light-house is full twenty miles from the city, the approach to which is by a winding channel. As soon as we were fairly in the bay, we fired three guns, and burnt three blue lights. Several news boats were speedily on board of us; and at eleven, P. M., we cast anchor in the Quarantine roadstead, close to Staten Island, and within sight of the lights of New York, distant six or seven miles. Many of the passengers proceeded directly to the city; but we being strangers to the new world, felt no such overpowering impatience, and therefore slept on board.*

Tuesday, Sept. 25. At day-break the anchor was weighed, and we sailed towards the city. It was a splendid autumnal morning; the air was clear, fresh, and bracing, and the sun brilliant. The waters were smooth, and all around was land, beautiful in its outlines, and studded

* I have heard that, since this voyage, the Great Western has undergone great improvements, both in the arrangement of the berths on deck, and in the servants' department, and that she is now a comfortable and well managed ship.

with houses, white as snow, and embosomed among trees. The earth, however, looked parched, after a summer of excessive heat, forming a striking contrast to that which we had just left in Scotland. We had suffered under a cold sky and constant rain; while here life was rendered nearly intolerable by a temperature almost unprecedentedly high. The bay was covered with ships, whose sails shone in the sun with unsullied whiteness, rarely seen in England. The Americans bleach their canvass, and their harbours are not blackened by coal-smoke, as in the country of their forefathers. Steamboats darted out from every point of the land, and rushed along with astonishing speed. They were crowded with passengers, and forcibly recalled the remarks which we had read of the locomotive propensity of the American people.

At 8 A. M. we were safely moored opposite the quay in the East River, as the sound between Long Island and Manhattan Island, on the latter of which New York stands, is somewhat improperly named. The first aspect of the city, on the side of the East River, strikingly resembles that of Amsterdam. High, irregular, red brick fabrics, with innumerable masts, extending over a space of two miles in length, and half shading the houses from the eye, characterise both. The custom-house officers came immediately on board, and a new scene of bustle and confusion commenced. The prodigious quantity of luggage belonging to our very numerous passengers, blocked up every foot of our narrow decks, and made it difficult to move. The search against contraband goods commenced, and nothing could be more reasonable and gentlemanly than the conduct of the officers. About twelve o'clock, a general permission from the custom-house arrived, and we and our effects were allowed to land. The confusion was now redoubled. Porters, carters, hackey-coachmen, friends of passengers, loungers, "loafers," and pick-pockets, rushed on deck up the single narrow gangway, while down it, at the same time, poured passengers, trunks, bags, and baggage, in an equally rapid current. We sat quietly and saw the stream flow on for two hours, before we attempted to mingle in it. To add to the interest of the scene, some of the servants of the ship were carrying out the live geese which had not been required during the passage, while others were hoisting out the swine, by tackle attached to their feet, and both birds and beasts were rending the air with their screams, occasioned by the rough treatment which they experienced. At length, at 2 P. M., we landed, and drove to the Carlton House Hotel, in Broadway, kept by an Englishman, but in the American style.

CHAPTER II.

1838.

The American Hotels have often been described. They are very large; all the guests breakfast, dine, and drink tea at a public table, and each has a small bed-room. During the interval between meals, such of the gentlemen as are not engaged in business abroad, smoke, drink, talk politics, or traffic in the bar-room, or reading-room; and the fair sex gossip, flirt, or "rock" in a handsome apartment named the ladies' parlour. It generally contains a pianoforte, and they may be seen playing, and heard singing, with the same self-possession amidst crowds of visitors, as if they were in their own

sanctuaries at home. Custom renders this mode of life agreeable to many of them. Few indulge in private parlours, both on account of the expense, and because they prefer the busy throng.

The first impression made on us by New York was not pleasing. Its character necessarily partakes of that of all sea-port towns. In the lower part of the city, next the rivers, the streets are narrow, dirty, and adorned by large fat swine, enjoying the same freedom of locomotion which the United States grant to the natives of every clime who seek their shores. The pavement is rough, and much of it in bad condition. The houses are irregular; and the suspicion at once arises that there is no efficient police attending to the general welfare of the town. At 8 P. M., I walked to the Post-office, and found the streets dark, large portions of them having unlighted lamps. I soon learned that they were dark because the moon was in her first quarter, and was expected to shine. In the United States, this expectation is more reasonable than in Britain; but on this evening clouds obscured her rays, and this great city appeared to the eye of a foreigner, who had been accustomed to Edinburgh and London, both dismal and unsafe.

25th Sept. *The great topic of conversation* here is Lord Brougham's attack on Lord Durham, for banishing the Canadian patriots, as they call themselves, or rebels, as the English style them, to Bermuda, beyond the limits of his jurisdiction. Lord Brougham's conduct is strongly condemned.

The great fire.—We visited the scene of the great fire in New York in December in 1835. Every trace of it is now obliterated, and many proprietors have received a larger sum for the ground on which their former warehouses stood, than the whole fabrics, including the site, would have brought before the conflagration. The commercial community is rapidly recovering from the embarrassments of 1837, when the banks suspended specie payments; and the quays and streets indicate great activity in trade.

The rate of Exchange between London and New York, has been for some months against England; and our London banker advised us to carry sovereigns instead of banker's bills. They were received by a bank in New York at four dollars and eighty-five cents each; which is the par value at which they are current in the United States.

Exchange Offices.—A stranger is much surprised on seeing the great number of Exchange offices in New York, bearing an intimation that current and uncurrent bank-notes are there bought, sold, and exchanged. Since President Jackson refused to sign the "Bill" rechartering the National Bank of the United States, the Union has been inundated by bank-notes of the value of a dollar and upwards, without any efficient machinery for regulating the exchange of them; and as New York is the centre of a vast commerce, notes of banks in every degree of credit, and whose head-quarters, where alone the notes are payable, lie at every degree of distance within the Union, are in circulation. The profession of bank-bill brokers has, in consequence, sprung up to meet the wants of society, and it appears to be at once an extensive and a lucrative one. Pamphlets are published, containing lists of all banks in the Union and in Canada, and stating the value of their notes; and columns nearly a yard long and in small type, may be seen in some of the New York newspapers, embodying the same information. In

short, it has become a science nearly as extensive and difficult as Entomology or Conchology, to know the value of the currency of this great country.

Difference between New York and English Towns.—The effect on the mind after a few days' residence in this city is singular. The time since we left Bristol appears to be so short, and the dress, manners, and language of the better classes are so similar to those of the same rank in England, that it is difficult to "realise," as the Americans express it, the idea of being so far from home; yet, in reading the newspapers, and listening to conversation, we soon discover that we are in an entirely different *moral* world. Here the newspaper columns glow with the most energetic discussions concerning the merits of William H. Seward, Esq. and Luther Bradish, Esq., who have just been proposed by the Whigs at a convention held at Utica, as the candidates for the offices of Governor and Lieutenant-governor of the state; and innumerable other topics, all new to a stranger. As the stranger is cool in proportion to his ignorance and want of interest in the subjects, he receives a lively impression of the activity and intensity of the minds of the people.

The upper parts of this city present streets, houses, and squares of a handsome description. Many of the houses, although of brick, are said to have cost \$30,000, and are let at \$5000 or \$6000 per annum. Even here, however, swine are seen roaming at large. Broadway is the great thoroughfare of the city. It extends fully two miles from north to south, and is as broad as Regent street, London; but its architecture presents every variety of elevation, from the wooden frame-houses of two stories, to that of the ample residence of the rich merchant; and these are, in a few instances, standing side by side. The foot-pavement is, in many places, rough and dilapidated, and the *coup d'œil* of the whole is injured by heavy wooden posts rising on the outer margin of the pavement, and used for stretching canvass to shade the shops from the sun.

Sept. 27. *Theatres.*—New York is celebrated for the number of its theatres. The condition of the population is precisely that in which places of public amusement may be expected to be most successful. The city, at all times, contains a large number of strangers, whose evenings are at their own disposal; of young men engaged in trade, who live in boarding-houses and hotels, who have plenty of money, and no domestic ties; and of rich merchants and their families, whose tastes are, to a certain extent, intellectual, but whose mental resources are not very extensive; and these form a solid phalanx of play-going people. Even with all these advantages, however, Mr. Simpson, the manager of the Park Theatre, has not been fortunate. This evening he receives a benefit, the tickets at the rate of three dollars (12s. 6d.) for each person, to all parts of the house, to enable him to surmount his difficulties. A friend kindly presented us with tickets; but our engagements prevented us from accepting them. We learned, however, that the house was crowded in every quarter. The attractions were great; for Madame Vestris, Charles Mathews, Mademoiselle Celeste, and Miss Ellen Tree, were all announced to appear in the entertainments.

Phrenology.—I was waited on this evening by a number of medical and other gentlemen, to concert measures about my giving a course of

lectures on phrenology in New York. I stated to them the rule which I had followed in my own country, namely, not to lecture out of Edinburgh, unless on an invitation accompanied by a guaranty of a class, and that it was my intention to adhere to it in the United States. Phrenology, I remarked, was a disputed subject; it appeared to myself to be true and highly important, and I was therefore willing to teach it to those who desired to hear it explained; but as there were many excellent persons who regarded it as unfounded, others who viewed it as dangerous, and still more who cared nothing about it, I had no wish to obtrude it upon any of these, and should, therefore, not present myself in the attitude of a solicitor for an audience. They engaged to muster a class, and I agreed to give a course of sixteen lectures, of two hours each, at the rate of three in the week, in the Clinton Hall, belonging to the Mercantile Library Association, situated close to the Park, to the public offices, and the great hotels, and, consequently, in the part of the city devoted to public business. A few gentlemen kindly interested themselves as a committee, and Dr. Brigham superintended all preliminary arrangements. The lectures are to commence on the 19th of November next. We have secured apartments in the Carlton House from 16th November to 1st January, 1839.

CHAPTER III.

1838.

SEPT. 28. *Voyage to Albany.*—We embarked this morning at seven o'clock on board of the Champlain steamboat for Albany. The boat sailed punctually at the hour, and we found ourselves rushing up the majestic Hudson at the rate of twelve miles an hour. A thick mist, however, almost immediately enveloped us, and our speed was lowered to avoid accidents. No smoking is allowed except in the fore-part of the main-deck. A few passengers, obviously belonging to the less polished class, spat plentifully on the deck; but one of the servants of the ship constantly employed a mop in cleansing the defiled places. The upper, or hurricane deck, was strewn with charcoal, being the lighter embers of the fuel, which are carried up the funnels of the engines by the powerful draught, and which fall, often red-hot, and burn the clothes of the passengers. We now saw the first specimens of American despatch. The steamboat took in and let out passengers at several stations on the river, and the operation was admirably managed. A few minutes before arriving at a town, a man went round the boat ringing a bell, and calling on the passengers who meant to land there, to prepare their luggage. It was sought out and carried to the gangway of the ship; and, in a very few minutes, six or eight passengers, with all their effects, were transferred into the small boat which was lowered to receive them. They were rowed ashore; landed; the small boat returned and was hauled up to the ship's side, and we were again under weigh. All was accomplished without noise or bustle, and without any loud commands or harsh talking.

We could see nothing for two hours; afterwards the fog cleared away, and all the rest of the river to Albany appeared in its glory as we glided along. It is lively, picturesque, and considerably varied in its aspects; now a river of a quarter of a mile in breadth, then expanding into a lake of

two miles wide, and again contracting into a river. It merits all the encomiums bestowed on it. The number of schooners and sloops that navigate it is very great, and the whiteness of the sails, and elegance of the forms of the vessels, render them beautiful objects in the scene. At 8 P. M. we landed, in moonlight, at Albany, where our relatives waited for us, and gave us a cordial welcome.

Saturday, 29th Sept.—*Albany* is the political capital of the state of New York, and stands on the right bank of the Hudson, on ground sloping rapidly to the river. It commands a view of a beautiful country, abounding in water, wood, mountains, fertile fields, and thriving towns and villages. It was founded by the Dutch in the year 1612, and many of the descendants of the first settlers are still its principal citizens, and understand Dutch. It presents striking contrasts in its architecture. The public buildings having been recently erected by the state, are massive, and in good taste. They are grouped together in an oblong open space, and form an imposing coup d'œil. The churches also and other public buildings are numerous and handsome. Some of the private dwellings harmonise with these objects, but contiguous to them are ill paved streets, over which dirty swine are roaming at large, and where also wooden huts and irregular brick houses abound. The general impression produced is, that the town is only in its infancy, that much of it has been reared in haste, and stands only till its inhabitants shall have time to build edifices more worthy of themselves and their public institutions.

Why many objects in America appear unfinished.—The impression of newness and incompleteness, is forced on the mind in this country by most of the objects surveyed. Even the grounds and fences around the mansions of the rich are deficient in that finish and high order which distinguish similar objects in England; and a moment's reflection enables one to discover a reason why this should be the case. Let us suppose a gentleman in each country, whose income is 5000*l.* a year, to expend 20,000*l.* in erecting a mansion-house and laying out grounds; the Englishman sacrifices only 700*l.* per annum of income, estimating the interest of the sum expended at 3½ per cent. per annum; the American sinks 1400*l.* per annum of income, for in the state of New York, the legal rate of interest is 7 per cent. Again, suppose the labour of five men to be necessary under a head gardener, to keep the garden and pleasure-grounds in perfect condition. In England, labourers may be hired at 12*s.* each per week; which is 156*l.* per annum for the five. In America, the most untutored Irishman working with a spade, receives 4*s.* 2*d.* a day, or 25*s.* a week of wages. So that the five American labourers will cost 325*l.* per annum. The result is that the American's residence will cost him 1725*l.* per annum, and the Englishman's only 856*l.* Besides, in America, both capital and labour are so much in demand for productive employment, and yield such large returns, that a reflecting mind soon becomes reconciled to the rough and unfinished appearance which so many objects present; it being obvious, that they have been fabricated with the least expenditure of these two elements of wealth which would suffice to render them capable of supplying the immediate wants of the people. This state of things is not unattended with evils. In some houses in Albany, rented as high as 40*l.* a year, there is not a single "wall-press" for holding

cups and other small articles in constant use in a family; and many other conveniences of English houses are wanting. Economy of capital, and not want of taste and discernment, is the cause of the omission.

Sunday, 30th Sept.—*The Church.*—Thermometer in the shade 68°. This has been a glorious day of clear, calm, bright sunshine. We attended divine service in the Baptist chapel, and heard Dr. ——— preach. The church was large and handsome, and the congregation numerous and highly respectable in their appearance. Indeed, I already perceive, that that squalid poverty which is at once the affliction and disgrace of the British Isles, is here nearly unknown, except in the persons of a few European emigrants, whose intemperate habits keep them in the same state of degradation in which they existed at home. The discourse was sternly Calvinistic, and the preacher sent Heathens, Mahometans, Catholics, Deists, and Atheists to eternal perdition, with as much zest and self-assurance as could have been exhibited by the most orthodox divine in Scotland. The churches are numerous, and many of them ornamental buildings, and nothing could exceed the propriety of deportment which reigned in the town all day. The morning service commences at 10, and terminates at 12. Dinner is served in the hotels at 1; the afternoon service commences at 3 and ends at 5; and there is evening service at 7.

An English lady who came a passenger in the Great Western, has been taken ill at the hotel here. She has no friends in the city; but nothing can exceed the kind and assiduous attention with which she is waited on by the American female servants.

Brightness of the Sky.—The moon is now nearly full, and shone this evening with such extraordinary brilliancy, compared with its rays in Britain, that it seemed as if it were much nearer to us, and looked as if protruded from the sky. The heavens are of a dark deep blue, and the stars shine with increased brilliancy; the consequence of the pure, dry atmosphere, which we are now breathing. From the combustion of wood and anthracite coal, the only kinds of fuel used here, no dense smoke is produced.

Oct. 1.—*Saratoga.*—By means of a railroad, we visited Saratoga, the great watering-place of the state of New York; and found it a large straggling village, lying in a sandy plain, and consisting of vast hotels, and a few shops. We dined in the Union Hotel, with a small number of lingering visitors; the chief part of the company having left the village about a month ago. We tasted the water of the several springs, enjoyed the fine weather, and returned to Albany in the evening. I had a warm bath, costing half a dollar, at the "Temperance House;" that is, a hotel in which abstinence from spirituous and fermented liquors is the rule. These liquors are not sold, or permitted to be used, in the house, except when prescribed by a physician as medicine. The hotel belongs to Mr. Delavan, who so energetically advocated the cause of temperance in Albany, that the brewers conceived that in one of his speeches he had degenerated into a libel against them, and they are now prosecuting him for damages.

How to know the Americans.—A Scotsman, with whom, at a later period of our residence in the United States, we became acquainted, and who is settled in a fertile district as proprietor and farmer of a beautiful piece of land, remarked to me that the only way to know the Americans

thoroughly is to "count siller" with them, *anglicè*, to deal with them. Fortified by this wise remark, I shall record my first transaction with them. We wished to hire a private carriage and pair of horses to carry us through part of New England to Worcester, within forty miles of Boston. The fare demanded by all the post-masters was \$7 a-day, including every expense for carriage, coachman, and horses, on the road, except tolls; but one of them stipulated for five days' hire for going, and as many for returning, making \$70; another asked payment for five days going and four returning or \$63; and a third offered to go in four days and return in three, equal to a charge of \$49. The owner of the best carriage ultimately agreed to accept of \$56, and allow us five days to go.

Oct. 2.—*Road from Albany to New Lebanon.*—We left Albany this morning in our hired carriage for Worcester. It is an open landau, but differs considerably from the vehicle of the same name in England. The wheels are wide apart, but slight and narrow in the rim. The body is hung on old fashioned steel upright springs, with leathern straps. It has no windows, but the sides are not pannelled, but covered by leathern curtains which let up and down at pleasure. It has no pockets; another example of the curtailment which springs from economy. We found it safe, comfortable, and exceedingly well adapted to the roads on which we travelled.

The morning was misty in the city; but on crossing the Hudson and ascending its left bank, we emerged into a clear sunshine. We now entered on a beautiful undulating country, and were delighted with the loveliness of the prospects on either hand, but annoyed by the badness of the road. We paid toll-duties, but the road itself was nearly in a state of nature. There is a complete roof across the road at the turnpike gate, so that in stopping to pay, the traveller is sheltered from the sun or the rain. American coachmen are renowned for their enterprise and skill. The youth who drove us ascended the numerous hills which we traversed very leisurely, but dashed down the other side with extraordinary rapidity. We allowed him to take his own way, judging that he and his horses best knew the practices of their own country; and we were not disappointed. They were steady and safe.

The old forest has disappeared, but every where new wood in single trees and in groups abounds, and adorns the landscape. The fences, however, are generally of paling or of stones without mortar. In the former instances the timber lies horizontally, one portion obliquely advancing, and the rest obliquely receding from the road, and constitutes what is called a snake-rail, or worm-fence. On some farms, the roots of the trees of the ancient forest have been torn up, and are now ranged side by side on edge along the margin of the field, the flat bottom of the root is turned to the road, and the stump inwards, the whole presenting a gigantic and picturesque fence. In other fields, the old roots have been left in the ground, and are seen in all stages of decay. The wheat, oats, and barley, have long since been reaped and stored in the barns, but the Indian corn is still in the field, with huge rich golden pumpkins growing in the intervals between the stalks.

New Lebanon.—Our post-boy drove to New Lebanon, a distance of twenty-five miles, without feeding his horses; having stopped only twice to give them water. This village lies in a paradise of beauty, on the side of a hill, sloping to the

south, and looks down on a basin completely shut in by rising grounds, and embosomed in wood. The foliage now wears the deep, rich-toned variegated livery of autumn, to convey an adequate idea of which surpasses the powers equally of the pencil and pen. The houses are chiefly of wood, painted pure white; they are unpretending, yet not inelegant in architecture, and well kept. This village is also a watering place, and there are several stupendous hotels to receive the visitors in summer. Three miles distant, on the slope of the hill which forms the eastern side of the valley, there is a large establishment of Shakers. It is said to be exceedingly prosperous, but we did not visit it. We dined here by ourselves, in the Columbian hotel, as all the guests had left it except two, whose meal was finished before we arrived.

We next ascended a steep hill from which many enchanting views were obtained of the scenery below, glowing gorgeously in the golden rays of a declining autumn sun. The country became barren as we ascended, but we speedily again attained a lower level, and at 6 P. M. arrived at Pittsfield.

Pittsfield.—This is a beautiful village containing 3570 inhabitants, and we found a good inn. The moon was full, and we walked in the blaze of its light among lovely cottages, shaded by trees, and surrounded by grass and garden plots. In the middle of the village is a large open square, the centre of which is planted with shrubs; and from the midst of them an old and massive tree spreads high his ample boughs;—a tree of the ancient forest spared to tell what his forefathers had been. The graceful spire of a church adorns one side of the square. A medical school is established here, and one of the professors, known to me by correspondence, was politely attentive to us. He gives two lectures a-day, and finishes his course in eight weeks.

Oct. 3.—*Peru.*—This morning, at 8 o'clock, we left Pittsfield in the midst of a heavy rain, the thermometer standing at 56°. The road ascended for eight miles, until we arrived at Peru, on the summit of the Peru mountains. The scenery was much less interesting than that which we enjoyed yesterday. The soil is a light and sandy clay, with numerous rocks and stones protruding above the surface. Large tracts of the primitive forest remain uncleared, and innumerable stumps stand in the fields, indicating that the axe of the settler is here busily at work.

In New England two causes of bad health have been avoided in the villages. The houses are not crowded together, but most of them stand apart, and the width of the streets is ample; the burying-grounds, also, are not beside the churches, but at solitary spots along the sides of the highway. They are rudely enclosed, and present a melancholy spectacle of pale white tombstones standing forth alone on the bosom of a wild and stony country.

Causes of Bad Roads.—We dined at Worthington, a very small village twenty-one miles from Pittsfield, and as the day has been wet, and the road bad, the drive has been dreary. On talking with a gentleman whom we met about the bad state of the roads, he remarked, "that they, like every thing else in this country, are under the direct control of the people. The people are chiefly farmers who own their own land, and they have a great aversion to part with their money for any object which is not calculated to give them individually a return of profit." "But," said I, "good roads would benefit them all by

raising the value of their property." "In winter," replied he, "the roads are covered with snow, and sleighing is then good; in summer they are dry and hard; it is only in spring and fall that they are soft and bad. The farmers find the summer and winter the most convenient seasons for transporting their produce to market; and, besides, they can sell the most of their crops at their own doors, or at the nearest villages, and care very little for the means of transportation." "There is still much ground to be cleared here," said I. "Yes, sir, a great deal, and I think that the farmers would do better to cultivate more perfectly what they have cleared, than to proceed as they do. No man thinks himself a farmer here unless he owns 800 acres.* He must be able to pasture as well as to sow; and as soon as he cuts and burns the trees, he can put cattle and sheep on the ground without any cultivation."

Chesterfield.—The next village was Chesterfield, nine miles distant from Worthington. It stands on the summit of the hill, which forms the west boundary of the valley of the Connecticut River, above Northampton, and the view from it is extensive and glorious. We stopped only to give water to the horses, and our bold coachman rattled down a precipitous road of thirteen miles, and set us safely down at the Mansion-house hotel in Northampton, at half past five o'clock, having travelled forty-three miles over a hilly country and bad roads since eight o'clock in the morning, with a halt of only one hour and twenty minutes at Worthington. Masses of loose earth, from eight to twelve inches deep, are placed across the road at intervals, in the deepest declivities. They serve to arrest the too precipitous progress of descending vehicles, and afford resting stations to those which ascend. Our post-boy drove so rapidly down hill, that at each of these mounds he was nearly shaken from the box, while we felt as if again tossed in the Great Western.

We passed several portions of the forest only recently cleared; many fine old trees were lying rotting in the sun, while some were standing huge, tall, and gaunt, bearing the marks of fire which had been applied in vain to consume their stubborn strength. Apple-trees every where abound, and are loaded with that superior fruit which is imported into England, excelling in richness of flavour the best produce of the British orchards. It is so abundant, and grows so completely exposed on the road side, that the way-faring traveller may supply himself at this season without purchase, and with scarcely an infraction of justice, as it seems, by its situation, to be presented to his use.

Oct. 4. We have found the Mansion-house hotel at Northampton excellent, and resolved to stop here a day and enjoy the beauty of the scenery, which is justly celebrated. This morning is bright and clear, but the thermometer has fallen to 45° in the air just before sunrise.

American Servants.—We have found the servants and landlords in the inns of New England cold and reserved in their manners. There is no greeting of welcome on arriving, and no thanking you and wishing you good-bye at leaving a hotel. The servants speak, move, and look like pieces of animated mechanism. At the public tables nearly universal silence reigns, broken only by

* There was some mistake in this conversation. There is scarcely a farmer in Massachusetts who owns 800 acres; 100 or at farthest 200 acres are considered a medium farm; and in some parts of the state a large one.

the clattering of knives and forks. When one asks a question, a brief but clear answer is given and the conversation goes no farther. The tones of the voice are solemn, and indicate self-esteem more active than love of approbation. No one asked us any questions, and no one volunteered to communicate any information to us as strangers, all which was different from what we expected. The busy season, however, is past, and probably we saw the people in the first state of mental collapse after months of great fatigue and excitement. They were, however, essentially amiable. All our reasonable wishes were gratified, although formally and solemnly; all our questions were civilly answered, although in the fewest words; and from what we saw at Albany, as well as from what we have since experienced, I am satisfied that in case of sickness or distress we should have experienced the kindest and most unwearied attention. The early settlers of New England were religious men who fled from persecution; and their characters and conduct indicate powerful religious sentiments, with great self-esteem and firmness, which produce the love of independence and hatred of power when harshly wielded by other men. Judging from the manners and natural language of their posterity, those qualities seem to have descended to the present generation.

Here, and about New Lebanon, the farmers are attempting to raise Swedish turnips, and great advantage is said to result from the practice.

Northampton was settled in 1654. It lies a mile and a half west of the Connecticut River, and is surrounded by highly picturesque hills. It contains 3613 inhabitants, and consists of only one street of continuous houses, chiefly occupied as stores or shops, and a great many tasteful single houses, standing in the midst of grass and garden grounds. Some of the houses are large and elegant, indicating taste and affluence in their possessors. "Round Hill" is a gentle eminence, which rises in the centre of the village. It is regular in its form, and the summit bears a lovely grove. On the slope next the village a number of handsome residences look down on the Connecticut valley, and in front of them, at a few miles distance, stands Mount Holyoke, clothed with trees to the summit, and at this season a perfect gem of beauty. The Farmington Canal runs from the village to New Haven, on Long Island Sound, distant eighty miles, and canal boats of a commodious form run daily. They travel night and day, take twenty hours to the voyage, and have beds.

Mount Holyoke.—We ascended Mount Holyoke, which rises to the height of 830 feet, and from its summit enjoyed a prospect of the noblest scenery. Towards the south, the rich valley of the Connecticut stretched to the verge of the horizon. The river gleamed from point to point, as its winding turns brought it within the line of the solar rays, while around, to the north and west, hills, rich in their autumnal livery, closed in the scene. The ascent to the summit is little more than a mile in length, from the left bank of the river, and is attended with little difficulty. A road had been made for carriages to within a quarter of a mile of the top, but, owing to the misconduct of visitors, the proprietor has shut it up, by felling a large tree, and causing it to fall across the way. Two sheds have been erected at the point where the best view is obtained, in which refreshments are sold during the summer months to the crowds of visitors who come to enjoy this lovely spot. The prospect reminded

is of that from Moncrieff Hill in Perthshire; but that from Mount Holyoke is in some points the superior of the two. We crossed the river in a boat, the construction of which presented some features that were new to me. It was impelled by two horses, one on each side of the boat. Each horse pulled at a bar fixed by chains to two immovable posts, rising from the hull of the boat; and by the pressure of his feet, caused a wooden circular frame, which served him for a road, to revolve in the direction opposite to that in which he walked. He must have appeared to himself to be pulling and walking in his usual manner ashore, but instead of the ground serving as a fulcrum to enable him to drag forward his load, he fixed bar at which he pulled presented a resisting body that enabled him to push the road backward from under his feet. The pathway, in its revolutions, turned a paddle-wheel at each side. We afterwards saw numbers of these boats in the United States. On the deck the horses occupy only the space on which they stand, and all the machinery is below.

Cause of Taciturnity at the Public Tables.

—In conversation to-day, the following statements were made to us. As they interested us at the time, I present them to the reader. "One cause," we were told, "of the taciturnity which we have remarked at the public tables in New England, is the fear of inferior people intruding themselves and fixing an acquaintanceship on persons of superior condition and attainments. All persons are pushing upwards in this country, and as there is no artificial rank, every one guards his own station with extraordinary jealousy."*

The absence of artificial rank does not satisfactorily explain these peculiarities. In England artificial rank abounds, and yet the same jealousy of intrusion is there equally conspicuous. In Germany there is also artificial rank, while the intercourse between the different classes of society is much more cordial and unrestrained. The real cause seems to me to lie in the cerebral organisation of the people. The English are remarkable for the large development of the organ of Self-Esteem, which, when not directed by high moral and intellectual qualities, engenders pride and exclusiveness. The New Englanders inherit the organisation and its effects from their forefathers. Their republican institutions have not altered their nature. Self-Esteem is not so predominant in the Teutonic brain.

Banks of Issue, and mania for Speculation.

—Our friend continued to say, that after General Jackson refused to sanction the renewal of the charter of the United States Bank, and distributed large sums of the accumulated public revenue on deposit-accounts, among the different banks of the Union, without any efficient machinery for controlling the operations of the banks by a prompt exchange of their paper, the issue of bank notes all over the Union became excessive, and new banks sprang up almost in every village, and sent paper afloat. The Americans, are, at all times, highly speculative, but this supply of currency rendered them nearly mad. Manhattan Island, fifteen miles long, and from one to three broad, on which New York was built, was all surveyed, delineated on a plan, and divided into lots. In 1836, these lots, among innumerable other objects, became subjects of speculation. They were bought and sold, and re-sold, again and

again, always rising in price, till people thought they could never have enough of them. If two persons were seen conversing in the street in New York, and you had approached them, in nineteen instances out of twenty, you would have overheard "lois," and "thousands of dollars," as the sole topics of their discourse. Very general bankruptcy followed this mania.

This description, which I subsequently ascertained to be correct, forcibly reminded me of the almost insane excitement of the propensity for wealth which afflicted Britain in 1824 and 1825. In Edinburgh, a city little engaged in trade or speculation, joint-stock companies were created by the hour, and fortunes were supposed to have been made in a day by buying and selling the shares of their stock. Lots of ground were bought at prices, or "feued" for payment of ground-rents, of the most extravagant amount; as if the world were suddenly become too small to contain the cities which were about to be reared. Upwards of 340,000*l.* were invested in new houses in Edinburgh in one year, and universal prosperity was supposed to have at length descended on a happy land. But in 1826, the bubble burst, and, up to this hour, the Scottish capital has scarcely recovered from the losses and misery which these wild schemes engendered. In England, the mania was as severely felt. If the cautious Scots could go so far wrong, we may condemn and lament the infatuation of the Americans, but, unfortunately, we are not pure enough to throw the first stone.

Friday, 5th Oct.—Thermometer 58° at half-past 7 A. M.

Road to Worcester.—This morning is still beautifully fine, and agreeably warm. We started at half-past 8, and crossed the Connecticut on a long and handsome wooden bridge, completely inclosed on the sides and covered on the top, like the bridges in Switzerland. This is the only well-finished bridge which we have seen.* All the others which we have passed over, have been temporary-looking erections, consisting of beams stretching across the river from pier to pier, or from post to post, with deals laid loosely across them, starting and clattering under the wheels and the horses' feet, and without ledges.

We stopped at Ware, a thriving village containing two cotton and two woollen manufactories, the machinery of which is driven by water. The intermediate country is undulating and picturesque, but the soil is poor, in some places wet, and generally rocky and covered with large loose stones. A few fields of young wheat look fresh and healthy. We arrived at one o'clock, and found that dinner at the public table had been served at twelve, and was long since finished. Dinner was served to us in a private parlour without difficulty or delay.

After dinner we proceeded on our journey, and at 4 P. M. arrived at Brookfield, where we found an excellent inn. Half a mile south of the village, we saw workmen employed in constructing a railroad to run between Worcester and Springfield, part of the great line which is destined to connect Albany with Boston. The rapid progress of railways in the United States was mentioned

* I regretted to observe that it was greatly injured, and part of it carried off by the ice in the spring of 1840. There was a large bend in the river commencing immediately below the bridge, and many efforts had been made to get a cut made across an isthmus, to save four miles of river navigation! This flood excavated a channel through the neck of land, and accomplished the object in one night.

to us as one reason of the neglect of common roads. The people expect the latter to be soon superseded by the former on the great thoroughfares through the Union.

The people of the village had long been Calvinists, but, about six years ago, part of them became Unitarians; and a new church was built. Both congregations were small, for there is also a Baptist meeting-house in the village. The separation was attended with great animosity among the people at the time of its occurrence, but the angry passions have now subsided, and the usual intercourse of good will is re-established among them. The law acknowledges no superiority in one sect over another, and hence the disputes that occur are merely natural ebullitions of the mind, which subside with their causes: The institutions of the country furnish no artificial fuel to give permanence to their existence.

Saturday, 6th Oct.—We set off this morning at 8 o'clock, and, after a pleasant drive, arrived at Worcester, from which there is a railroad to Boston. We have passed through several villages containing woollen manufactories, situated on the banks of a small stream in a country like that in which Stroud stands in the west of England. To-day, we have met with many wagons conveying goods to and from these manufactories; so that the resemblance between Old and New England is increasing as we proceed; but still the contrast in the condition of the labouring people is greatly to the advantage of America.

Our coachman left us at Worcester, and demanded no fees nor compensation of any kind. He was a young man, active, intelligent, and obliging, without obsequiousness, pretensions, or plausibilities. I may say the same of all the servants in the inns.

Worcester is a beautiful and thriving village, containing 7117 inhabitants. The surface of the country around it is undulating, and affords many delightful prospects. A gentle eminence rising to the west of the main street is studded with handsome wooden residences painted white, and shining in all the purity of virgin snow, from among trees, and shrubs, and flowers.

State Lunatic Hospital.—We presented letters of introduction to Dr. Samuel B. Woodward, Superintendent and Physician to the Lunatic Asylum. This monument of charity of the state of Massachusetts is situated on a beautiful eminence eastward of the town. The buildings of the west front, erected in 1831, consist of a centre, 76 feet long, 40 wide, and four stories high, projecting 22 feet forward of the wings. These extend to the north and south 90 feet each on the front, and 100 feet in the rear, and are 36 feet wide, and three stories high. This arrangement was adopted to secure free communication with the central structure, occupied by the superintendent, steward, attendants, and domestics, and to permit the ventilation and lighting of the long halls, or corridors, extending through the wings. The apartments for the insane, 8 feet by 10, have each a window, with the upper sash of cast iron and lower of wood, both glazed; on the exterior of the wooden sash is a false sash of iron, corresponding to it in its appearance and dimensions, but firmly set into the frame of the window, giving the reality of a grating without its gloomy aspect. In 1835, a building 134 feet in length, and 34 feet in width, was attached to the southern extremity of the hospital, of equal height, and extending eastward at right angles with the front; in 1836, another edifice of the same magnitude was erected at the north end.

* The only cause of taciturnity at our public tables, is the haste with which the meals are eaten, and the consequent lack of time for conversation.

Three sides of a great square are now enclosed by these extensive structures of brick.

The grants by the state for erecting the asylum were the following:—

1830. March 20.	There was granted	\$30,000
1832. March 24.	Ditto, - - -	20,000
1835. April 7.	Ditto, - - -	25,000
— — —	Ditto for a chapel,	3,000
— — —	Ditto for the purchase of additional land,	7,000
Total,		\$85,000

The hospital was opened on the 12th January, 1833, and has since been admirably managed, and the treatment of the patients attended with great success.

This structure combines the improvements which have recently been introduced into hospitals for the insane. It commands a cheerful and even beautiful prospect, from every window occupied by the patients. The ventilation and heating of the rooms are accomplished by warm air introduced into the galleries, and from them into each cell, by means of an oblong opening above the door. The pipes conveying hot air open near the ceilings of the galleries, and some advantages attend this arrangement. If the pipe opens at the floor, the stream of warm air does not diffuse itself over the apartment, as is generally supposed, but ascends in a direct column to the ceiling, and is only there broken and dispersed. It descends only after it has filled the upper spaces of the galleries. By introducing it at once at the top, these spaces are filled before much of the heat has been lost, and a warmer air descends, and enters the several rooms by the apertures above the doors. In the wall of each room is an opening about five inches square, into an air-chimney, calculated to maintain a constant circulation. These air-chimneys open into a vast garret, directly under the roof of the building, which contains numerous windows for letting off the noxious air into the atmosphere. This arrangement is attended by one considerable advantage. When the air-chimneys open directly into the external atmosphere, their action is violently affected by the state of the wind; and in cold weather, they bring down cold instead of carrying up heated and exhausted air. When they open into the garret, they are altogether protected from the wind; and by opening a fewer or a greater number of the garret windows in winter, effectual security is obtained against the descent of cold air. Dr. Woodward assured me that these chimnies are effectual; that in the morning, the rooms are pure to the senses, while the garret furnishes abundant evidence that it has received the effluvia of the night.

At the ends of the galleries, there are two large corner apartments, two sides of each of which are composed entirely of cast iron sashes, one for the women with the interstices glazed; the other for the men, without glass. The object of these is to afford air and exercise to the patients in severe weather, when they cannot go abroad, or when their state of health renders complete exposure inexpedient. There is abundance of ground attached to the hospital, in which the patients labour, and there is a chapel in which divine worship is performed every Sunday. A neat carriage, drawn by two horses, belongs to the establishment, and is constantly employed in carrying the patients on little excursions into the country to amuse them. The purity and order of the apartments are complete.

Dr. Woodward, physically and mentally, is admirably adapted for his situation. He is in the prime of life, and has large limbs, a large abdomen, large lungs, and a large head. His temperament is sanguine nervous-bilious, with a little of the lymphatic. The organs of the propensities are well developed, but those of the moral sentiments and intellect decidedly predominate. This combination produces a powerful and commanding person, characterised at once by vivacity, energy, and softness; and a mind in which intellectual power is chastened by the most kind and cheerful moral dispositions. I regard these qualities as of great importance in the superintendent of a Lunatic Asylum. If that well-spring of spontaneous vivacity which accompanies large lungs and a large brain be wanting, the individual will be more apt to sink under the depressing influence which the diseased minds of his patients will exert over his own, than to excite their faculties to more healthy and agreeable action. If he be deficient in the moral organs of the brain, he will want sympathy, softness of expression, and justness of feeling; while if he be deficient in the reflecting intellectual organs, he will want sagacity to trace effects to their causes, and to discriminate character; or if the deficiency be in the observing organs, he will lack the power of attention to incidents and details. At a subsequent time I shall revert to the management of this hospital; remarking at present, that it is a noble monument of enlightened philanthropy and of excellent administration.

Railroad to Boston.—At 4 P. M., we left Worcester by the railroad for Boston. The car in which we traveled held twenty-six persons. It was comfortable, and our journey would have been agreeable, except for the annoyance of constant showers of tobacco saliva squirted on the floor at our feet.*

The railroad from Worcester to Boston consists of a single track of rails, and the trains are arranged so as to pass each other at stations, where a portion of a double track is laid for the purpose. It runs in part on a line with the great railway between Boston and Albany. The state of Massachusetts has taken shares in the latter to the amount of \$2,000,000, and the remainder of the funds is subscribed by private individuals. The state's share of the money is borrowed on state bonds, chiefly in England, and the interest is paid out of the revenue.

Tax on Bank Capital.—One source of revenue in this state is a tax of one per cent. on all bank capital. Great difference of opinion is entertained as to the policy of this tax. Some persons say that, from its productiveness, it tempts the state to charter too many banks; others affirm that the tax is so severely felt by the banks, that it forces them to engage in hazardous speculations to pay it, and, at the same time, to realise a dividend equal to the average rate of profit in the state, and hence to endanger their stability; while other persons assure us that, by diminishing their profits, it ren-

* We were shocked at this uncleanly practice when it was new to us, and the experience of twenty months never abated the disagreeable feelings which it excited. In traveling in the public conveyances, and in most of the hotels, it was a never-ceasing source of discomfort. It is only justice to the Americans, however, to observe, that, in this abominable habit, they are kept in countenance by the Germans and the French, who, in their own country, commit the same nuisance, although England is happily free from it.

ders the banks cautious, and leads them to avoid rash enterprises and engagements; and that, altogether, it exerts a salutary influence over their transactions. One thing is certain, that the Massachusetts banks are the most stable in the Union; but it does not necessarily follow that the tax is the cause of their high character. We arrived at Boston at 7 P. M.

Sunday, Oct. 7. *Boston.*—Thermometer, at sunrise, 58°. This morning it rained heavily. We went to the Baptist Chapel, and heard Dr. — preach a sermon on the nature of regeneration. He brought out his ideas with extraordinary clearness and precision; and although much that he taught was at variance with facts established by the physiology of the brain, it was impossible not to admire the talents of the preacher. Mrs. Trollope and Mrs. Butler have both adverted to the American custom of gentlemen sitting with their feet elevated. In the pew before us in church to-day, a gentleman sat with his feet on the top of the board which holds the psalm-books. It was not a desk near the top of the seat, as in Scotland, but a receptacle for books about two thirds up the front of the pew.

Oct. 8. *The Custom House.*—This morning I went to the custom-house to procure five large packages of skulls, casts, and drawings, which I had shipped from the Clyde on the 15th of August. They had just arrived. Mr. Capen, of the firm of Messrs. Marsh, Capen, Lyon and Webb, from whom I received many civilities, introduced me to George Bancroft, Esq., the collector, and I enumerated to him the contents of the boxes. He said that by law they are entitled to be landed free of duty, as articles of science, and orders were given accordingly. I mention this circumstance because the law is liberal, and in itself obviously advantageous to the United States, and because I have seen such articles adverted to, in works on America, as if the duty had been dispensed with as a special act of favour, or of honour conferred on the individual traveller. Nothing could exceed the civility of all the official persons through whose departments the necessary entries were made. While the details of the entries were in progress, Mr. Bancroft entered into conversation with me on the philosophy of Kant, Locke, and David Stewart, and pointed out the coincidence between some of the categories of Kant, and the faculties admitted by phrenologists. He quoted Locke with such readiness, that one might have supposed him to be a professor of metaphysics. He is the author of what is generally acknowledged to be the best history of the United States. During our conversation, subordinate officers were frequently entering for instructions, or for his signature to documents. He attended to them with great urbanity of manner, and then resumed the conversation, as if business and abstract philosophy were equally agreeable to his taste, and equally within the range of his faculties. He is a powerful supporter of the democratic party, and received his appointment a few months ago from Mr. Van Buren.

The Institution for the Blind.—We attended the half-yearly examination of the blind in their institution in Pearl street, and were much gratified by their appearance and performances. The large house which they occupy, was a gift from T. H. Perkins, Esq., who still lives to witness the benefits flowing from his bounty. The institution was chartered in 1829, opened in September, 1832, and is vested in trustees. It is supported chiefly by appropriations from

the state. It is managed by Dr. Samuel George Howe, in a manner that commands at once the love and respect of the pupils, and the high approbation of the public. This gentleman, impelled by youthful enthusiasm and a generous love of the oppressed, went as a volunteer medical officer to aid the Greeks, at the time when Lord Byron joined their cause. Dr. Howe passed several years in their service, and published a very interesting account of their affairs. The romance of youth has left him, while the glowing philanthropy which first directed his steps to Greece, burns with undiminished vivacity, and he now expends the energies of a powerful and cultivated mind in teaching, training, and administering to the happiness of the blind.

The pupils showed great intelligence in reading, both in English and French, and some of them in the simpler elements of mathematics. The elder scholars defined, with promptitude and accuracy, many abstract terms relating to mind and general science, such as attention, abstraction, perception, genus, species, variety, &c. They have a full band of musical instruments, on which their performances were of a superior character. The delight of the little boys in using the drum and triangles at intervals, were strongly depicted on their countenances, while a pleasing excitement evidently pervaded both performers and auditors.

They have printed in this institution several books for the blind, and Dr. Howe exhibited specimens of their typography. The forms of the letters are slightly triangular, and differ little from those of the common alphabet. Dr. Howe mentioned that neither highly raised letters, nor very peculiar forms, are necessary. He had discovered that only the tops of the highly raised letters are soiled by the fingers, a proof that the touch is light. Experience has shown that a variety of type is as easily mastered by the finger as by the eye. Persons who see, soon learn to read with equal facility printed works in Roman, Italic, and capital letters; even the German type presents few difficulties, after the first three lessons, to foreigners who study that language. The same faculties of the mind which take cognisance of the forms of the letters through the eye, recognise them through the medium of touch. The chief difference between the two senses is, that the eye receives an impression through the medium of light, without contact with the object, while this is indispensable to the operation of the other sense. This fact supersedes much of the importance which persons who see have attached to the invention of peculiar forms of letters for the use of the blind.

Dr. Howe has presented his pupils with books printed in all the varieties of form which he could procure, and they have learned to read them with ease. This has led to a very obvious and beneficial proposal on the part of the trustees of this institution to the managers of all other asylums for the blind, namely, that they should cease to reprint each of them the same books, which to some extent they have hitherto done, and also to dispute about the superiority of the forms of their letters; that they should circulate among each other, lists of all their printed works, and that each should give previous notice before it commences printing a new book; that they should, as much as possible, each of them print different books, and then exchange their works. The advantages of this mode of proceeding would be an increase in the number and variety of books

which each institution would possess; a saving of expense; and an augmentation not only of instruction, but of pleasure to the blind in reading, arising from the very variety of type which would be presented to them. Dr. Howe mentioned that his proposal has met with little encouragement from other institutions, which is much to be regretted; and I hope that if these remarks shall be perused by any of the directors of institutions for the blind, they will give them due consideration.

Madame Caradori Allan and Mr. James Silk Buckingham, were both present at the examination; and at its close the former sang several songs, which greatly gratified the pupils. I saw tears dropping from the eyes of several of them, touched by the melody and pathos of her notes.

Oct. 9. Thermometer 37°—*Education*—*A Common School Convention*.—This morning the air has felt very cold, but the weather continues clear and dry. Winter-cloaks and great-coats are appearing. We proceeded this afternoon by railway to Taunton, a village of 6045 inhabitants, to attend a common school convention. The Hon. Horace Mann, Secretary to the Board of Education for the State, and his Excellency Edward Everett, Governor of Massachusetts, invited us to take places in the car with them. We arrived at 5 P. M. Next morning we walked through the village, which is handsome, but a portion of it lay in ruins, having been burnt to the ground sixteen days before.

Oct. 10. We went to the Unitarian church, a large, elegant stone building, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when, in American phraseology, the meeting was "called to order" by the appointment of a chairman. Persons of both sexes, and of all the religious denominations of the village and neighbourhood, attended. A prayer was offered up, some routine business transacted, and then Mr. Mann, in his official capacity of Secretary to the Board, read an address to the people, showing the necessity of education for improving the human mind, and its nature and objects. The delivery of the address occupied an hour and a half, and I never listened to a more sound, philosophical, comprehensive, practical, eloquent, and felicitous composition. It was heard with profound attention by a numerous audience; but no expression of approbation was given, the custom of this country being to receive in silence all grave discourses, without testifying either approval or disapproval. At a quarter before one o'clock, the meeting adjourned. The Rev. Andrew Bigelow invited us to dine at his house with the governor, his "aid," Colonel Clifford, and a number of clergymen, and we were sumptuously entertained.

At 2 P. M. the meeting resumed business, and we heard the governor deliver an address in seconding a resolution in support of the cause of education. His speech was distinguished for excellence, equally in matter and manner. His style is rich, yet classical and chaste, his action is graceful, and his utterance fluent. He placed the question of education on its true basis. The constitution of the state, he said, called on the people to judge of the most momentous questions affecting their own welfare and that of posterity; such as the currency, the powers which shall be wielded by every officer of the state, and the connection of this state with all the other states of the Union: it entrusted them, as jurymen, with the lives and property of their fellow-citizens; it gave them the election of the indi-

viduals who should exercise legislative authority over them, and it imposed on them a variety of important duties affecting the well-being of their own locality; the due performance of all of which offices was incompatible with ignorance. It put arms into every man's hands, and entrusted to him the defence of his own and his country's rights; and the alliance between arms and ignorance was terrific. He touched with great felicity, and with powerful effect, on a variety of other topics, urging the people to second the efforts of the state, and the teachers, to improve the education of the district.

This meeting afforded me high gratification. Mr. Everett is the chief magistrate of a state which would constitute a respectable German kingdom. He traveled with the people, and entered the church as one of the people; he had no insignia of office, and his "aid" was not distinguishable in the crowd. He addressed the people as one of themselves, but all speedily felt that he possessed that real superiority which knowledge, morality, and intellectual power, when directed to a noble end, never fail to confer; and he was treated with marked courtesy and respect. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the audience, although composed of persons in every variety of pecuniary circumstances, appeared, to the eye of a stranger, nearly all equal; they were well dressed, and none ostentatiously attired.

From the earliest settlement of this state, great attention has been bestowed on education. In the *Massachusetts Colony Laws*, 1646, chap. viii, § 13, it is enacted, "That if any child or children above sixteen years old, and of sufficient understanding, shall curse or smite their natural father, he or they shall be put to death, *unless it can be sufficiently testified, that the parents have been very unchristianly negligent in the education of such children.*"

This enactment was obviously dictated by the Mosaic law, which declares the acts of cursing and smiting a parent to be punishable with death, but which omits the qualification that proof of a neglected education shall be received as a valid defence against the charge. The modern legislators of the commonwealth have wisely repealed this and many other barbarous and bloody laws for punishing offences, and have adopted the more Christian and the more effectual method of endeavouring to prevent crimes by the universal instruction of the people.

Constitution of the Board of Education.—By the act of 20th April, 1837, the power of nominating the Board of Education, consisting of eight persons, was committed to the governor and his council. The governor, Mr. Everett, and his council were all whigs, and the governor, moreover, was a unitarian. How did they exercise the discretionary powers intrusted to them? They selected men distinguished for philanthropy and talent, from the different sections of the state, living nearly equidistant from each other, and, as nearly as possible, representing equal portions of territory and population. "They were not selected from one political party, or denomination, but from both political parties (whigs and democrats), and from all the leading religious denominations in the state." (*Common School Journal*, vol. ii, p. 70.)

The Board of Education possesses no power to control the schools, or to interfere with their management; this is left in the hands of the people themselves. The duty of the board is, to collect and diffuse information, to suggest, to

advise, and to assist, and thus to enable the schools to improve themselves. In short, they are authorised to exercise a moral and intellectual influence over the people and their schools, but to wield no other power.

The efficacy of such a Board, must in a great degree depend on the character of their secretary; for where the members live at so great a distance from each other, unity of action must be communicated to it chiefly by him. The individual appointed to this important office, was the Honourable Horace Mann. He had practised for a considerable period of time as a lawyer, at the bar of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and with such success that, after rising through various grades of public office, he was elected President of the Senate, over which he presided for two years. The Senate holds the same rank in the legislature of the state that the House of Lords does in England, and performs essentially the same functions. Such was his legal reputation also, that, on 3d November, 1835, he and the Honourable Theron Metcalf were appointed commissioners by the legislature, with directions personally to superintend the revision and codification of the laws of the state which appeared in 1836. The whole statute law is thus revised; all statutes that had been repealed are omitted; all that have been altered or amended, are reprinted in their improved form; while all inconsistent enactments are repealed or altered into harmony with the rest. The whole statutes thus revised are enacted anew, and form a code of laws. The discharge of such a duty requires extensive legal knowledge; great powers of discrimination; a capacity for details, joined with a talent for generalisation; and the whole crowned by habits of indefatigable industry. Such was the Honourable Horace Mann when he was elected Secretary to the Board of Education, and he at once directed all the energies and attainments of his powerful and experienced mind to the improvement of the education of his native state.

Common School Libraries.—The state having made provision for the formation of libraries for the schools, the Board of Education early projected the preparation of a library of books suitable for children and youth. "The plan contemplated two series, of fifty volumes of each; one, of the 18mo size, adapted for children, the other, of the duodecimo size, intended for youth. The Board proceeded to make proposals to various publishers, to undertake the work. The leading propositions were, that the enterprise should be undertaken wholly at the publisher's risk, neither the Board nor the state having any pecuniary interest in it; that the work should be executed according to sample; that it should be offered to all the public schools in Massachusetts, who might wish to purchase, at a sum never to exceed the stipulated amount; that the whole should be executed in the most durable and workmanlike manner, and in such style, as to type, paper, binding, &c., as the Board should direct; that no work should be included in the series, which had not received the unanimous approval of the Board; and that, on their part, in consideration of such undertaking, the Board would examine a sufficient number of works to complete the proposed series, and give to the publishers whatever benefit they could derive from an announcement to the public, that the work had the unanimous sanction or approbation of their body. The Board were to decide upon the books, as a jury decide upon a cause in

court, each member having a veto upon all the rest.

"The firm of Messrs. Marsh, Capen & Lyon (to which the name of Dr. Webb has since been added,) tendered propositions very much more favourable than any received from any other quarter, and an arrangement was forthwith concluded with them."

On a careful and thorough examination, it was soon found that there were very few books extant suitable in all respects for children. Measures were adopted for the improvement of existing books, and for the preparation of new ones. For these purposes, the publishers obtained the services of the most popular and talented authors in the country, either to edit existing works, or to prepare new ones. "The most eminent literary men have been, or now are, engaged in the execution of the plan. The names of Washington Irving, Dr. Wayland, the two Everetts, Greenwood, Bigelow, Rantoul, Silliman, Judge Story, Professors Lieber, Potter, Stowe, Edwards, Olmsted, Alden, Tucker, Judge Porter, &c. &c., are a pledge to the public that nothing has been omitted which can give the value of adaptation and fitness to the series. It is not too much to say, that no work has ever issued from the press in this country, to the preparation of which, one half so much knowledge and ability has been devoted." (*Common School Journal*.)

The grand objection to the formation of a library for schools was the want of some sufficient guard or security against the introduction of partisan or sectarian books. The revised statutes declare, "That the school committee shall never direct to be purchased or used, in any of the town schools, any school-books which are calculated to favour the tenets of any particular sect of Christians." The Scriptures were used in almost all the schools, either as a devotional or as a reading book; but there was a great want of religious works expository of the doctrines of revealed religion, and "also free from such advocacy of the 'tenets' of particular sects of Christians, as brought them within the scope of the legal prohibition." "This difficulty has been directly met, and entirely removed. Not enough of it is left to serve as a pretence for sophistry." "There is not a man belonging to either of the great political or religious portions, into which the community is unhappily divided, but will find, in the list of names of the members of the Board of Education, a watchful sentinel, to guard his social and spiritual rights against aggression. Suppose I am a member of the Calvinistic or orthodox congregational denomination, and I deem it a paramount duty to avert from the eyes and the ears of my children, the peculiar views of the Baptists, Unitarians, or Universalists, I see in the list the name of the Rev. Emerson Davis, of Westfield—an orthodox congregational clergyman, known to his brethren throughout the state as a man of sound judgment, of excellent feelings, of firm and undoubted steadfastness of faith. Further down, in the list, I see the name of the Rev. Dr. Robbins, of Rochester, a venerable gentleman and most learned scholar, who, for more than a quarter of a century, has been the pastor of an orthodox church and society, and upon whose soundness in the faith no suspicion has ever been cast. Without mentioning any other names, or making further inquiry, can I ask for any higher assurance, that the books examined and sanctioned by these gentlemen, will be found to contain nothing at which any orthodox man can justly take

offence? Suppose I am a Baptist, and though anxious for a library, would not accept one, on the condition that my own peculiar denominational views were to be impugned by it; when I see that the Hon. George N. Briggs—for many years a member of a Baptist church in the town where he resides—has given his approval to the books, can I, with decency, any longer retain my suspicions—if suspicions I ever had! That gentleman for many years past has been a representative in the Congress of the United States, and surely it would be arrogant in me to say that he was not as capable as myself of detecting whatever is objectionable in them. Or suppose I dissent from the Trinitarian faith, in any of the modifications in which it is held, and enrol myself either with the Unitarians, or with the Universalists; are there not Mr. Putnam and Mr. Hudson, both clergymen, who will, respectively, guard every point, and see that the dissimulative views, neither of Calvin nor of Hopkins, shall find their way to the children's minds through these neutral and impartial pages? But I need not dwell longer on this point. All will perceive, that every pledge for fairness, every security against proselytism, has been given. Should any glimmer, any effluvium, or infinitesimal particle of doctrines adverse to mine, permeate through all these guards, and become just perceptible or discoverable, in the books, to the keenest sight or scent, I cannot surely have any great faith, even in my own faith, if I am filled with dread lest its foundations should be subverted or unsettled by them. And so as regards political views—are not the names of Governor Everett and Mr. Rantoul a sufficient pledge that the library is tainted by no false doctrines or sub-treasures or banks?" (*Common School Journal*.)

Normal Schools.—The Board of Education had proceeded only a short way in the discharge of its duties, when it became apparent to them (and it was no new discovery to the friends of education in the state), that a grand impediment to the improvement of schools consisted in the want of properly qualified teachers. "It was stated publicly, by a member of the school committee of a town containing thirty or more school districts, that one half at least of the teachers appointed by them would be rejected, only that it would be vain to expect better teachers for the present remuneration." The salaries of male teachers throughout the state, inclusive of board, was \$25 44 cents per month, and to female teachers, \$11 38 cents. It is supposed that \$2 50 cents a week, for males, and \$1 50 cents a week for females, would be a very low estimate for the average price of their board, respectively, throughout the state. On this basis of computation, the wages of male teachers, exclusive of board, were, on an average, \$15 44 cents per month, or at the rate of \$185 28 cents by the year; and the average wages of female teachers, exclusive of board, was \$5 38 cents a month, or at the rate of \$64 56 cents *per annum*. The wages of a labourer are \$1 a day, or \$300 a year, excluding Sundays and holidays.

More than five sixths of the children in the state are dependent on the common schools for instruction, while less than one sixth are educated in private schools and academies. The valuation of the state in 1830, was \$208,360,407 54 cents, and in 1837, it was estimated to amount to three hundred millions of dollars. The sum raised by taxes in the year 1837, for the support of common schools, in so far as reported to the secretary,

over its rocky bed. Above all this was heard the fiend like shriek of the wind, yelling as if the demon of desolation had been riding upon its blast. The whole scene had an air of unreality about it that bewildered the senses. It was like some of those wild dramatic exhibitions where nature's operations are out-heroded by the mechanist of the theatre, where mountains are thrown down by artificial storms. Never did the unsubstantiality of all earthly things come so perfectly home to my conviction. The hand of God appeared to be at work, and I felt that had he only pronounced his dread fiat, millions of such worlds as that we inhabit would cease to exist! It is only in situations like these, where the sounds are reflected by surrounding hills, that we can at all feel a storm. In the polar regions, where no traces of vegetation appear upon that glassy surface, there is a complete absence of sound: as on the highest point of the Alps, a *'solemn silence reigns.'* But as the avalanches descend, their thunders roll through the valleys in awful grandeur.

"Perhaps of all noises which are augmented by continued reverberations, none are more appalling than the experiment of rolling a portion of rock into Heldon Hole, in Derbyshire. To stand on the brink of this fathomless gulf, and to hear the thundering mass fall from cavern to cavern, wakening the frightful echoes in the vast chambers below, fills the mind with terror and dismay. This noise, more terrible than the whirlpool of Charybdis, is, in some degree, imitated by Haydn, in a chorus in *Judah*, at the words *'the Lord devoureth them all.'* The sounds sinking into an abyss of harmony, are penned with an effect worthy of the great Beethoven himself."

To the wind we are indebted for the pleasing sounds of the Eolian harp, and even for the invention of the stringed harp played by the fingers. On the banks of the Nile a dead tortoise was found, of which nothing remained but the shell, and some dried sinews that were stretched across. The wind breathing over them drew forth sounds which a traveller, fabled to be Apollo, noticed, and for many ages afterwards the shell was deemed an essential part of the lyre. It was the original sounding board, for which we have substituted a more convenient material. The twang of the hunter's bow is said to have suggested the improvement of the string stretched over a larger space, and also to have suggested the form of the primitive harp. Nature has still many instruments of her own, the rocks, the trees, the waves of the ocean, from which she frequently elicits sounds, that, while they delight the well informed, terrify the ignorant.

"Sailors are a most superstitious race, and have a secret dread of remarkable sounds heard at sea. At the Land's End, it is not uncommon to hear a mysterious sound off the coast previous to a storm, which fishermen are not willing to attribute to natural causes, but believe it to come from the spirit of the deep. This effect is obviously occasioned by the coming storm whistling through the crevices of the rocks that stand in the sea, and which skirt the Cornish coast; so much do the people consider this as ominous of shipwreck, that no one can be persuaded to venture out to sea while this warning voice is heard. In the northern seas, our sailors are alarmed by a singular musical effect, which is now well understood to proceed from the whale inhaling his breath. Similar sounds probably may be uttered by other monsters of the deep, upon which the ancients fallaciously founded their notions of sea nymphs and sirens.

The peasantry may be classed with the sailors; they have not yet lost their faith in witchcraft and supernatural agency: yet such is the advance of knowledge in the manufacturing districts, where science is blended with every operation and every art, that these traits of ignorance no longer exist. The idea that fairies dance in the meadows on warm summer nights to *sweet music*, no doubt has arisen from the sound ascribed to the midnight dances of the ephemera, noticed at the 247th page; but to see these green little figures *fitting to and fro*, is a stretch of imagination that can only result from a state of fear and trepidation. Great stress is laid by the country people upon sounds heard in the night time,

such as the croaking of the raven, or the thrilling note of the screech owl. These are always considered as bad omens, and a certain presage of disaster and death.

"The power of the imagination to reproduce sounds, when in a state between sleeping and waking, is a fact that no one can doubt. Who has not found himself suddenly aroused by a sound, or startled out of sleep by a well-known voice, when it is certain no sound had been uttered? These effects, like our dreams, are excited by causes extremely slight. By the lower order these sounds are considered as calls or warnings from invisible spirits."

THE FOUR HENRYS.

TRANSLATED FROM PAUL DE KOCK.

It was on a gloomy, dismal evening, the rain falling in torrents, that an old woman, who passed in the neighbourhood for a sorceress, and who inhabited a poor cottage in the forest of Saint-Germain, heard some one knocking at her door; she opened it, and saw a gentleman who demanded her hospitality; she placed his horse in a stable, and made him enter. By the light of a smoky lamp, she saw that he was a young man, whose habit bespoke his quality. The old woman lighted a fire and demanded if he desired something to eat. A stomach of sixteen years, like a heart of the same age, is very eager and not very choice. The young man accepted her offer. A scrap of cheese and a piece of brown bread were brought from the closet. It was all the provision she possessed.

"I have nothing more," said she to the young man; "the tithes, taxes, and excises disable me from offering any thing else to travellers: besides the rustics of the neighbourhood call me sorceress, and devote me to the devil, in order to deprive me, without injury to their consciences, of the products of my poor field."

"Pardieu!" exclaimed the gentleman; "if I should ever become king of France, I would suppress the impost, and cause the people to be instructed."

"May God help you!" said the old woman.

At these words the young gentleman approached the table to eat; but at the same moment a new knock at the door stopped him. The woman opened the door and saw another gentleman, pierced through with the rain, who demanded shelter. This being granted him, he entered, and sat down.

"Is it you, Henry?" said the one?

"Yes, Henry," replied the other.

Both were called Henry. The old woman learnt by their conversation, that they belonged to a numerous hunting party, conducted by Charles IX. which had been dispersed by the storm.

"Have you nothing else to give us?" demanded the second comer.

"Nothing," replied she.

"In that case," said he, "let us share it."

The first Henry made a grimace; but, in regarding the resolute eye and determined bearing of the second Henry, he said in a voice of chagrin:

"Let us share it, then."

This thought arose in his mind, though he did not dare to express it; "Let us share it, for fear he will take all."

They now seated themselves opposite one another, and already one of them was about to cut the bread with his dagger, when a third knock was heard at the door. The rencontre was singular: this was also a young gentleman, and also a Henry. The old woman began to consider them with surprise. The first wished to conceal the bread and cheese; the second replaced them upon the table, and placed his sword by their side. The third Henry smiled.

"You do not wish to give me any of your supper," said he; "I can wait, for I have a good stomach."

"The supper," said the first Henry, "belongs of right to the first occupant."

"The supper," said the second, "belongs to him who best knows how to defend it."

The third Henry became red with anger, and said haughtily:

"Perhaps it belongs to him who knows best how to conquer it."

These words were hardly spoken when the first Henry drew his dagger, and the other two their swords. As they were on the point of beginning a combat, a fourth knock was heard at the door, a fourth young man, a fourth gentleman, a fourth Henry was introduced. At the sight of the naked swords, he draws his, places himself by the side of the most feeble, and heedlessly begins the attack. The old woman conceals herself in terror, and the swords destroy every thing with which they come in contact. The lamp falls, is extinguished, and each strikes in the dark. The noise of the swords lasts for some time, then gradually diminishes, and finally ceases altogether. The woman then leaves her hiding place, lights her lamp, and sees the four men extended on the floor, each with a wound. She examines them: fatigue had disabled them more than the loss of blood. They rose one after the other, and, ashamed of what had just happened, they began to laugh and exclaimed:

"Come, let us sup in friendship without bearing resentment."

But when they went to look for their supper, they found it on the floor, trodden under foot, and covered with blood. As coarse as it was, they greatly regretted it. On the other side, the cottage was devastated, and the old woman, seated in a corner, fixed her dark eyes upon the four young men.

"Why do you look at us so?" demanded the first Henry, who felt troubled at her glance.

"I am reading your destinies written upon your foreheads," replied the old woman.

The second Henry commanded her harshly to reveal to them what she saw; the two last began laughing.

The old woman replied:

"As you four have been reunited in this cottage, so you will all four be reunited in the same destiny. As you have trodden under foot and soiled with blood the bread that hospitality has offered you, so will you trample under foot and soil with blood the power that you will hereafter share; as you have devastated and impoverished this chamber, so will you devastate and impoverish France; as you have all four been wounded in the dark, you will all four perish by treason and by a violent death."

The four young gentlemen could not prevent themselves from laughing at the prediction of the old woman.

These four gentlemen were the four heroes of the league; two as its chiefs, two as its enemies.

Henry of Condé, poisoned at Saint-Jean-d'Angely by his wife.

Henry of Guise, assassinated at Blois by the forty-five.

Henry of Valois (Henry III.), assassinated by Jacques Clement at Saint-Cloud.

Henry of Bourbon (Henry IV.), assassinated at Paris by Ravallac.

Passages from Mr. Torrens's translation of Arabian manuscripts—which show very plainly we have not all the cake-shops, pretty women, and pleasant entertainments to ourselves in Chesnut street—the scene, Bagdad.

"So he lifted the hamper and followed her until she stopped at the shop of a sweetmeat-seller, and she bought an earthen dish, and laid on it of all that was in his shop, either cross barred, or cake sweetmeats, scented with musk, and soapcakes, (!) and lemon drops, and ladies' kisses, and Zeenab's combs, and ladies' fingers, and of the large sweetmeats called the kaze's mouthfuls, and took of all sorts of sweetmeats, on the dish."

A picture for a lover.

"Then looked the porter for her who opened the gate to the damsel, and lo! she was in stature just five cubits, of prominent and fleshy figure, a very queen of beauty and of elegance, of fairness, and of perfection, and she had hit the very mean of beauty:

her forehead glossy, and her face of ruddy hue, and her eyes like to those of the wild cow and the ghuzul, and her eyebrows like the bow of the first day's moon of the month Shubân, and her cheeks like anemones, and her mouth small as the ring of Sooleiman, and her lips red as coral, and her teeth like stringed pearls and the white camomile, and her throat like the antelope's, and her bosom sloping as a penthouse, and her breast like two unripe pomegranates, and her body decked in damask silk."

A third lady is thus described.

"And there appeared at their entry a damsel of beaming countenance, and gentle cheerful beauty, and tutored manners, with moon-formed shape, and eyes fraught as with Babylonian witchcraft, and the bows of the eyebrows like the bend of a river, and her stature straight as the letter Alif, and the odour of her breathing as ambergris, and her lips cornelian coloured, sugar sweet, and her face fit to shame the light of the bright sun, and she was even as one of the constellations from on high, or a dome worked with gold, or a bride dressed for her bridegroom, or an Arab maiden not twenty years of age, as the poet sung of her when he said:—

'Or well strung pearls, or frost-white hail, or blossoms of the camomile
Are what, for so indeed they seem, she shows us in her smile;
The tressed ringlets of her hair hang down her shoulders dark as night,
And the glad radiance of her charms might shame the morning light.'

A pleasant company:—

"Then the damsel took the cup, and drank it off, and sat down with her sisters, and they ceased not drinking, and the porter in the midst of them; and they kept on with dance and laugh, and songs and verses, and jingling anagrams; and the porter was going on with them, with quips, and kisses, and cranks, and tricks, and pinches, and girls' play, and romping; this one giving him a dainty mouthful, and that one thumping him, and that one slapping his cheeks, and this serving perfumes to him; and he was with them in the height of joy, even as if he were sitting in the seventh heaven among the hours of paradise; and they stayed not doing after this manner, until the wines played in their heads and in their senses. Now when the wine got the better of them, the portress stood up, and took off some of her upper clothes, and she was unveiled, and she let flow a tress about her, as it were a garment, and she threw herself into the tank, and played with the water, and dived, and jumped up, and took the water in her mouth, and spirted it at the porter."

"So she bathed, and washed herself, and then came out of the water, and sat by the side of the porter, and said, 'Now, my master, now my fine fellow;' and she asked him a riddle. So the porter said this, and that, and answered impudently, and she said, 'Hallo! are you not ashamed?' And she seized him by the neck, and beat him heartily."

"Then the (second) damsel took off her upper clothes, and cast herself into the tank, and dived and sported about, and bathed: then looked the porter upon her unveiled, as if she were a fragment of the moon, her face like the moon when at the full, and like the dawn when at the brightest: and he looked on her fair stature, and her shape, and he began to address her extemporaneously:—

'If I thy beauteous form, my fair,
Should to the date-tree bough compare,
Sure envious spite, 'gainst charms so rare
Would o'er my heart prevail;
The date-tree bough is fairest seen,
Enveloped in its leafy screen,
But thou art fairest far, I ween,
When seen without a veil.'

"Then the cup passed round among them a full hour, until the porter stood up, and went down into the tank; and they looked at him, swimming in the water, and he bathed in like manner as they did. Then he came up and threw himself among them, and said, 'Now my mistresses;' and asked them a

riddle: and they all laughed at his riddle, till their heads fell on their shoulders; and one said, This, and the other, That, and he said 'No,' and took forfeits from each one of them for their foolish answers."

THE WORTH OF BOOKS.

The effect of any writing on the public mind is mathematically measurable by its depth of thought. How much water does it draw? If it awakes you to think; if it lifts you from your feet with the great voice of eloquence; then the effect is to be wide, slow, permanent, over the minds of men; if the pages instruct you not, they will die like flies in the hour. The way to speak and write what shall not go out of fashion, is, to speak and write sincerely. The argument which has not power to reach my own practice, I may well doubt, will fail to reach yours. But take Sidney's maxim: "Look in thy heart, and write." He that writes to himself, writes to an eternal public. That statement only is fit to be made public which you have come at in attempting to satisfy your own curiosity. The writer who takes his subject from his ear and not from his heart, should know that he has lost as much as he seems to have gained, and when the empty book has gathered all its praise, and half the people say—"what poetry! what genius!" it still needs fuel to make fire. That only profits which is profitable. Life alone can impart life; and though we should burst, we can only be valued as we make ourselves valuable. There is no luck in literary reputation. They who make up the final verdict upon every book, are not the partial and noisy readers of the hour when it appears; but a court as of angels, a public not to be bribed, not to be entreated, and not to be overawed, decides upon every man's title to fame. Only those books come down which deserve to last. All the gilt edges and vellum and morocco, all the presentation copies to all the libraries will not preserve a book in circulation beyond its intrinsic date. It must go with all Walpole's noble and royal authors to its fate. Blackmore, Kotzebue, or Pollok may endure for a night, but Moses and Homer stand for ever. There are not in the world at any one time more than a dozen persons who read and understand Plato:—never enough to pay for an edition of his works; yet to every generation these come duly down, for the sake of these few persons, as if God brought them in his hand. "No book," said Bentley, "was ever written down by any but itself." The permanence of all books is fixed by no effort friendly or hostile, but by their own specific gravity, or the intrinsic importance of their contents to the constant mind of man. "Do not trouble yourself too much about the light on your statue," said Michael Angelo to the young sculptor; "the light of the public square will test its value."—*Emerson's Essays.*

MELANCHOLY.

There is a mighty spirit known on earth
By many names, though one alone becomes
Its mystery, its beauty, and its power.
It is not Fear—'tis not the passive fear
That sinks before the future, nor the dark
Despondency that hangs upon the past;
Not the soft spirit that doth bow to pain,
Nor that which dreads itself, or slowly eats
Like a dull canker till the heart decays.
But in the meditative mind it lives,
Shelter'd, caress'd, and yields a great return.
And in the deep silent communion
Which it holds over the poet's soul,
Temper, and doth befit him to obey
High inspiration. To the storm and winds
It giveth answer in as proud a tone;
Or on its seat, the heart of man receives
The gentler tidings of the elements.
I—often home returning from a spot
Holy to me from many wanderings,
Of fancy, or in fact, have felt the power
Of MELANCHOLY stealing on my soul

Mingling with pleasant images, and from
Sorrow dividing joy; until the shape
Of each did gather to a diviner hue,
And shone unclouded by a thought of pain.
Grief may sublime itself, and pluck the sting
From out its breast, and muse until it seem
Ethereal, starry, speculative, wise.
But then it is that melancholy comes,
Out-charming grief—(as the gray morning stills
The tempest off) and from its fretful fire
Draws a pale light, by which we see ourselves,
The present, and the future, and the past.

Barry Cornwall.

NEW BOOKS.

Carleton. A Tale of Seventeen Hundred and Seventy
Sir. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard, 1841.

Our readers are well aware of the partiality we entertain for national novels—those which are framed from home materials and illustrate glorious epochs in the history of our country. This is a merit, but by no means the sole merit in the book before us. The style is easy, unambitious and unaffected; the story is told in that straight forward, business like manner which exactly suits our taste, and which constitutes the charm that so attaches us to James, the best of living novelists. The interest of the story, the scene of which is laid chiefly in New York, is greatly enhanced by its connection with the political and military history of the memorable year 1776. The author has made the best use of his materials, and has furnished a story which will be read with undiminished interest so long as Americans shall continue to look back with pleasure on the most heroic era in the national annals.

Corse de Leon: The Brigand. By the author of
Richelieu, &c. New York, Harper & Brother,
1841.

This is a historical tale of the period of Henry II. of France. Some of the most interesting parts of the story consist of facts, drawn from ancient chronicles, and but slightly varied in their outline and colouring by the novelist. Corse de Leon himself is a very well drawn character; so are Brissac, Bernard de Rohan, and Isabel de Brienne. But our favourite, among all the personages, is the honest priest, father Willard. The reader may always count on good sport, whenever he makes his appearance on the stage of action.

There are, as usual in James's novels, many brilliant passages—models in descriptive and reflective writing, some of which we shall hereafter copy for the entertainment of our readers.

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From the Edinburgh Review.

SPIRIT OF SOCIETY IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

The great distinction of *fashion* in France, as it was—and in England, as it is—we consider to be this. In the former country the natural advantages were affected, in the latter we covet the acquired. There the aspirants to fashion pretend to wit—here they pretend to wealth. In this country, from causes sufficiently obvious, social reputation has long been measured by the extent of a rent-roll; respectability has been another word for money; and the point on which competitors have been the most anxious to vie with each other has been that exact point in which personal merit can have the least possible weight in the competition. The ambition of the French gallant, if devoted to a frivolous object, was at least more calculated to impress society with a graceful and gay tone than the inactive and unrelieved ostentation of the English pretender. And those circles to which a *bon mot* was the passport, could scarcely fail to be more agreeable than circles in which, to be the most courted, it is sufficient to be the first-born. A Frenchman had, at least, one intellectual incentive to his social ambition;—to obtain access to the most fashionable, was to obtain access to the most pleasant, the most witty circles in his capital. But to enjoy the most difficult society of London is to partake of the insipidity of a decorated and silent crowd, of the mere sensual gratification of a costly dinner.

To give acerbity to the tone of our fashion—while it is far from increasing its refinement—there is a sort of negative opposition made by the titled aristocrats to that order, from which it must be allowed the majority have sprung themselves. Descended, for the most part, from the unpedigreed rich, they affect to preserve from that class circles exclusive and impassable. Fashion to their heaven is like the lotus to Mahomet's; it is at once the ornament and the barrier. To the opulent, who command power, they pretend, while worshipping opulence, to deny *ton*: a generation passes, and the proscribed class have become the exclusive. "Si le financier manque son coup, les courtisans disent de lui,—c'est un bourgeois, un homme de rien, un malotru: s'il réussit, ils, lui demandent sa fille." This mock contest, in which riches ultimately triumph, encourages the rich to a field in which they are ridiculous till they conquer; and makes the one race servile, that the race succeeding may earn the privilege to be insolent. If the merchant or the banker has the sense to prefer the

station in which he is respectable, to attempting success in one that destroys his real eminence, while it apes a shadowy distinction, his wife, his daughters, his son in the guards, are not often so wise. If one class of the great remain aloof, another class are sought, partly to defy, and partly to decoy;—and ruinous entertainments are given, not for the sake of pleasure, but with a prospective yearning to the columns of the *Morning Post*. They do not relieve dulness, but they render it pompous; and instead of suffering wealth to be the commander of enjoyment, they render it the slave to a vanity, that, of all the species of that unquiet passion, is the most susceptible to pain. Circles there are in London, in which to be admitted is to be pleased and to admire; but those circles are composed of persons above the fashion or aloof from it. Of those where that tawdry deity presides, would it be extravagant to say that existence is a course of strife, subserviency, hypocrisy, meanness, ingratitude, insolence, and mortification; and that to judge of the motives which urge to such a life, we have only to imagine the wish to be every where in the pursuit of nothings?

Fashion in this country is also distinguished from her sister in France, by our want of social enthusiasm for genius. It showed, not the power of appreciating his talents, but a capacity for admiring the more exalted order of talents (which we will take leave to say is far from a ridiculous trait in the national character), that the silent and inelegant Hume was yet in high request in the brilliant coteries of Paris. In England, the enthusiasm is for distinction of a more sounding kind. Were a great author to arrive in London, he might certainly be neglected; but a petty prince could not fail of being eagerly courted. A man of that species of genius which amuses—not exalts—might indeed create a momentary sensation. The oracle of science—the discoverer of truth, might be occasionally asked to the *soirees* of some noble Mæcenas; but every drawing-room, for one season at least, would be thrown open to the new actress or the imported musician. Such is the natural order of things in our wealthy aristocracy, among whom there can be as little sympathy with those who instruct, as there must be gratitude to those who entertain, till the entertainment has become the prey of satiety, and the hobbyhorse of the new season replaces the rattle of the last.

Here, we cannot but feel the necessity of subjecting our gallantry to our reason, and enquiring how far the indifference to what is great, and the passion for what is frivolous, may be occasioned by the present tone of that influence which wo-

men necessarily exercise in this country, as in all modern civilised communities. Whoever is disposed to give accurate attention to the constitution of fashion (which fashion in the higher classes, is, in other words, the spirit of society,) must at once perceive how largely that fashion is formed, and how absolutely it is governed, by the gender sex. Our fashion may indeed be considered the aggregate of the opinions of our women. In order to account for the tone that fashion receives, we have but to inquire into the education bestowed upon women. Have we, then, instilled into them those public principles (as well as private accomplishments) which are calculated to ennoble opinion, and to furnish their own peculiar inducements of reward to a solid and lofty merit in the opposite sex? Our women are divided into classes—the domestic and the dissipated. The latter employ their lives in the pettiest intrigues, or, at best, in a round of vanities that usurp the name of amusements. Women of the highest rank alone take much immediate share in politics; and that share, it must be confessed, brings any thing but advantage to the state. No one will assert that these soft aspirants have any ardour for the public—any sympathy with measures that are pure and unselfish. No one will deny that they are the first to laugh at principles, which it is but justice to say, the education we have given them precludes them from comprehending,—and to excite the parental emotions of the husband, by reminding him that the advancement of his sons requires interest with the minister. The domestic class of women are not now, we suspect, so numerous as they have been estimated by speculators on our national character. We grant their merits at once; and we inquire if the essence of these merits be not made to consist in the very refraining from an attempt to influence public opinion,—in the very ignorance of all virtues connected with the community;—if we shall not be told that the proper sphere of woman is private life, and the proper limit to her virtues, the private affections. Now, were it true that women did not influence public opinion, we should be silent on the subject, and subscribe to all those charming commonplaces on retiring modesty and household attractions that we have so long been accustomed to read and hear. But we hold that feminine influence, however secret, is unavoidably great; and owing to this lauded ignorance of public matters, we hold it also to be unavoidably corrupt. It is clear that women of the class we speak of attaching an implied blame to the exercise of the reasoning faculty, are necessarily the reservoir of unexamined opinions and established prejudices,—that those opinions

and prejudices colour the education they give to their children, and the advice they bestow upon their husbands. We allow them to be the soothing companion and the tender nurse—(these are admirable merits—these are all their own)—but, in an hour of wavering between principle and interest, on which side would their interest lie?—would they inculcate the shame of a pension, or the glory of a sacrifice to the public interest? On the contrary, how often has the worldly tenderness of the mother been the secret cause of the tarnished character and venal vote of the husband; or, to come to a pettier source of emotion, how often has a wound, or an artificial pampering to some feminine vanity, led to the renunciation of one party advocating honest measures, or to the adherence to another subsisting upon courtly intrigues! In more limited circles, how vast that influence in forming the national character, which you would deny because it is secret!—how evident a proof of the influence of those whose minds you will not enlarge, in that living which exceeds means,—so pre-eminently English—so wretched in its consequences,—so paltry in its object! Who shall say that the whole comfortless, senseless, heartless system of ostentation which pervades society has no cause—not in women, if you like,—but in the education we give them?

We are far from wishing that women, of what rank soever, should intermeddle with party politics, or covet the feverish notoriety of state intrigues, any more than we wish they should possess the universal genius ascribed to Lady Anne Clifford by Dr. Donne, and be able to argue on all subjects “from predestination to slea silk.” We are far from desiring them to neglect one domestic duty, or one household tie; but we say—for women as for men—there is no sound or true morality where there is no knowledge of—no devotion to—public virtue. In the education women receive, we would enlarge their ideas to the comprehension of political integrity; and in the variety of events with which life tries the honesty of men, we would leave to those principles we have inculcated—unpolluted as they would be by the close contagion of party—undisturbed by the heat and riot of action—that calm influence, which would then scarcely fail to be as felicitous and just as we deem it now not unoften unhappy and dishonouring. But of all the inducements to female artifice and ambition, our peculiar custom of selling our daughters to the best advantage is the most universal. We are a match-making nation. The system in France, and formerly existent in this country, of betrothing children, had at least with us one good effect among many bad. If unfriendly to chastity in France, it does not appear to have produced so pernicious an effect in England; but while it did not impair the endearments of domestic life, it rendered women less professionally hollow and designing at that period of life when love ceases to encourage deceit; it did not absorb their acutest faculties in a game in which there is no less hypocrisy requisite than in the amours of a Dorimont or a Belinda—but without the excuse of the affections. While this custom increases the insincerity of our social life, it is obvious that it must react also on its dulness; for wealth and rank being the objects sought, are the objects courted; and thus, another reason is given for crowding our circles with important stolidity, and weeding them of persons poor enough to be agreeable—and because agreeable—dangerous and unwelcome.

Would we wish, then, the influence to be less? We will evade the insidious question. We wish it to be differently directed. By contracting their minds, we weaken ourselves; by cramping their morality, we ruin our own; as we ennoble their motives, society will rise to a loftier tone—and even Fashion herself may be made to reward glory as well as frivolity. Nay, we shall not even be astonished if it ultimately encourages, with some portion of celebrity and enthusiasm, the man who has refused a bribe, or conferred some great benefit on his country, as well as the idol of Crockford's or the heir to a dukedom.

(To be continued.)

A STORY OF TEXAS.

The following from a new book called “Texas and the Texans,” is an interesting story of real life—if the reader will make some allowance for the epic style in which it is written.

In the spring of eighteen hundred and fifteen, there dwelt near the city of Natchez, a juvenile belle of great vivacity and loveliness, whose wit and beauty were heightened by the refinement of her manners and the purity of her sentiments. Though young in years, she was not a minor in mental accomplishments; and attracting the admiration of all, she was wooed unwon by suitors of the highest renown. She was now arrived at that age when the laws of Mississippi require a parentless child to choose a guardian. Accident led to the choice which she made; and whether it was a prudent and judicious one, the reader must determine when he hears the sequel.

Tying a sun-bonnet of green silk under her fair round chin, and slinging her satchel on her arm, she was about to obey the summons of the academy bell, when she was suddenly stopped by a little negro girl, who announced in a joyous mood, that a stranger had just gone into the sick man's room. “And what is that to me?” said the youthful beauty, “do his friends not call upon him every day?” “But this is the handsomest man in the world,” replied the unsophisticated servant, “and I want you to see him before you go to school.” Now the handsomest man in the world was certainly a sight worth seeing, for which a belle in her teens might very well afford to lose an afternoon's recitation. Accordingly she doffed her bonnet and threw aside her books, with a determination to take a peep at this fair Adonis. Whether this was done with the usual negligence of juvenility, or whether she stole a glance at the mirror to adjust her shining ringlets, is a matter of which fame reporteth not; but it is said of her, however, that she never looked more lovely in her life, nor glowed her cheeks with a deeper crimson than when the unexpected visitor—leaving the room of his patient—entered the parlour *sans ceremonie*, without the formalities of an introduction, but with a dignity and ease that bespoke the gentleman and the man of breeding. His personal appearance came up fully to her excited expectations; and although he was not the handsomest man in the world, he nevertheless possessed a very commanding figure—tall, active and erect, with a fiery eye and a martial tread, the very hero for a tale of love and war. His name and the purpose of his visit, were mysteries soon explained. He was a surgeon in the army, and had come to administer to one of his companions in arms who was then experiencing the hospitality of the family.

It is unnecessary to tell the reader, for he has guessed already, that our youthful heroine experienced the fate of Dido. She saw and was subdued. But more fortunate than Dido, her partiality was met by a generous requital. The heart of our hero bowed to the domination of beauty. Indeed, for him to have gazed unmoved and passionless upon a flower of such unrivalled sweetness would have argued a want of that ardour and enthusiasm which are considered essential to the character of a soldier. In a few

minutes, the happy couple, mutually pleased, found themselves seated by the window, contending with each other in a game of draughts. The lady of course was victor, and won of her antagonist a pair of gloves. The payment of this debt formed a fair pretext for our hero to renew his visit on the succeeding day. “I come,” said he, “to settle accounts; for debts of honour must be punctually paid.” The lady, however, declined receiving the gloves, on the ground that she had played for amusement only, with no view of exacting the forfeiture. “Then,” said the gentleman, “if you will not take them as you due, you must at least accept of them as a present.” To this the lady could not politely demur; and as she put forth her snowy fingers to receive the gloves, the happy donor, in a tone betwixt jocularly and earnest, expressed a wish that the hand that gave might go with the gift. This was enough. The lady understood the hint, and was pleased to see how the wind was blowing. In a short time they were open and avowed lovers. But it is known that the course of true love never did run smooth. The friends of the lady objected to the union on the very good grounds of the youth and inexperience of the parties; and for a good while the uncompromising character of the opposition seemed in a fair way to defeat the wishes of the sighing couple. Chance and courage however decided the matter.

We have already told that our young heroine would shortly have to choose her guardian. The time for making this selection was now arrived; and being called upon to name the individual of her choice, she turned and pointed to her lover. An objection was made. “I will name no other,” said the thwarted damsel; “you force me to choose, and he is my choice.” Her friends remonstrated—she was obstinate—they scolded—she persisted—and at length when it became obvious that she really intended what she said, all further hostility ceased, and it was many days before the delighted lover was hailed as the family in the double capacity of guardian and husband. They were married on the fourteenth of May, eighteen hundred and fifteen, the bride being in her fourteenth year, and the bridegroom in his twentieth. And ask ye who were the parties! The lady's maiden name was Jane H. Wilkinson, the niece of General Wilkinson. She was born in Charles county, Maryland; and losing her father at an early age, removed with her mother to the state of Mississippi in eighteen hundred and eleven. The hero of the story is no other than the chivalrous General Long.

James Long was born in Virginia, and at an early age removed to Kentucky, and thence to Tennessee. He was a merchant at fifteen; but being ill qualified for such pursuits, soon failed in business, and then acted as clerk in his father's store for two years, during which time he saved by great economy six hundred dollars, with which he educated himself, and afterward studied medicine under Dr. Holland, of Tennessee. From the shop he entered the army; was a great favourite of General Jackson, who used to call him his young lion. He was attached to the medical staff of Carroll's brigade, and distinguished himself in the battle of New Orleans. After this memorable victory, Carroll and Coffee being ordered to Natchez, Long accompanied them in his official character; and it was whilst he was at this place in attendance upon an invalid soldier at Mr. Calvert's, that he fell under the observation of the negro girl whose favourable report of his personal appearance had led to such an unexpected and happy result. On the third day after his marriage, having first resigned his station in the medical staff, he left Natchez on a traveling excursion; and after the lapse of two months, settled at Fort Gibson,* pursuing his profession for a short time, when at the earnest entreaties of his wife, he abandoned the practice of medicine altogether, and purchased a plantation near the Walnut Hills, in Warren county. He subsequently owned the tract on which the city of Vicksburg is located. He soon however disposed of his farm and commenced merchandising in Natchez, where he continued in business for two years, when he was called

* Now known as the town of Port Gibson.

was \$465,228 4 cents, which, if we assume the correctness of the above estimate, is less than one mill and six tenths of a mill on each dollar comprising the capital, real and personal, of the state!

When it was maintained as a reason against augmenting the salaries of the teachers, that the state could not afford any increase of its annual appropriations for schools, the question was put in derision, "Whether something more than one six-hundredth part of its welfare might not come from the enlightenment of its intellect and the soundness of its morals?"

So strong, however, was the aversion of the people to submit to additional taxation, that the Board did not propose any specific measures for improving the instruction of teachers, until in March 1838, Edmund Dwight, Esq. of Boston, a member of the Board, authorised the secretary to offer to the legislature the sum of \$10,000, to be expended in the qualification of teachers of common schools, on condition that the legislature should place in the hands of the Board an equal sum to be appropriated to the same purpose. A committee of the legislature reported strongly in favour of accepting of the offer, and a resolution to do so passed both branches almost unanimously, and on the 19th of April was approved of by the governor.

The Board was now possessed of the sum of \$20,000 applicable to the instruction of 2370 male, and 3591 female teachers, being the total numbers employed in the *public* schools! but how was so small a sum to be most beneficially expended to promote the object in view? "The Board caused due notice to be given to the friends of education in all parts of the commonwealth, that, until the whole fund in their hands should become pledged, they would undertake to establish, in any place unobjectionable in point of locality, a school for the qualification of teachers, and would sustain the same for the space of three years, provided that suitable buildings, fixtures, and furniture, together with the means of carrying on such a school (exclusive of the compensation of the teachers of the school,) could be obtained from private liberality and placed under the control of the Board. In the course of the last season, offers substantially complying with this proposition, were made to the Board from seven different towns in the state. Other towns also made generous propositions to the Board, with a view to become partakers of the bounty which public and private liberality had placed at its control."

After an anxious comparison of all practicable plans, the towns of Lexington and Barre were selected for the location of two of the Normal schools, and the location of the third was undecided on in February 1839.

I shall have occasion, at a subsequent period, to advert to the condition and operation of this legal machinery for the support of education in Massachusetts. The two Normal schools were a successful action when I left the United States in 1840.

CHAPTER IV.

BOSTON.

1838.

Phrenology.—Dr. Spurzheim.—On the 20th of June 1832, Dr. Spurzheim sailed from Havre for the United States, and arrived at New York on the 4th of August. On the 17th of September.

ber, he commenced a course of eighteen lectures at the Athenæum Hall, in Boston, and, soon after, another course at the University, Cambridge, three miles distant. He delivered, besides, in the afternoon of every alternate day, a course of five lectures before the Medical Faculty, and other professional gentlemen of Boston, on the anatomy of the brain. "His lectures, both in Boston and at the University, excited great and lively interest: they attracted alike the fashionable and the learned, the gay and the grave, the aged and the young, the sceptic and the Christian. Our most eminent men, as well as humble citizens, were early at the hall to secure eligible seats; and they were alike profoundly silent and attentive to the eloquence and philosophy of the lecturer."

The climate of the United States is felt by most British travellers to be highly stimulating. The air is drier, and it appears to me more highly charged with electricity than that of Britain. The habitual state of the American people, also, is one of much higher mental excitement than that of the inhabitants of Britain. Dr. Spurzheim speedily fell a victim to these combined influences. In addition to the labours of lecturing here enumerated, he was engaged during the day, in visiting the various institutions of the city of Boston, and in the vicinity. "His time and presence were in constant demand. There was hardly an hour in the day after nine o'clock, A. M., during which he was not engaged either in receiving company or making visits. This was not all. The little time which he had after the close of his lectures, of almost every evening in the week, was claimed, and he too often yielded to the invitations of his numerous friends."

Dr. Spurzheim was a tall and strongly constituted man. His lungs and brain were both amply developed, which gave him a love at once of mental and of muscular activity. He was the most temperate of men in diet, and scarcely tasted wine. When ill, he generally took no medicine, but limited the quantity of his food, and said, "the natural laws have been violated, and I must suffer the penalty; I must live simply, and nature will correct the evil." During the progress of his lectures, he manifested symptoms of disease, but believing that nature would restore him, he declined to take repose, or to resort to medical advice. "His lectures were nearly finished, and he had a most ardent desire to close them before he rested." His audience increased so much in numbers, that he had found it necessary to remove from the Hall of the Athenæum to that of the Masonic Temple, for the two concluding lectures of his course, which were on the subject of education. On the evening of his first lecture in that place, it was very apparent that his illness had increased. "He greatly exerted himself to edify his hearers, but they seemed to be more concerned for his health than interested in his subject. They rather sympathised with the sick man, than listened to the philosopher. It was ascertained, at the close of the lecture, that the hall in the Temple could not be had for the next evening, and he, wishing to consult the convenience of his audience, asked with one of his benignant smiles, 'In what place shall we meet next time?'" He never met them again! He returned to his lodgings which he never left, and died on the 10th of November 1832. He received the greatest possible attention from the medical gentlemen of Boston during his illness. Night and day they, in succession, attended him, and their highest skill was applied, but in vain,

for his restoration. Dr. Jackson, in an instructive report of the progress of his disease, says, "It is interesting to many persons to learn the exact name of his disease. It may be called a continued fever, in which the nervous symptoms were predominant. There were no symptoms of putrescency, and no strong inflammatory symptoms. If it were called a pure *typhus*, the name would mislead many. It may rather be called a *synochus*, though not without dispute. Those who are accustomed to my teaching on this subject, know that I do not place a value on these names, not believing that nature recognises the specific distinctions which they are intended to designate. To those persons I should describe Dr. Spurzheim's disease thus: It was continued fever, in which the symptoms of the access came on insidiously, and were alone for many days; the symptoms of the other stages never became very prominent; those of a crisis never appeared. There was not evidence of inflammation in any organ of the body. If inflammation did exist, it must be called latent. At this time, October 30, he was really in the third week of fever, though he had not been confined to the house so much as one week. The disease was fastened on him. I was convinced that it was too far advanced to be removed by medicine. Dr. S. avowed to me his strong aversion to medicine," and Dr. Jackson directed the treatment according to these principles till his death.

A deep sensation was produced in Boston by Dr. Spurzheim's death. A public funeral was awarded to his remains, and a handsome monument was erected to his memory.

Social Customs in Boston.—The fate of Dr. Spurzheim served as an instructive lesson to myself. I speedily became acquainted by experience with some of the causes which had occasioned his death. From the first day that my arrival in Boston was announced in the newspapers, I was waited upon at every hour between 8 A. M. and 10 P. M. by a succession of visitors, many of whom called without introductions, and kept me in a state of constant and fatiguing cerebral excitement; and this continued for day after day. Many of these visits were most gratifying to me, but some of them were made by individuals impelled chiefly by curiosity, who put a succession of commonplace questions, received equally commonplace answers, and retired, leaving scarcely an interval between their departure and the renewal of the interrogatories by a succeeding visitor. I seriously thought of getting the questions and answers printed and posted up in some conspicuous part of the room, where they might be read, while I might sit quietly and be looked at. This custom of introducing one's self is peculiar to America, so far as I have learned of the etiquette of other countries, and is meant as a remark of respect. The evil is aggravated by there being no hours of respite from it. If it were confined to the day, between 12 and 6 P. M., the evenings and mornings would be left for repose; but here it never ceased while the novelty and curiosity lasted. A phrenologist is more exposed to this infiction than ordinary strangers. There is so much of the wonderful supposed to be connected with phrenology, that my presence excited the men of strange minds, the lovers of the fanciful and extravagant, and sent an undue proportion of them to do me spontaneous honour by an interchange of ideas. Knowing that these visits were kindly meant, I submitted to them in patience, and received the visitors with all the courtesy that I could command; but I soon felt

that my organisation could not sustain the excitement which was in preparation for me. I therefore laid down a rule, from which I did not deviate six times during my whole residence in the United States, namely, to give only three lectures a week; never to accept of an invitation for the day on which I lectured; and never to remain in company later than ten o'clock in the evening. By a nearly inflexible adherence to this resolution, and by strict temperance, I withstood all the influences of the climate and the labours of my vocation, without suffering one hour's illness during my stay.

Lectures on Phrenology.—My full courses in Edinburgh generally extended to nearly fifty lectures of one hour each. It was not to be expected that the busy citizens of Boston would devote so much time to the study, and it was impossible to do the subject justice in much less. As a compromise between difficulties, I gave sixteen lectures, of two hours each, on three nights a week. The first lecture was delivered on the 10th of October, at 7 P. M., in the Masonic Temple. I was received in profound silence, and listened to in silence. This would have struck me as cold, had I not observed that Mr. Mann and Governor Everett, who are both highly popular, and much esteemed, have been received in precisely the same manner when they delivered addresses at Taunton, and I was told that such is the custom in Boston. Far from feeling any disappointment at the absence of a noisy greeting, I was pleased; for in all my lecturing I have considered profound and sustained attention as the highest compliment which an audience can bestow. Audiences in Edinburgh are much given to this mode of testifying their interest in a subject; but in some instances it is felt to be inconvenient. The late Mrs. Siddons, although she appreciated the delicacy of sentiment, and the deep intellectual discernment, which induced her audiences in that city to observe a profound silence at the climax of her most impassioned scenes, when the London public used to shake the theatre with applause, yet suffered severely from the want of that rest from exertion which the applause, often prolonged into three rounds, afforded her. A lecturer does not strain his powers to such an extent as this.

A sermon of an hour's duration appears very long, and a lecture of two hours wears a still more formidable and forbidding aspect. Aware of this, I delivered, at the end of the first hour, a brief address, by way of episode, to the audience, mentioning that phrenology taught us that the mind thinks by means of the brain, just as we walk by means of the legs; that the brain is liable to become fatigued by too long attention as the locomotive muscles are by too much walking; and I therefore, proposed to them to take a brief rest. I requested them to stand up in order to vary their position, also to converse freely with each other for the sake of relaxation, the more merrily the better, for cheerfulness circulates the blood; and I called their attention also to the absence of all means of ventilating the hall, remarking that, as we had already breathed the air which it contained for a full hour, it must have lost much of its vital properties, and needed to be renewed. I requested the gentlemen to put on their hats, and the ladies their shawls, to avoid catching cold, and then had the windows widely opened. This proceeding caused some astonishment and alarm at first; for the Americans generally have a dread of cold air, amounting almost to an aerophobia. I assured them that they would

suffer no inconvenience, and they submitted to the experiment. The interval allowed was only five minutes, at the end of which I resumed the lecture; but so refreshing were the effects of the brief rest, of the change of position, and, above all, the admission of pure air, that during the second hour the attention was as completely sustained as during the first. The same practice was continued every evening through the whole course, and with the same success. Many individuals expressed their gratification at having discovered such simple means of relieving the tedium of a long discourse; and as my audiences continued to increase, after the length of the lectures was generally known, it became evident that the two hours' application, when thus arranged, was not felt as an unbearable affliction. I concluded the lecture also in silence.

In Edinburgh, the late Mr. Robert Johnston, long distinguished for his philanthropy, requested that several inmates of the asylum for the blind might be permitted to attend my lectures on phrenology; they did so, and were interested. I gave a general invitation to the pupils of the institution for the blind in Boston to attend, and about twenty honoured me with their presence every evening. On a subsequent visit to the asylum, I found that they had profited by the instruction, and that phrenology was used by them as the philosophy of mind, and applied with skill and success in analysing character, both historical and personal. They have been assisted in their studies by an outline of Phrenology prepared by Dr. Howe, and printed in raised type for their use, of which he presented me with a copy.

October 11. Thermometer 51°. *Temperance.*—I have read in the Boston Evening Mercantile Journal, a notice that the inhabitants of Providence, the capital of the state of Rhode Island, assembled in a town meeting, had instructed the magistrates to grant no licenses for retailing any fermented liquors in quantities less than ten gallons; that a wine-merchant had sold a case of one dozen of champagne, as imported from France, and had been fined for infringing the law; that the case had been appealed to the Court of Review, and that the decision is now confirmed.

Fifteen Gallon License Law.—In Massachusetts the temperance cause had made such great advances, that, in April, 1838, an act was passed by both houses of the legislature, and approved of by the governor, which ordained, "that no licensed inholder, retailer, common victualler, or other person, except as herein provided, shall sell any brandy, rum, or other spirituous liquors, or any mixed liquor, part of which is spirituous, in a less quantity than fifteen gallons, and that delivered and carried away all at one time, on pain of forfeiting not more than twenty dollars, nor less than ten dollars, for each offence." The exception is, that "the county commissioners in the several counties, may license, for their respective towns, as many apothecaries or practising physicians, as they may deem necessary, to be retailers of spirituous liquors, to be used in the arts, or for medicinal purposes only." The same power is given to the mayor and aldermen of the cities. All licenses to be granted subsequently to the passing of the act, are to be restricted in accordance with its terms. It came into effect on the 1st of July, 1838.

Both political parties concurred in the enactment of this law, and it was passed in consequence of a strong expression of public sentiment in its favour. Already, however, agitation is rife against it, and strong efforts are making by those

whose interests it affects to defeat its provisions. Among other devices to evade it, one ingenious Yankee advertised a wonderful striped pig as a show. The price of admission was equal to that of a glass of rum; and each person who entered found a glass of this beverage standing on a table, placed there by unseen hands; he drank it while admiring the beauties of the pig, deposited the empty glass on the table, and retired; having held converse with no one except the rum and the pig. Not only were the rum-makers and the rum-drinkers dissatisfied with the law, but some of the most enlightened men of the state considered that it was erroneous in principle: they regarded moral suasion, and not legal pains and penalties, as the only true foundation of virtuous habits: other excellent persons, true friends to temperance, considered that it had gone too far, for it prevented the great body of the people, who could not afford to purchase a stock of fifteen gallons at a time, from obtaining spirituous liquors of any kind even for the most temperate use in their families, while it left the rich in possession of the power of indulging their appetites unrestrained.*

Grievances converted into "Political Capital."—One evil attending democratic institutions and universal suffrage, while the mass of the people are imperfectly educated and untrained to the guidance of reason, is the tendency to convert all questions into subjects of party contention. Although both parties in this state concurred in the license law, the democrats, discerning the rising discontent, are already preparing to turn it to their own account, or, in American phraseology, "to make political capital" of it. This phrase is so pithy, so expressive, and every way so excellent that it should be transferred into the English language, more especially as we have the thing which it signifies in perfection, and want an adequate name for it. Its meaning is this: when a party perceives a strong feeling in the public either arising, or capable of being excited, for or against any particular measure, they become the headlong advocates of the popular side, and charge the support of the opposite opinions on their opponents, altogether regardless of the real merits of the question, of moral rectitude, or of the ultimate welfare of the people. The popularity which they gain by this conduct, is called "political capital," because it carries so many votes to their own side, not only on the specific question, but in the general politics of the state. Among us, the devoted and vociferous champions of the throne and the altar, who in their speeches vilify the queen, and in their lives set at defiance the pure precepts of Christianity, are manufacturers of "political capital." They know that the people are loyal and religious, and endeavor to catch their votes by pretending a loyal and religious zeal, which has a political foundation and no other.

In the United States, whenever party spirit is strongly excited, the intrinsic merits of a measure, whether in morality or utility, are subordinate considerations; a despotism of party is engendered and wielded without compunction or control. A higher moral, intellectual, and political education of the whole people, appears to me to be the only remedy for this evil, which is yearly on the increase.

* It is by this odd kind of professing temperance, which advocates temperate liquor drinking, that drunkards are made, and drunkenness is rendered incurable.

Oct. 12. *Mount Auburn.*—A friend drove us to-day to visit Harvard University, at Cambridge, three miles from Boston, and its president, Mr. Josiah Quincy. We were kindly received by Mr. Quincy and his family, and much interested in the institution over which he presides. As, however, it has often been described by English travellers, I proceed to mention Mount Auburn, the celebrated cemetery which lies in its vicinity. The ground includes about one hundred acres, and was purchased by the Massachusetts Horticultural Society in 1831. A portion of it, lying next the road, is used as an Experimental Garden, and the remainder was consecrated on the 24th of September that year as a cemetery. The tract is beautifully undulating in its surface, containing a number of bold eminences, steep acclivities, and deep shadowy valleys. The principal eminence, called Mount Auburn, is 125 feet above the level of Charles River, and commands from its summit an extensive and lovely prospect. The grounds are covered with forest trees, of every variety common in the country, and some of them of large dimensions. The surface has been laid out with intersecting avenues, so as to render every part of the wood accessible. Lots of ground, containing each three hundred square feet, are set off as family burial places. About two hundred of these have been sold at \$60 each, and, in some instances, even an additional sum has been received in premiums for the right of choice. The whole is inclosed by a substantial fence, seven feet high, with a gateway, finished in the Egyptian style, for its principal entrance. The gateway is handsome and massive, and is a successful imitation of granite.

On entering the gateway, and passing up the central avenue, the first object that presents itself, placed on a gentle eminence, is a beautiful sarcophagus of marble resting on a pedestal of granite, and surrounded by a handsome oval iron rail. It bears the inscription, "SPURZHEIM, 1832."

I beheld this monument with the most vivid interest. When I last parted from Dr. Spurzheim in Edinburgh, no conception could be farther from the mind of either of us, than that I should ever heave a sigh over his monument in Massachusetts! Neither of us had then contemplated crossing the Atlantic. He was my master and my friend; and, in having taught me Phrenology, I regard him as my greatest earthly benefactor. The sarcophagus is said to be a copy of that of Scipio. Be it so; it is beautiful and simple, and to me it was full of pathos with its single word, "SPURZHEIM."

13th Oct. Ther. 44°. *Lowell.*—We visited Lowell this day. The town is situated twenty miles north of Boston, and is connected with it both by an excellent railroad and by a canal. It is built on a neck of land where the Concord River falls into the Merrimack, and commands powerful and copious waterfalls. The war with England in 1813, gave origin to the town, as a manufacturing station, and it has increased with astonishing rapidity. It now contains above 20,000 inhabitants, and already looks like a younger Manchester. On 1st January, 1838, there were ten large manufactories for spinning and weaving cotton and carpets, for dyeing and printing cotton, making machinery, &c. No young children are employed in the mills. The female operatives are mostly young women, daughters of farmers and the village inhabitants of New England, who come from a distance, and work in the manufactories, not for life, but for a few years only, till they have saved, respectively,

a sum of \$200 to \$400, and even \$500, when they marry, or leave the mills and go home. They generally visit their relations twice a year. In one of the mills, an account was kept of the distance to which each traveled to reach home, and the average of the whole was eighty-four miles. They work twelve hours a day, by their own choice, as they are paid by the piece. They are respectable in character, and appeared healthy. The articles manufactured in cotton are all of the common and cheap kinds, but handsome in pattern, and substantial in fabric. The southern slave states afford the great market for the manufactures of New England. The churches are numerous and belong to every sect, Episcopal, Baptist, Congregational, Methodist, Universalist, Unitarian, and Roman Catholic. All subsist in peace, because all are equal in power and privileges, and each pays for that religious instruction which his conscience considers to be right, and he is not taxed for any other.

Oct. 14.—*Sunday in Massachusetts.*—We went to the church in Federal street, of which the celebrated Dr. W. E. Channing is the pastor; but he did not preach, not having yet returned to Boston from Rhode Island, where he generally passes the summer. We heard an elegant, sensible, and pleasing discourse on the loss of children, by his colleague, the Rev. Mr. Gannett. The church is large, and handsomely fitted up. The passages between the pews are carpeted, and the pews are both carpeted and cushioned. The music and singing by a choir were remarkably good. I mention these particulars, because I was struck by the superior elegance and comfort of the voluntary churches of America generally, compared with the condition of the established churches of Scotland. The congregation were genteel in their appearance, but not numerous.

In the New Testament, no express injunction is laid on Christians to observe the first day of the week in the same manner that the Jews were commanded, in the Old Testament, to observe the last of the week, or Sabbath. In point of fact, there is no explicit prescription in the New Testament, of any particular mode of observing the first day of the week. While, therefore, all Christian nations have agreed in considering themselves not bound by the fourth commandment, to observe the seventh day, or Jewish Sabbath, they have differed in regard to the mode of observing the first day of the week; and as the Scripture prescribes no definite rule, each nation has adopted such forms of observance as appeared to itself to be most accordant with the general spirit of Christianity. Thus, in Catholic countries, amusements are permitted on Sundays, after divine service; in Scotland, amusements and labour, except works of necessity and mercy, are prohibited. In Scotland, also, Sunday commences at twelve o'clock on Saturday night, and ends at twelve o'clock on Sunday night. In Massachusetts, on the other hand, different views are entertained. While chap. 50, sects. 1st, 2d, and 3d, of the Revised Statutes, prohibits all persons from doing any work, and from traveling on "the Lord's day," sect. 4th declares that day, for the purposes of these sections, "to include the time between the midnight preceding and the sunset of the said day." According to the Scottish law, therefore, Sunday consists of twenty-four hours, at all seasons of the year; while, according to the "Revised Statutes of Massachusetts," it consists only of sixteen and a half hours on the 22d of December, and stretches out as the

days lengthen, but never exceeds nineteen and a half hours at any period. Hence, in Scotland, a person would be fined or imprisoned for doing acts after sunset, on the Sunday evening, which in Massachusetts are entirely lawful. Again: in the Revised Statutes of this commonwealth, it is declared, by sect. 5, that "no person shall be present at any game, sport, play, or public diversion, except concerts of sacred music, upon the evening next preceding or following the Lord's day," under the penalty of paying a fine of five dollars. In Edinburgh, the best plays and public entertainments are brought forth on the "evening next preceding the Lord's day," or Saturday evening—and are then most numerous and attended: so that in Boston a Christian is fined in five dollars for doing, on that evening, what a Christian in Edinburgh is permitted to do, without any penalty whatever.

It has frequently been remarked that the theatre in Boston is unsuccessful; but this state of the law may be one cause of its failure. Sunday is observed with the greatest decorum in this city, and although the law declares it to terminate at sunset, the only relaxation of observance which I remarked was, that political meetings were held on Sunday evenings, and that ladies played on the pianoforte, sang, knitted, or engaged in any light employment, without any sense of sin. Many of the churches, however, were open for worship in the evening.

Oct. 15.—*The Hon. Daniel Webster.*—To-day I met Mr. Webster in company. The published bust of him, which is a correct delineation of his head, shows a voluminous anterior lobe of the brain, indicating very powerful intellectual faculties. Individuality, which gives the capacity for details, is deficient, but comparison and causality are broad, prominent, and massive. Benevolence is the largest among the moral organs, and the base of the brain is large. The temperament is bilious, with a portion of the sanguine, and lymphatic. He is a lawyer by profession, and at the bar and in the United States' Senate, is recognised as a man of gigantic intellect. His style in conversation is clear, simple, deliberate, and forcible, occasionally humorous and playful. The talent of the New Englanders in bargain-making is proverbial in America, and the inhabitants of the little barren island of Nantucket, if we were to judge from the following anecdote, would seem to carry off the palm from all others in this accomplishment. One of the party at table, alluding to an illustration of this characteristic of the Nantucket population, which, according to Sam Slick, had occurred in the professional practice of Mr. Webster, asked him whether it was true. He said it was essentially correct, and proceeded to state the real incidents as follows. A Nantucket client had asked him to go to that island,* to plead a cause for him. Mr. Webster, after mentioning the distance, the loss of time, and the interruption to his other practice, said that he could not go unless he received a fee of a thousand dollars. The client objected to paying so large a sum for pleading one cause. Mr. Webster replied, that the fatigue and loss of time in traveling to Nantucket, and remaining there probably during the whole circuit,

* It lies about 40 miles from the New England shore, at the north entrance into Long Island Sound. [Its inhabitants are more justly and unequivocally celebrated for their successful and daring prosecution of the whale fishery, than for quirks and cranks in law or traffic.]

amounted to as a great a sacrifice on his part, as if he pleaded in every cause on the roll. "Well, then," said his client, "come, and I will pay you the thousand dollars; but you shall be at my disposal for the whole sittings, and I shall let you out, if I can." Mr. Webster went, and was sublet by his client, who drew the fees to relieve his own loss. Judge Story, who was present, remarked, that he had often heard the anecdote mentioned, but never before heard it authenticated. He added, "the current edition proceeds to tell that your client let you out for eleven hundred dollars, saved his own pocket entirely, and gained ten per cent. on his speculation." Mr. Webster stated with great good humour, that, as his client had not reported the amount of the sub-fees which he drew, he could not tell whether this addition was correct or not. Sam Slick's report of this occurrence is not entirely accurate.

October 16.—*Mr. Catlin's Indian Gallery.*—To-day we visited Mr. Catlin's Indian Gallery in Faneuil Hall, generally mentioned as the cradle of American Independence, because here were held the public meetings of the citizens of Boston at which resistance against the duty on tea was first resolved upon. The great hall in which the Indian curiosities are exhibited, is 76 feet square, and 28 feet high. Mr. Catlin has resided for several years among the native Indians settled west of the Mississippi, on the Missouri, and in other districts; he painted portraits of the men and women, on the spot, as he saw them; painted their country in numerous landscapes; represented their dances, superstitions, ceremonies, and hunting parties, and also their villages and tents; in short, their actions and modes of life. He has purchased one of their tents, composed of the skins of buffaloes ingeniously dressed and ornamented; their garments, ornaments, arms, and articles of luxury and amusement; and he exhibits the whole in this large gallery. He describes them also in lectures, in a very interesting manner. He admires the Indians and speaks of their high qualities, and of the cruel injustice with which they have been treated by the Americans. His representations and descriptions of their country, and especially of their boundless prairies, covered with the richest green turf, and diversified with hills, named by the Americans bluffs, varying in height from one hundred to seven or eight hundred feet, make one long to visit them; yet, the horrible scenes of cruelty and superstitions which he has represented contrast strangely with the virtues which he ascribes to them. The pictures, as works of art, are deficient in drawing, perspective, and finish: but they convey a vivid impression of the objects, and impress the mind of the spectator with a conviction of their fidelity to nature, which gives them an inexpressible charm. In the portraits, a few of the men are represented with tolerably good intellectual organs, and some of the women with a fair average development of the moral organs. The best, Mr. Catlin suspected to be half-breeds; but the great mass of pure Indians present the deficient anterior lobe, the deficient coronal region, and the predominating base of the brain, by which savages in general are characterised.

Oct. 17.—*Manners in New England.*—I conversed to-day with a gentleman of great acuteness and experience, who has observed the progress of manners in New England, for upwards of half a century. He mentioned, that within that time there has been a great diminution in convivial drinking among the higher classes, in-

dependently of the influence of temperance societies, and that at dinner, the gentlemen drink much less wine. I have already had occasion to remark the exemplary temperance in this respect of the gentlemen in the first class of society here. Dinner is served at three o'clock, a few glasses of wine are taken, conversation proceeds with spirit, and the entertainment terminates by a cup of coffee brought to the table about six o'clock. In many instances, the gentlemen retire to the drawing room, and join the ladies an hour earlier. Some families, who have been much in Europe, dine at 6 o'clock, and entertain in the English style; but this is by no means common.

The Church.—My friend continued to say, that their Voluntary Church system has led to the multiplication of churches even to excess, and to inadequate provision for the ministers, and has also, in some instances, occasioned animosities among the people. The dependence of the clergy on their hearers, has led some of them to study their humours, and to preach fanatical doctrines for the sake of excitement, rather than to follow the dictates of their own understandings. He has observed, however, that from there being among the sects no artificial distinctions created by the law, these animosities speedily subside, and that there is a constant tendency in the public mind to correct its own errors. The usual time now occupied by divine service in Boston, is an hour or an hour and a quarter. The morning service begins at half-past ten, and ends at a quarter before twelve. The afternoon service begins at three. The time employed in public worship has been much shortened within his recollection. There is a growing disposition in the people to subject religion to the examination of reason; and opinion is, in some instances, passing even beyond Unitarianism. Still Calvinism, in its purest forms, is extensively professed by the people.

Oct. 19. Thermometer 45°.—*Medical Jurisprudence.—Moral Insanity.*—To-day I read, in the American Jurist, No. 38, a very able review of "A Treatise on the Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity, by J. Ray, M.D., 8vo, pp. 476. Boston, 1838." It is dedicated, "To the Hon. Horace Mann, to whose persevering exertions our country is mainly indebted for one of its noblest institutions, [the Lunatic Hospital at Worcester,] for ameliorating the condition of the Insane." It is recommended by the reviewer to public attention, on account of the talent which it displays, and also because it treats of insanity on phrenological principles, and embodies the views of the most recent French, British, and American authorities on the subject.

I have since consulted the work itself, and find it to contain much excellent matter. In an able Essay prefixed to the volume, the contradictions, errors, and inhumanity of the doctrines on insanity, delivered, up to a very recent period, by the lawyers of England, are ably stated and commented on. Nor does Scotland escape the searching scrutiny of the author. "The doctrine," says he, "of moral insanity has been as yet unfavourably received by judicial authorities, not certainly for want of sufficient facts to support it, but probably from that common tendency of the mind, to resist innovations upon old and generally received views. If, a quarter of a century ago, one of the highest law-officers of Great Britain pronounced the manifestation of 'systematic correctness' of an action, a proof of sanity sufficient to render all others unnecessary, it is not surprising, that the idea of moral insanity has been

considered by the legal profession, as having sprung from the teeming brains of medical theorists. In the fulness of this spirit, Mr. Chitty declares, that 'unless a jury should be satisfied that the mental faculties have been perverted, or at least the faculties of reason and judgment, it is believed that the party subject to such a moral insanity, as it is termed, would not be protected from criminal punishment;' and, in the trial of Howison for the murder of the widow Geddes, at King's Cramond, Scotland, two or three years since, moral insanity, which was pleaded in his defence, was declared by the Court to be a 'groundless theory.' Such opinions, from quarters where a modest teachableness would have been more becoming than an arrogant contempt for the results of other men's inquiries, involuntarily suggest to the mind a comparison of their authors with the saintly persecutors of Galileo, who resolved, by solemn statutes, that nature always had operated, and always should operate, in accordance with their views of propriety and truth." P. 50.

Dr. Ray adverts to the indecent haste with which the trial, sentence, and execution of John Bellingham, for shooting Mr. Perceval in 1812, were hurried over, and remarks, that few, at this period, "will read the report of the trial, without being forced to the conclusion, that he was really mad," or, at the very least, that his case should have been deliberately investigated. He adds, in reference again to Howison's case, "that application was made to the secretary of state, by Howison's law-agent, for time to obtain further evidence of his insanity, but without success," although "several post-judicial facts were added" that left no doubt that the unhappy man was a fit subject for punishment. This is all true; and the most striking of these facts, with which Dr. Ray probably was not acquainted, is, that, in the night preceding the morning of his execution, Howison made a confession of a number of murders, which he stated that he had committed, and of which he specified the times, places, and circumstances, evidently believing them to be real, but which, on inquiry, turned out, one and all of them, to be mere phantoms of his own diseased mind. The organs of Destructiveness appear, in him, to have been liable to states of diseased excitement, giving rise to destructive monomania, and, while labouring under one of these paroxysms, which misled his own judgment and memory, and prompted him to clothe his suggestions with the attributes of reality, he was led forth to the gallows and executed! The evidence adduced at his trial, and subsequently obtained, appeared to me to prove that he committed the homicide, for which he suffered, in a similar state of mind, without provocation, and without any motive discernible by a sane understanding.

American Inns.—We met to-day with a young physician whom we had visited last year in Germany, and with whom we renewed our acquaintance with much pleasure. We compared our respective observations and experience in travelling in the United States, and while we stated our satisfaction, he, being a single gentleman, and having had a more extensive experience than we, gave a different account. In travelling to Niagara, he had been put into a room with six beds, and in the Tremont Hotel, in Boston, he had been ushered into an apartment containing three beds, one of which was allotted to him. On one occasion he actually found another person sleeping in his bed. He resisted this treatment, and after-

wards procured a bed-room to himself. I mention these facts, because we have met with nothing like them in the older parts of the United States, and because this instance serves to show how different travelers may give widely different representations of the customs of the same country, and yet both may relate facts.

October 19.—*Ventilation*.—An incident occurred at my lecture-room this evening, which, although trivial in itself, is illustrative of an error which is not uncommon in the United States; I mean the unskilful or inattentive management of stoves. A large stove had been lighted in the private room at the Masonic Temple, adjoining the hall, and the coals had burned into a bright red heat just before I entered. I chanced to look at the construction of the stove, which was large, wide and open in front, and I could discover no aperture for allowing the smoke to escape. I asked my assistant, a young gentleman of Boston, if he could explain how it was disposed of. He turned a small iron projection in the side, and instantly a damper revolved and presented an aperture for its escape. It appeared to me that this damper had been deliberately closed by a very sensible man who had charge of the temple, after the fire had come to a red heat, under the notion that there was no longer any smoke, and that the use of this contrivance was to prevent the heat from escaping up the chimney. The fire was burning vividly, and pouring into the room streams of heated air charged to the maximum with carbonic acid gas! Some portion of the bad health which is complained of in America arises from imperfect ventilation, and occasionally, perhaps, from such practices as this.

Oct. 20.—*Statue of General Washington*.—We visited the State House built in 1795, and enjoyed a noble prospect from the top of the dome. It stands on the summit of what was Beacon Hill, and the dome is 230 feet above the level of the sea. Here, for the first time, the exact location of Boston, almost entirely surrounded by the sea, became intelligible. In the outer hall is a statue of Washington executed by Chantry. It is highly expressive of moral and intellectual greatness, although Washington is, perhaps, more poetical in this marble than he was in nature; but "such things must always be" in painting and statuary. It is gratifying to observe the profound respect with which the memories of Washington and Benjamin Franklin are regarded in Boston. Their figures appear on signboards, in printshops, and in private houses; some few busts may be seen in private houses in marble or bronze, hundreds in stucco, and innumerable multitudes of portraits in engraving and lithography.

Benjamin Franklin.—In America, Franklin holds the same rank in public estimation that Saint John of Nepomuc does in Bohemia; he is their saint and prophet; and it is no disparagement to their taste and judgment that he should maintain this rank. There was a deep sagacity and comprehensive power of intellect, a calm and persevering activity, a generous philanthropy, and an inflexible integrity in Franklin, that placed him in the first rank of great and useful men. I have heard it remarked, however, that some of his modern admirers practise his lessons of thrift much more rigidly than his maxims of justice, and that, in this respect, his writings and example are not purely beneficial. There may be truth in this observation, for circumstances have greatly changed since he wrote his lessons of economy in the character of Poor Richard. Then,

capital was extremely scarce, the field of mercantile operations was limited, and banks were nearly unknown. A rigid economy was, therefore, indispensable to success in business, and saving was the only certain road to independence. In the present day, an extensive commerce and abundance of capital, supplied by banks so numerous and active that they inundate the country with their currency, render extreme thrift less necessary and meritorious.

Franklin in his will left 1000*l.* sterling to the inhabitants of the town of Boston, to be managed by the select men, united with the ministers of the oldest Episcopalian, Congregational, and Presbyterian churches, and to be lent out in sums not less than 15*l.* and not exceeding 60*l.*, upon interest at 5 per cent. per annum, to such young married artificers, under the age of twenty-five years, as have served an apprenticeship in the town, have a good moral character, and can obtain at least two respectable citizens to be sureties for them for the repayment of the sum lent, with interest. Franklin anticipated that at the end of a hundred years, this legacy would accumulate to 130,000*l.*, and he ordered 100,000*l.* of it to be then applied to the construction of public works, and the remaining 30,000*l.* to be lent out, as before directed, for another hundred years, at the end of which period he calculated that the accumulated fund, "if no unforeseen accident has prevented the operation," would amount to four millions and sixty-one thousand pounds, of which he left 1,061,000*l.* to the disposition of the inhabitants of Boston, and 2,000,000*l.* to the disposition of the government of the state, "not presuming to carry my views farther."

I was desirous of discovering how far Dr. Franklin's intentions and expectations had been realised, and by the kindness of a friend I obtained a copy of the following authentic report on the subject:—

"JOHN THOMSON, Esq., Philadelphia.

"BOSTON, Dec. 23, 1836.

"Sir,—Your letter to Mr. Lyman, late mayor of this city, has been handed to me as treasurer of the Franklin Fund, with a request that I should answer it, which I proceed to do.

"The whole number of loans from this fund, from May, 1791, to this time, has been 255, in sums varying from \$70 to \$266, up to the year 1800, since which they have usually been \$200. From July, 1811, to the present time, the number of loans has been 91, of which 50 at least have been repaid in whole or in part by sureties, and in four of these are balances which cannot be collected, both principals and sureties being insolvent.

"Dr. Franklin's donation was 1000*l.*, and the present value of the fund is as follows:—

"Estimate of thirteen bonds, considered good,	\$1,428 68
"Amount deposited in office of Massachusetts Hosp. Life Insurance Company,	22,739 00
"Cash in hands of the treasurer,	158 15
	<hr/>
	\$24,325 83

"It is apparent from these facts, that the benevolent intentions of the donor have not been realised, and that in the present condition of our country it is not advantageous to married men of twenty-four to borrow money to be repaid in easy instalments at a low rate of interest, and the

improvidence of early marriages among that class may fairly be inferred.

"The great number of instances in which sureties have been obliged to pay the loans, has rendered it not so easy as formerly for applicants to obtain the required security. This is proved by the present small number of loans from the fund, averaging for the last ten years not more than one a year.

"Until within the last twenty years, no great care was given to accumulating the fund. It is now carefully attended to, and the money not required for actual use is placed in the Life Office, where it increases at the rate of about 5½ per cent. a year.

"The loans are made at the rate of 5 per cent., but on instalments past due, 6 per cent. interest is charged from the time they become payable, and the bonds of delinquents are put in suit after reasonable notice.

"Two sureties, at least, are required on each bond.

"Yours respectfully,

"(Signed) Wm. MINOT.

Another sum of 1000*l.* sterling was bequeathed by Dr. Franklin to the city of Philadelphia, under similar conditions, and at the present time (1838) it is said to amount to only about \$14,000. Franklin had calculated that these legacies would at this period amount to \$50,000 each!

The legal rate of interest in Massachusetts is 6 per cent., and any respectable person can obtain money from the banks at this rate, on giving such security as Dr. Franklin required. There is, however, this advantage in applying for a loan to his trustees in preference to a bank, that the trustees lend at 5 per cent., and the banks at 6; but on the opposite side must be placed the conditions, that the borrower from them must have served an apprenticeship, and must be married, and under twenty-five years of age, and that the sum which can be lent to him must not exceed 60*l.* sterling, all of which operate as disadvantages. These circumstances, which Franklin could not foresee, account for the limited success of his benevolent bequest.

Fantastical Bequest to the city of Boston.—My inquiries about Dr. Franklin's legacy, brought to my knowledge another bequest (apparently suggested by his example), which was lately made to the mayor and aldermen of Boston. The testator was Ambrose S. Courtis, of Boston, who died in Nauplia, in Greece, on the 27th of August, 1836. By his will, dated the 2d of July, 1834, the sum of \$5000 is given to the city, from which it is to derive no benefit till it has accumulated to the amount of \$3,000,000, and then it is to be devoted to the erection of an exchange, with shops and stores; the like sum of \$5000 is given, burthened with an annuity consuming the whole income for three lives, and after that, the income is to be devoted to the purchase of books and stationary for poor children in the public schools; the sum of \$2000 is given to accumulate to \$200,000, and then to be used for the establishment of a school to teach navigation to sailors; and another sum of \$2000 to accumulate to \$200,000, and then to be spent in the erection of public stone baths.

The mayor and aldermen, on the report of a committee, declined to accept of the legacies under these conditions, and the money devolved on the testator's legal representatives. "There are many considerations," say the committee, "which would go far to convince those who

reflect on the subject, that such a prolonged accumulation is neither probable nor possible. In a world, of which the most prominent characteristic is mutability, where nothing but a few great features remain for any considerable period unchanged, and where every thing which depends on human agency is subject to the combined chances of change, arising from the ordinary laws of God's providence, and the imperfection, ignorance, and volatility of man, (who, to some extent, is allowed to pursue the course his judgment or his passions may dictate), it seems nothing short of a wild presumption to attempt to chain down the force of action for successive generations, and to require this or that to be done by our successors, of whose character, condition, wants, and wishes, we know, and can know, absolutely nothing. And all experience confirms this view of things. It is not the first time that the attempt has been made, but in every instance known to the committee, the failure of such prospective arrangements has been signal and entire. Perhaps the two most remarkable instances are those of Franklin and Thelluson, well known cases, which will naturally occur to all, as warnings rather than examples." The committee also regarded the testator as insane.

Oct. 20, Sunday. To-day we went to the "King's Chapel," so named from its having been the government church before the Revolution. A reformed prayer-book of the Episcopal church is used. The choir and organ are excellent. Mr. Greenwood preached on the text, "Grieve not the spirit of God," which he interpreted to mean that we should not act against God's law of purity and peace, to our own injury and vexation. The whole service was exceedingly refined. The church was cushioned and carpeted, the temperature was agreeable, and the audience very attentive. In our Scottish churches, especially in winter, there is a great deal of coughing when the congregation first meet for the morning service. I have observed that there is much less of this in the American churches. Near the door were two excellent seats, each inscribed "Strangers' Pew." There has been no collection of money in any of the Boston churches which we have yet visited.

Educational Meeting.—In the evening, we accompanied two friends to Brighton, a village five miles from Boston, to hear Mr. Mann deliver an address to the people assembled in the church, on the improvement of their schools. We were introduced to a family in the village, who kindly invited us to partake of their evening meal; tea we should call it in England; they, I believe, name it supper. It consisted of tea, coffee, bread, butter, cold meat, preserves, squash pie, and cranberry tart. Before we commenced, our host said grace, in the course of which he introduced a petition for a blessing on Mr. Mann and his efforts to improve the schools of the people, and also on the "strangers who had crossed the mighty deep to communicate their stores of knowledge to the people of this land." The sentiments and language were equally beautiful, and there was no appearance of preparation or ostentation of literary attainments in the prayer. In passing the window of the house, I saw a young woman, apparently about sixteen, with a music-book in her hand, leading a little band of children and servants in singing their evening hymns. The church was well filled, and the people listened with profound interest to one of Mr. Mann's eloquent and excellent discourses,

which equally instructed and delighted his hearers. We returned to Boston at 10 P. M.

This was an instance of the advantage attending the law of Massachusetts which makes Sunday terminate at sunset. The people were at leisure, and well dressed, and their minds had been awakened to serious considerations by the previous exercises of the day. They were, therefore, in the best condition for meeting together, and listening with advantage to such a discourse as was delivered to them. If any philanthropist had proposed such a benevolent act on the Sunday evening in Edinburgh, he would have been denounced as a Sabbath-breaker, if not fined by the police-magistrate. In Britain, we have an indescribable extent of lee-way to make up in the instruction of the people, and as they have no leisure day except Sunday, and many of them either go to no place of worship, or consider the forenoon and afternoon service sufficient for their spiritual edification, would it not be well to permit those who are inclined to receive secular instruction on the evening of that day, to obtain it, without offering any impediment to others assembling themselves together for religious worship?

Oct. 22. Thermometer 42°. *Ships of War.*—We visited a friend who resides at Charlestown, a village across the bay, and connected by a long bridge with Boston, and were introduced to Commodore Downes, the superintendent of the United States' Navy-Yard. He was polite and attentive, and showed us the rope-spinning machinery, which is said to be new, and the invention of a mechanic of the United States. It appeared, to an unskilled judgment, to be ingenious and to work well. The apparatus for tarring the ropes was also simple and efficient. The machinery untwists the yarn, when it dips it in the tar, and retwists it when it takes it out. The hull of a new frigate was nearly completed, and that of a new 74, to be named the "Vermont," was apparently finished. We saw large stores of "live oak," a tree found chiefly in Florida. Its specific gravity exceeds that of water, and it was sunk in the salt-water to prepare it for use. It is tough and enduring in an extraordinary degree, yet, when perforated by a ball, it breaks sharp off, without scattering splinters. The knees of a new sloop of war were lying blocked out of this timber, and were of great strength and thickness. The new ships are not planked in the inner surface; but the timbers are so close together for a considerable height above the keel, that the keel might be knocked off, and still the ship would not leak until the timbers were chafed through or broken. We visited also the Columbus, a three-decker, which lies at the wharf as a receiving-ship. I felt an involuntary horror in walking along the decks of this great ship, and contemplating her fearful batteries of 32 pounders, prepared for the destruction of human life. There are a strength, solidity, and adaptation about a ship of war, that constitute it truly the triumph of human power; but it is painful to reflect, that this magnificent display of mind is still devoted to the service of the most mischievous of our animal propensities—Destructiveness.

CHAPTER V.

1838.

Life Insurance.—In the course of conversation, it was mentioned to me that there is only one Life Insurance Company in Boston, one in

New York, and one very recently established in Philadelphia; but no other in the United States, so far as my informant knew. I asked the reason of this, seeing that these companies are very numerous and useful in Britain. One gentleman said, that early marriages, which greatly increase the chances of the parents living to rear their own children, and also the great facility with which children can provide for themselves in America, render the people less anxious about insuring their lives than they are in old countries where the circumstances are different. Another friend remarked that capital here is so productive, that many persons believe that they can do better for their families by employing it in trade, than by paying it in premiums to insurance offices; while a third hinted that there is also an impatience in the people for immediate returns, which renders them averse to an expenditure, however small, that is to yield its fruits only at a distant period, and after their own death; and finally, that suspicions have been entertained of the stability of insurance offices in this country.

Phrenology.—I continue to receive invitations to deliver single lectures, or short courses of three, four, or six lectures on phrenology, from various towns. Almost every village appears to have its lyceum, in which two or three lectures on a particular subject are delivered, and then the lecturer moves onward to another village, and is succeeded by another teacher. This scatters knowledge, but I fear to the winds, rather than upon the minds of the people. They generally offer me \$25 for each lecture. As the progress of phrenology has been much impeded by its teachers giving only brief and unsatisfactory expositions of its doctrines, I am under the necessity of declining these invitations.

Popular Lectures.—I find that the same system of desultory lecturing prevails in Boston. Lectures are delivered almost every night in the week in one institution or another, which are attended by audiences numbering from five to fifteen hundred persons of both sexes; but entertainment and excitement, as much as instruction, are the objects of these discourses. In general, there is a new subject and a new lecturer every night; and three lectures on one topic are regarded as a very full exposition of it. The lecturers are men of talents and education in every profession of life, who desire to instruct the people or to render their own attainments known. The most distinguished divines, scientists, physicians, lawyers, and merchants appear before the people as lecturers. Among these, the Rev. Dr. W. E. Channing and Mr. John Quincy Adams, ex-president of the United States, may be named. These voluntary teachers generally lecture without fees: but if a minister, a lawyer, or a physician, have a large family and a small income, and also talents for public instruction, it is no disparagement to his reputation, but the contrary, if he prepare two or three lectures and receive fees for their delivery. He will deliver them first in each of the public institutions for popular lectures in Boston, then in Roxbury and Charlestown, suburbs of Boston; he will next visit Salem, Lowell, Worcester, and Providence, by rail-roads, and by the close of the season, will have realised three or four hundred dollars, without having seriously interrupted his professional pursuits. Some lecturers of high reputation receive forty or fifty dollars for each lecture in the large cities. The instruction conveyed by this method is comparatively small.

it it cultivates intellectual tastes among the people; and it binds the higher and lower minds together by reciprocation of sentiment. To one accustomed to contemplate the indifference with which many of the aristocracy of Britain regard the masses of their countrymen, this effect of democratic institutions is highly pleasing. In Britain, Lord Brougham and Sir G. S. Macenzie have delivered lectures to the people, but have never observed the names of other individuals of the same rank mentioned as having done so.

Oct. 23. Ther. 37°. *Pictures*.—We have seen some excellent pictures in private collections in Boston, by Allston, Stuart, and New-own. Allston's pictures are painted in the deep-shaded colours of the old Italian masters. He has produced both landscapes and figures. There appeared to me to be depth of mind in both, but in his landscapes there is a want of harmony in the colouring. We saw a large picture of Jeremiah dictating to an amanuensis the inspirations of the Holy Spirit. The eyes express the activity of the sentiment of the supernatural (the excitement of the organ of Wonder), but the figure is colossal and the attitude is firm and upright, expressive of the natural language of Firmness, Conscientiousness, and Self-esteem, as if he were about to defy a tyrant, rather than indite an inspired message. The eyebrows are horizontal, the forehead is calm, the muscles of the mouth express mental power, but without any peculiar character of emotion. With a slight change in the expression of the eyes, the picture might be called Cato addressing the Roman Senate, and the whole figure would be in harmony with the design. There is great talent, however, in the picture. There is power, depth, and also softness in the expression and colouring. The figure of the scribe is well executed.

Use of Phrenology to Artists.—Phrenology is calculated to be useful to artists in teaching them the principles and readier discrimination of natural language. Every faculty, when roused into predominant activity, stamps on the eyes and features a mental expression peculiar to itself, and it produces also peculiar attitudes of the body. When several faculties are strongly excited at the same time, the expression and attitude are of a mixed character, but the peculiar influence of each faculty is still clearly discernible. There is nothing arbitrary or contradictory in the results. Artists who do not know these expressions individually, are liable to misunderstand their combinations. The sentiment of Wonder, for instance, when strongly excited, rises into a feeling of the supernatural, and this is intended to be the predominant emotion in Jeremiah, in the picture now described. It is accordingly accurately portrayed in the eyes; but the forehead, and mouth, and attitude, do not express it; yet, in nature, they would have been modified into harmony with it. The eyebrows would have been arched upwards, the mouth would have been open, and the head raised gently upwards and to the side, in the direction of the organ of Wonder.

We saw a picture by Newton, of Don Quixote with Amadis de Gaul lying on the table beside him. It is a work of great merit. The figure is, of course, tall, gaunt and lean, and the countenance long and sharp. But the artist has given him a high and narrow forehead, surmounted by an enormous organ of wonder, and he has blended the whole expression of the attitude and face into harmony with this combination. The eyes are

turned up in the direction of the organ of "Wonder," and innumerable wrinkles, caused by its activity, and expressive of its quality, furrow the brow.

October 24. Thermometer 44°.—*Practical Phrenology*.—There are great numbers of "practical phrenologists" in the United States, and there are several now in Boston, men who examine heads and predicate characters for fees, and who are pretty extensively consulted. This practice, which in the eyes of the uninitiated resembles palmistry and fortune-telling, is said to have created a strong feeling of disgust against Phrenology itself, in the minds of men of science and education. This is unquestionably an evil; but on the other hand I have found here a phalanx of very superior persons, belonging, most of them, to the learned professions, who are excellent phrenologists, so far as the philosophy of mind is implied in the study, but who are very little acquainted with that department of it which embraces the organs and their combinations in different relative proportions. They are theorists, while the former are altogether practical. The temperaments also are very little understood by my present audience.

The Temperaments.—We held a meeting in the lecture-room to-day, at ten o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of practical illustration. I exhibited four large drawings, representing respectively, the Nervous, Bilious, Sanguine and Lymphatic Temperaments, and described the effects of them on the general activity of the brain; and I added Dr. Thomas's theory of their formation as the best which has been offered. The persons who attended amounted to about sixty, three fifths of whom were gentlemen, and two-fifths ladies. I first requested the company to tell my own temperament and its effects. This they readily did. The gentlemen were next requested to come to the platform, one at a time, and the company pronounced an opinion on their temperaments. At first, there was considerable discrepancy in the views stated; and in these cases, the expression of opinion was allowed to proceed, until some one announced the temperament, or combination of temperaments, which appeared to me to be correct. Among ten of the gentlemen, six presented the combination of the nervous and bilious temperaments; two or three presented the nervous, sanguine, and bilious; and scarcely in one was any trace of the lymphatic to be found.

The correspondence between these combinations, and the great activity by which the New Englanders are distinguished, was readily recognised.

The ladies next stood up, six or seven at a time, and their temperaments were predicated by the company. The combinations were essentially the same as those in the gentlemen, with a slight infusion of the lymphatic temperament, which is generally found to some extent in the female sex, and which gives to their figures that roundness of form which is so essential an element in beauty. In them, also, the temperaments are less strongly marked than in men.

These exercises excited much interest, and afforded a good deal of amusement. They served to convey a conviction of the truth and practical importance of the doctrine of the temperaments, which no extent of mere reading could have produced. They afforded an opportunity, also, of showing the palpable absurdity of a statement which has made a great figure in the writings of the anti-phrenologists, namely, that the tempera-

ments afford a back-door for escape when the phrenologist is pressed by a difficulty. I called their attention to the simple proposition, that in the same individual all the organs are under the influence of the same temperament, and that, therefore, the size of the organ determines their natural relative power. For instance: in one gentleman in whom the nervous temperament predominated, the observing organs were large, and those of reflection small; the high temperament rendered both sets of organs active, but the knowing organs were the more powerful, because they preponderated in size. In another, in whom the lymphatic temperament prevailed, the organs of Benevolence and Conscientiousness were large, and those of Veneration small. The low temperament rendered the whole brain inactive, but the feelings of Benevolence and Justice were more powerful than that of Veneration. The nervous temperament determines constitutional mental activity; the sanguine, constitutional mental and muscular activity combined; the bilious, constitutional capacity for sustained action; and the lymphatic, constitutional inactivity, both bodily and mental; but the temperaments afford no indication of the predominance of certain cerebral organs in the persons in whom they are found, which alone gives origin to distinctive natural mental qualities.

After practising for nearly an hour and a half, in discriminating the temperaments, almost every person present became capable of distinguishing them easily, and we proceeded to the examination of skulls and busts. I pointed out the method of distinguishing the relative proportions of the regions of the brain devoted to the animal propensities, to the moral sentiments, and to the intellectual faculties, and the company selected skulls and casts *ad libitum*, examined them, and pronounced an opinion on the relative dimensions of these parts. They were surprised at the extent of the differences, and at the facility with which they could be distinguished. These exercises continued till half-past twelve, and the interest never flagged.

Development of the brain in the inhabitants of Boston.—New England was peopled chiefly by individuals who left their native homes for the sake of enjoying religious liberty in their new abodes; and the cerebral organisation which such dispositions imply, appears to have descended to their posterity. In all countries which I have visited I have remarked that the female head, although less in size, is more fully developed in the region of the moral sentiments, in proportion to the other regions, than that of the male; and Boston presents no exception to the rule. Here the female head is in general beautifully developed in the moral and intellectual departments, and the natural language of the countenance is soft, affectionate, and rational. In the men, also, large moral and intellectual organs are very general; but Benevolence and Veneration are more frequently large than Conscientiousness. The cerebral organisation of this people, taking them all in all, appears really to have been enlarged in the moral and intellectual regions by long cultivation, added to the influence of a favourable stock.

On making this remark, however, to a friend, I was told that the persons who composed my class were the *élite* of the city, and above the average in attainments and talents. By going to a concert given by Madame Caradori Allen, to the theatre, to the courts of justice, to the churches, and other places of public resort, I became satisfied of the correctness of my friend's observation;

but still I found a considerable predominance of the moral and intellectual regions, combined with the active temperaments already described, pervading the whole masses, and I consider this people naturally capable of rising to a high degree of civilisation.

Police of Boston.—The economy of the citizens of Boston is perceptible in the imperfect lighting of the town. The public lamps were not lighted this evening till the moon set; and as many of the streets are narrow, and the houses high, and the moon was only seven or eight days old, dark shadows obscured the way, and produced a melancholy gloom.

In the newspapers to-day, it is reported that yesterday evening, between 5 and 6 o'clock, a South Carolinian gentleman had some altercation with a gentleman of New York in the entry to this hotel (the Tremont House,) and fired a pistol at him. The ball missed, and the offender was immediately apprehended and carried to the Police Court. We were in the hotel at the time, and at six o'clock sat down to tea at the table of the "ladies' ordinary," yet we never heard a word of the occurrence! It is said that a ball was found on the floor, but apparently it had dropped out of the pistol, for there was no mark on the wall, or any appearance of its having struck any object when fired. The offender is reported to be insane. He was admitted to bail on a recognisance of \$500, to take his trial at the next term of the Municipal Court, and for want of it, was committed.

The Voluntary Church.—On the 4th of August 1838, Lord Brougham is reported to have stated, in his place in parliament, that the Voluntary Church system has not answered in America. I have endeavoured, by inquiries made of persons whom I conceived likely to be well-informed, to discover what inconveniences have attended it. The following circumstances have been mentioned to me as evils. The congregations, it is said, are adopting the practice of engaging their ministers for only three, five, or seven years, and then turning them adrift, if they are not satisfied. In the villages, also, there are so many churches that some of them languish.

I asked, whether the congregations act capriciously in dismissing their pastor, at the end of the stipulated engagement; and have been told, that they do not intentionally act capriciously; but that as the minister with whose services they have dispensed is occasionally found to be highly acceptable to a different congregation, this charge is made against them with a show of reason by those who differ from them in opinion.

It appears to me that this system of change, if generally adopted, would be attended with advantages, especially in the present condition of clerical instruction. Within less than seven years, most clergymen have exhausted their whole stock of ideas in preaching and ministering to their people, and although they continue their labours for forty years longer, they do not communicate a new view. By changing pastors, fresh minds would be brought to operate on the flocks, and a greater degree of energy would pervade the service. If rotation in churches prevailed, no minister of talent and industry would lack employment; for the vacancy made by the removal of one would be supplied by the call of another to fill his place.

In regard to the multiplication of churches, I remarked, that one of Dr. Chalmers's arguments in favour of an Establishment is, that men have no appetite for religion, and that, if left to them-

selves, they will neither build churches, nor endow pastors, but prefer remaining in heathenism. Here, however, we are assured, that, under the Voluntary system, "church extension" goes on too rapidly, and that pastors and churches are more numerous than flocks!

One instance, however, was mentioned to me of a clergyman suffering annoyance from a fearless discharge of his duty. The Rev. John Pierpont, a Unitarian pastor, a man of great talent, and of the purest morals, has preached too strongly against intemperance, and taken too active a part in the temperance cause, to suit the taste of his congregation, a large proportion of whom are distillers and retailers of spirituous liquors. These have taken offence, and on a recent vote to decide whether his letter in explanation of his conduct was satisfactory or not, fifty-eight proprietors of pews voted "yea," and forty-four "nay." This vote is an approval by a majority, and he continues his ministerial functions. This case shows, however, that under the Voluntary system a minister is not necessarily the slave of his congregation, and that if instances to the contrary occur, the cause of them must be sought in the weakness of the individual who yields because he does not feel that self-sustaining power and independence which high endowments confer.

In answering my inquiries into their church affairs, some of my Boston friends asked me what objections were urged in Britain against the system of legal establishments for the support of religion. I mentioned a few: The established clergy in England and Scotland support unalterable articles of faith declared by ancient acts of parliament to be true interpretations of the will of God, and important to salvation: They expel from their livings every one of their own number who presumes to express doubts of the infallible truths of any of these doctrines: They invite their flocks to search the Scriptures, to try all things, and to hold fast that which is good; but if, in following this advice, the flocks chance to arrive at conclusions different from those sanctioned by act of parliament, they are charged with heresy, denied church privileges, and in private are stigmatised as "bad men." These articles and "Confessions of Faith," moreover, were framed at the very dawn of civilisation, when the arts and sciences, and the philosophy of the human mind, scarcely existed. Consequently some of the doctrines contained in them stand in direct contradiction to natural truth, while the entire scheme of theology which they propound is widely different from that which an extensive knowledge of mental and physical science applied to the interpretation of Scripture in the present day would probably dictate. The professors of these doctrines have the command of the parish schools, and of the universities, and to the extent of their ability they infuse their opinions into each generation as it comes on the stage: But mind cannot be arrested in its progress. Providence bestows on some individuals superior endowments of the moral and intellectual faculties, which lead their possessors into doubt on some points in spite of themselves. But those who are thus gifted have a choice only between two evils; either to renounce their livings and depart into the wilderness of *voluntaryism*, as outcasts from the fold of the faithful, or to practise hypocrisy. The latter is sometimes preferred, although not without inward struggles. Some of these individuals may be heard praying publicly against "a wicked spirit of unbelief," which

is constantly besetting them, and which is probably nothing but the natural operation of their own superior faculties spontaneously suggesting truth, and quietly whispering that some of the dogmas they teach are erroneous. Other individuals, in whom secretiveness is large, and conscientiousness deficient, feel quite at home in the regions of hypocrisy, and enjoy their legal salaries undisturbed by inward visitations. Far from being the advocates of natural science and liberal education, many of the clergy oppose both, and insist that their peculiar articles of faith shall be combined with all public instruction at the expense of the state. They are placed in a false position, also, in relation to the enlightened portion of the laity, who while they ostensibly adhere to the parliamentary articles of faith, privately disbelieve them, and, in consequence, while they accord an outward homage to the church, never lose an opportunity to thwart the schemes and defeat the views of the clergy. Conventional hypocrisy, likewise, is the refuge of the philosophers under the dominion of an established church. There is a tacit convention of mutual forbearance between them and the clergy: The clergy make no inquiry into their orthodoxy, and, in return, they leave the clergy to guide the masses in their own paths. The general effect of the system is to chain up the intellect, and paralyse the moral sentiments of the best minds in the highest department of human thought—*theological and moral science.*

It is objected also to legal establishments for the support of religion, that their natural tendency is to render the clergy indolent and negligent. The churches of England and Ireland present numerous examples of clergymen, who, although enjoying rich endowments, are never seen by their flocks. Indifference in the pastors is the parent of indifference and formality in the people. The "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of a state-establishment produce supercilious feelings in the favoured clergy towards the pastors of all other sects; and the possession of legal power incites them to outrage the rights of conscience, by levying taxes from dissenters for the support of opinions which they disavow.

In the foregoing remarks on the voluntary and the legal systems, the abuses or worst features of both are stated and compared; while in the discussions which generally take place on these topics, all that is good in the one is contrasted with all that is bad in the other, a very unfair mode of treating the merits of either. There is much of good found in both. In point of fact, an able and conscientious minister in the voluntary church, unless in very peculiar circumstances, like those of Mr. Pierpont, soon rivets himself in the esteem and affections of his people, and is cherished by them for life; while a clergyman of the same character in the established church is equally beloved and respected by his flock. Good, able, and active men are safe and independent in both, in so far as mere emolument is concerned; but the establishment is a paradise, while the voluntary church is a howling wilderness, for incapacity, indolence, folly, dishonesty, and the minor vices. The chief difference in the case of good and able men is, that, under the voluntary system, an individual of superior piety, talents, and attainments has it in his power to carry forward his flock to higher and purer views of Christianity, in proportion as these open up to his own mind (and he often does so in the United States;) while his equal in the established church is tied down by the parliamentary articles of be-

lief; he is the slave of them, and of his weaker brethren, who are ever ready to defend the bulwarks of ignorance and indolence under the guise of maintaining the purity of the faith, and to enforce the law of expulsion against any more gifted member, who would venture to remove one stone of the legal edifice. In America, as I formerly mentioned, the statute law of a state is occasionally revised; obsolete and repealed acts are omitted; altered statutes are remodeled into a connected and consistent form, and the whole laws are brought to harmonise, as much as possible, with the existing condition of the people: but the principles of infallibility and immutability are inherent in the nature of an established church. The state of human knowledge may change; opinion may change; political institutions may change; and generation may give way to generation, but the articles of faith, ratified and approved of by act of parliament, never vary!

Oct. 26. Thermometer 38½°. *National Skulls.*—To-day I visited Dr. Warren's collection of skulls in the medical college. It is large and valuable, embracing many specimens of crania of different nations; and these I found to correspond in their general forms and dimensions with the skulls of the same nations in the phrenological collection of Edinburgh. Dr. Warren showed me three skulls of an extinct people, picked up in the valley of the Mississippi. They strikingly resemble the Chinese skulls in the Edinburgh collection. The Rev. Dr. J. D. Lang, who has investigated the subject, considers it clear that America was peopled from the South Sea Islands; while Dr. Morton regards the native American Indians as a distinct family of the human race, not referrible for their origin to any of the commonly acknowledged varieties. If numerous ancient skulls resembling these three should ultimately be found, they would strongly corroborate Dr. Lang's opinion; but the skulls of the existing tribes favour Dr. Morton's views.

Dr. Warren possesses also several casts of skulls said to belong to a race of ancient Peruvians who preceded the present Inca family. They are exceedingly narrow and depressed in the forehead, and extend to an extraordinary length backward from the ear. In strange discord with this organisation, we are told that this people manifested high intellectual qualities; that they were civilised, powerful, and the authors of magnificent architectural works, the ruins of which still attest their greatness. The question has often been asked how phrenologists reconcile these facts with their doctrines. At present we can give no answer on the facts as stated, except that we doubt their accuracy. Great ruins, and some extraordinary skulls have been found in the same locality, and it has been assumed that these skulls, of which few have reached us, are fair average specimens of the crania of the builders of these works; and it is thence argued that phrenology cannot be true. The number of skulls hitherto exhibited, however, is so small, that it may be quite possible that they are *abnormal* specimens selected as curiosities on account of their odd appearance; and even if such skulls abound, how can we be certain that any of them belonged to the men who planned and superintended the execution of the works? An inferior and enslaved race may have laboured under the direction of powerful minds.

It is a rule equally sound in philosophy as in law, that we should always obtain the best evidence possible of facts, before we form our judgment on the inferences to be deduced from them.

On the one hand, then, we find that in all countries hitherto explored, a living head of which the circumference, taken a little higher than the orbit, does not exceed thirteen inches, while the distance from the top of the nose backwards, over the top of the head to the occipital bone, is less than nine inches, is, in the existing races of mankind, invariably accompanied by idiocy; that the skulls of the ancient Egyptians discovered in their tombs amidst the proud monuments of their greatness, belong to the Caucasian variety of mankind, and exhibit the same development of the intellectual organs which is found in the civilised Europeans of the present age who rival them in art; that in the ancient Greeks and Romans, whose histories are authentic, and whose busts and statues remain, intellectual greatness was concomitant with large dimensions in the forehead; that in modern Europeans the same concomitance is still observable; that the existing races of native American Indians show skulls inferior in their moral and intellectual development to those of the Anglo-Saxon race, and that, morally and intellectually, these Indians are inferior to their Anglo-Saxon invaders, and have receded before them. These facts are tangible and authentic, they all harmonise, and go to support one conclusion, namely, that diminutive size in the anterior lobe of the brain is concomitant with feeble, and large size with great intellectual powers.

If we place this evidence on the one hand, and the alleged facts concerning the ancient Peruvians on the other, only one of two conclusions can be logically adopted—either that the latter facts are erroneously or imperfectly observed; or that, in the case of the ancient Peruvians, nature has not followed the same law which she has adhered to in all other instances in which her operations have been most rigidly scrutinised. In the present state of our knowledge, I embrace the former opinion. The real value of the evidence afforded by these ancient Peruvian skulls will be best estimated by supposing the phrenological proposition of size being a measure of power, to be reversed, and that we had, on the strength of these skulls, maintained that deficiency in the anterior lobe is the cause and sign of mental *superiority*. How triumphantly would our opponents have cited existing facts in refutation of our theory, and pitied us for our imbecility in building our doctrines on such a defective basis!

One observation, however it is important to keep in view, namely, that if these skulls have been artificially compressed, it may be possible that the intellectual organs existed in medium size in the brain, and were only displaced; just as the spine exists and performs its functions in persons afflicted with curvature, although part of it is out of its usual line. But this point cannot be determined without inspecting *brains*.

Oct. 27. Thermometer 41°. *Servants in New England.*—An American tourist relates the story of a domestic servant, who rose to be colonel of a militia regiment, and in this capacity entertained his own master as a guest at a public dinner given by the regiment. I have heard the tourist blamed for publishing this anecdote, as the parties are still alive, but am assured that it is perfectly authentic, and that the servant, after entertaining, in his capacity of colonel, his master and other gentlemen at table, descended to his station without having felt either elated or depressed, honoured or degraded. He knew that such things result from the constitution of his

country. Much has been said against the character of servants in the United States. We already perceive that a large proportion of the domestic "helps," as they are called, are Irish, or negroes; the number of Anglo-Americans employed in this capacity is small. So far as we can discover, there are several reasons for this fact. Service is not esteemed honourable among the Americans, and it is ill paid. The young women engaged at the cotton-mills in Lowell earn larger wages, after paying for their board and lodging, than the female domestic servants of Boston. They prefer also working for twelve hours, and then being free from all restraint during the other twelve hours and on Sundays, to undergoing that constant superintendence which is inevitable in family service. But there are instances of American servants, both male and female, remaining in the same family for thirty or forty years, and making excellent "helps." They must be well paid, and treated with consideration. If a master or mistress be selfish, unreasonable, and unmannerly, their domestics refuse to bear with their humours and leave them.

Future prospects of the United States.—It has been my object, in meeting men of enlarged knowledge, experience, and understanding, to discover the views entertained by them regarding the prospects of the United States. It is only by hearing and comparing opinions, and the reasons of them, that a stranger can obtain elements for forming judgments of his own on a country which he visits. I am informed, then, that the political changes in England are studied here with great interest, and that the intimate connection between the prosperity of the two countries is well understood by all classes of the people of New England. The late conflicts between the dissenters and the established church in Britain, have attracted attention. One highly intelligent friend expressed his expectation that the Church of England would fall in five years: I allowed fifty years for the accomplishment of his hopes. The opinion is pretty general that the future seat of government of the United States must be in the west, and that the future destinies of the Union will depend on the degree in which moral and intellectual shall keep pace with physical development. The facilities of realising wealth in the countries watered by the Ohio and Mississippi are so great, that there is danger that a sordid spirit of money-getting may take possession of the people to such an extent as to render wealth the sole criterion of consideration, to the neglect of mental culture; and in such an event, that inequality of fortune with which England is afflicted, would arise, and a depressed common people would be called into existence. If this were to be the case, and if these degraded beings were left in possession of political power (which could not be prevented), intestine commotions, quarrels between the states, disunion, and ruin, would be the probable fate of America. The best minds have confidence in the natural harmony between the interests of all the states, when justice pervades the councils of all; and also reliance on the power of their republican institutions, if aided by education, to preserve the mass of the people in virtue and comfortable circumstances, if they can only succeed in making instruction keep pace with wealth and numbers. Even the rich men here speak with approbation of the law which distributes the paternal property equally among the children. They say that it presents a powerful obstacle to the overgrowth of families, and that they do not know any family

that has continued in possession of extraordinary wealth for three generations. The very principle of division reduces the largest fortunes when twenty or thirty grandchildren come to inherit them. The same law renders it more easy for men of superior moral and intellectual qualities to emerge from poverty to wealth. Several such have been pointed out to me, who, having distinguished themselves by their virtues and talents, have married daughters of rich families, and eventually risen to the first stations in the commonwealth. Several clergymen are in excellent circumstances by this means. In Britain, the parents of these young ladies would have watched for the hand of some younger son of a noble or aristocratic family, whose poverty needed their fortunes, and who gave them rank in exchange for wealth. In America, nature's nobility is preferred, and amidst the trials and vicissitudes of life, high mental qualities are found a surer stay for happiness than artificial rank. The prospects of the family also are superior. Natural gifts, if possessed by both parents, descend to posterity; artificial rank vanishes in descendants, and leaves no substitute in its place.

Aristocracy in America and England.—It has frequently been stated as a charge against the Americans, that they recognise no aristocracy except that of wealth. I find that here, as well as in other countries, men possessed of great wealth, and those who have a strong desire for it, without being able to boast of any superior moral or intellectual qualities or attainments, estimate their neighbours by the extent of their possessions; and they assure me that this is the only criterion of superiority acknowledged by society—that dollars are indispensable to the acquisition of influence or consideration. But, on the other hand, I perceive that those individuals who are endowed with high moral and intellectual faculties, extensively cultivated, estimate their fellow-citizens by the degree in which they possess these attributes, and some men are spoken of with the highest love and admiration, whose greatness is mental, and not pecuniary. Mr. Daniel Webster, the greatest political character of Massachusetts, is not rich.

British travellers who blame the Americans for worshipping an aristocracy of wealth, appear to me to forget the practice at home. In Britain all the aristocracy who are worshipped by the inferior ranks are rich, most of them very rich; and to the best of my observation, when a noble family has sunk into poverty, the members of it receive less respect from their own rank, and certainly far less homage from their inferiors, than are offered to those whose possessions are large. In regard to the untitled aristocracy of Britain, their station and influence depend almost entirely on their wealth. When they become poor, they sink at once into obscurity. Thomas Moore, the poet, a man of genius, and of great refinement of taste and manners, who has associated much with the aristocracy of England, observes (if I recollect rightly), in his *Life of Sheridan*, that the possession of political power alone forms a passport to men of plebeian birth into the ranks of the high aristocracy, on a footing of equality; and that, although men of talent in other departments of life may be admitted to associate among them, they are never permitted to become as one of them, or words to this effect. When I read this observation many years ago, I considered the fact to be degrading to genius and virtue, and whatever faults may be chargeable against the Americans in this respect, I cannot

perceive that we have much reason to boast of superiority at home.

Elections.—So far as I can learn, candidates for offices in the state do not travel from door to door and canvass for votes in Massachusetts, as I have seen them do in Scotland. They are here on the eve of an annual election, and ward meetings have been called by each of the political parties in the city; these choose delegates to represent them, and the delegates from all the wards assemble and prepare a list of candidates to be proposed to their party, as proper persons to fill the vacant offices. These lists are named "tickets." The whig ticket and the democratic ticket are announced in the newspapers of the respective parties, and the one is supported and the other depreciated, by all the facts, arguments, and wit, and I fear also by all the inventions, falsehoods, and calumnies, which the talents and industry of each party can bring to bear on the merits of their own candidates, and the demerits of those on the other side. We may regret the departures from truth, courtesy, and honour, which these contests often evoke in the public press, but all who have mingled in public life must be well aware that similar practices disgrace the press of Britain in no limited degree. The voters are registered, and the city and counties are divided into districts of convenient dimensions, in each of which a polling place is fixed and publicly announced. The voters repair to these stations on the day of election; each announces his name to the officer in charge of the register; if it is found there, the voter passes to the ballot box, in which he deposits his printed list or "ticket," and retires. Numerous partisans of each side attend, who check any attempts at voting under false names. No man can vote twice, because he is checked off in the register when he first appears. The "ticket" is not subscribed by the voter, because this would betray the secret of his vote; but his hand is pretty strictly looked at to see that he does not deposit two or more "tickets" in the box. At the close of the election, the tickets are examined, and a statement of the votes made up by officers appointed for the purpose, and those candidates are chosen who have a majority of all the voters in their favour. If an individual voter is not satisfied with the "ticket" of his party, he may erase any names from it he pleases, and add others. As there is generally no concert among those who make these alterations, they very rarely elect their own candidates. The only effect of their proceeding is to weaken the vote of their party. These votes are regarded as thrown away, and technically are said to be "scattered." Occasionally there are three or more "tickets," each containing a different list of candidates; and if each of these lists is presented in nearly equal numbers, the result will be no election. Each list will be supported by only one third or less of the voters; and as by law a majority of the whole is essential to an election, none of the candidates will be elected. A new election on a future day is in these cases announced. I am assured that "intimidation" of voters in the English sense of the word is unknown, and would, if attempted, be deeply resented and successfully resisted. The vote of every man is known to his party, and although every individual has it in his power to conceal it, few or none have any desire to do so. There is no commotion or hostile excitement at the elections.

October 28. Thermometer 44°. *The Sailors' Church.*—This day I went to hear the Rev. Mr.

Taylor of the Sailors' Church preach. He had a numerous audience of sailors of various nations, and also a portion of the ordinary citizens of Boston. The seamen occupy the pews in the middle of the area of the church, which are all free. The citizens occupy the side pews. His text was in Romans x. 1, "Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved." His temperament is bilious-nervous; the anterior lobe of his brain is long and high, but not broad. Eventuality, Comparison, and Causality, are large. Benevolence, Imitation, and Firmness, are large. He was a seaman himself, and has not received a regular theological education; but there is genius in him. He is a bold, upright, shrewd, and sensible man; indefatigable in exertion, and generally beloved. He produces a powerful impression in preaching, by his originality, good sense, earnestness, and eloquence. His oratory is of a peculiar character; it is full of imagery of the boldest description, drawn chiefly from nautical affairs; and it makes a deep impression on the sailors. They sat with ears, eyes, and mouths open, as if spell-bound, in listening to him. I wrote down the following passages of his discourse from memory immediately on going home. They are inferior to the originals, but are not caricatured, or intentionally coloured in any respect. He described "a ship at sea, bound for the Port of Heaven, when the man at the lead sung out 'rocks a head.' 'Port the helm,' cried the mate. 'Aye, aye, sir,' was the answer; the ship obeyed and stood upon a tack. But in two minutes more the lead indicated a shoal. The man on the look-out sung out 'Sand-banks and breakers a head.' The captain was now called and the mate gave his opinion, but, sail where they could, the lead and the eye showed nothing but dangers all round; sand-banks, coral reef, sunken rocks, and dangerous coasts. The chart showed them clearly enough where the Port of Heaven lay; there was no doubt about its latitude and longitude; but they all sung out that it was impossible to reach it: there was no fair way to get to it. My friends, it was the devil who blew up that sand-bank, and sunk these rocks, and set the coral insects to work; his object was to prevent that ship from ever getting to heaven, to wreck it on its way, and to make prize of the whole crew for slaves for ever. But just as every soul was seized with consternation, and almost in despair, a tight little schooner hove in sight; she was cruising about with one Jesus, a pilot, on board. The captain hailed him, and he answered that he knew a fair way to the port in question. He pointed out to them an opening in the rocks, which the largest ship might beat through, with a channel so deep that the lead could never reach the bottom, and the passage was land-locked the whole way, so that the wind might veer round to every point in the compass, and blow hurricanes from them all, and yet it could never raise a dangerous sea in that channel! What did the crew of that distressed ship do, when Jesus showed them his chart, and gave them all the bearings? They laughed at him, and threw his chart back in his face. 'He find a channel, where they could not! Impossible!'—and on they sailed in their own course; and every soul of them perished!" He told them that when men offer wholesome advice to others, and try to save them from their sins, they are constantly maltreated for their pains. "This same Paul (who wrote the Epistle to the Romans)," said he, "found the people of Ephesus worshipping a piece of silver which

they called the goddess Diana, and he told them that it was a mere graven image. What did they do? Why, there was among them a fellow named Demetrius, whose trade was to make shrines for that image, and he said to Paul, 'Paul you shall hold your tongue. We know well enough that Diana is a great goddess, and if you don't go about your own business, we will do for you.' Paul said, that 'he did not care; he would tell them the truth, as it was his duty to do, and they might do as they pleased.' They soon showed him what they would do. They mobbed him! and if he had stayed much longer within their reach, they would have lynched him. This is always the way men act towards those who would turn them from their sins."

Popular Lectures.—There is no class of idle men in the United States, and I am assured that there is scarcely an example in Boston, of one individual in possession of wealth who is idle. The men who have realised an independence, either continue in trade or devote themselves to public business. It is calculated that six thousand persons attend lectures in Boston every winter, and, as formerly mentioned, men of talent of all ranks and professions appear before the people as lecturers. The subscription for a gentleman and two ladies to a lecture once a week, from October to April, delivered at the Odeon, formerly the theatre, under the patronage of the directors of the lyceum, is \$2; and generally 1500 persons attend. The Franklin Society gives a lecture once a week during the winter season, and the subscription is half a dollar each person for the whole. Dr. W. E. Channing gives the first lecture this season for this society, and I have agreed to deliver the second. Mr. J. S. Buckingham has promised the third. In Salem, a town of 16,000 inhabitants, about 13 miles from Boston, there are 1200 subscribers to the lyceum lectures at \$2 each for the season. Mr. Catlin lectures to them this week on his Indian Gallery. His audience is so large, that he repeats each lecture; the lecture-room being capable of accommodating only one half of them at a time.

October 29.—Thermometer 32°.—**Temperance.**—*The License-law.*—The Temperance question is keenly debated here at present, and already it has assumed a political form. The staunch opponents of the license-law refuse to vote for any representative to the legislature, unless he pledge himself to endeavour to get that law repealed. There are many of these among the Whig party. The friends of temperance do not, in general, carry their principles so far. They do not all refuse to vote for a representative although hostile to the law, if he be, in other respects, well qualified for his duties as a legislator. This has made a split in the ranks of both of the political parties. There are Whig license-law men, and anti-license law men, and the same among the Democrats. Public meetings are held almost every evening in the churches, at which the merits of the license-law, and whole question of temperance, are debated with great energy and talent, before large audiences. Each party is heard in turn, and perfect order is preserved.

October 30. Thermometer 30°.—**Phrenology.**—This morning at ten o'clock, I met my class, and gave them practical instructions in observing the relative size of the organs in busts and skulls. Several busts and skulls having the organs marked were presented to them. They formed themselves into parties of three or four, and took a skull or bust from the collection, examined

each organ in succession, and wrote down their opinions of its size. These were revised by me, and corrected, if they appeared to be erroneous. About seventy individuals attended, and engaged in this exercise, and after attentive observation, accompanied by a real desire to discern, they were gratified to find that it is quite possible to distinguish, not only the situation of the organs, but the relative dimensions of many of them, on ordinary skulls. In the few introductory remarks which I made, I reminded them that they find no difficulty in distinguishing between a comma and a period; between the point and the head of a pin, and between the eye and the solid part of a needle, and that the superficies of the smallest phrenological organ in an ordinary head, is equal to that of at least five hundred of these minute objects. I also presented to them several casts of the heads of idiots, requested them to measure them, and remarked, that in the lowest class of idiots, in whom the intellectual manifestations are nil, the horizontal circumference, taken a little higher than the orbit, varies from 11 to 13 inches, while the distance from the root of the nose backwards, over the top of the head, to the occipital spine, is only between 8 and 9 inches. Finally, I instructed them how to distinguish the size of the regions of the animal propensities, of the moral sentiments, and of the intellect, and presented casts of the heads of virtuous men, which they contrasted according to these rules, with those of executed criminals. The practising lasted for three hours, and was conducted with much interest by the class.

If Phrenology be a delusion, as some men are still pleased to maintain it to be, it must be a strange one; for we afford our opponents the best means of refuting us, by publicly teaching them our art of observation, by furnishing them with hundreds of specimens, and bringing them into contact with Nature herself! On the 16th of February, 1838, the Rev. James Walker, D. D., delivered a lecture on Phrenology, before the Boston Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, in which he brought forward many objections against it, and in which, as I am informed, he uttered a whole series of mistakes. But this gentleman did not avail himself of this opportunity of learning how to refute it in the best manner, by a direct appeal to facts. He has since been elected Professor of Moral Philosophy in the Harvard University at Cambridge.

Oct. 31. Thermometer 34°.—**The Supreme Court.**—It snowed all this morning, but the snow melted as it fell. I attended in the United States' Supreme Court, Judge Story on the bench, to hear Mr. Webster address a jury in a case of marine insurance, but he and the other counsel were engaged all day in examining witnesses and discussing points of law. Neither the judge nor counsel wear gowns, wigs, or any other insignia of office; yet they are treated with as much respect as if they were clothed in horse-hair and ermine. The same individuals act both as solicitors and as barristers; but when a man shows distinguished talents for the department of pleading, he generally assumes a partner, who devotes himself to the proper business of a solicitor. Mr. Webster, for instance, practises in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and in the Supreme Court of the United States, at Washington, as a senior counsel does at the Scottish Bar in Edinburgh, and in the House of Lords in London, as a court of appeal. Here the witnesses are allowed to remain in court, and to listen not only to the pleadings of the counsel, but to the exami-

nation of the other witnesses, and even to discussions between the counsel and the bench as to the competency of putting certain questions to themselves. For cause shown, the judge will remove them from the court, if required by either party to do so; but the general practice is to allow them to hear all the proceedings. In Scotland, witnesses are provided with a separate room, in which they remain till called for to undergo examination themselves, that each may be unbiassed by any thing that may have occurred in court. Another object of isolating them is, to prevent collusion among them. As no one has heard what the others have said, each gives his independent testimony, and if they concur, the conviction of the truth of their statements becomes the stronger. If they differ widely, the court and the counsel, who have heard all that has been testified, enjoy advantages for testing their veracity by putting searching questions. I saw a ludicrous example of the effect of allowing witnesses to be present in court before they are themselves examined. An Irish sailor was called up, who had listened attentively to the opening speeches of the counsel, and to the examination of several witnesses on the opposite side. He had construed every word that had been uttered, both in the speeches and in the evidence, as so many attacks *against his side*, and he set himself fairly to the duty of answering them. When placed in the witnesses' box and sworn, and asked a question, he did not answer it directly, but launched out into bold declarations that such a statement, made by such a witness, was false, and that another had uttered a misrepresentation, and then began to tell his own story, and to enforce his own views of the facts by declamation. The counsel of both sides interrupted him, and the judge explained his duty; but after the next question that was put to him, he started off again in the same career. He had a rich Irish brogue, and great volubility of speech, and withal was acute and *naïf*. He convulsed the spectators with laughter, and at length fairly upset the gravity of lawyers, judge, and every one in court. Judge Story did his best to recover his gravity, and addressed first the spectators, informing them that there was a native eccentricity about the Irish in expressing their ideas, which every one was aware of, and that it was unbecoming to disturb a court of justice by laughing at the witness's mode of delivering his testimony, and then he explained to the witness himself, that his duty was to confine himself to direct answers to the questions asked. Another attempt was made to proceed with his examination, but still with imperfect success. At length a discussion arose about the competency of some question. I heard Mr. Webster state his views, but as the court was excessively crowded, highly heated with stoves, and destitute of ventilation, I was forced, by the unpleasant state of the atmosphere, to retire before the examination was resumed. Mr. Webster's mind is profound and powerful, and a great subject is necessary to rouse him to show his might. The discussions in the present cause were not of this description.

November 1. Therm. 24°. **The Weather.**—Winter has now fairly commenced, but we are assured that it is six weeks earlier than usual, and that we may still enjoy what is called the Indian summer, or calm, mild, dry weather, in which the sun shines without clouds the whole day, but in which a gentle haze pervades the sky, from the very stillness of the atmosphere. This

is said to be the most delicious season of the year in the United States.

Boston Common Schools.—I visited several of the common schools to-day. In the Appendix to this volume, and the preceding chapters, I have explained the educational machinery of this commonwealth. Its plan and general structure are excellent; but it is capable of much improvement. Its present condition, compared with that which it is susceptible of attaining, is like that of a wooden clock contrasted with a chronometer. The schools are supported by assessment, and are free to every white child who chooses to attend. The coloured children are educated separately. The school-houses consist of several floors. The head-master, who superintends the whole, receives a salary of \$1500 per annum; there is a male assistant for each floor, who receives \$600 per annum; and a female assistant, who receives \$250. The children between four and seven years of age, form the lowest class, and they are taught by a female. Wilderspin's system of infant education is not practised, and the instructions given to these children is chiefly in spelling, reading, and reciting. At seven, the child is admitted to a higher class, where grammar, a little geography, writing, and arithmetic, are taught. Singing has been recently introduced, and with much advantage. It relieves the monotony of the other studies, affords gratification to the children, and serves to cultivate a taste for refined and innocent pleasure. In one school, the children were requested to sing and to select their own song. They chose "I love my native land," and sang it with great zest, and good execution. The sentiments savoured a good deal of Self-Esteem, like the patriotic songs of old England. I was glad to observe, however, sentiments of Benevolence and Justice towards other nations introduced into the last verse.

Mrs. Minot, a lady of Boston, distinguished for her enlightened zeal in education, is endeavouring to introduce drawing into these schools. She attends an hour a week in one of them, and gives lessons in drawing to the children. They are delighted with the exercise, and it is to be hoped that her success will induce the committees who manage these seminaries to make it a part of the general system of instruction.

There is also an English High School, in which grammar, history, book-keeping, and the elements of some of the physical sciences, are taught, and a Latin Grammar School, which, in 1836, was attended by 250 scholars. These schools are also free.

Many of the school-rooms are deficient in ventilation, the consequences of which are headache, loss of appetite, and irritability in such of the teachers as do not enjoy exceedingly robust constitutions; and drowsiness in the children, in the latter portion of each meeting, when the air is particularly foul. In the morning, when the children come fresh to school, they look healthy, cheerful, and well dressed; but "words" form the staple of the instruction, to the too great neglect of objects. Improvement in the things taught, as well as in the modes of teaching, advances slowly, not through want of good intention in the members of the school committees, but from attachment to old customs, and lack of knowledge of better modes than those now existing.

The power of the people exceeds their educational attainments.—The institutions and actual condition of the people of the United States exhibit at present a heterogeneous aspect to a

reflecting mind. The institutions are democratic in a high degree, for, with a few exceptions, political power is placed in the hands of every man above twenty-one years of age, except he be absolutely insane, a pauper or a convicted felon, without regard to his wealth, character, or mental attainments. This is not merely a theoretical arrangement on paper, but a practically working system. In point of fact, the masses make and unmake the laws, and every interest of the state is placed at their discretion. One ignorant man is not a fit ruler for a great nation; nor are ten ignorant men, or a thousand, or ten millions of ignorant men, more fit to wield successfully the destinies of a great people than one. Numbers do not increase their knowledge, while they add to their confidence and power. Moreover, numbers increase their capacity for evil, and diminish it for good, because they keep each other's ignorance and presumption in countenance. The people become formidable, also, in the fierceness and energy of their passions, in proportion to their numbers, when one common impulse moves them.

These points are so plain, that it is almost unnecessary to state them. Nevertheless, I daily meet with excellent persons here, who seem not to perceive their consequences. Education, history, and habit, and, above all, the daily example of Europe, have filled their minds with the idea of a labouring-class, for whom instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, with moral and religious training, are all that is necessary, and a dominant class whose education should be more extensive, to fit them for higher duties; overlooking the palpable fact, that in Europe the better educated class rules the less instructed, while in the United States the more ignorant governs the more enlightened.

I have seen men of sense and understanding here regard my views as obviously Utopian and absurd, when I ventured to express the opinion that both the quantity and quality of instruction communicated in the common schools of the United States, and even in Boston, is fitted much more for a government like that of Austria, than for that of the United States! The Austrian government does not object to its subjects being taught reading, writing, arithmetic and geography, because these are only the elements of knowledge, and do not necessarily imply any practical results in action.

The democratic institutions of the United States are only now beginning to develop themselves. The generation of 1775 was trained under a monarchy, and they had the feelings and habits of Englishmen. When their independence was achieved, their mental condition was not instantly changed. Their deference for rank and for judicial and legislative authority, continued nearly unimpaired; George Washington took the place of George the Third, and the public authorities elected by themselves, came as objects of respect, in place of those named by the English governors. The leading men of each state suggested or proposed candidates for public offices, and the people, as a general rule, adopted them. In this state of things the best educated class continued to rule. But the condition of affairs is now changed. The generation trained to obedience under monarchical institutions is extinct; a race occupies the field which has been reared under the full influence of democracy. The people worship themselves, as the fountains equally of wisdom and of power. They bend all institutions in subservience to

their views and feelings. They are no longer led by, but they often dictate to, the wealthy and highly educated. Their own education, however, remains essentially unchanged; reading, writing, and arithmetic are its staple, as in the days of yore!

This is an error of the most portentous magnitude, and it is astonishing how so many persons remain blind to it. There are still living a few remnants of the old federalists, who desire to see the people happy and contented as labourers, but who are as averse to their thorough education as an English Tory would be in similar circumstances. These worthy men forget that their dreams of popular felicity combined with ignorance can never be realised in this country, for the people have obtained power, and they love to wield it. The education provided for them, therefore, in their common schools, should be the most instructive and practical that human wisdom can devise; for here the masses need every possible light to enable them to discern their true interests in the management of the state. Their governors and legislators are their deputies, and must obey them. Men of great minds may no doubt lead the masses, although ignorant, to good; but in proportion to that ignorance is the risk that bad men of powerful talents will lead them to evil.

It is gratifying, however, to perceive that a large number of enlightened individuals are deeply imbued with these convictions, and are labouring to render them general. Still they have a mighty task to accomplish, before they prevail in reducing them to practice. It is an unpalatable statement to thousands in Boston, that their common schools are far below what their institutions require, and that in many parts of the country the condition of the seminaries is still more defective; but the truth, however disagreeable, must be proclaimed.

Tremont Theatre.—We went to the theatre in the evening, to attend Mr. J. Wallack's benefit. The house is large in proportion to the population of Boston. It is elegant and convenient in form, quite modern, and handsomely fitted up. The pit is occupied entirely by males; the ladies resort exclusively to the boxes. The house was filled and the acting good. The theatre is not successful here. The law prohibits performances on the Saturday evenings; and between lectures and churches, the public are provided with cheap excitement on the other days of the week, so that with many the inducement to attend the theatre is much diminished. Religious scruples also prevent many persons from frequenting it. Mr. J. S. Buckingham has been lecturing on Palestine and Egypt in Boston, to an audience said to amount to 800. I see, however, that the newspapers report the attendance at my own lectures to be at least double the truth, and probably his numbers also are exaggerated; but I hear that his audience is large, and that his lectures have excited much interest.

Nov. 3. Therm. 38°.—*Charlestown Lunatic Asylum.*—To-day I visited this asylum, which is under the superintendence of Dr. Luther V. Bell. The situation, on a gentle eminence, with a fine open prospect, is excellent. The ventilation is perfect. There are apertures above the doors of the patients' rooms, and also ventilating chimneys for each room. The order and cleanliness could not be surpassed, but there appeared to me to be too little provision for labour in the open air. I examined the heads of some of the patients. In several who laboured under disease

to other objects more congenial to his enterprising and martial feelings. Long was by nature a soldier, and had always sighed after a proper field for the indulgence of his military spirit.

From the disastrous overthrow of the Patriot army at the battle of Medina in 1813, the revolutionary spirit in Texas had pretty well subsided. The insurgents seemed effectually quelled, and but for the valour of Anglo-Americans, they would have long groaned under the yoke of Spanish cruelty and despotism. The reign of tyranny, however, was not permitted to continue undisturbed. The citizens of Natchez, with a noble enthusiasm, resolved to make one more effort in behalf of the liberties of that oppressed and bleeding province. A meeting was accordingly held by the inhabitants of that place, and arrangements entered into for an immediate and vigorous assault upon the country. General Adair, of Kentucky, was to have been the leader of the expedition; but from some cause unknown to us, he declined the proffered honour, and the command was tendered to General Long, who, nothing intimidated by the misfortunes of his gallant predecessors, who had figured so heroically but unavailingly in the cause of Texan independence, accepted the responsibility with pride and pleasure, and entered at once upon the duties of the station with his characteristic energy and enthusiasm. His activity and zeal, as well as his acknowledged military talents, soon rendered the project quite popular. He pledged the whole of his private fortune in the enterprise; in which he was joined by some of the choicest spirits of the day. With the best wishes for his welfare, he left Natchez with about seventy-five of the most hardy and intrepid followers, on the 17th of June, 1819. As he pushed from the shore, a shot from the cannon was fired to his success. It was evident, however, that an expedition so publicly gotten up and openly conducted, could not be permitted to pass off without the notice of the government. Attempts were accordingly made by the proper authorities to arrest the leader; but the officers not being over active and vigilant, their efforts were easily eluded, and General Long moved off in triumph with his Spartan band, awakening the spirit of war in his march, and gathering strength as he moved along. He pushed for Natchitoches, where he had means of his own, and many friends; thence to the Sabine and on to Nacogdoches, where in a short time after his arrival he was able to muster about three hundred strong.

It is certainly a matter of much regret that there are so few objects upon which the minds of human beings can harmonise and act in concert. The most laudable and exalted purposes seem fated to breed a diversity of sentiment, and that diversity to engender passion. But if there is any one point upon which a whole community might think and feel and act together with unity and pleasure, we should suppose it would be just such an expedition as that on which our hero has embarked. Yet this, like many other of the noblest efforts in the cause of freedom, was doomed to encounter the opposition of the ignorant and the malice of the vicious, notwithstanding the purity of the motives that prompted it, and the glorious ends to which it was directed. Long's designs were by many either misunderstood or misrepresented. Even some of his own followers looked upon the project as one which was entered upon merely because of its perils, and the individual glory to which it might lead. But such a view is not only unjust to the intellect and principles of the gallant leader, but it reflects discredit upon some of the purest and most distinguished citizens of Louisiana and Mississippi. The expedition was founded in neither private speculation nor a desire of personal aggrandisement. It was known to the intelligent portion of the people both of Natchez and New Orleans, that its sole design and intention were to get possession of the country, to rescue it from the grasp of tyranny, and, by establishing good government, order and security, to invite to its settlement by North Americans.

In a few days after his departure, his wife became the mother of her second child. This materially increased the pang of separation; which soon became so intense and insupportable, that she resolved, when

her infant as yet was not a fortnight old, to follow her husband and share his destiny, in despite of her feeble condition, and the most solemn entreaties of her friends. He was in a foreign country; in the midst of peril—with no home but the camp and no safety but his sword. To follow him under such circumstances, and in her situation, looked like self-immolation—a holy sacrifice of life at the shrine of affection—and to attempt such a journey, through a wilderness of savages in a distant land, with her two little children and no human assistance except a small negro girl, displays a resolution and fortitude unrivalled in romance, and which nothing but the tenderest and deepest feelings of the human heart could inspire. She started on the twenty-eighth of June. Mr. James Rowan, the friend of her husband and a wealthy merchant of the place, hearing that she was about to embark, came to the river bank to see her off and bid her farewell. He found her in tears. And well might she weep, for she was not only leaving the home of her happier days, but she was going, she knew not where, on a long journey in a strange land, with ruined health, almost destitute of means, and without a friendly hand to aid her on her way. These things pressed upon the heart; but the hurthen was quickly lightened by the generous Rowan. It was impossible for this excellent man to see the dews of affliction in the eye of beauty without wiping them away. Unprepared as he was for such a trip, he nevertheless stepped into the boat, and with those elevated principles of benevolence and generosity which belong only to the virtuous and brave, he proffered to see her on her journey as far as her sister Calvert's, in Alexandria, where suitable arrangements could be made to convey her with comfort and safety to her husband. In a few minutes they were gliding down the river. The journey to Alexandria was protracted and distressing. The weather was bad; accommodations worse; and the boat finally stopping on the route, a messenger had to be despatched to Alexandria for means of conveyance. After much delay, a courier made his appearance with a couple of horses. Mrs. Long and her servant girl mounted one of the animals, and Mr. Rowan the other, with the little daughter Ann, behind him, and the infant in his arms. They completed the balance of the route, exhausted with fatigue and drenched with rain. Having remained with her sister a sufficient time for repose, she resumed her journey, and after extraordinary fatigue, reached Nacogdoches, where she experienced the kind welcome of her husband, which her affectionate devotion merited—to her a compensation for all past toils and sufferings.

• But the rainbow is not always the signal of serene hours. Though it often span the retiring clouds, it sometimes sits upon the brow of a gathering storm: and such proved the light that illumined the countenance of our happy heroine on meeting with her husband—it was but a rainbow joy upon a cloud of sorrow. She arrived upon the very eve of calamity.

[Here follows a narrative of the sack of towns and almost incredible sufferings of this unhappy couple, which we pass over and come at once to the closing scene of the tragedy.]

Providing vessels at Galveston for the transportation of his troops, Gen. Long proceeded to the mouth of San Antonio river, where he landed, and marched without delay to Goliad, or Labahia, of which he took easy possession. This post was occupied by the Patriot forces under his command until intelligence was received of the proclamation of the *Plan of Iguala*, by Iturbide, the complete success of the second revolution in Mexico, and the entire overthrow of Spanish authority. A short period only intervened before he was courteously invited by the new government to visit the Capital of the Republic, that he might receive appropriate honours as one of the champions of civil liberty. Such an invitation could not well be declined, and he accordingly proceeded to the capital with a suitable escort. But unfortunate was it for General Long that he did not act upon the principle of *timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes*; for he had not been in the city more than a few days, before he became an object of peculiar suspicion to Iturbide and his minions, who recognised in him a man whose Cato-like devotion to principle would never allow

him to become a base auxiliary of this bastard Cæsar in those schemes of usurpation which his selfish cunning was then devising. Secret orders for his assassination are supposed to have been issued; and it is believed, upon satisfactory testimony, that General Long lost his life in the following manner: Being on a visit to some officer of the government one day, he had occasion to pass a small squad of the military on guard; and whilst drawing his passport from his pocket, he was shot by a soldier from an adjoining piazza, and instantly died.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE STATE OF ARTS IN ITALY.

Read before the Society of Arts, by Charles H. Wilson, Esq. Architect, Edinburgh.

I shall commence with a brief notice of the art of painting in Italy. This fine art has gradually declined, and there seems to be no indication at present of its recovery. It is trammelled by academic system. The Roman school is distinguished by a cold affectation of classic purity, and a want of energy and nature in all its productions; but, whilst we avoid the errors into which it has fallen, we should not allow these, and the difference of its practice from our own, to blind us to its good qualities. Many Roman artists draw exceedingly well, and they evince this power in the large and fine cartoons which they are in the habit of executing before commencing a picture. But if the student in this country does not draw long enough, which I think is the case, the Italian student, in acquiring his mastery of the crayon, seems to forget that he is ever to use the brush; and the Italian artists rarely prove even tolerable colourists, whilst their prejudices as to the adoption of many necessary processes in painting, and which were unquestionably in use amongst their great predecessors, are invincible. This was illustrated in an amusing manner one day in the Florence Gallery. An Italian artist was busy copying a Venetian picture, and my late friend Mr. James Irvine, happening to look at his work, remarked to him that he never could hope to imitate the brilliancy of the original without glazing. "I know that," said the Italian, "but I won't glaze."

At Florence, painting is in much the same state as at Rome: of late some artists have endeavoured to add richness in colour to the correctness of their drawing; but they have only succeeded in arranging on their pictures in brilliant juxtaposition rainbow colours, without attaining that harmonious effect which marks the works of their great predecessors. At Naples, painting is at a low ebb; at Genoa, lower still; at Venice, it is little better; but at Milan it reckons amongst its professors clever men in some departments of the art.

Fresco painting is still pursued in Italy, but with most success by the Germans. I wish to avail myself of this occasion to do homage to the extraordinary merits of the masters of this distinguished school: in looking on their works, we cannot but regret that greater encouragement is not given to the highest department of painting in this country; in those which are encouraged, our artists excel; and we may, I think, therefore justly conclude that ability would soon be found to execute works of the noblest description.

Engraving may appropriately be considered after painting. You are all doubtless well acquainted with the great names which have lately marked the progress of this art in Italy: most of these distinguished artists are now dead. Several of Raphael Morghen's pupils are much esteemed, the best of whom are established at Milan: many very fine and important works have been lately finished or are now in progress. Messrs. Ludwig Gruner and Rusweigh, both Italianised Germans, promise to revive the style of Marc Antonio with success.

The Italian engravers are most successful in their works from historical pictures; but a practice which they follow is, in my opinion, calculated to prevent their imitating with fidelity the style and feeling of the artist whose production they copy. They engrave from highly finished chalk drawings copied

from pictures by artists who devote themselves to this branch: however faithfully these may apparently copy, it is certain that their drawings will, to a certain extent, exhibit their peculiarities of mind and feeling, and as the engraving must likewise so far be marked by the style of its author, the process is not favourable to the production of engravings of a faithful character.

It is but fair to mention that this practice is forced upon the Italian engraver, as he can neither transport gallery pictures nor frescoes to his study.

The landscape engravers of Italy are not successful. Frigid imitators of Woollet, in general their works are far inferior to those of that admirable master.

Sculpture is certainly the art which stands highest in Italy. Canova rescued it from the infamy into which it had sunk, and his genius at once raised it to excellence. If I say that that immortal artist has worthy successors amongst his countrymen, I express as strongly as possible a favourable opinion of the state of the art. If we are to term that the Roman school of sculpture which reckons amongst its professors all the great sculptors of various nations who make the Eternal City their fixed place of residence, then we must, I think, hold that it is the first school existing. England is worthily represented in that united school. I shall not venture upon any comparison between it and our present British school; but it is an important fact, and to its honour, that before Canova resuscitated sculpture in Italy, England could boast a succession of very eminent sculptors. I may mention the estimation in which our great Flaxman is held in Italy. "Flaxman," said a distinguished artist to me on one occasion, "was the greatest sculptor the world has known since the time of the Greeks;" and this opinion is very general in Italy. I touched shortly on the state of painting in the different Italian capitals. I shall pursue the same course with sculpture, but more briefly still, merely remarking that, with one or two exceptions, there are no Italian sculptors of eminence out of Rome.

In connection with the arts of painting and sculpture, we may now consider mosaic work and cameo cutting as practised in Rome. The art of mosaic work has been known in Rome since the days of the republic. The severe rulers of that period forbade the introduction of foreign marbles, and the republican mosaics are all in black and white. Under the empire the art was greatly improved, and not merely by the introduction of marbles of various colours, but by the invention of artificial stones, termed by the Italians *smalti*, which can be made of every variety of tint.

This art was never entirely lost. On the introduction of pictures into Christian temples, they were first made of mosaic; remaining specimens of these are rude, but profoundly interesting in a historical point of view. When art was restored in Italy, mosaic also was improved, but it attained its greatest perfection in the last and present century. Roman mosaic, as now practised, may be described as being the production of pictures by connecting together numerous minute pieces of coloured marble or artificial stones; these are attached to a ground of copper by means of a strong cement of gum mastic and other materials, and are afterwards ground and polished as a stone would be to a perfectly level surface; by this art not only are ornaments made on a small scale, but pictures of the largest size are copied. In former times the largest cupolas of churches, and not unfrequently the entire walls, were incrustated with mosaic. The most remarkable modern works are the copies which have been executed of some of the most important works of the great masters for the altars in St. Peter's. These are in every respect perfect imitations of the originals; and when the originals, in spite of every care, must change and perish, these mosaics will still convey to distant ages a perfect idea of the triumphs of art achieved in the 15th century. The government manufactory in Rome occupies the apartments in the Vatican which were used as offices of the Inquisition. No copies are now made, but cases of *smalti* are shown, containing, it is said, 18,000 different tints. Twenty years were em-

ployed in making one of the copies I have mentioned. The pieces of mosaic vary in size from an eighth to a sixteenth of an inch, and eleven men were employed for that time on each picture.

A great improvement was introduced into the art in 1775, by the Signor Raffaelli, who thought of preparing the *smalti* in what may be termed fine threads. The pastes or *smalti* are manufactured at Venice in the shape of crayons, or like sticks of sealing-wax, and are afterwards drawn out by the workman at a blow pipe into the thickness he requires, often almost to a hair, and now seldom thicker than the finest grass stalk. For tables and large articles, of course, the pieces are thicker; but the beauty of the workmanship, the soft gradation of the tints, and the cost, depend upon the minuteness of the pieces, and the skill displayed by the artist. A ruin, a group of flowers or figures, will employ a good artist about two months when only two inches square, and a specimen of such a description costs from £5 to £20, according to the execution; a landscape, 6 inches by 4, would require eighteen months, and would cost from £40 to £50. This will strike you as no adequate remuneration for the time bestowed. The finest ornaments for a lady, consisting of necklace, earrings, and brooch, cost £40. For a picture of Paestum, 8 feet long and 20 inches broad, on which four men were occupied for three years, £1000 sterling was asked.

(To be continued.)

SONNETS.

By Barry Cornwall.

WINTER.

I love to listen when the year grows old,
And noisy: like some weak life-wrinkled thing,
That vents his splenetic humours, murmuring
At ill he shares in common with the bold.
Then from my quiet room the Winter cold
Is barr'd out like a thief: but should one bring
A frozen hand, the which December's wing
Hath struck so fiercely, that he scarce can hold
The stiffen'd finger toward the grate, I lend
A double welcome to the victim, who
Comes shivering, with pale looks, and lips of blue,
And through the snow and splashin' rain could walk,
For some few hours of kind and social talk:
And deem him, more than ever, now—my friend.

A STORMY NIGHT.

It is a stormy night, and the wild sea
That sounds for ever, now upon the beach
Is pouring all its power. Each after each
The hurrying waves cry out rejoicingly,
And crowding onwards, seem as they would reach
The height I tread upon. The winds are high,
And the quick lightnings shoot along the sky,
At intervals. It is an hour to teach
Vain man his insignificance; and yet,
Though all the elements in their might have met,
At every pause comes ringing on my ear
A sterner murmur, and I seem to hear
The voice of Silence sounding from her throne
Of darkness mightier than all—but all alone.

NEW BOOKS.

Wilberforce's Correspondence.

Mr. Henry Perkins, of this city, has just published "The Correspondence of William Wilberforce," edited by his sons, in two volumes, with a splendid portrait. This is a publication of much interest. It commences as far back as the year 1783, and takes the reader through a rapid and sketchy view of politics and public characters in England for the last half century. It is a most agreeable mode of refreshing one's recollections of such matters to read the letters of Pitt, Fox, Grenville, Canning, Eldon, Wellesley, Brougham and Wilberforce. The vivid delineations

of persons and events which a correspondence of this kind affords, is an effective filling up of the outline presented by general history—a clothing of the skeleton with flesh and blood, colour and expression. The subjects of the letters are uniformly interesting; and they appear to have been selected from the immense mass of Mr. Wilberforce's papers with much discrimination.

Foot's Texas and the Texans.

Messrs. Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co. have just published a work which will attract an unusual share of attention. It is entitled "Texas and the Texans, or Advance of the Anglo-Americans to the Southwest; including a history of leading events in Mexico, from the conquest by Fernando Cortes, to the termination of the Texan Revolution. By Henry Stuart Foote." Undoubtedly this book belongs to that class of works termed "*moot-histories*;" for if we understand the author's design, it is to establish a certain point, viz.: that Mexico ought to be liberated and enlightened by the Anglo-Americans. The work, therefore, is not only a history, but a historical argument; and it will be universally admitted by those competent to pronounce a judgment in the case, that the argument is very ably sustained. The author writes with great vigour, earnestness and eloquence. In the opening chapters the style is a little too ambitious; but as he advances and warms with his subject, the cumbrous ornaments of style, with which he was at first embarrassed, are gracefully thrown off; and the diction becomes in a high degree unaffected, free and nervous. His history is evidently founded on ample and authentic materials. It supplies a great desideratum to the general reader, viz.: a well written and respectable history of a neighbouring nation, hitherto little regarded, but destined to exert an important influence on the whole policy of the western world. Moreover, from the circumstance of its proceeding from one high in the confidence of the existing government of Texas, must unquestionably be considered as a development of the political views and declared policy of that government. Its importance in this point of view will be duly appreciated in various quarters, from Mexico to Vienna.

We have inserted an extract in this day's Journal, which is a fair specimen of the author's style.

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EDITED BY JOHN SANDERSON, ESQ.

PART I.

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TRAVELLERS IN AMERICA.

It behoves us to make some profitable use of these travellers. Philip said he had infinite obligations to the orators of Athens; for in striving by his words and actions to refute their reproaches, he became every day better. Plato having heard that malicious persons were saying injurious things of him, replied, "I will behave in such a way that no one will believe them." Who, unless it be enemies or strangers, will take the pains to tell us our faults? It is in this respect our enemies become our friends. And we should construe, too, on the side of mercy what they say spitefully and petulantly. Travellers are discontented beings, for the very reason they are travellers—being forced into strange habits, and cut off from the comforts and affections of home. Lafontaine tells us of a personage, not to be named to polite ears, who made a terrestrial tour; met every where bad treatment, became discontented, homesick, got the blue devils, and went back. Madam de Stael, who ought to know, says, you must not expect to be happy and pleased with a foreign country till it has become your home; which requires time and acquaintance, some tender attachment, social affections, and even familiarity with inanimate objects. Moreover, we do not admit that one nation abusing another a little is any sure evidence of dislike. Why should it not be in patriotism, as they say it is in love?

"Philis dit le diable de moi,
De son amour et de sa foi,
Une preuve assez nouvelle—
Mais, que me fait croire pourtant
Qu'elle m'aime effectivement,
C'est que je dis le diable d'elle
Et que je l'aime eperduement."

With these indulgent principles we set out to make a running commentary upon some remarks of Mr. Combe's book. An evil which attended Mr. Combe during the whole of his stay in this country was a want of fresh air. In our rooms, both private and public, he was suffocated,—*asphyxiated*—as Englishman has not been since the reign of Hyder Ally. He says (and we are half inclined to believe two thirds of what he says) that three fourths of the consumptions and colds, so prevalent in this country, are to be ascribed to our neglect of ventilation. The Americans he says, enclose themselves hermetically in their rail cars and lecture-rooms, as they do quinces, to preserve the flavour. There the victim sits till the air is disoxygenated, his pulse rises, he is feverish, palpitating, breathing short, and feeling something like one of those French

geese which are stewed alive for the enlargement of their livers, when a window opens, and all the winds of heaven are let in upon him, shaking asthmas, catarrhs, and bronchites from their fluttering wings. He conceives the pure atmosphere to be wholesome only when inhaled regularly, and not in these fits of occasional or sudden deglutition. We once heard of a child brought suddenly from St. Giles into Regent's Park, which died of fresh air, not being used to it; as a fish brought into the atmosphere from its denser medium. We chance to know a lady, also, of once delicate habits, nervous at the rustling of her mother's silk gown, and taking cold from every little hurricane that accidentally broke in through the key-hole, in Chestnut street, who by a change of circumstances, has been compelled to lodge *al fresco* in the country, the cold north whistling through the crannies of her hut, badly shut out with her petticoat, and sometimes, she declares, blowing off her night-cap in bed—and she has grown into a rosy health, and exquisite beauty, which she does not think dearly purchased at the price of city air and splenetic gentility. "I met," says Mr. Combe, "a married lady, in one of the American cities, whose florid and healthy colour attracted my attention, and on my remarking it, she mentioned that in all seasons she slept with her bed-room windows partially open." Why, ladies, be wan and melancholic, when you may buy health at so cheap a rate and economise paint?

"When American cities," says Mr. C. "become dense and confined, they will be scourged with epidemics, and bitter regrets will be felt, when it is too late, that means were not adopted in time to preserve the health of the poorer classes, by providing them space for fresh air and recreation. If the American press would present its readers with faithful descriptions of the evils, which the English, Scottish and Irish large towns are suffering from neglect of this element of health, and call upon them to take warning in time, they would discharge an important public duty. Posterity will deeply lament the spirit which caused it to be neglected."

William Penn had a pleasant garden at Stoke for his private use, but would not spare a hundred acres from the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania for his whole community of Quakers. He has left a few spots not so large as Dido would have covered with a bull's hide; and for miles around the city the same spirit is at work to cumber the ground with dwellings, wharfs, store-houses and beggar's nests; so that posterity will not have a spot to fly a kite in; and if it wants gardens, it will build them, as Nebuchadnezzar

did, in the air. Had William Penn, instead of Nimrod, founded Babylon, where had its kings broused, or its prophets hung their harps? Thanks to Stephen Girard, he has preserved a score or two of acres from the dominion of brick and mortar—at a distance, indeed, from town, but the town will come to it—where the orphan, if he is to receive no other benefit, may at least (not being a clergyman) gulp a mouthful of fresh air, and repair his sickly frame from the effluvia of suffocated streets and alleys, and he will be grateful to Providence that it has not placed the rays and winds of heaven under the direction of a city council.

Beyond the college and Girard grounds, was, five years ago, a luxuriant garden, gay with lemons, oranges, palmettos, and all the Indies; and woodlands, shading the dimpled hills, stood proudly, unviolated by the axe. The eye of heaven has rarely visited a spot more delightfully romantic.

—— "delicati colli
Chiare aque, ambrose ripe, et pratti molli."

—— "Nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime and play'd at will
Her virgin fancies."

Sweet Lemon Hill! we knew thee in thy palmy days—in early spring when Flora unbuttoned her fairest flowers—in the scorching canicule when sweetbriar, ivy and honeysuckle crept around the cottage windows—in the hazy skies of Indian summer, when the sere leaf, loosened from its branch, fell fluttering leisurely to the ground—we have brushed the silvery dew of morning from the mullen's velvet leaf; from the marigold, that closes its flower with the day, and turning, the long night, its face to the east, smiles and dallies with the rising sun. In the cool shade we have wandered or reposed under shelter from the "Syrian heats," and from a loophole looked out upon the low and skulking city; or sat at eve on the rocky bank, the moon falling upon the lonely Schuylkill, and listened to the roaring cataract beneath, while the owl hooted over head, and the wild and wailing whip-poor-will brought on the night. Lemon Hill! thou art bare and desolate, and not a leaf covers thy nakedness; thy lemons and palmettos have fallen under the hammer of the auctioneer, and thy soil under the clutches of a joint-stock company. Thy old castle stands by itself, a bleak tenement; and the giant oak stretches forth its arms, a leafless skeleton. Gold, thou art the only god, and there is no god but thee! He is fit for any other havoc who, with dry eyes, could decree the destruction of this enchanting scene. Nature has not put a grain of ideality into his bumptious occiput.

Why do men leave their native homes—the soft and balmy breath of Chio and Mytilene, for the inky skies and the mud and slough of the French capital, but for its delicious gardens? The Tuilleries, the Luxembourg, Garden of Plants and Champs Elysées have each their hundred acres and more; and these spread out in the districts the most crowded with population. No American returns from Paris to Philadelphia who does not feel mortified and indignant at the shabby utilitarian spirit which has deprived us of this inappreciable benefit. Question men individually—there is no one who does not acknowledge that pleasure is one of the necessities of human nature, and to wean men away from debasing pleasures that we must open to them sources of innocent and rational amusement; and no one doubts that a judicious, well concerted scheme of public pleasures might be made more instrumental in the preservation of public morals than any other influence by which society is maintained. The French, before their revolution, were debased by a tyrannical government, next corrupted by a reckless republican anarchy, and finally, by a military despotism—sapping entirely their religious and moral principles; yet all authorities admit there is a neatness of dress and refinement of manners amongst the lower orders of the French to be seen in no other country of Europe. A patch of withered sod, of two or three acres, and somewhat greenish after a rain, they call in New York, “the Park.” Two or three scraggy elms stand drooping their shriveled branches imploringly; upon which labels are put up with admonishments not to injure the shrubbery. Strangers arriving there about August, when the caterpillars (ignorant of the park laws) have consumed the last leaf, take the prohibition to be ironical, the name itself facetious. They are mistaken; for one lodges in the rooms of the Astor House, overlooking “the Park,” at a higher rent. Our little squares of Philadelphia have their little advantages; but from want of extent are not susceptible of any elegant improvement. They do not furnish a promiscuous multitude the necessary accommodations, and therefore lose their rank, become unfashionable, and are deserted. All together they are of less dimensions than the Tuilleries alone.

Gardens afford the purest pleasures of all classes; they are the luxury of the rich and the resting place of the disconsolate. They induce out-door exercises: thereby promoting health and physical development; they aid in keeping up the energy of a nation, which city life, in depriving women of air and exercise, tends perpetually to destroy. A delicate lady will walk five miles with alacrity in a garden, who, with no one to please but her husband, would think it an insupportable fatigue to walk from the back parlour to the front. Besides, a lady without a fashionable promenade, where her amiable vanities may be paraded and encouraged, will not even acquire a graceful air and gait in the walk; and in no other state can a woman be seen in the triumph and plenitude of her charms—to what else does the belle of the Tuilleries or the Prado owe her superiority—her amenity of movement, her lightness and springiness of tread, that scarce makes “a dint upon the down?”—To children, also, gardens give not only habits of health, cheerfulness and gracefulness, but an emulation of neatness and good manners, which they would assuredly not acquire under the sober stimulus of home and the nursery.

Utility often miscalculates its own advantages.

Gardens give additional and equivalent value to other parts of a city, and with other such advantages, induce wealthy strangers to reside there. Fifty thousand English are now resident in Paris, spending half a million of pounds sterling annually. Rightly estimated, it will perhaps be found that no property pays so abundant a revenue to a city as its gardens.

But our best instruction on this subject is the example of the English capital, where the commercial influence has shut out the poor from all refined enjoyments as effectually as the authority of a despot. Its public galleries are inferior to those of any second rate state of Europe; and even these profess only to be public; the museum being the only place of free access in London, and this but in some of its apartments. As for gardens, why waste the city upon the nobodies who stay in town during the dog-days? Southwark, with its 300,000 inhabitants, does not enjoy an open space wider than the street; and the East End is an immense waste, without a green spot. Districts are spread out here larger than our American cities; and living in a poverty to which rags are a decoration, with no other place of exercise or recreation but only Smithfield, where the hangman takes his airings. The poor man may, indeed, upon a holiday, reach St. James' Park, but here are no parades, no display, no music, no signs of gaiety or gentility. Even the poor will not frequent a garden that is despised by their betters, and that poor devils only visit; they are flattered to be seen in good company, and are encouraged to appear there with becoming decency. But it is not to be expected that the poor man will walk five miles to gulp a little unfashionable air, when he has the gin-shop next door. A country which thus suffers its poor to be degraded, must expect the sure penalty laid upon all violations of those general laws upon which it has pleased Providence to establish the government of the world.

Other strictures of Mr. Combe, closely connected with this subject, are also worthy of a serious attention. The American ladies, he observes, usually ascribe their maladies to the variability of climate. “Their own habits appear to me to contribute to them much more. Besides sleeping in ill-aired apartments, they rarely walk abroad for the sake of fresh air and exercise, or take these exercises irregularly. They do not vary sufficiently their occupations, or lighten them with cheerful amusements; their duties press constantly on their minds. Pies, pastry, and animal food are consumed in quantities too abundant for a sedentary life; and baths and ablutions are too rarely used. Most of the houses have baths, but many of the ladies either do not use them, or from some misapprehension of their influence, do not remain long enough in them to enjoy their full benefit.”

These are grave accusations, and if true, the evil should be speedily corrected; if untrue, it is to be hoped our ladies will behave in such a way that no one will believe them. As for bathing and eating, the French, and not the English, are the best models. In Paris bathing is a necessity; in London, a luxury. Within every quarter of a mile of Paris you have public baths; and such as Swaim's, of Philadelphia, at no dearer rate than an American shilling. A bath on the bill of a London hotel is marked six shillings sterling, and public baths, difficult to be found, are never less than two and sixpence. Before William the Conqueror came over, it is reported in authentic English history, that a cold water

bath was inflicted in penitentiary offences, and the law is not yet obsolete of punishing a scold by ducking. The French women eat two meals only in the day, and nothing in the intervals. If you ask French women to take some refreshments in the cake-shops, they reply, *c'est pour les Anglais, or vous allez gater votre dinner*, and invariably refuse—and health, as far as women are concerned, is on the side of the French. As for cheerful amusements, M. de Beaumont goes still farther than Mr. Combe, and says, “he never saw even the schoolboys play at any game.”—We have occasionally seen the wildest of them play at marbles.

Translated from one of the French journals received at this office.

A POLITICAL FUNERAL.

“Augustine!”

“Madame!”

“I want you to wake me to-morrow at eight.”

“What dress shall I get ready? they have sent your new pink one home.”

“No, I don't like to wear a pink dress at a funeral, bring me my lilac.”

“Ah, if madame would only allow me to go with my husband to see it, they say it is to be very pretty.”

“Yes, if you will be back at one o'clock.”

The next morning, according to her determination, our heroine was up at eight; this extraordinary feat was accomplished in order to be dressed by eleven; for on such an occasion it would not do at all not to look one's best. Indeed these “political funerals” are the favourite fêtes now in France; all Paris is at the windows or out of doors.—“How fortunate,” exclaimed a country gentleman, “how very fortunate that I happen to be in Paris at this time. If General R. had died two days later, I should have been on my way back, and have missed it all. Really it was very amiable in him.”

“Edgar, Léon, come to breakfast, won't you, I am ready.”

“So soon! it is only two hours since you began your toilette,” said her husband, laughing; “really this General R. has a great influence over you ladies, even after he is dead; you look very pretty this morning.”

“But!” exclaimed Edgar, (Pauline's brother,) “it is not at all a laughing matter, but a great public calamity, and we should share in the national grief. Besides, the dead are always to be respected.”

Pauline had soon finished her breakfast; she had not omitted a single pin in the adjustment of her dress, but a cup of tea more or less was of very little consequence on such a day.

“Make haste, Pauline,” said her brother, “we shall miss the ‘prologue,’ and the sarcophagus will have passed by.”

After giving the servants a few orders, Pauline gaily left the house with her husband and brother.

“You are going with us, Léon?”

“No; I have business elsewhere; but perhaps I will join you before it is over.”

Taking Edgar's arm, the lively Pauline hastened onwards—she was beautifully dressed in a lilac “jaconet,” with a little straw bonnet—at the corner of the street they met a female friend.

“Has it passed?” eagerly demanded Pauline.

“Not yet; where do you go to see it?”

“On the Boulevard, with the crowd.”

“Oh, don't go there, come with me to my aunt's, it is close by here, and her windows look directly out upon the procession.”

“I don't like to go there; the last time I paid her a visit was the day of General Lamarque's funeral: she will say I never come but on such occasions for my own convenience.”

“Well, no matter, she knows she is tiresome: come.”

And the two friends, with Edgar turned their steps towards the dwelling of the old baroness.

The old lady received them politely, but at the

chiefly of a single faculty (monomaniacs,) the organ which corresponded with their hallucinations or impulsive tendencies, was found to be large; but in others this was not the case. This is exactly what had been previously observed and published in phrenological works. Large organs, *ceteris paribus*, act with more energy than small organs. They are more liable, from their large size, to pass beyond the normal state, and enter into a state of functional excitement; but small organs also may become diseased from other causes, and may give the character to the monomania.

The Elections.—I have repeatedly made inquiries about the private machinery put in operation previously to the elections, and am informed that it is the following. The towns and counties are divided into districts; each political party appoints a committee for each district to canvass the voters. They converse with them about the merits of the candidates presented on their "ticket," and persuade them to come to the poll and vote on their side. Money is subscribed by the wealthy members of each party to defray the expense of printing addresses, advertisements, rooms for meetings, and even for carriages to convey the infirm to the poll, at each election. The numbers who vote are about one half or two thirds of all who are entitled to claim to come to the poll, unless on some exciting occasions, when almost every individual can be brought forward. The lawyers take a great lead in politics; but the clergy and the medical men generally take no active part. Individuals among them may do so; but they are exceptions to the general rule. Those who know the movements of political machinery in Britain, will acknowledge that there is much resemblance in this respect between it and the United States. I am assured that the ballot, in this country, affords no protection to the voter. It is perfectly well known how every man votes; and there is no intimidation, because any man threatening another with any injurious consequences for not voting as he wished him, would be publicly disgraced. The politicians consider that we attach too much importance to the ballot in Britain, and assure me that it would not screen the voter, as we expect. They, however, do not know the condition of abject dependence of many of the British voters, nor the violence that is practised on their consciences; and overlook the indulgence with which intimidators are regarded in Britain.

CHAPTER VI.

1838.

Nov. 4. Thermometer 53°. *Mr. Pierpont's Church.*—We went this afternoon to the Rev. Mr. Pierpont's church, and heard him preach an excellent sermon. The dissatisfaction of part of his congregation with his exertions in the temperance cause, has diminished the number who attend his ministrations. It also rained horribly, which in Boston thins all audiences.

Home Education.—In visiting a friend this evening, an influential man, we found that he entertains very enlightened views regarding what constitutes education, and what is necessary to be done in improving it, for the true interest of the United States. He advances the instruction of his sons in a way at once simple, agreeable, and efficacious. In the evening, after tea, when the family are enjoying the quiet comfort of the winter fireside, he desires one of his sons to read

from the daily newspaper the list of ships which have arrived in the port of Boston; it specifies the places from which they have come, and the nature of the cargo. He then asks one to point out the place in the map, and to tell the latitude and longitude; another is requested to assign a reason why it brings that particular cargo from that port. This leads to an explanation of the climate, soil, and natural productions of that part of the globe; this is often followed up by details concerning the religion, government, manners and customs of the people. They learn a great deal of useful and interesting information in these conversations, which also give them a perception of the real value of their geographical and historical studies at school.

November 5. Ther. 57°. **Common Schools.**—I visited a common school to-day, and found it like the others which I had seen. A book of mechanical and natural philosophy is used in these schools, embracing Astronomy, Pneumatics, Electricity, and Optics; but the children are taught from this book without any previous instruction in chemistry or natural history, and besides, the school committees do not furnish the teachers with an efficient apparatus for illustrating the subjects of which it treats. I found the children all in one room, and every variety of lessons proceeding at the same moment. The children were requested to sing a song of their own selection, and again they favoured us with "I love my native land the best."

Juvenile Association for the Suppression of Profanity.—I visited also the "Hawes Common School" in South Boston, and found one peculiar institution. The children have been formed into "An Association for the Suppression of Profanity," which the teacher said had been eminently successful in banishing not only oaths, but rude language and violence, from the school. The organisation of the association is very similar to that of a temperance society. It has a president, vice-president, secretary, and a standing committee, elected every three months. The teacher kindly presented me with a printed copy of "an Address," delivered by one of the boys, George A. Stevens, at the public annual exhibition of the male department of the school, on 23d August, 1837. It is highly creditable to the young gentleman's talents. "The members of the society," he says, "wish to begin life with fair prospects. We believe it to be important to gain the mastery over our tongues; and to aid us in so doing, to excite us to watchfulness, we have formed this association." "The society has a pledge which its members sign, and a constitution by which all its proceedings are regulated."

Article 5 of the constitution provides, that "any member who shall be known to be guilty of profanity, may be indicted by the standing committee, and expelled or suspended, or otherwise punished, at the discretion of the society."

Article 6. "Profane swearing shall be divided into two classes. In the first class there shall be comprehended the use of the name of 'God,' or the 'Saviour,' together with that of 'damn,' or its compounds, and 'hell' and its compounds. In the second shall be included all other words which may indirectly come under the title of profane; such as 'curse,' 'devil,' and their compounds, of which the society shall judge."

The form of initiation is not published.

This society, in addition to its moral influence, trains children to the practice of public business, an object of importance in a country where every

man, after attaining twenty-one years of age, becomes an influential member of the social body.

House of Refuge for Juvenile Offenders.—We next visited this institution in South Boston. Every person who has attended to criminal legislation in Britain, must have remarked, that the law inquires only into the facts, "whether a crime has been committed, and to what extent;" and then assigns a punishment intended to bear a proportion to the magnitude of the offence; but that no investigation takes place into the particulars—What was the cause of the crime? What effect will the punishment produce on the offender? What influence will it exercise on society? If a child commit a petty theft, the law awards confinement in prison for twenty or thirty days; the effects of which are to destroy the character of the culprit, to blunt his feelings, and to remove from his mind all terror of the law, by rendering him thus early familiar with its power; and as if to school him into crime, it deals gently with him at first, giving him only a delicate experience of its lash, and often, by placing him in the society of more accomplished rogues, educates him to more extensive depredations. The want of houses of refuge for such offenders has been generally experienced; and in several cities such institutions have been instituted and supported by charitable donations. The state of the criminal law, however, has presented great obstacles to their success; for as it awards confinement in prison for a definite number of days as a punishment, and makes no adequate provision for the reformation of its victims, it leaves these houses of refuge without legal power, or means, to correct offenders, or to prevent them from falling again into crime. In Boston this branch of public police stands on a better foundation.

Here the principle of vengeance, or punitive justice, as it is more politely called, which is the mainspring of British criminal law, is abandoned. Juvenile offenders are regarded as erring and unfortunate beings, for whom the law prescribes a mode of treatment at once humane and beneficial towards them and society. In Britain, the laws are enacted by the aristocracy: in Massachusetts, by the people, through their representatives. In Britain, the lawgivers are far removed from personal contact with the poor, the vicious, and the ignorant, and they think only of punishing them when they do wrong. In Massachusetts, the lawgivers live and move in daily communication with the mass of the people, and are dependent on their will for their functions; they become acquainted with the causes of crimes and the effects of punishment, and they treat offenders with humanity and justice. In Scotland, juvenile offenders, after being committed two or three times to Bridewell for sixty days, or less, for petty offences, are at last transported to New South Wales. In Boston, their first offence would conduct them to this house of refuge, from which they would not be liberated until they were reformed, provided for by their friends, or had attained to the age of twenty-one if males, or eighteen if females, by which time reason might be better able to govern their actions. This institution is managed by directors, at all times amenable to public opinion; it is open to public inspection; the inmates are not regarded as undergoing punishment, but reformation; there is neither desire nor interest in any one to detain them one day longer than is necessary for their own welfare, and the directors are

always happy to liberate them whenever, by the interference of their friends, or by other means, they can be adequately provided for. The expenses of the establishment are most properly provided for by public assessment. There is no reason why the benevolent members of society alone should be burdened with the support of such an institution. In Britain, we are still so deeply immersed in the barbarism of the dark ages, that the maxim is very generally admitted to be sound, that society has no right to compel its members to pay money for benevolent objects. It is regarded as a legitimate exercise of legislative power, to levy taxes to maintain prisons and penal colonies for *punishing* offenders, but quite illegitimate to exact money to rescue the young from the temptations that lead to crime; it is legitimate to levy taxes to maintain fleets and armies for the purpose of fighting the people of other states; but illegitimate to raise money to be applied in national education, which, by rendering our own people just, might avert the necessity for fighting altogether!

The children were busily employed when we visited the institution. They are taught a trade, and receive instruction in the common branches of learning, and in morals and religion. A chapel forms part of the buildings.

I examined the heads of several of the children, and found in one of them the moral and intellectual organs favourably developed in proportion to those of the animal propensities; this child is naturally capable of much improvement. In another, the moral and intellectual organs were very deficient in proportion to the animal organs; and, in my opinion, he is a moral patient, who should be superintended for life; but the great majority presented that nearly equal balance between the higher and lower organs which renders the individual the victim of external influences. This combination very generally prevails among criminals, and institutions such as this, which remove temptations from their propensities, and supply stimulants to their moral and intellectual faculties, are calculated to establish the habitual ascendancy of their higher powers, if any human means will do so. It must be added, that the extent of moral and intellectual cultivation which is supplied in this institution, is by far too limited. Much more is necessary to be done, to establish such characters permanently in virtue.

Nov. 6. Therm. 50°. *Phrenology*.—To-day I gave another practical lesson to my class on phrenology, in the forenoon. The interest and attendance increase.

Lecture by Dr. W. E. Channing.—In the evening, we heard Dr. Channing deliver the introductory lecture to the Franklin Society, an association formed for the purpose of furnishing weekly lectures to the labouring men and women of Boston, at half a dollar each for the season. The lecturers are gentlemen who give their services gratuitously, and as each chooses his own subject, the instruction is of a very desultory nature. Dr. Channing's address was "On the Elevation of the Labouring portion of the Community." The sentiments were noble and pure, the language classical, occasionally poetical and touching, and sound sense pervaded the whole. A few of the propositions probably would not stand the test of a rigid analysis on the principles of phrenology and the natural laws; but these were not important in themselves. The hall of the Masonic Temple was crowded, and the dress and appearance of the labouring people,

were so respectable that I could scarcely distinguish between them and the wealthier classes, many of whom were present. He adverted to the abolition of slavery, and elicited applause by his remarks. He was received in silence, as usual, without any demonstration of welcome, but occasionally his sentiments drew forth expressions of approbation as he proceeded.

Dr. Channing is in stature below the middle size, he is slender, pale, sensitive, and fragile in his aspect. His nervous system seems to have preyed on all the other portions of his frame. The anterior lobe of his brain is well developed, the lower region predominating; Ideality is prominently conspicuous, and the organs of all the moral sentiments are large. His hair is brown, profuse, and hangs loosely over the forehead, hiding its expanse from the eye of the phrenologist. The lower part of his face is small, and expresses great delicacy of feeling, gentleness, and benevolence. His voice is feeble, but soft, clear, and distinct.

Nov. 7. Therm. 38°. *North American Indians*.—This morning at nine o'clock, Dr. J. T. V. Smith, health officer of Boston, and Captain Sturgis, of the revenue service, with a six-oared boat, took me four or five miles down Boston Bay, to "Pulling Point," in the township of Chelsea, where we dug for Indian skulls. In digging the foundations of a Methodist meeting-house here, an Indian skull had been disinterred, which had been presented to Dr. Smith, and from the number of bones discovered, there was reason to conclude, that this had been an Indian burial-place. Our six sailors, and some carpenters who were erecting a house close by, dug around the meeting-house, and they speedily uncovered the skeleton, the skull of which had been presented to Dr. Smith. It lay north and south, and had been doubled up, with the knees touching the sternum, and the legs parallel to the thighs, the elbows close to the sides, the forearms folded up parallel to the humerus, and the hands resting on the breast. The head lay to the south. We continued to dig in the same direction, and found another adult skeleton entire, lying exactly in the same attitude, the skull in its place, and entire. We found close by this skeleton, another of a young person; but the skull had been flattened, the occipital bone being forced into contact with the frontal bone, and the temporal bones separated and spread out.

There could be no doubt of these skeletons being Indian. The attitude in which the bodies lay, corresponds with that of other bodies found in other Indian burying-places. In the American Family Magazine (Vol. iv. No. ii. p. 66), an account is given, accompanied by a figure of an Indian skeleton, the position of which was similar; but it possessed a brass breastplate and brass belt. It was found in the town of Fall River, Bristol county, Massachusetts, in July, 1836. The skeletons which we discovered were only about twelve inches below the surface, and are supposed to have been in the ground more than two hundred years. The soil was gravel, intermingled with a yellowish clay and sand.

The gentlemen kindly presented me with the skull, and Dr. Smith added the one which had been previously given to him. Both skulls presented a large base of the brain, a sloping and narrow coronal region, deficient in Conscientiousness, Benevolence, and Ideality, with a moderate anterior lobe. The sutures are moderately serrated. This combination is the general accompaniment of the savage character.

The day was splendidly clear and calm. The six young sailors who manned the boat were beautifully clean and healthy in their appearance. Captain Sturgis allows no spirituous liquors in his cutter, and uses no punishment. He never uses harsh or profane language, nor permits his crew to use such towards each other. He treats them with kindness, does not pay them their wages on stated days, but gives them money to buy necessities when asked for it, and when balance has accumulated, he pays it, and induces the sailor to carry it directly to the Savings Bank. If any of them behave ill, he is dismissed.

Nov. 8. Thermometer 53°. *State Prison*.—I visited the state prison in Charlestown. It contains about three hundred male convicts. None are sent hither who are not sentenced to imprisonment for one year and upwards. The prison dress is made of coarse woollen cloth, the left side blue, and the right red. The prison is conducted on the Auburn system. Each prisoner is looked up in a separate cell when not at work. The cells, judging by the eye, seem to be about seven feet long, five broad, and seven in height. The upper half of the door of each cell is grated for the admission of light and air. A ventilating hole about four inches square, left in a corner at the top of the wall, opens into a large air chimney. The light enters through windows in the external walls, and the cells are built facing these windows, with a passage of eight or ten feet in breadth between them and the outer walls. At night lamps are hung on these walls, which send rays through the gratings into the cells. There are four or five floors of cells, one above another. In the morning the convicts are marched in solemn silence into large workshops, in which they labour at various trades, stone-dressing, smith work, carpentry, upholstery, and shoe-making. If the room is small, a superintendent sits and overlooks the whole workmen, preventing them from speaking, holding communication with each other, or being idle. If the workshop is large, several superintendants are employed. In every other respect the prisoners appear like tradesmen in a well-regulated manufactory, busily engaged in work. They are instructed after the hours of labour, and also on Sundays, in their cells.

I examined the heads of eight or nine of the criminals, and found the animal organs large in proportion to those of the moral sentiments and intellect; but, on the whole, the moral region was less deficient in these individuals than in the average of criminals whose heads I have examined in Britain. Several whose brains indicated very low dispositions, were mentioned as being well conducted in prison, a strong testimony to the efficiency of the discipline.

I could learn very little about the dispositions which they had manifested when free members of society. The statistics of crime will never be satisfactory until the history of the external circumstances of the criminal, and also his development of brain and temperament, are recorded.

I was informed that when Dr. Spurzheim visited this prison in 1832, he stated that a particular prisoner's head was so well developed in the moral and intellectual, and so little in the animal regions, that he could not conceive how he came to be under sentence for a crime. Afterwards it was discovered that he was not guilty. He was liberated, and is since married, and is now a respectable citizen. He all along denied his guilt.

After I left the prison, several of the prisoners

whose heads I had examined wrote accounts of their own dispositions, which were sent for my information. Most of them represented themselves as amiable and unfortunate men, either wrongfully condemned, or so full of penitence, that it was cruel to continue their confinement. If these autobiographies are true, phrenology is false; but, unfortunately for the veracity of the narrators, their vicious actions form a striking contrast to their professed virtuous dispositions.

Mr. Webster.—On my return from Charlestown, I visited the court house, and heard Mr. Webster address a jury in a suit about paying a contractor for making a road. His manner of speaking is calm, deliberate, clear, and forcible.

The Legal Profession in Britain and Massachusetts.—I have had several conversations with gentlemen of the law in Boston, regarding the combination of the functions of solicitor and counsel in the same individual in their courts. They stated that the impediment which it might be supposed to present to men of great talent in rising into the higher walks of the profession, is removed by the practice of adopting junior partners; while it is attended with some advantages, one of which is, that it checks that tendency to falsehood and exaggeration in the pleadings of counsel which sometimes disgrace the English and Scottish bar. In the great majority of lawsuits, both litigants are seeking to obtain only what they sincerely believe to be justice; but there are instances of unprincipled and vindictive clients, who resort to the law as an engine of extortion or oppression. The division of the offices of solicitor and counsel aids such persons in pursuing their nefarious objects. In London or Edinburgh an unprincipled client will find out a solicitor as dishonest as himself, and communicate to him a whole tissue of untruths. The solicitor, when he is not called on to do more than convey them to counsel, sets them forth as he received them, or perhaps colours them a little to add to their effect. The barrister believes in his brief as he does in his Bible, and adding a little more colouring to the facts, and much eloquence to the expression of them, presents to the judge and jury a tissue which very much resembles the wrong side of the web of truth. All the parties who weave this tissue affect to be honourable men. The client is merely misled by his own egotism, and the solicitor and counsel are not bound to know that he falsifies. If the client be rich—the greater the falsehoods, the higher in rank is the counsel selected to give them weight and respectability. In such cases the most eminent, and sometimes the most evangelical, men are employed to state the most desperate calumnies and untruths, a duty from which, if the fee be large, they rarely shrink. I am informed that in Massachusetts every counsel is presumed to know the facts from the investigations which it is his duty to make into the evidence in preparing his case; and that extravagant departures from truth, which ordinary sagacity might have avoided, injure his personal reputation.

Sir Walter Scott and the Ballantynes.—The "Refutation of the Misstatements and Calumnies contained in Mr. Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., respecting the Messrs. Ballantyne," by Mr. James Ballantyne's representatives, has recently been republished here, and is exciting much interest. In society the questions are very often put to me: Do you know Mr. Lockhart? What is the development of his organ of Conscientiousness? Did you know the Ballantynes? What is the truth about them and Sir Walter

Scott? My answer to these questions has been: That I had seen Mr. Lockhart, but had no personal acquaintance with him, and that I declined giving opinions about the heads of living men, unless they had permitted authentic casts or busts of themselves to be published, which he, to the best of my knowledge, had not done. I asked why they put this question. "Because," said they, "there seems to be a defect in his moral perceptions. He obviously means well by the reputation of Sir Walter Scott, but he has unnecessarily published matters which detract from the respectability of Sir Walter's character, apparently without being at all conscious that they have this tendency." I remarked that probably Mr. Lockhart wished to do justice to the public as well as to Sir Walter, by telling the whole truth, and leaving the world to form its own judgments on his merits. "But has he told the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in regard to the Ballantynes?" My reply was: that after Constable's failure, which drew along with it that of Sir Walter Scott and James Ballantyne (John having died in 1821), the affairs of all the three parties had been placed by their creditors in the hands of professional men for investigation, and that the general result of this scrutiny was the understanding among the creditors that James Ballantyne had been ruined by his connection with Sir Walter Scott; and they acted on this belief by treating him with great kindness: They allowed him to retain his household furniture, and also the wines which Mr. Lockhart says so much about, and they continued him in the management of his printing business with a large salary. No creditors ever troubled him personally, even when carrying on business, undischarged, after the bankruptcy, for he was not legally discharged till after Sir Walter's death, when his (Sir Walter's) representatives compounded for the debts that then remained due. I should say, that the statements contained in the recent publication by James Ballantyne's heirs coincide with the views formed by the business circles in Edinburgh, after the whole facts of the case had been disclosed.

Nov. 9. Thermometer 52°. *Phrenology.*—I gave practical lessons to my class, from 10 o'clock till past 1. Sixteen or eighteen children were brought, and the class was formed into parties of three or four, who examined the cerebral development of a child, wrote it down, and brought it to me to be checked. In this day's practising, they had the means of judging whether there is a correspondence between the natural dispositions and the development of the brain in young persons. In almost all the children the anterior lobe was large, indicating great intellectual power. I called the attention of the class to the frontal sinus; showed them specimens of it in skulls, and told them that before the age of twelve it very rarely exists so high as the base of the brain. Here, then, was an opportunity for them of putting the assertions of phrenologists to the test of observation. We maintain that the sinus in adult and aged persons is found chiefly in the situations of Individuality, Size, Weight, and Locality; that these organs are amply developed and also active in children below twelve; that in the children now present these organs appear very different in size, and of course, if Phrenology be true, a difference should be found in the talents related to them: if, for instance, Individuality be large in a child, he should be a great observer and inquirer about things that exist; if in another the organ be small, he should

be deficient in this power; and so forth with the other organs. As the sinus does not exist in early life, it presents no obstacle to our ascertaining the functions of these organs by observing the heads and talents of children. This was an appeal to facts, worth a thousand arguments; and neither at the time of the examination, nor afterwards, did any one of the class communicate to me discrepancies between the development of these organs and the manifestations of the children.

I observed that in these children, the cerebellum was generally largely developed for their years: Cautiousness was not so large as in Scottish children, Acquisitiveness was very generally large; Conscientiousness and Firmness were not in general so large as Benevolence, and Self-Esteem was more frequently larger than Love of Approbation, than it is in Scottish children. I am not certain to which class of society the children belonged. Some of them had the moral and intellectual organs admirably well developed, but with small narrow chests, indicating mental precocity with feeble health. I strongly urged on their parents the necessity of limiting their mental exertions and increasing their bodily activity. My impression is, that many of the children did not belong to persons attending my class, for those whom I have seen in their houses were, on the whole, superior. Some I knew were brought from charity schools; and others were borrowed from persons in the humbler walks of life. In England, parents of the same class with those comprising my class here, eagerly brought their own children to similar examinations.

Nov. 9. *Religion in the United States.*—Many inquiries are made of me in society, concerning the state of religion in England and Scotland, and of the church in both; the condition of Germany (which I had visited in 1837) moral, educational, and religious; the practice of banking in Scotland; what Lord Jeffrey is doing; who now conducts the Edinburgh Review; and many similar questions, showing a wide range of observation and thinking, and a great desire for information. I mentioned to the inquirers that Evangelical Religion is in the ascendant both in England and Scotland, but that a war is raging against the church as a legal establishment in both parts of the island; that the manner in which the conflict is carried on is curiously indicative of the intellectual difference between the English and Scots. In the former, Individuality and Eventuality (which give a practical tendency to the understanding) predominate; and the English oppose the church by refusing church-rates to maintain the edifices of the state religion, and by every other direct means that the law places in their power. In the latter, Causality predominates (which impresses a speculative tendency on the intellect,) and they write books, deliver lectures, and pour forth a continued fire of argument from a thousand batteries against a state religion, in the full confidence that in the progress of time, reason will triumph, and the Church will fall. The English seek an immediate result; the Scots wait patiently for half a century, or a whole one if necessary, and never relax their cannonade. In Scotland the church is making a vigorous defence with the same arms. Pamphlets, periodicals, speeches, and sermons are constantly pouring forth, charged with vigorous arguments in favour of state-enacted articles of belief, and a state-paid clergy.

Religious Freedom in Prussia.—I added, that northern Germany appeared to me to be rapidly advancing in education, intelligence, and industry, while Austria is nearly stationary; that the Germans are the most simple-minded and kind people among whom I have travelled; that in a residence of nearly five months among them, I was not conscious of being imposed on more than thrice, while I had many opportunities of observing their simplicity, and experiencing their kindness; and that Prussia was the only country which I had visited in which religious freedom seemed to be understood and practically allowed. This last observation led to more particular inquiries, and I added that I considered no country to be entitled to boast of its religious liberty in which public opinion was not so far advanced as to permit every man to follow the dictates of his own understanding in his religious belief, without exposing him to disadvantage on account of his differing from the prevailing sects. "But this is the law here," said several persons. "True, it is the law, but it is not the practice. A man is safe in Massachusetts, if he profess a faith which is already supported by a powerful body of respectable persons; but if his opinions be singular, or not recognised by an influential sect, he is exposed to all minor persecution which operates insidiously and in the dark; To take a strong example, it would obstruct the rise of a young man at the bar, in medicine, or in any employment depending on the people, if he were known to be conscientiously a Jew, however moral and respectable he might be in character." "But would not the same happen in Prussia?" "No." I was told that if a man's personal conduct be irreproachable, it makes no difference in his social estimation in Berlin, what religious faith he professes; that no one is esteemed either more or less for professing publicly a strict religious belief, if he act up to it; but that also no one is disesteemed, although he gives no outward indications of his adherence to any particular creed; that religious belief is viewed as a question between God and every man's own conscience, with which his neighbour has no concern; that the Prussian government employs equally in its civil service—and elects as professors of languages and the natural sciences in its Universities—Protestants, Catholics, Unitarians, Rationalists, and men of every other form of faith, provided they be moral and capable of teaching successfully the branches of science which they follow. In the provinces of Prussia, the same liberality does not exist, and even in Berlin there are evangelical coteries who act in a narrow spirit, but they have very limited power of giving effect to their opinions."

I told my friends that Lord Jeffrey is now a Judge of the Supreme Court of Scotland, that he has retired from the Review, and that he is giving great satisfaction to the country in his judicial capacity. They informed me that the influence of the Review on opinion in the United States was at one time very great, but that it has much declined, and is still declining.

I put questions to them in return, and learned that evangelical doctrines have generally revived in America; but that the evangelical Presbyterian church, whose head-quarters are in Pennsylvania, has divided within itself; that a large minority has renounced the doctrines of original sin, election, imputed righteousness, and some minor articles of faith. Both parties, however, agree in regarding the Unitarians as common enemies, and oppose them. I asked what was

the cause of this revival? and the general result of all that I could gather was, that the great mass of the American people cannot boast of a high intellectual education, but have strong impulsive emotions; that the evangelical party address themselves to their feelings, particularly to their sentiments of fear and self-love, representing the faith which they teach as the most momentous of all considerations for the eternal welfare of their souls; that the rational party in religion have abandoned this lever, and preach more to the understanding and the disinterested sentiments of the people; and in consequence fail to satisfy the mass. In New England, there is a superabundance of churches. In one village, containing 1800 souls, there are four congregations, three of which maintain ministers. The churches are unnecessarily multiplied through contention.

I was informed by a gentleman who had paid some attention to the state of religion in France, that in that country, a desire exists for a better form of religion than the Catholic; but that the devotional sentiment is so much stronger than reason, that a ceremonial is regarded as indispensably necessary to the success of a reformed faith, and that the great obstacle to its introduction is the difficulty of inventing a new ceremonial that should not draw down ridicule from the people while it was new.

Election in the State of New York.—This day the news of the election of the members of the legislature, governor of the state, &c. of New York, arrived at Boston. The whig party, or that opposed to M. Van Buren, have triumphed. The whig party here took out to the common two brass field-pieces belonging to the state, and fired a *feu de joie*. The two guns were loaded and fired so rapidly, that I conceived there was a whole park of artillery on the ground, until I arrived and saw only this number of pieces. I asked how the guns of the state came to be lent to announce a party triumph, and was told that they are equally at the service of the opposite party when they have a victory to celebrate.

Insanity and Criminal Jurisprudence.—Mr. Cushing, the editor of the Law Journal, told me, that at the September term for Merrimack county in 1838, the Honorable Joel Parker, chief justice of the court of common pleas for the state of New Hampshire, had delivered a charge to the grand jury on the subject of insanity, which had embodied the phrenological views of this malady, and which had been published by request. He favoured me with a copy of it. It mentions that, "by returns from 83 towns, made by order of the legislature (of the state of New Hampshire) in 1832, there were within these towns 193 cases of insanity; from 127 towns no report was received. At a similar ratio for all the towns in the state, the number would be about 500. Of those returned 98 were paupers, and 95 not so. From the returns, about half were, or had been in confinement, and probably omissions in that respect gave a less number who had been restrained in this way, than the facts would have warranted. Some were in cages and cells, some in irons and chains, and some in jails."

Extraordinary Talent for Languages.—I was favoured with the perusal of a letter dated Worcester, 6th September 1838, written by Elihu Burrit to William Lincoln, Esq. of that village, afterwards published, in which the writer mentions, that, being one of a large family, and his parents poor, he apprenticed himself, when very young, to a blacksmith, but that he had always had such a taste for reading, that he carried

it with him to his trade. He commenced the study of Latin when his indentures were not half expired, and completed reading Virgil in the evenings of one winter. He next studied Greek, and carried the Greek grammar about in his hat, studying it for a few moments while heating some large iron. In the evenings he sat down to Homer's Iliad, and read twenty books of it during the second winter. He next turned to the modern tongues, and went to New Haven, where he recited to native teachers, in French, Spanish, German, and Italian. At the end of two years, he returned to his forge, taking with him such books as he could procure. He next commenced Hebrew, and soon mastered it with ease, reading two chapters in the Bible before breakfast; this, with an hour at noon, being all the time he could spare from work. Being unable to procure such books as he desired, he determined to hire himself to some ship bound to Europe, thinking he could there meet with books at the different ports he would touch at. He travelled more than 100 miles on foot to Boston with this view, but was not able to find what he sought, and, at that period, heard of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester. Thither he bent his steps, and found a collection of ancient, modern, and Oriental books, such as he "never before imagined to be collected in one place!" He was there kindly allowed to read what books he liked, and has reaped great benefit from this permission. He spends three hours daily in the hall, and has made such good use of these privileges, as to be able to read upwards of fifty languages with greater or less facility.

The following is a specimen of his commonplace book:—"Elihu Burrit in account-cum-with Time. Worcester, June 5, 1838."

"June 5.—50 lines of Hebrew; 37 lines of Celtic; 6 hours of forging."

"June 6.—37 lines of Hebrew; 40 lines of Celtic; 6 hours of forging."

"June 7.—60 lines of Hebrew; 60 lines of Celtic; 54 pages French; 20 names of stars; 5 hours of forging."

"June 8.—51 lines of Hebrew; 75 lines of Celtic; 40 pages of French; 15 names of stars; 8 hours of forging."

"June 9.—68 lines of Hebrew; 50 lines of Celtic; 40 pages of French; 3 hours studying Syriac; 9 hours of forging."

"June 10.—100 lines of Hebrew; 85 pages of French; 4 services at church; Bible-class at noon."

He proceeds to state, that he wrote and delivered a lecture on astronomy. Many days he was unwell, and yet worked hard, sometimes twelve hours a day at his forge.

I was not so fortunate as to see this prodigy of talent, and regret that I cannot report the development of his brain, more especially as there still remains much obscurity concerning the functions of the organ of language, and the precise faculties on which the talent for acquiring foreign languages depends. One thing, however, is pretty obvious, that the necessity for forging saved this student's life. If he had not been forced by necessity to labour, he would, in all probability, have devoted himself so incessantly to his books, that he would have ruined his health, and been carried to a premature grave.

November 10. Therm. 27°. *Dr. Spurzheim.* This is the anniversary of Dr. Spurzheim's death, and his memory is cherished here with the fondest and most respectful regard. Most of my friends recollect that this is the day, and

mention some incident connected with it. The house in which he died at the corner of Pearl street no longer exists. It has been taken down, and new shops and warehouses have been built in its place. Mr. Ward, banker, acted as his executor. Claims by his relations, properly authenticated, came from France, and were allowed by the Consistorial Court of Boston, and Mr. Ward remitted to them the funds which he left. There was a report in England that he had died insolvent; but the circumstances now mentioned by Mr. Ward show that this could not be correct. I was told by Mr. Capon that his property in Boston exceeded \$2000.

House-keeping.—We continue to hear manyadies complain of the labours of house-keeping in this country. When one makes a call in a forenoon, the lady of the house is rarely found sitting in her drawing-room, as is the custom in England, but appears to be engaged in some other part of the house. I have already remarked, that one cause of this is the aversion that generally exists to paying for domestic service at the same rate at which other labour is remunerated. Another cause may be found in the prosperous condition of the labouring classes in general, which renders them independent, and produces a dislike to the restraints of domestic service. The inconvenience which the rich suffer from this state of things, appears to me to be far more than counterbalanced by the general happiness, which is among its causes.

November 11. Therm. 26°. *Sunday.*—I heard the Rev. Mr. Blagden preach an excellent sermon in the Old South Church. He is evangelical and presbyterian, and his congregation was large, and highly respectable in appearance. The more sermons I hear in this country, the more the conviction grows that they are of a higher order in thought, composition, and delivery, than the average of discourses in the Established Church of Scotland, and that the churches are better fitted up, and the people more attentive.

The Museum at Salem.—We visited the museum, containing about five thousand objects of curiosity; it was formed by shipmasters who have doubled Cape Horn, or the Cape of Good Hope. The members have the privilege of giving free admission to any one whom they choose to introduce. It contains many oriental articles of interest and value, particularly full sized figures of individuals of different ranks among the Eastern nations, each in his proper costume.

Unitarian Church.—A new Unitarian stone church has recently been erected here. It cost \$35,000. The pews were sold to the subscribers by auction (or "at auction," as it is called here.) They were set up at \$300 each pew, and the best brought \$700. They are very handsomely furnished.

Nov. 13. Therm. 42°. **The House of Correction.**—The house of correction in South Boston, in its general economy, resembles the state prison. It is used for the confinement only of persons convicted of the less heinous kinds of offences. No punishment is used to enforce the discipline, except the shower-bath, with abundance of water.

Criminal Jurisprudence.—Judge Thacher of the Municipal Court has attended my whole course of lectures, and he accompanied me to-day to the House of Correction. He told me that he concurs essentially with my views of the mental constitution of criminals; and that many acts indicate that some of them are incapable of

resisting the temptations to crime presented to them by the ordinary condition of society. He says, that it has been a great comfort to him, as judge of the city's criminal court, to have the "House of Reformation for Juvenile Offenders" (already described,) and this "House of Correction;" and also a farm school on one of the islands in the bay, to which he can commit different offenders, for indefinite periods, for reformation. They have come to him after their liberation, and thanked him for the beneficial results of a long confinement.

The citizens by whom these houses are inspected, are so constant in their superintendence, and so much publicity pervades the management, that strong checks are interposed to the abuse of this discretionary power. Pious ladies come from the city and instruct the inmates on Sundays; but there is too little of moral and intellectual instruction and training on week days.

Human Responsibility.—I have now delivered my lecture on human responsibility as affected by Phrenology, and it has been well received. In my public discourse, I limited the discussion to the question of the responsibility of offenders to the civil magistrate, but some of my hearers have conversed with me regarding its relation to the prevailing interpretations of Scripture. The view stated to my class was briefly this: Men may be divided into three great classes. The first comprehends those in whom the moral and intellectual organs are large, and the organs of the propensities proportionately moderate in size. This class possesses the highest qualities of sentiment and intellect in ample proportion; they have received the power to know what is right, and to do it; and they are justly liable to be punished by the law, if they do what it proclaims to be wrong. The second class includes those individuals in whom the organs of the animal propensities, moral sentiments, and intellectual faculties are nearly equally balanced, being all large. Such persons experience strong impulses both to good and evil, and their actual conduct is greatly influenced by the circumstances in which they are placed. If uneducated, and exposed to want and vicious society, they may lapse into crime: If well educated, trained to industry, and favoured with the society of the intelligent and good, their higher powers may acquire and retain the ascendancy during life, and they may avoid all serious offences. These men are liable to be influenced by the fear of punishment, and are therefore responsible; but they should be treated with a due reference to their nature; corrected and improved, and not merely tormented. The third class comprehends those in whom the organs of the propensities are large, and the organs of the moral and intellectual faculties very deficient. I stated it to be my conviction, founded on observation, that such individuals are incapable of resisting the temptations to crime presented by ordinary society, that they are moral patients, and should not be punished, but restrained, and employed in useful labour during life, with as much liberty as they can enjoy without abusing it. I mentioned, that, according to my view, a severe responsibility lies on the first class, for on them a bountiful Creator has bestowed his best gifts, and committed their weaker brethren to their care; that hitherto, in most countries, they had thought merely of punishing these feeble minds, and that it would be a just retribution to administer to them, for their harsh and unjust conduct, no small portion of the sufferings which

they have inflicted on those whom they should rather have instructed and protected.

Several of my hearers having been led into the same train of thought by the lecture, asked me whether I was certain of the correctness of the facts. I stated, that after an extensive series of observations made in the prisons of England, Ireland, Scotland, and some parts of Germany, I was convinced of their truth; that their own prisons in Boston, which I had visited, presented evidence to the same effect; and that nearly all practical phrenologists were agreed on the subject. They then asked whether the clergy of Scotland had turned their attention to these views of human nature? My reply was, that I believed not. "Are there not clergymen members of the Phrenological Society in Edinburgh?" "Yes." "Does not Dr. David Welsh, who wrote the Life of Dr. Thomas Brown, declare himself in that work to be convinced of the truth of Phrenology?" "Yes, he does." "And is not he now a professor in the University of Edinburgh?" "Yes, of Church History." "How does he reconcile Phrenology with the doctrine of original sin?" "He has never stated, in any public form, his opinions on this subject." "Your description of the men who compose the first class implies that they possess natural qualities that are good, and that they are culpable only if they abuse them—what, then, becomes of the total corruption of human nature, which is the foundation of Calvinism, if this doctrine be true?" "This is a question for those who embrace the doctrine of total corruption. Your countryman, the Rev. Joseph A. Warne, has attempted to answer it, but I am not aware that any of the Scottish divines who believe in Phrenology have published any solution of the difficulty. Here, in Massachusetts, it should form a less formidable obstacle to the reception of Phrenology than in Scotland, because several of your sects have already abandoned the notion of entire corruption." "Yes, we have, and we consider that Phrenology bears us out in doing so. It is a philosophy which harmonises with our views of Scripture."

"But," continued my friends, "the view of human responsibility which you presented to us goes deeper than the question of original sin. According to the common interpretations of Scripture, the individuals included in your third class, the habitual criminals, who do evil continually when left to the suggestions of their own minds, constitute the wicked, for whom the whole terrors of divine wrath are prepared in the world to come, unless they repent, and obtain forgiveness; yet your doctrine represents them as unfortunate rather than criminal: as 'moral patients,' to use your own phrase, rather than fit subjects for punitive justice." "I acknowledge the correctness of the inference, and the only answer that I can give to the objection which is implied in it is, that men must revise their interpretations of Scripture, and bring them into harmony with natural truth." "But does this imply that the Scripture is a convertible standard that may be made to suit any views, and, if so, what is its value?" "The answer to this objection is obvious. The Scripture is made a convertible standard by each sect founding its doctrines on parts of it disjoined from the rest; whereas its true character is to be sought in its general tendency, which is towards justice and mercy; and in this respect phrenology is in accordance with it. In Massachusetts, where you seem to have studied the Scriptures zealously and attentively,

each of your sects makes them echo its own doctrines. Your Unitarians deny the divinity of Christ, and your Universalists deny the existence of the devil and of future punishments, and they, as well as your orthodox sects, maintain that their opinions are founded in Scripture. This shows that the Scriptures are treated here as a convertible standard in the sense in which you use this phrase; and as Nature will not bend to erroneous interpretations, it follows that all sects must either interpret in harmony with her dictates, or she will condemn them openly." "You speak of the discrepant interpretations of Scripture by our sects; have you not the same conflicts of opinion in Scotland?" "Not to the same extent. Those who, in Scotland, are popularly called dissenters, are only seceders; they differ from the church in matters of church-government, but all adhere to the Westminster Confession of Faith embraced by the Established Church. The Episcopalians with us are 'dissenters,' but their articles of belief coincide, in all the leading doctrines, with those of the Church of Scotland; hence there is with us scarcely any avowed difference of opinion concerning scriptural interpretations. There are a few Unitarian congregations, which feebly exist; and Scotland, so far as public profession goes, is nearly unanimous in the belief that Calvinism contains the only true interpretations of Scripture. Our people regard you as great backsliders from the true faith." "Fore-sliders we should rather be called; because we once held the same opinions with the Scottish Church, and if some of us have left them, it is because we have *advanced* in our interpretations of Scripture. We have adopted more sound and consistent views, tried by the whole body of Scripture itself, and views also more in harmony with natural truth: We call this *advancing*, not backsliding: but this is apart from the subject;—Do not the Scottish clergy perceive that phrenology, if true, contains facts that must force reflecting men to question their interpretations of Scripture? and why do they not show more interest in an inquiry that is destined, sooner or later, to call forth their strongest efforts to maintain their position, or to force *them* also to *advance*?" "The number of individuals who have embraced phrenology in Scotland, is small compared with the mass, and the clergy satisfy themselves with denouncing it as untrue and dangerous; this suffices for the day; and they have other enemies to contend with, whom they regard as more formidable and pressing than the adherents of a small philosophical sect."

There is a sharpness of intellect, and a boldness in following up views to their consequences, among the educated men here, that gave rise to numerous conversations such as this now recorded, which is rather an epitome of many, than an exact report of one. Candour and courtesy uniformly prevailed in these discussions.

Affection of the Faculty of Language.—A gentleman attending my lectures, lately favoured me with the following case:—

"To GEORGE COMBE, Esq.

Warren Street, Boston,
October 31, 1838.

"Dear Sir:—The lady whose affection of the organ of Language I mentioned to you last evening, is ———, the wife of Mr. ——— of ——— Mass.

"At the age of two or three years, she was able to repeat long stories that had been related to

her word for word. She was also able to spell any word after she had heard some one spell it.

"The power of her verbal memory continued to be remarkable through all her school days.

"A year or two since, she and Mr. ——— were with a few friends one evening. It was proposed to try who could repeat the most of a certain poet's works. A volume of Byron's was taken for the purpose, I think. They opened to a passage. Mrs. ——— repeated page after page. They laughed at her and said she had been reading the piece lately. She denied this, and asked them to turn to any other part of the volume. They opened to another piece. She repeated it as fluently as before.

"During the trial, she shaded the light from her eyes with her hand.

"Before long she fainted, and was carried to her room.

"For nine weeks was not able to call her husband or friends by name. She was at a loss, too, for the names of things. Her faculties were unimpaired in other respects. She occupied herself with calculations in arithmetic—the organ of Number was in extreme activity. After her recovery, she said she had been troubled with pain in the back of her eyes.

"She or her husband would be very happy to give you any farther particulars."

Phrenology.—The last three lectures of my course were devoted to "Physical Education," "Mental Education," and "The application of Phrenology to the present condition and future prospects of the United States." The committee who managed the arrangements for the lectures solicited my permission to invite the mayor and aldermen, and other gentlemen entrusted by law with the management of the common schools of the city, to these lectures, which I granted with great pleasure, and many of them attended. Having observed the unwholesome condition of the class-rooms, court-rooms, and other places of public resort in Boston, for want of ventilation, I called the attention of the audience strongly to the dependence of the mental faculties on the condition of the brain for their power of action; to the dependence of the brain for its vital properties on the condition of the blood; and to the dependence of the blood on the condition of the digestive and respiratory organs; thus pointing out the direct connection between sound digestion, pure air, and mental vigour. I found that even a brief exposition of the structure and functions of the digestive and respiratory organs, and of their connection with the brain, illustrated by large drawings, brought home to the understandings of my audience the importance of digestion and ventilation to mental energy, and gave general satisfaction. The ideas were by no means new to them; but although they had often heard them stated by other lecturers, and had read them in books, it had occurred to few to carry them into practice. I therefore insisted largely on the evils which they inflict on themselves and their children by this neglect. Pulmonary consumption produces a large proportion of all the deaths that occur in New England, and I pointed out to them an obvious train of causes in full operation, which lead to this disease. By breathing hot and vitiated air in ill ventilated apartments, the blood is not properly aerated, the lungs are enfeebled, and the tone of the whole system, mental and bodily, is lowered; nevertheless in this condition they make the most rapid transitions from a temperature of 70° or 75° of Fahrenheit's thermometer, which

is common in their houses, churches and lecture rooms, to one of 5° or 10 below the freezing point, in the open air; a change sufficient to injure the respiratory organs in the most robust state of health, and much more so when weakened by this previous injudicious treatment. These remarks, as I afterwards learned, were not without some beneficial influence on a portion of my audience.

In the course of the same lectures, I pointed out the deficiencies which still generally exist both in Britain and Massachusetts in the education of females, and strongly urged the necessity of an improvement in this respect, for the benefit of the rising generation. In the United States, even more than in Britain, it is of great importance not only to families, but to *the state*, that mothers should be well instructed, because in America the fathers are too busy to devote proper attention to the education of their children, and the formation of early habits and opinions depends to a very great extent on the mothers.

Female Education in Massachusetts.—This subject strongly engages the attention of the enlightened women of Boston themselves. Mrs. Hale edits a work named "The American Ladies' Magazine," now united with "The Ladies' Book," published in Philadelphia, in which some excellent essays on it have appeared. But the *state* neglects its duty in this respect. No legislative or public provision has been made for female education, except the privilege of attending the common schools. There are in the United States upwards of eighty public colleges, or seminaries, for the instruction of young men in the higher branches of education, many of them richly endowed, and *all* receiving support to a greater or less extent from public funds; while not a single seminary has been *endowed*, or permanently established in Massachusetts by legislative liberality, for the education of young women in the superior walks of knowledge.

When I visited Berlin in 1837, I was informed by a gentleman who took a deep interest in public instruction, that an error in the Prussian system had then begun to develop itself, namely, that the education provided for the males, throughout the country, was so superior to that given to the females, that a disparity in point of knowledge and mental attainments had been created between the sexes, in the same rank of life, which was operating injuriously on the domestic happiness of the people; and he was a strenuous advocate for an improvement in the education of the Prussian women. If neglect of the female mind be injurious to society in Prussia, it will prove ten times more so in the United States of America.

November 17. Therm. 46°. *Spurzheim's Skull and Brain.*—In conversation Dr. Spurzheim more than once said to me, "I hope, that when I am dead they will not bury my skull. I wish it to be preserved as evidence of my natural dispositions. Posterity will judge by it whether I am a quack and a charlatan, as your Edinburgh Reviewer called me." His wish has been fulfilled; the Phrenological Society of Boston has preserved his skull, and his brain also, in alcohol: both are locked up in an iron safe, and form a very interesting addition to their collection of casts and skulls. The safe was opened to-day in presence of a committee of the society, and I inspected its contents. The skull is rather thicker than the average of British healthy skulls; the diploe presents large cells, but the surfaces are dense. It is thickened over Combativeness and Conscientiousness. The superorbital plate of the skull is

both broad from side to side, and long from the front backwards, indicating a large anterior lobe of the brain. The convolutions have left strong indentations in the bone, particularly those of the organ of language. Under them the skull is very thin. The skull is thin also at Constructiveness, and there is a considerable sinus at Individuality and Size; but these organs are nevertheless large in the brain. I have heard Dr. Spurzheim converse fluently in German, French, and English, and he wrote these three languages grammatically. I am not certain whether he spoke Italian, but rather infer from some incidental remarks of his that he did. He lectured without notes; and his language was exceedingly appropriate and pregnant with meaning. The brain is in perfect preservation; it is large, and shows a large anterior lobe and large coronal region, the convolutions here being plump and round. The base also is well developed; but as it is floating in alcohol and hermetically sealed, I could examine it only through the glass. I perceived, however, that Colouring is deficient. The convolutions of Language and Form are large. The convolutions of the Love of Life and Destructiveness are large. Those of Alimentiveness are less, and he was extremely temperate in his habits.

He was in his fifty-sixth year at the time of his death, and apparently changes had already begun to take place in his skull. During life he used to complain of his deficiency of Combateness. The rude and illiberal attacks that were made by the press, not only on his opinions, but on his character as a man, roused his Destructiveness and made him angry; but his deficiency in Combateness rendered it extremely disagreeable to him to enter the lists as a combatant, in his own defence. He had a perfect command over his Destructiveness, but he felt its power. I have heard him say, "I am too angry to answer this at present; I must wait till I am cool:" and he would wait for weeks or months, until he could give a calm and philosophical reply.

November 16. Therm. 47°. *The Institution for the Blind.*—We visited this institution again, and examined it in detail. We were much gratified with its admirable management and complete ventilation, and with the provision for the physical, moral, and intellectual advancement of the pupils, under the enlightened direction of Dr. Howe; but as I surveyed it a third time in 1839, I reserve my remarks till that period. I may here, however, introduce an anecdote which Dr. Howe told me, and which I subsequently used as an illustration in my lectures. It showed the

Effects of Exercise in improving the Dispositions.—A boy, who was extremely mischievous, was sent to him as a pupil. He was so full of destructive energy, that he broke the benches, tore the chairs asunder, swung on the doors till he wrenched them off their hinges, and perpetrated all sorts of mischief on frangible objects; while he was so restless, that he was incapable of bending his attention to books. Dr. Howe reasoned with him, appealed to his moral sentiments, and did every thing in his power to improve his habits by means of moral suasion; but with little success. He was satisfied that there must be causes for these dispositions, and endeavoured to discover them. He observed that the boy had large lungs, and a high sanguine temperament which gave him great strength and restless activity; also large organs of Destructiveness, that prompted him to exert those qualities habitually in injuring the objects around him. He thought of providing him with a legitimate

field for the exercise of his dispositions. He sent him into the cellar every morning, for three hours together, to saw and split wood for the use of the institution. This exercise had the desired effect. After undergoing it for some time, he became quite willing to sit still in school and receive instruction with the other boys; and the benches and chairs were safe. The boy himself was delighted with the change, and soon sawed and split up all the wood in the cellar. He was then set to running, leaping, climbing poles, and disporting himself in various ways, in the gymnasium of the institution; and Dr. Howe found that so long as a legitimate and adequate vent for his excessive muscular energy was provided, he conducted himself with propriety, and was capable of mental application.

CHAPTER VII.

1838.

Nov. 16. *Journey from Boston to New York.*—We left Boston this day at 3 P. M. by the railroad, via Providence, Stonington, and Long Island Sound, for New York. We arrived at Providence between five and six o'clock; here left the cars, and crossed the Providence river in a steamboat. It was dark, and the bustle was great. We started again in railway cars; each containing twenty-four persons and a blazing stove. We arrived at Stonington at 9 P. M., and immediately embarked on board a steamboat. It was very large, and the whole hull was fitted up into two sleeping apartments; five sixths of the length was devoted to the gentlemen, and the remainder to the ladies. The gentlemen's cabins contained one hundred and fifty beds, in three tiers extending along each side. We paid \$7 each at Boston for the whole fare, and got a ticket indicating the numbers of our beds. There are large blue curtains hanging in front of the beds, which are let down and run forward on brass rods, about a foot from the beds, so as to screen the passengers when undressing, and to produce a sort of privacy. The benefits of fresh air, however, are excluded. There is no provision for ventilation. At one o'clock A. M. I awakened with a painful sense of suffocation, and rose. I found all the windows closed, the cabin doors shut, two great stoves, at least twenty argand lamps, and more than one hundred pairs of lungs, all consuming air, without one aperture intentionally provided to allow it to enter! I found all the passengers and servants asleep, proceeded quietly up the cabin stairs, opened and fastened back two doors to admit fresh air, took a walk on the upper deck, enjoyed the clear bright starlight, and then descended and slept soundly, without having undressed.

Nov. 17. *Long Island Sound and the East River.*—We should have reached New York this morning at six, but the boiler of one of the steam-engines became unserviceable, and it was nine before we arrived. The day was beautifully clear and frosty. The sail in Long Island Sound must be lovely in summer, for even now it is interesting. About fifteen or twenty miles from New York, the Sound, which has run northeast and southwest, suddenly narrows and turns to the south. At this point, the United States are erecting an enormous battery to stop the approach of an enemy to New York in this direction. On the east lies Long Island; and on the west, Manhattan Island, on which New York stands. The narrow channel between

them, although a continuation of the Sound, is named East River. The tide rushes through it with great violence. About three miles from New York, we passed Blackwell's Island, which stands in the middle of the stream, having a narrow channel and a rapid current on each side. It is about a mile long, and varies from five hundred to one thousand yards in breadth. It contains one hundred and twenty acres, and was lately purchased by the civic corporation of New York for \$32,000. They have erected a prison capable of containing four hundred and eighty individuals at the south end, and a large and handsome lunatic asylum at the north end of it.

I have frequently read in the New York newspapers, letters from American travellers, complaining of the shameless impositions which are practised on them when they first land in Britain. Perhaps they do not know, that the same evil awaits English travellers when they first appear on the American shores. When we landed from the Great Western in September, we allowed a carter to take our baggage from the wharf to the Carlton-House Hotel, without making any previous bargain with him. He charged us 16s. sterling. On the present occasion, we arrived from Boston, and were taken for "Yankees," who have the reputation of being persons whom it is very difficult to cheat. We had all our former and two additional packages. I asked a carter for what sum he would carry the whole to the Carlton House, and his demand was \$1 25 cents, or 5s. 3d.! In both instances the distance was nearly the same.

Nov. 19. Thermometer 32°. *New York.—Phrenology.*—I commenced my course of lectures in the Clinton Hall this evening at 7 o'clock. The arrangements were made by a committee before my arrival, and were essentially the same as at Boston. Each lecture lasted two hours, with an interval of five minutes, and three were delivered in each week. I found the lecture-room provided with a powerful ventilator for introducing warm or cold air as wanted, but without any aperture for permitting the vitiated air to escape. During the interval, I had the doors and windows thrown open, at first to the astonishment, but subsequently to the great satisfaction, of my audience.

New York City.—I have asked several intelligent persons what is the cause of the disorderly condition of the lower portions of this town, and find two reasons assigned for it. First, a large sea-port necessarily draws together a numerous population of inferior habits, and a constant influx and efflux of foreigners and strangers, many of whom are in a state of destitution, and some are the outcasts of European and American society; and, secondly, universal suffrage, without a register of voters, prevails; and not only are the great officers of the state and members of the legislature elected by the people, but in the city all the municipal officers, from the mayor to the constables, are chosen annually in the same manner. The lower classes form the great majority of voters, and any magistrates who should propose either to tax the city for the expense of a proper cleaning establishment, or of a police force sufficient to enforce order, would be deprived of their offices at the end of the first year. In this city, universal suffrage appears in its worst form, and is followed by its worse effects; and I frequently remarked to the higher classes of American citizens, who suffer from and lament these evils, that the United States generally ought not to be regarded as answerable for the condition of New

York. It is the refuge of thousands of every grade, flying not only from misfortune, but from the criminal law in all parts of Europe and America.

Calvinism.—We heard Dr. Spring preach a highly orthodox sermon to a numerous and very respectable-looking congregation. I have listened to orthodox sermons in Scotland for upwards of thirty-five years, and have long ceased to hear a new idea from the pulpit. I find Calvinism precisely the same in America as on the other side of the Atlantic; so purely doctrinal, and so little practical; so completely systematic, and bearing so little reference to any particular time, place, or circumstances, that every preacher of it seems to repeat all other preachers.

November 29. Ther. 23°. **Thanksgiving Day.**—This is "Thanksgiving Day" in New York. Service is performed in all the churches, in which gratitude is expressed to God for his mercies, and the evening is spent in domestic festivities. The governor issues a proclamation recommending (not enjoining) its observance, and all the sects obey. The stores were shut during divine service, but in the evening many were open.

Civic Pauper, Lunatic and Prison Establishments.—I availed myself of the leisure which the day afforded, to visit the Almshouse, Lunatic Asylum, and Penitentiary at Bellevue, about three miles from New York, on the East River; also the Criminal Prison, and the new Lunatic Asylum on Blackwell's Island; and the school for charity orphan and destitute children on Long Island, called the Farm Schools. All these institutions are under the management of the civic corporation of the city. Some of the buildings at Bellevue are old, ill-adapted to their purposes, and crowded, and, in consequence, the inmates are not properly accommodated. The New Prison is occupied, and seems to be well managed, but this was no day of rejoicing for the prisoners. Labour was suspended, and they had remained all day idle, locked up in their solitary sleeping cells. The new Lunatic Asylum is a handsome building, on the moderate plan of such erections; but, strange to say, not the slightest arrangement had been made by the architect for ventilating it. The omission of apertures for the purpose struck one of the civic officers, who has a particular charge of these institutions, as an oversight, and he suggested the remedy of opening spaces between the plaster and the wall, from the bottom to the top of the building, making each room to communicate with them, and thus to carry off the vitiated air; which has been done. The children in the Farm Schools presented a melancholy aspect. The weather was cold, and as the cold had come on suddenly, many of them had not received their winter supply of stockings and shoes. They were crowding round the stoves with an expression of suffering and discomfort, which was distressing to behold. The buildings in which they live are frame or wooden houses, divided into moderate-sized rooms, low in the ceilings, and without any means of ventilation except the doors and the windows. They sleep crowded together in these apartments; the beds stand so close to the windows, and the air is so cold, that they are not open during the night, and the air is excessively vitiated before the morning. The consequences are visible in the appearance of the children; many of them are suffering under ophthalmia, and they present generally that sunken, inanimate, and unhappy aspect which betokens blood in a bad condition

from imperfect nutrition and impure air. There is, I believe, no stinting of food; but the digestive functions suffer from the confinement in an unwholesome atmosphere, and hence the nutrition is imperfect.

On my return to the city, I made inquiries of several persons how it happened that these institutions are in a condition so unworthy of a great city, and various reasons were assigned. They lie upwards of three miles from the town, and so many pressing public duties are imposed on the members of the civic council, that they have not adequate time to visit them. One excellent person, whose attention was particularly directed to them, saw and proclaimed their imperfections to the council, but he could not succeed in drawing sufficient attention to their condition. Again: most of the buildings are old, and money is indispensable for their improvement. In New York, the whigs and democrats are nearly equally balanced, and each party makes "political capital" out of every increase of expenditure and taxation proposed by the other, and hence the party which should improve these institutions too rapidly at the expense of the citizens would lose their places. Economy there, as every where else, is the watchword of opposition; and in New York the people are disposed to place the advocates of it in power. Farther: In this city vast improvements, partly for the introduction of water, are actually in progress; many more are wanted; and the rulers are compelled to accomplish those works first which are advocated by the most influential persons. The poor, the insane, and the criminal have few, and these not noisy, advocates, and their interests are postponed. Lastly, it is an *unpopular duty* to expose the imperfections of any American institutions, and hence the actual condition of some of these establishments is really unknown to the great body of the upper classes of the city, who would otherwise be well disposed towards their improvement.

As some of the civic rulers, and a number of influential citizens, were attending my lectures, and as, in treating of physical education and insanity, I could legitimately introduce remarks on these institutions, I proposed to avail myself of this means of calling public attention, in the most respectful and delicate manner possible, to the condition of the poor children in the Farm Schools especially, but was told that the interference of a foreigner would give offence, and retard instead of advancing the object of improvement. Having more confidence, however, than my advisers, in the good sense and right feeling of my audience, and having no object except doing good in view, I did venture to mention in my lecture on physical education the want of provision for ventilation in the new Lunatic Asylum, and also the crowded and unwholesome condition of the pauper children in the Farm Schools. The remarks appeared in the "Daily Whig" newspaper, which regularly reported all my lectures, and no offence was taken, at least none was expressed to me.

Dec. 2. Thermometer 40°. We heard the Rev. Mr. Dewey preach an excellent practical discourse on the relative duties of parents and children. His composition and delivery are dramatic in effect; he paints his ideas, and places them almost tangibly before the mind, yet his manner is calm and soft, altogether free from theatrical gesticulations. This description may appear to imply a contradiction, yet it is literally correct.

Dec. 4. Ther. 32°. **Asylum for the Blind.**—We visited the Asylum for the Blind under the charge of Mr. Silas Jones. Mr. Jones has a large head, ample anterior lobe, large Benevolence, and Love of Approbation, with a sanguine nervous-lymphatic temperament, and is the very picture of joyousness and health. He has lectured publicly on Phrenology for a number of years, and published an instructive work on the subject, and has only recently been appointed to this institution. He practises Phrenology in his teaching, and selects his domestics by their heads.* We heard the pupils examined, and were gratified to observe their attainments in education, and the comfort which they enjoyed. They are good musicians, and take great pleasure in playing in concert. They weave rugs and mats, and make baskets and other articles of simple construction.

Phrenology.—One young lad in the asylum has a very large organ of Number, and is a great mental calculator. A little girl is extremely deficient in it, and she could never learn arithmetic. I sympathised with her, as I labour under a similar defect both of the organ and the power. This is a small organ, and from its position, outward from the external angle of the eye, there is difficulty in observing its dimensions accurately except in extreme cases. In these, however, its local situation and its functions are so clearly discernible, as to leave no room for doubt. I confess myself to be so deficient in the power of calculation, and in the development of the organ to such an extent, as to be incapable of learning the multiplication table; and I continue unable to add, subtract, and divide sums, even of a moderate magnitude, correctly, after thirty years' practice. I have observed, on previous occasions, that in the great majority of individuals who are born and continue blind, the organ of colouring presents an obvious deficiency in size, while it is developed to an average extent in those who have become blind only after the period of full growth; and in this asylum the same fact was found to present itself. It shows that an organ habitually deprived of its natural stimulus does not attain its full natural dimensions—an important point in education.

Lunatic Asylum at Bloomingdale.—We next visited this institution, situated six or seven miles north of New York, on the east bank of the Hudson. It is a handsome edifice, containing large and well-kept apartments, and it seems to be humanely managed. There appears, however, to be a defect in not enforcing labour as part of the sanative treatment. There are yards for exercise, and ground in which the patients may work in the proper season, but labour is not part of the discipline of the house. This evil is general in Asylums for the higher classes of patients, who regard labour as a degradation. The inmates pay board according to the accommodation furnished to them. Among the patients is an old soldier of the revolutionary war, who asked us what news there were abroad, and if the war was flourishing? His eye was still sparkling, although its socket was furrowed by a thousand wrinkles. Another patient announced that he had lately made an important discovery—a method of navigating the flames of hell-fire by means of steam!

In the course of conversation, a case was mentioned to me as having occurred in the experience

* The conditions under which this is done by Phrenologists are stated in my *System of Phrenology*, p. 717, fourth edition.

of a highly respectable physician, and which was so fully authenticated, that I entertain no doubt of its truth. The physician alluded to had a patient, a young man, who was almost idiotic from the suppression of all his faculties. He never spoke, and never moved voluntarily, but sat habitually with his hand shading his eyes. The physician sent him to walk as a remedial measure. In the neighbourhood, a beautiful young girl of sixteen lived with her parents, and used to see the young man in his walks and speak kindly to him. For some time he took no notice of her; but after meeting her for several months, he began to look for her, and to feel disappointed if she did not appear. He became so much interested, that he directed his steps voluntarily to her father's cottage, and gave her bouquets of flowers. By degrees he conversed with her through the window. His mental faculties were roused; the dawn of convalescence appeared. The girl was virtuous, intelligent, and lovely, and encouraged his visits when she was told that she was benefiting his mental health. She asked him if he could read and write? He answered no. She wrote some lines to him to induce him to learn. This had the desired effect. He applied himself to study, and soon wrote good and sensible letters to her. He recovered his reason. She was married to a young man from the neighbouring city. Great fears were entertained that this event would undo the good which she had accomplished. The young patient sustained a severe shock, but his mind did not sink under it. He acquiesced in the propriety of her choice; continued to improve, and at last was restored to his family cured. She had a child, and was soon after brought to the same hospital perfectly insane. The young man heard of this event, and was exceedingly anxious to see her; but an interview was denied to him, both on her account and his own. She died: He continued well, and became an active member of society. What a beautiful romance might be founded on this narrative!

December 6. Ther. 42°. *Colonel Burr.*—I examined an authentic cast from nature, taken after death, of the head of the celebrated Colonel Burr, who killed General Hamilton in a duel, and afterwards attempted to get up an insane expedition from Blennerhasset's Island in the Ohio, the precise object of which is not well ascertained. He died at an advanced age, and the brain may have shrunk: the head at death was of average size; the intellectual region was moderately well developed, the organs of Individuality, Size, and Weight predominating. The organs of Amativeness, Philoprogenitiveness, Combaticiveness, Destructiveness, Secretiveness, Self-esteem, and Firmness, were large. Those of the moral sentiments, particularly Conscientiousness, were remarkably deficient. The moral region was shallow, and also narrow. In short, it was that kind of head which is generally found in criminals. It indicated sensual, fierce, vindictive, cunning, and selfish dispositions, unrestrained by justice or humanity, but combined with great courage, determination, and perseverance. The intellect is acute, but neither profound nor comprehensive. Burr was an infamous and heartless seducer; a vindictive duellist; and an adept in plausibility and falsehood. He enjoyed some degree of intellectual reputation, but his general conduct showed that he was a shallow politician, a nonentity as a statesman, and a third-rate lawyer. He loved his daughter dearly, and this was almost his only virtue.

Martin Van Buren.—On the same occasion,

I saw a cast from nature of the head of Mr. Martin Van Buren, the present President of the United States. The head is large; the anterior lobe is of ample dimensions in both regions. The base of the brain is largely developed; the coronal region is both broad and high. Secretiveness, Cautiousness, and Love of Approbation are very large, and Self-esteem is large. Acquisitiveness and Ideality are fully developed. Benevolence and Veneration are large. Firmness is rather less than Veneration, but not deficient, and Conscientiousness is only rather full, being the smallest of the moral organs. This head indicates power, and on the whole presents many of the elements of an estimable character. The combination of great Cautiousness and Secretiveness, however, with Conscientiousness and Firmness relatively less, will produce a tendency to prefer indirect to direct means of accomplishing an end. In difficult situations dexterity and address will be more relied on than open manly courage, and an apparent expediency will sometimes be preferred to justice. The intellect is capable at once of managing details, and taking in comprehensive views, and if, as is affirmed, appearances of mystification occasionally present themselves in his public conduct, they are not owing to imperfect intellectual perceptions, but are designed to serve a purpose. The combination of the whole organs resembles that which one would expect in a dexterous and successful courtier in an absolute monarchy, rather than in the president of a democracy.

It is impossible at present to obtain an impartial account of Mr. Van Buren's character in America. His political enemies ascribe to him the worst and meanest qualities, while his political friends confer on him every virtue and accomplishment. Judging from his head, I should be inclined to anticipate that posterity will probably not approve of all the means which he may have used to obtain and to preserve power, but that it will recognise him as having been actuated essentially by a love of the real good of his country, and having pursued it, in difficult circumstances, with no mean talent.

Houston Street Public School.—This school-house is a large new building, with a play-ground round it. The basement floor, sunk below the level of the street, is occupied by children from two to five or six years of age. There are nearly 150 of them in one apartment. It is low in the ceiling, and has no means of ventilation except the windows. The children are taught Wilderspin's exercises with the hands, marching and singing, in addition to reading. In the floor immediately above, are about 300 girls in one apartment. They learn reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and, if inclined, drawing. The room is high in the ceiling, and very light; and the girls looked clean, animated, and healthy. They read and spelled exceedingly well; but their book was Lindley Murray's Sequel to the English Grammar, and the part selected was the embassy of Coriolanus's wife and mother to induce him to spare Rome. In looking over the contents of their books, I could not help regretting, that in a country where so many important duties are devolved on women, and where they have so little time, after they leave school, for acquiring useful knowledge, some instruction more directly related to their condition than is contained in these works, should not be presented to them as part of their education. The writing of the girls is excellent. They are taught first on slates.

On the upper floor were about 300 boys, in a large, well lighted apartment, which is also well ventilated by means of large apertures in the ceiling. Their appearance also was pleasing. They recited in geography extremely well; but these children, from the youngest to the oldest, are not taught from objects, or made acquainted with the properties and modes of action of any thing that exists. The boys receive a few lessons in astronomy, but the whole remaining departments of natural science are shut out from them.

Defect in American Institutions.—One defect in the American institutions and social training at present appears to me to be, that they do not sufficiently cultivate habits of deference, prudence, and self-restraint. They powerfully call forth all the faculties that subserve the interests and ambition of the individual; but they leave the higher social qualities imperfectly exercised and ill-directed. There is no training of veneration, except in religious tuition, which is too often confined to vague moral instruction, and to the points of faith regarded as essential to salvation. Making allowance for individual exceptions, it may be stated, that an American young man, in emerging from schools, has scarcely formed a conception that he is subject to any natural laws, which he must obey in every step of his progress in life, or suffer. He has not been taught the laws of health, the laws by which the production and distribution of wealth are regulated, or the laws which determine the progress of society; nor is he trained to subject his own inclinations and will to those or any similar laws as indispensable to his well-being and success. On the contrary, he comes forth a free-born, self-willed, sanguine, confident citizen, of what he considers to be the greatest, the best, and the wisest nation on earth, and he commences his career in life guided chiefly by the inspirations of his own good pleasure. He votes and acts on the destinies of his country in the same condition of mind. In Britain, we cannot boast of much superiority in practical education, but our young men are not ushered into life so early; they are trained by the institutions and circumstances by which they are surrounded, to a greater exercise of prudence and self-restraint, and few of them wield political power.

It was my endeavour to explain to the Americans the importance of the new philosophy to a people in their present condition. Phrenology brings home to every mind capable of ordinary reflection, that all our functions and faculties, bodily and mental, are regulated by the Creator according to fixed laws; that within certain limits they produce enjoyment, and beyond these, misery. By teaching children this view of their own constitution, and also rendering them familiar with the physical, organic and moral laws, instituted by the Creator, and by training them to obey them, that reckless self-confident spirit which now animates many of them in the United States would be supplanted by a disciplined understanding and regulated affections. Their institutions render them indisposed to reverence man, or human wisdom; but still they may venerate God and practically fulfil his laws. Indeed this species of moral and intellectual discipline appears to me to be indispensable to the permanence and success of a democracy. If the Americans do not adopt it, and rely on it as their sheet-anchor, no other means which ordinary sagacity can discover, will lead them safely through the perils that will rise thicker and thicker in their path, in proportion as their population becomes more dense.

The children attending this public school, meet at 9 A. M., and continue in school till 12. They are then sent into the play ground for half an hour, and eat their dinner. They next resume their lessons till 3. They practise various manual exercises and evolutions calculated to circulate the blood and relieve attention; but still, this long period of continuous exertion is too great a draft on their attention. In my lectures I endeavoured to convince my audience that man thinks by his brain, as he walks by his muscles, and that as they would not impose a walk of six hours, with a rest of only half an hour, on young children, it is equally unwise to demand from their immature and still feeble brains that amount of exertion. The evil is both felt and acknowledged, but the reason assigned for the rule is, that if the children are once allowed to leave the school, many of them do not return till the next day; the distance to which they go, their own habits of self-will and self-indulgence, and the aversion of the parents to enforce discipline, combine to render it impossible for the teachers to secure regular attendance. This is a serious evil, and is one form in which the spirit of independence shows itself disadvantageously, even at this early period of life.

Homœopathy.—Dr. William Channing, a physician of talent and respectability, is a great advocate for homœopathy in this city. He has published an able and eloquent exposition of its principles, in a "Discourse on the Reformation of Medical Science;" but it meets with much opposition.

The Press.—I have had one specimen of the freedom which is sometimes used in publishing private remarks in the newspapers. There are in this country a considerable number of "Practical Phrenologists," who travel from place to place, give one, two, or three lectures free, to excite attention, and then examine heads and write characters for fees. When I have been told of the injury which these men do to Phrenology, I have answered that the educated men and philosophers are to blame for the consequences, because they neglect or decline to study and to teach Phrenology as a science; that being a useful and important natural truth, it cannot die; and that if it be refused admission into schools and colleges, it will seek refuge in the lyceums of villages. A friend of one of these "practical men" came to me to have my opinion of him. He, like fifty other persons, introduced himself, began with talking about things in general, and by degrees introduced the name of the individual in question, soliciting my opinion of him, but without giving me the least hint of any object he had in view, or even that he was interested in him. I stated all the good of him I could, and also mentioned several points in regard to which I thought him in the wrong. The friend, without my knowledge, published in one of the newspapers my favourable remarks, omitting the rest. The first notice that I received of the publication, was being asked by a gentleman whether I had "endorsed" all the errors and absurdities of the individual alluded to? I replied, Certainly not, and gave him authority to state that the paragraph in the newspaper had appeared without my knowledge or approbation. This proceeding may have been dictated by good feeling, and it led to no unpleasant results; but the principle of action involved in it is dangerous and improper.

Mercantile Library Association.—This evening I lectured to the Mercantile Library Association, on physical education, and the attendance must have approached to 700 persons. They

have an extensive and well selected library, supported by 4000 members, who pay two dollars per annum each for the use of it and the reading-room. They provide lectures on the Tuesday and Friday evenings, during the winter season, for a fee of two dollars each person; and they have classes for particular branches of instruction, the fee to each of which is \$8 per annum. The lectures are delivered by the most eminent and talented men of the union, but as each chooses his own subject, they are very desultory. The association pays as high as \$50 for a lecture, when the individual and subject are attractive. At the present time it is proposed to engage permanently, four or more competent professors, whose duty it shall be to prepare and deliver, during the greater part of the year, successive and systematic courses of lectures upon the various branches of knowledge, most useful to those who are to be future merchants. These are stated to be, "The Principles of Commerce including Commercial Jurisprudence, and Social and Political Economy," which will form the department of one professor;—"Statistics of Commerce and the Arts, Commercial History and Geography, Agriculture, Mining," &c., to form the department of the second professor;—"Natural Philosophy, including Inorganic and Organic Chemistry, and Natural History in its Commercial Applications," to form the department of the third professor. That of the fourth to include "History, Moral and Intellectual Philosophy, Aesthetics," &c.

In the existing condition of elementary education in the United States, it may be questionable whether continuous and instructive courses of lectures will be well attended in the cities. I fear not; and the desultory system may be naturally the long prelude to higher objects. If the elements of natural science were once introduced into the common schools, so as to open the minds of the young to the deep interest and importance of such studies, the people would demand a higher instruction in lectures. In the mean time, it is consolatory to remark that the extent to which lecturing prevails, is a striking indication of mental activity, and it will, I sincerely trust, ultimately lead to important consequences.

December 8. Thermometer 40°. **Public Defaulters.**—Ever since we arrived in this country, we have read and heard a great deal about the elopement of Mr. Swartwout, collector of customs at New York, deeply indebted to the public treasury. A verb has been coined from his name, and every person who absconds with his employer's property in his possession is said to "swartwout." The subject has been invested with fresh interest by the sudden disappearance of William M. Price, Esq., district attorney for the southern district of New York, who also, according to the newspapers, is largely indebted to the public. I have learned the following particulars regarding the system pursued in the appointment of public officers.

By law, the public officers of the United States are appointed by the president, and approved of by the senate, and hold their offices during pleasure. Before General Jackson's presidency, the practice was to regard the appointments as virtually made during life and good behaviour, *ad vitam aut culpam*. It is particularly mentioned that Mr. John Quincy Adams, when president, being strongly urged to dispossess Mr. Thomson from the office of collector of customs for New York, requested the secretary of the treasury to report how long Mr. Thomson had held the office,

and what was the state of his accounts. The report bore that Mr. Thomson had discharged the duties of collector for twelve years, had once been in arrear to the extent of sevenpence halfpenny, or some such sum, and had paid up the balance immediately on its existence being certified to him, (for it had arisen from an error in his figures). Mr. Adams said that he saw no reason which could authorise him to remove Mr. Thomson from his office.

Under General Jackson, however, the maxim was announced that "the spoils belong to the victors;" in other words, that the offices of the state belong to the triumphant party; and this principle was then acted on, and has since been pretty extensively followed (I am assured) by both whigs and democrats. Another form of speech for the same idea, is "rotation in office, no monopoly of power." The phrase "the spoils belong to the victors," seems to have been understood literally and acted on by some of the functionaries. I heard it positively asserted in society that General Jackson had been warned, and was offered evidence to show, that Mr. Swartwout was not a man to be trusted in such an office; but nevertheless, as he was a powerful political partisan, and a personal friend, the president appointed him to it. Many persons speak in favour of Mr. Swartwout as having discharged the duties of his office in a liberal and accommodating spirit, and regret that he was so far misled as to believe the public money to be his own legitimate "spoils."

It became the duty of Mr. Price to prosecute Mr. Swartwout, who had retired with the "spoils" to Europe; but instead of doing so, he chose suddenly to follow him into exile. It is stated in the "Daily Whig" newspaper of this date, on the authority of "an eye witness," that "the United States' flag was flying at the peak of the Liverpool steam-ship, and directly under it a blue signal, with a white ball upon it. When all was ready, all the hawsers except one were let go. The signal next dropt to the deck, and three minutes after a carriage drove to the wharf, from which Mr. Price and his son got out, and went on board."

I introduce these instances of malversation in public offices, and shall record others that fall under my observation, for this reason—that corruption in public men is one of the vices constantly urged against monarchical institutions; and it is instructive to observe, whether in a democracy there is that high-minded purity and disinterestedness in official persons which is generally expected, and which, if existing, would shed a moral lustre on the sovereignty of the people. A democracy must expect to be rigidly scrutinised on the subject of its integrity; because justice is its avowed foundation—equal-handed justice to all. If the United States exhibit to Europe the spectacle of public immorality flourishing under popular institutions, how are the friends of mankind to defend the great cause of political freedom?

Dec. 9. Therm. 20°. We attended the Episcopal church in Broadway, of which Dr. Hawkes is pastor. He is highly orthodox, and his congregation is fashionable, and as large as his church can accommodate. Like all the other churches we have visited in this country, it is most commodiously fitted up.

Dec. 11. Therm. 32°. **Tobacco Chewing.**—A Scotsman who has resided for a good many years in the United States, assured me that the following statement is essentially correct. A few

years ago, a convention of clergymen of all denominations was held in New York, to promote Bible, missionary, and other religious societies, as to the utility of which they were all agreed. The inhabitants appointed a committee of themselves, who obtained the address of all the families who were willing to receive clergymen as guests during the convention, and ascertained the numbers each could accommodate. The clergy were distributed in the houses of these benevolent hosts; but the latter soon found their furniture and carpets distressingly damaged by the floods of tobacco juice which the clergy from the country districts poured out remorselessly upon them. At the next convention, very few names were presented to the committee; and, on inquiry, this damage was assigned as the cause. The matter was finally arranged by families sending their offers in these terms:—"Mr. A. B. will accommodate two clergymen, provided they do not chew tobacco." It is probable that this may be called an old "Joe Miller," as the Americans name all well-known disagreeable narratives; but whether it be old or new, I have seen occurrences that render it credible to me as a fact.

Physical Education.—I gave my second lecture on Physical Education to the Mercantile Library Association this evening. A skeleton and a number of anatomical drawings were introduced, and no objections to them were stated by the audience, which consisted of highly respectable persons of both sexes. This fact is mentioned solely on account of the charges of an absurd delicacy, which are sometimes made against the American women, who, it is said, put trousers on the legs even of their pianofortes. The views delivered were simple and elementary, such as are contained in the best works on Hygiene. I had heard so much of the great extent to which the Americans read, that I was afraid that I might appear to my audience as delivering a thrice-told tale; but they were attentive, and I was afterwards informed by a medical friend, that although they hear a good many doctrines about health, they do not generally carry any salutary rules consistently into practice, and that a rational exposition of the principles of Hygiene in lectures is still much wanted.

Dec. 12. Thermometer at 7 A. M. 40°; at 10 P. M. 22°. *Morality of New York.*—I have already remarked that New York is the rendezvous of the rogues of both Europe and America. A young Scotsman gave me an account of his own experience of the benevolence and honesty of his countrymen when he arrived here. He landed with \$700 in his pocket, and soon became acquainted with a gentleman from his native place, who had been settled here for some years. This friend introduced him to another Scotsman, who also was in business in the city. They both overloaded him with civilities, and were extremely anxious to do for him. They soon found an excellent opening for him. They introduced him to a person who carried on a lucrative trade, and just wanted a young active partner, with \$700 of capital, to realise a comfortable independence for both. A copartnership was formed, and a legal contract duly executed, by which he obtained a share in all the advantages, and became liable for a proportion of all the debts of the going trade. No sooner was it signed, than his friend, who had discovered the opening, immediately compelled him, as a partner of the firm, to pay him \$200, which the senior partner owed him, and to relieve him of an obligation for \$500, which he had granted as surety for the same per-

son. In one week his \$700 were gone; and in another he was bankrupt and in jail. He then discovered that one of his countrymen who had so ardently interested himself in his welfare, had fled from the criminal law in Scotland, had changed his name, and was now exhibiting an exterior of respectability in New York! This is the story as it was told to me by the sufferer. It may be erroneous, or may have been coloured by him, for his feelings were still strongly excited when I saw him; but it contains so much of the substance of what frequently takes place in this city, that I regard it as an illustrative anecdote, even although the particulars should not bear investigation. When these rascalities are reported in Europe, the Americans are supposed to be guilty of them all, because they are perpetrated in America; but this is not a just inference. The American rogues in this city are both numerous and dexterous; but Great Britain sends to it many who match them.

Dec. 14. Thermometer 42°. *American Law of Copyright.*—The Americans deny copyright to any author or publisher of a work first published in a foreign country, and suffer some evils themselves in consequence. This state of the law greatly retards the growth of a native literature, because no publisher can afford to pay their own authors adequately, when a more lucrative trade can be driven by the plunder of European literature. It impedes the advance of their own people in those feelings, and in that species of knowledge that is particularly related to their own condition. They devour the miscellaneous productions of European minds, many of them deeply imbued with principles the most hostile to American improvement, while they afford little encouragement to the production of books suited to their own advancement. The Quarterly Review, Blackwood's Magazine, and similar works, are reprinted, and extensively read, and they cultivate and keep alive the principles of aristocracy and toryism among the Americans to a greater extent than is generally believed. These feelings are not publicly avowed, but they nevertheless exist; and if the national mind is left in its present state of imperfect instruction, their influence will extend in proportion as society advances in wealth and condensation. Another evil is, that the Americans must often rest contented with the first edition of an English work, if it has been reprinted by an influential man, long after the work has advanced through many editions, and received great improvement in its native land. The following facts illustrate this point.

Messrs. Harpers, of New York, reprinted and stereotyped Dr. Andrew Combe's work on Physiology applied to Health and Education, immediately after its appearance in England, in 1834, and brought it out as a number of their "Family Library," in which form it was very widely circulated. In Britain, the work went rapidly through several editions, in the course of which it was greatly improved, and much valuable practical matter was added. A request was made to the Messrs. Harpers, that since they had, without any advantage to the author, taken actual possession of his work, they should at least do him and the public the justice to reprint the improved edition, and not continue to circulate one in every way inferior. This request was not complied with, because the first edition was stereotyped, and they did not choose to incur the expense of reprinting another, although by their own account they had already sold many

thousand copies of the book. Feeling anxious that the new matter should in some way be rendered accessible to American readers, the author sent out by me a copy of the seventh Edinburgh edition, and on his behalf I offered it for republication to respectable publishers in Boston, and inquired whether they would reprint it, and make him any allowance for it. They expressed their willingness to do so, and pay a fair per centage on the sales, but added that in effect they could not do either; because although by law there is no copyright of British books in the United States, yet there is one by the courtesy of trade; for whoever first reprints an English work, secures the copyright of it to himself, and that as the Messrs. Harpers had obtained the right to this work by priority of publication, they could not interfere, even when the Messrs. Harpers continued to sell an inferior edition; and to this answer they all adhered.

I this day waited on the Messrs. Harpers—told them what I had done in Boston, and the answer I had received, and asked them to republish the book, and also to allow the author some recompense for the new matter, of which they were not in possession. They requested to see the new edition, and to consider of it. I sent for the work to Boston for their use, and meantime told them, that although the author could receive no benefit from the sales, he was so desirous that the American public should have access to the most improved edition, that if they and all other booksellers declined to reprint it, I should do so on his account, and employ the trade to sell the copies. Their answer was clear, and decided. "You may do in this respect as you see proper, but we reserve to ourselves the privilege of retaliating two blows for one on any man who shall republish it: this is our rule." I asked an explanation of this announcement, and was told that the copyright by courtesy is defended in this manner. If any publisher interfere with it, the party aggrieved reprints, in the cheapest form, two of the offender's own English reprints, and floods the market with them at the lowest possible price. The Harpers are rich, have extensive connections, and act so energetically in retaliating two blows for one, that no respectable publisher will interfere with them. I made inquiries at several respectable publishing houses in Boston, Philadelphia, and New York, whether they would sell the work on commission if I reprinted it, and stated in the preface the reason for doing so, namely, that the Messrs. Harpers continued to supply the public with an inferior edition; but no one would undertake even to sell it. They assured me that this branch of trade, viz. selling on commission, so extensively carried on in London, has scarcely an existence in the United States. I asked the cause of this, and was informed that the extreme difficulty and expense of collecting accounts, would swallow up any commission that could be afforded, and that, in point of fact, a large portion of the book trade in the United States is conducted by barter! I shall return to this subject.

CHAPTER IX.

1838.

Negro Slavery.—Those who defend slavery deny the right of foreigners to interfere with it; they speak of it as a domestic institution, with which nobody has any concern except

the legislatures of the states in which it exists, and on this ground the House of Representatives of the United States, at Washington, on the 11th December current, refused to receive any petitions on the subject. Mr. Atherton, member for New Hampshire, presented a series of five resolutions; the vote was taken on the first resolution, "Resolved, That this government is of limited powers, and that, by the constitution of the United States, Congress has no jurisdiction whatever over the institution of slavery in the several states of the confederacy;" which was carried, "ayes, 198; noes, 6." The practical result of this vote is, that they lay on the table, without reading, all petitions on the subject. The public sentiment is of such overwhelming force in the United States, that this vote indicates a very strong and general opinion among the people at large in accordance with it, so that the nation fairly identifies itself with the cause of slavery.*

Dec. 16. Ther. 32°. *Health of the Clergy.*—We heard Mr. Dewey preach a sermon on the text, "Love your enemies." In thought, expression, and delicacy, it was excellent. It is certain that a great number of the clergy of this country lose their health, which is generally, and I believe truly, ascribed to their unceasing labours. A very careful preparation is evident in their sermons. They also teach the young and visit their flocks extensively; and they obviously labour under a pretty constant anxiety about supporting their reputation. The Sunday is observed with as strict decorum here as in London.

Dec. 17. Ther. 32°. *Religious Liberty.*—At Boston, we were asked every Monday morning what church we had attended on Sunday. This question was put not in the spirit of persecution, to force us to attend church, but from a desire to hear our opinions of their churches and ministers. In New York, this question has not been asked; but to-day an Episcopalian clergyman from Virginia waited on me, introduced himself, and said that his rule was to reject all science that was at variance with the Bible; and as he had not time to study science itself, he judged of its accordance with Scripture, by the religious opinions of those who professed it; and if my religious creed was a sound one, (of course the same as his own,) he would be much inclined to believe in phrenology, because he had attended several of my lectures here, and was much interested. He concluded by saying, that there is a large number of religious persons in this country of the same mind with himself in regard to phrenology.

I asked him whether he had read Archbishop Whately's observations on the relation between science and Scripture. He said that he had not. I told him that the archbishop had said that the mode of proceeding which he had now mentioned is erroneous, and injurious equally to religion and philosophy; that there can be no *false* science, for if any doctrine be not true, it is not science at all; that real science is a mere statement of facts existing in nature and their rela-

tions; and that if erroneous representations of these be given, there is an answer to them in nature, which religious, as well as other inquirers are bound to adduce; and I added, that, as I rest my claims to public attention as a phrenologist solely on the accordance of my doctrines with nature, my own religious opinions have no more connection with these facts, than the faith of a professor of mathematics has with the truth of the propositions of Euclid. I requested him to consider what a multitude of powerful sects exist in this country, each differing from the others in their interpretations of Scripture, and in what a strange predicament science would stand, if the members of each of them were to refuse to recognise it, unless its professors agreed with them in their religious belief; that there can be no such thing as Unitarian science, Evangelical science, Universalist science, and so forth; that I came to teach natural truth to all sects, and declined to identify phrenology with any one of them; that my books and my life were before the world, and as a tree is known by its fruits, if any one felt an interest in my own religious opinions as an individual, he could judge of my faith from them. This exposition seemed not at all to meet the views of the reverend gentleman; but he was perfectly courteous and continued to attend the lectures.

The connection between Science and Religion.

—This is a specimen of many conversations which I have been drawn into on the same subject, both at home and abroad, and I have very rarely indeed met with religious inquirers who admitted the possibility of natural science serving them as a means of correcting their own scriptural interpretations. Blind to the fact, that the various sects differ widely in their interpretations of Scripture, and that none of them is entitled to claim the attribute of infallibility to itself, the sincere professor of each doctrine proceeds as if no views except his own could by possibility be true. It is consolatory to observe that some of the higher divines of the Church of England rise above this narrow-minded fanaticism. Archbishop Whately has led the van in defence of science, and the Rev. Baden Powell, Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford, has recently followed in his footsteps. In his work on "the connection of Natural and Divine truth," he says, "Physical science is the necessary foundation of natural theology: *certain of the truths it discloses are warnings against mistaking the purport of Scripture; and the right use of the caution thus inculcated applies widely in the interpretation of Revelation.* Inductive philosophy is subservient both to natural and revealed religion. The investigation of God's works is an essential introduction to the right reception of his word."

If these remarks be well founded when applied to physical science, they are more so when phrenology is the subject of them. This science relates to man's moral and intellectual nature, one of the most important topics to which the Scriptures refer, and it requires only a small measure of reflection to perceive how directly it bears on the subject. If, for example, every faculty has received a special organ by which it manifests itself, it is undeniable that both organ and faculty proceed from the Creator. If each faculty has a legitimate sphere of action, the doctrine of original sin, as taught by some divines, must be founded on erroneous interpretations of Scripture; because man's nature cannot be wholly corrupt, if composed of powers every

one of which has a legitimate natural sphere of action. If any faculty is without a legitimate sphere of action, then the Creator has instituted it to do evil, and man is its victim. Again, if individuals are naturally capable of exhibiting the Christian character in proportion, *ceteris paribus*, to the size of the moral and intellectual organs relatively to those of the animal propensities in their brains, one essential element in human improvement is an increase in the dimensions of the superior organs in relation to the inferior; yet there is no indication that this has ever proclaimed by the first promoters of Christianity. If that class of men in whom the organs of the animal propensities are very large, and those of the moral and intellectual faculties very deficient, be, in truth, morally idiotic, (which I believe them to be,) and if they constitute the great and habitual criminals who infect society—then, instead of being fit subjects for punishment here and hereafter, they are really patients who deserve our sympathy for their misfortunes, and who need our humane guardianship to restrain them from injuring society and themselves. Yet many of the interpretations of Scripture have been made in ignorance of these facts.

It is gratifying to observe that Professor Whewell, in his recent work, entitled "The Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences founded upon their History," has entered fully, and in an excellent spirit, into a consideration of the relation between Science and Scripture. He lays it down as a safe rule, that "so long as the supposed scientific discovery is doubtful, the exposition of the meaning of Scripture given by commentators of established credit is not wanted to be disturbed; but when a scientific theory, irreconcilable with this ancient interpretation, is clearly proved, we must give up the interpretation, and seek some new mode of understanding the passage in question, by means of which it may be consistent with what we know; for if it be not, our conception of the thing described is no longer consistent with itself." "The man of science is concerned, no less than any other person, in the truth and import of the divine dispensation; the religious man, no less than the man of science, is, by the nature of his intellect, incapable of believing two contradictory declarations. Hence they have both alike a need for understanding the Scripture in some way in which it shall be consistent with their understanding of nature. It is for their common advantage to conciliate, as Kepler says, the finger and the tongue of God, his works and his word."

Dec. 18. Ther. 32°. *Phrenology.*—I delivered my fourth lecture on Mental Education to an overflowing audience of the Mercantile Association, and was told by the secretary that the lectures had given satisfaction, and were calculated to do good.

Dec. 19. Ther. 35°. *Painting.*—We visited the exhibition of pictures by modern artists in the Stuyvesant Gallery, and were gratified to see so many works indicating talent. The portraits of females were particularly good. In the choice of the subjects the artists had avoided horrors; there were no Judiths and Holoferneses; no Circifications; no Bacchanalian Heathen Deities. A pure taste should no more relish such representations on canvass than in nature; and the rage for them in Europe appears to me to arise from the principle of imitation acting in the absence of judgment. In the fifteenth and sixteen centuries

* The nation identifies itself with the constitution, which can neither be altered nor nullified by abolition or any other kind of petition; but only in a manner prescribed in one of its own articles. Virginia and the Carolinas might petition Congress to allow them the privilege of collecting the duties on customs for their own special benefit, just as constitutionally as Massachusetts and Connecticut could petition the same body to do away with slavery in the first mentioned states.—*Am. Ed.*

same time said maliciously: "I was sure that you would both seize this occasion to pay me a visit."

The two friends looked at each other in confusion, and seated themselves at a distance from the windows, so as to conceal, if possible, the immediate object of their visit.

But the baroness was not to be deceived by their politeness. "Come, mesdames," said she, "you had better take possession of this window before my old friends come; this place I have kept for Frederic," said she, turning to Pauline's friend.

"Aunt," said the child, "will it be a pretty funeral to-day?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Will there be a horse, and plenty of flags and feathers?"

"Wait, and you will see."

"Will there be music?"

"Yes."

Frederic clapped his hands. "Oh, how delightful! And aunt, will there be *little tarts* to day?"

"No."

"Why not, aunt? we had them at General Lamarque's funeral."

Edgar interrupted him. "What did you say, Frederic? *little tarts* at General Lamarque's funeral?"

"Yes," replied the baroness, laughing, "we had them in this room, on the table, and we will have some more this morning, if Frederic will promise not to be too greedy."

"Ah, it is that; I understand," said Edgar, "I imagined he alluded to a dish of such things carried perhaps in the procession."

"Hush, Edgar," said Frederic's mother in a low voice, "you will shock my aunt, she is very strict."

At this moment a noise was heard on the boulevards. "There it comes," exclaimed every body.

But, no, it is only an officer of the National.

Edgar leaned out of the window. "Mon Dieu! how many people; and the balconies are crowded with ladies: what a beautiful sight; blondes, brunettes—pink bonnets, white bonnets, blue bonnets, yellow bonnets, and shawls, and mantillas as gay as a rainbow—and on the boulevards brave soldiers drinking."

"Really," said the baroness, "it is much more like a public rejoicing than a lamentation."

And indeed it was. Every window of the high six storied Parisian houses was crowded to overflowing; the dressmaker might be seen with her hair curled, and her silk apron; old men who never went out, brave the damp air of Paris on this occasion; men of business, in the intervals between one letter and another, came to the window, making a pen. No opening in the form of a window is empty; at the fifth story may be seen cooks, chambermaids, scullions, grooms, porters—a numerous assemblage of both sexes, all in their Sunday clothes, together with what we had nearly forgotten to mention, more children together than the imagination could suppose the world to contain. On the boulevards, tables are set out under trees where soldiers, with mechanics, in whole families, are eating cakes, and drinking wine and beer. Even the trees are invaded by adventurous persons determined to have a good view. Men, women and children, of all classes, are mounted on chairs and benches. One fat old man, standing on a very narrow chair, in sneezing, lost his equilibrium, and fell to the ground, an incident which greatly diverted the crowd. At the corner of every street is an agglomeration of carriages, hacks, gigs, omnibusses, carts, wagons; in fact, every imaginable vehicle ever invented by man.

The "l'ortonné" Café presents an interesting scene to the observer; there the deceased is the only subject of conversation; his actions are discussed, his opinions commented upon, anecdotes of his private life related; they speak of his last moments, and are displeased to find that no memorable "last words" can be recorded.

"The devil!" said a young "elegant," helping himself to a *bœufsteak de mouton*, "this fellow must have said something in his last moments. 'I never heard of such a thing,' said another, (as he lighted his cigar,) "if he said no last words we must make some for him."

All wits now are at work to fabricate some "last words." If the person in question had been a republican, he is made to have predicted liberty; if a philosopher, a joke upon a future state is ascribed to him; if a philanthropist, his last words were those of humanity, dictated by his never ending benevolence; if a man of wit, the task is more difficult. But still, something is at last hit upon. Ten young men in the prime of life and health are at least equal, for such a composition, to the worn out wit on his death-bed. The "last words" are by them industriously circulated in every quarter.

"You heard what his last words were?"

"No."

"They are then repeated with a serious air."

"Oh, beautiful; and so like him."

The last words of the dying general are received every where with avidity; they spread like wild-fire, leap from mouth to mouth, from table to table; from the shopkeeper to the customer, and from the customer again to other shopkeepers;—they run down the broad staircase, penetrate into the boulevards, there divide, multiply, and spread from tree to tree, from chair to chair, from bench to bench.

In the mean time these mischievous authors in the Café Tortonné have thought of something much better, much more appropriate. They are anxious to suppress that which they have already sent forth; but it is too late; it has been already taken up and put into the papers, where it shines with all the lustre shed upon it by the glory of the great departed.

Ah! many amusing things happen on this day of the great funeral; but the most amusing moment of all the day, is that in which the procession begins to move. At this moment the lazy, who had not finished dressing, the indifferent, who did not deign to look on, the religious, who scorned to pollute their eyes with the pestilence of such vanities, suddenly attracted by the music and hurraing, all crowded to the windows; here appeared one just out of bed, there, another, half shaved, with a razor in his hand, another in a nightcap, another with her hair all in papers; some in dressing gowns, some in shirts; servants with brooms in their hands, or some article of furniture they have been washing or dusting. No matter how or what, every one wants to see, and thinks not of being seen; and, in fact, not one in a thousand does see them.

As the procession advances, china and glass shops are shut up.

What for?

Why, at General Lamarque's funeral, the cavalry backed, and backed into our windows, and broke ever so much of our wares.

Ah! it was in their enthusiasm; there was no harm in that.

The funeral car comes slowly on. "Come, Frederic," said the baroness, "look here! you have had pies enough."

Paris now was all silence. One heard nothing but the horses' footsteps.

Next came gentlemen of high rank and importance in the city, slowly marching with heads uncovered.

A young man followed, his head bared, his countenance showing signs of the deepest grief—he was the son of the general.

On the funeral car was a sword, a cross of the Legion of Honour, and a general's epaulettes.

A battle horse followed, caparisoned with black crape. Military music was now heard playing the march of the "Gazza Ladra."

Then the rolling of the heavy muffled drums.

A detachment of the National Guard of Paris.

The companies of the National Guards of the jurisdiction.

Schools with their banners.

Corporations with their banners.

Societies with their banners.

And then a regiment, a company of soldiers or cavalry; in fact, every honour proper to the character of the deceased; and then the carriages containing all those who aspired to the public office held formerly by the deceased.

"Ah, that was beautiful," said Frederic, when it had all passed.

Pauline took out her handkerchief, and dried her tears.

Her friend dried a very small tear with the back of her hand.

Edgar wiped away a great big tear with his glove.

"Why! you are all crying, I do believe," exclaimed the baroness.

"Ah, madame," said Pauline, smiling, "I can never look at a horse covered with black crape, and a sword on a coffin without crying."

"And you, niece?"

"Me, aunt! I can never help crying a little when I hear that beautiful march of the *Gazza Ladra*."

"And you, Mr. Edgar, you are an officer of cavalry."

"Madame," replied Edgar, with emotion, "two years ago I saw the funeral of my own father."

LIFE IN ITALY.

The London Metropolitan, for March, has an article on "The Baths of Lucca in the Summer of 1840," from which we extract the following account of the condition and character of the common people of that section of Italy:

The common people, especially those on the mountain, generally keep two small cows and a heifer, which they feed on the scarlet clover and lupine, ash leaves, and shrubs, and occasionally turn them out to graze on the patches of rich grass on the mountains. The milk is rich and excellent, and the butter, though white, would be equally well tasted if properly managed; but they do not understand a dairy here, and never wash out the milk sufficiently from the butter, which makes it sour; we tried to explain this, but we find them as conceited as their sisters in Dorsetshire. Beside butter, they make a substance of curds and butter mixed together, called *ricotta*, resembling the Scottish *crowdy*, and which they bring to us, neatly put up in baskets made of fern leaves.

The better class are, in general, proprietors of a certain quantity of land, cultivated either as vineyards, if on the sunny side of the hill, or in grain if in the valley; beside which they rent land on lease from the great proprietors or signori, and a pezza, or part of a chestnut wood. The share system is strictly followed, and half of every kind of produce is delivered to the landlords, from wine and fruit down to eggs and butter. They live well, generally having soup and meat daily, especially in winter, cheese, and good home-made brown bread, from the flour of the *grano grosso*, with wine in abundance. In short, as they say to us, "We have plenty of food, wine and fruit; what we want is money, but that we find it almost impossible to get."

The poor classes, on the contrary, who inhabit the mountain villages, are very ill off. The men come down daily, sometimes four miles, to labour on the roads, &c., for a paul a day. They can rarely buy wheaten bread, still more rarely butcher meat; they chiefly subsist on chestnut meal made into porridge, and thin cakes, called *netci*, unleavened, and baked like the Scottish barley *scone*; they have a sweetish taste, and, eaten with fresh butter, are not bad, but are so heavy and indigestible, that one, with a little wine, will support a labouring man for a day. These people are employed to gather the chestnut harvest of the signori, and get two fifths of the produce as payment for their labour. On this they subsist till exhausted, and then they must buy the meal from the fatture of the proprietor, who keeps it in stores for the purpose, and sells it enormously dear to the poor creatures. One day we met a poor old woman, who had come down from one of the highest mountains for the purpose, and was carrying home a few pounds in her bag, and that, she said, was all they had to live upon till their little crop of *grano* was ripe. The women spin hemp on the distaff, for household linen; work hard at all kinds of field labour, carry enormous loads of hay and straw, on their heads, up the steep mountain paths. Many of them are also engaged as servants during the season, by families at the baths. Every thing is carried on the head here; the women have a padded cushion, or fold a handkerchief into

that form, place it on the crown of their head, and put on it whatever they have to carry, even baskets of manure for the fields. We were sitting one evening by the fountain on La Montagna, when two girls came down from the village of La Croce, with large copper pails to draw water. When the pails were filled, each folded her handkerchief, put it on her head, lifted her pail, full to the brim, and then, without assistance, or spilling a drop, placed it on her head, and walked nimbly up the steps, and along the mountain path. I have even seen women, when so laden, spin on their distaffs as they walked along. One would think that this classic mode of carrying their burdens would insure an erect carriage and a graceful step; quite the contrary: the lower class of peasantry are the most ungainly, misshapen figures I ever saw. Constant out-door labour makes their skins shriveled and brown as mahogany, and their features are not in general good; their shoulders are high, and their necks short. The bust is entirely destroyed by the wooden stays which, covered with scarlet cloth, or some other gaudy colour, they constantly wear from childhood. This frightful breast-plate is in two pieces, which fasten under the arm, and are exactly the same behind and before, enclosing the form like a shell-fish, and pressing down and flattening the bosom. Add to this the short thick waist, the tight sleeve of their dress, and the unkempt and staring locks of their coal-black hair, and it may be conceived that one of these poor people possesses few attractions beyond her piercing black eyes. When out of doors, all, even the children, cover the head with a handkerchief, the end hanging down on each side; on week days it is of coloured cotton, but on feasts, of white cotton, or coarse tulle.

Amongst rich peasants there are some very handsome countenances, and not bad figures. They wear the proper French corset, and exceedingly well-fitting gowns, with sleeves as well plaited down, and flounces as numerous as our own. Their hair is neatly plaited, tucked behind their ears, and thrown over their head; they wear an extremely fine embroidered tulle veil, which has a pretty graceful effect. Yesterday we walked behind three of these young peasants; their waists were as well laced in, their bustles as large, their skirts as full, and stiffly starched, and their embroidered muslin canezons as fine as those of the ladies around them; and as they walked along, fanning themselves and conversing gaily, they really made no despicable appearance. Indeed the rich people, of all ages, pay great regard to the fashions. The other day, our landlady, Carlotta, was showing us her silk wedding-dress, and remarking that she had bought some bracie, more than required; she added, that it was very convenient, for "when I was married, flounces were in fashion, and then bias tucks, and then flounces again," and this is a hard-working woman, who washes our clothes, manages a large family of children, and bakes her own bread, though her husband is a road contractor, and proprietor of a nice bit of land in valley and on mountain. The upper class of peasants are in general better looking than the women; we have seen several remarkably fine countenances. On ordinary days they wear caps of round corduroy, or dark velveteen jackets; but on festas there is a great turn-out of broad-cloth and black hats; the cigar is always in use. Most of them can read and write; they are men of excellent industrious habits, and possess considerable wealth.

The poorer peasants, who live by daily labour, seldom, when at work, wear more than a chemise and a pair of short linen drawers; their naked legs and feet are dark brown, and their features coarse. They are extremely industrious, making their boys work as soon as they can carry a burden, and cultivating every little nook or corner near their cottage. All classes are kind-hearted and charitable, patiently supporting their own poverty, and maintaining their destitute relations, without a murmur, even adopting, and rearing amongst their own children, friendless orphans, without any prospect of compensation. The honesty and morality of the Lucchese peasantry are well known, and even the bad example of the profligate couriers, and bad characters that yearly swarm to the baths, have not yet materially injured

their good qualities. Either alone, or attended by a country boy, a lady can at all times take the most distant rambles, on horseback and on foot, without fear of receiving even an uncivil word. When thefts are committed, the culprit is always found to be a person from a distance, attracted here by the confluence of rich strangers.

The work which they perform, considering their very inefficient means, is surprising. A new road, with a high embankment and retaining walls, is now making along the Lima, on the Modena road, and a bridge building across the Camajoni to connect it. All the earth which forms the embankment, and the smaller stones, are brought up, from the bed of the river, in little round baskets, on the shoulders of boys from eleven to fourteen years old. The large stones are carried one by one on the shoulders of the men. We tried to explain to the Direttore, who superintends the work, the advantages of wheelbarrow and hand-barrow, but he shook his head, and said that "their own way was the best." The work is really making considerable progress, but a hundred and fifty men are employed, for five or six months, in doing what fifty English labourers, with their appliances, would accomplish in two.

They begin to work before five in the morning, and rest an hour at nine, at noon, and four o'clock, then continue to work till past seven. In place of resting during the hours of relaxation, most of them dance and sing in chorus during the whole time, huzzaing, and making an incredible noise. The other day they procured a violin, and not only danced and sang during the day; but, it being Saturday, when they left off work in the evening, a party of them who belonged to Monabbia, a village on the top of a mountain about four miles off, made the violin accompany them, and danced along the road, through the Ponte and up the mountain, with as much laughter, singing, and shouting, as if they had been on a party of pleasure. And yet these men had been working all day in the sun, when the thermometer stood in the shade at 78° of Fahrenheit. Their dinner consists of black bread, raw onions, and most commonly they drink water, though a few have wine. Sometimes a kind English lady gives them a present of bread and wine, and then the vivas rend the air.

It is somewhat difficult to judge of the state of their religious feeling. The priests force them to keep all the festas, and to attend mass regularly; but, as far as we can judge, they have no great reverence for either. One day (the eve of a festa) we heard them laughing, and saying they must go to mass the next day, they did not know why. And being in the church one festa, while the procession was passing out, an old woman turned round, and gave us a smile of a very equivocal character, just as the cross was passing her. They fast, regularly, however, every Friday and Saturday, and on the eve of many saints' days beside.

NEW BOOKS.

On Heroes, Hero Worship and the Heroic in History. Six lectures. Reported with emendations and additions. By Thomas Carlyle, author of "The French Revolution," "Sartor Resartus," &c. New York, D. Appleton & Co. 1841.

This is the best of Mr. Carlyle's books, and will be by far the most popular. The subjects discussed have more of general interest; the style is more conformable to the common ideas of beauty and propriety; and the work, on the whole, is vastly more readable than any of those which the author has produced since he abandoned his first style, and adopted those peculiarities of diction which constitute his principal charm among his admirers.

The transcendental philosophy of the author's school is quite distinctly put forth in this volume; but it is not rendered so prominent as it was in "Sartor Resartus." Perhaps this may arise from a disposition to conciliate public opinion. It is pretty evident that the transcendental philosophy will not go down in large doses. It must be administered, at first, somewhat after the homeopathic fashion.

Outlines of Geography and History, presenting a Concise View of the World. By Frederick Emerson, author of the North American Arithmetic. Philadelphia, Hogan & Thompson, 1841.

Mr. Emerson is well known to the friends of good education throughout the United States through his excellent work entitled the North American Arithmetic. Since the completion of that work, he has diligently devoted himself to the composition of another, to be comprised in two parts, embracing geography and history in connection, carrying the student through both at the same time. The excellence of this design is such as to need no commenting to those who have reflected on the importance of associating, in the mind, places and the events which give them importance in the world's history. The little volume before us forms the introduction to the more extended work which will appear in 1842. Like the Arithmetic, the first book is prepared on a most judicious plan, and will become exceedingly popular.

Barnaby Rudge.

The third number is now ready. It carries forward the narrative rapidly, and presents us with some striking pictures. The frontispiece is a very fantastical but clever piece of invention. Time's hour glass swallowing up the characters of the old story, is not a bad idea. How old fashions are revived! These pictured allegories adorn some of the earliest books that were printed.

DRAWING BOOKS.

Messrs. Hogan & Thompson (Chesnut street below Fourth) have recently published a very important series of elementary works on the art of drawing. The largest is a reprint of the famous Elementary Drawing Book of J. Rubens Smith, the most complete ever published in this country, including all the different branches of the art, and comprehending many thousand objects. It is unnecessary to characterise a work so well and favourably known as this. The next volume is Mr. J. T. Bowen's United States Drawing Book, which comprehends a treatise on the art and exercises in landscape. The next volume, entitled My Own Sketch Book, is the smallest in size and cheapest in price. It comprises a variety of exercises on miscellaneous objects, landscapes, trees, and the human figure. Any of the works may be had separately.

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EDITED BY JOHN SANDERSON, ESQ.

PART I.

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From the Edinburgh Review.
SPIRIT OF SOCIETY IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

(Concluded from No. 20.)

It is somewhat remarkable, that that power of ridicule so generally cultivated as a science in France, has scarcely exercised over the tone of feeling in that country so repressing an influence as it has among ourselves. It never destroyed in the French the love of theatrical effect; and even in the prevalence of those heartless manners formed under the old *régime*, it never deterred them from avowing romantic feeling, if uttered in courtly language. Nay, it was never quite out of fashion to affect a gallant sentiment or a generous emotion; and the lofty verse of Corneille was echoed with enthusiasm by the courtiers of a Bourbon, and the friends of a Pompadour. But here, a certain measured and cold demeanour has been too often coupled with the disposition to sneer not only at expressions that are exaggerated, but at sentiments that are noble. Profligacy in action surprises, shocks, less than the profession of exalted motives, uttered in conversation, when, as a witty orator observed, "the reporters are shut out, and there is no occasion 'to humbug.'" We confess that we think it a bad sign when lofty notions are readily condemned as bombast, and when a nation not much addicted to levity, or even liveliness, is, above all others, inclined to ridicule the bias to magnify and exalt. A shoeblack of twelve years old, plying his trade by the Champs Elysées, was struck by a shoeblack four years younger. He was about to return the blow—an old fruitwoman arrested his arm, exclaiming—"Have you then no greatness of soul?" Nothing could be more bombastic than the reproof. Granted. But who shall say how far such bombast influenced the magnanimity of the labouring classes in that late event, which was no less a revolution in France, than the triumph of the human species? Exaggeration of sentiment can rarely, as a national trait, be dangerous. With men of sense it unavoidably settles into greatness of mind; but moral debasement—a sneer for what is high,—a disbelief of what is good, is the very worst symptom a people can display.

The influence which it is the natural province of the drama to exert towards exalting the standard of sentiment and opinion is not, at this time, it will readily be allowed, very efficacious in counterbalancing the worldly and vulgar tendency to degrade. Tragedy sleeps side by side with the epic; and the loftier shapes of comedy have dwindled into farce, that most dwarfish imp of all the varieties of dramatic humour.

It would be a matter of speculation deserving a larger notice than we can afford it here, to inquire how far our national literature is influenced by the place which our literary men hold in society. That men of letters do not enjoy in England their legitimate and proper rank is a common and true complaint. There is, doubtless, something equivocal in their station. An English author of but moderate eminence at home, is often astonished at the respect paid to him abroad. Political power—the chief object of desire with us—leaves to that direction of intellect which does not command it but a moderate and lukewarm homage. Fashion may indeed invest the new author with a momentary eclat; but the "lion" loses his novelty, and the author ceases to be courted. We recollect to have heard one of the most brilliant and successful writers of the day exclaim, that he would rather, for the gratification of social vanity, be a dull, but officious member of parliament, than enjoy his own high and popular reputation as an author. The vanity of authors is not, then, confined to their profession, which does not bring them a reward sufficiently palpable and present. Led, like the rest of their countrymen, by the rage of fashion, they long for the reputation of being admitted to brilliant society, rather than the consideration accorded to them in literary circles. One effect, at least, not favourable to the higher and purer branches of composition, is produced by this uneasiness and yearning. Straining for the effect, the glitter or the novelty that will render them "the fashion," they give to literature a feverish and exaggerated cast. They grasp at the humour, sometimes the frivolity, of the moment, and endeavour to hurry the serene and dignified glories of literature into a succession of "lucky hits." Two other effects noticeable, we think, among Englishmen of letters, may be derived from the same cause. First, the want of that social brilliancy which is generally the characteristic of a Frenchman eminent in literature. When one of our most popular moralists observed, "that he never knew a man of sense a general favourite," he uttered a sentiment peculiarly adapted to charm the English. In France every man of sense would have aspired to be a general favourite, and every man of literary distinction might have won easily enough to that ambition. But here intellect alone does not produce fashion, and the author, failing to attain it, affects the privilege of railing, and the right to be disappointed. This dissatisfaction at the place destined to the nature of his exertions—this consciousness of enjoying neither that station of honour, nor that method of being honoured, which he has been taught to covet—is

almost necessarily destructive to the self-confidence and self-complacency, without which no man makes a great proficiency in the graces of society, or the courageous profession of a wit. The second effect, produced by the desire to shine in other circles than their own, is, we think, visible in the scattered and desultory manner with which our literary men encounter each other; they do not herd closely together. There is not among them that intimate knot and union which was, and is, characteristic of the authors and *beaux esprits* of Paris, and produces so remarkable an influence on their works—giving to their philosophy the graces of animated conversation, and colouring their style with that air of life, and fulness of *worldly* knowledges which, whatever be the changes and caprices of their literature, invariably remain, sometimes the staple, and almost always the predominant characteristic. When Helvetius produced that celebrated work, so rich in anecdote, illustration, and isolated brilliancies of remark, he was accused of merely collecting, and forming into a whole, the opinions current in the circles with which he mixed every day. It would be somewhat difficult for an English philosopher to subject himself, with any semblance of justice, to a similar accusation.

It would be a little unjust to quit our subject without saying any thing upon what we consider improvements in the condition of society; the more especially as some points, that appear to us worthy of praise, have been the subject of vulgar complaint. We hear, for instance, much pathetic lamentation on the decline of country hospitality, at a time when that "first cousin to a virtue" seems more deserving of commendation than at any period referred to by its detractors.

In what did the hospitality of the last century consist? An interchange of dinner visits between country neighbours,—a journey some half a dozen miles over wretched roads, and a return home some eight hours afterwards, with the footman drunk, the coachman more drunk, and the master most drunk. Hospitality, in a word, was a profusion of port wine; and the host welcomed his friends by ruining their constitutions.

Houses, much less conveniently arranged than at present, were not often capable of affording accommodation, for days together, to visitors from a distance. Few, comparatively speaking, were the guests who found their way from the metropolis to these rustic receptacles of Silenus; and the strangers were then stared at for their novelty, or ridiculed for their refinement—oracles to the silly and butts to the brutal. What an improvement in the present tone of country hospitality! Instead of solemn celebrations of

inebriety—instead of jolting at one hour through the vilest of lanes, to return at another from the most senseless of revels,—improved roads facilitate the visits of neighbours, improved houses accommodate a greater number of guests, and an improved hospitality gives to both a welcome reception, without endangering their health or making war on their reason. The visitors are more numerous; the victims less. To give a dinner, or to receive a gentleman from London, are not the events in a squire's life that they were in the last century. At stated periods of the year the house is filled with persons who can be cultivated as well as manly; and improvements in opinions are thus circulated throughout the country, as well as improvements in gun-locks.

So far, indeed, from the tone of society in the country being, as formerly, considerably below that in the metropolis, it is now, perhaps more graceful and courteous. The host, dissatisfied with his station in London, beholds his acres and his hall, rises into a great man in his province, and, content with the tokens of his own consequence, naturally grows complaisant to others. The petty vying and the paltry cringing are no longer necessary—the heartburn of fashion ceases—there is no compromise of comfort and nature for the attainment of wearisome and artificial objects; even the coldness, the distraction and the formality incident to London coteries, subside with the causes; and that tone of general equality which the most courtly circles can alone establish in a capital, becomes the easy and natural characteristic of the manners in a country mansion.

Another main feature in the aspect of society is the improvement and multiplicity of clubs. That the luxuries of these houses render husbands less domestic, and impart to sons notions disproportioned to their fortune, have been made very common and vulgar grounds of attack. With regard to the first we will own frankly that that mere animal habit which would confine men to the narrow circle of their firesides, and render it a misdemeanour to seek rational intercourse abroad, might, we think, be lessened, without operating in any way to the disadvantage of society. But, in fact, so rigid a domesticity exists little among the classes for which clubs are as yet chiefly instituted. We fear that at those witching hours of night, in which the gentleman is at his club, the lady and her daughter, so far from deploring his absence at home, are enjoying themselves at the ball or the *soirée*. The latter charge is equally ridiculous. That all men are not rich enough to enjoy a good house, airy rooms, new publications, the constant society of their acquaintances, and the decent pleasures of the table, is a grievance very much to be lamented; but that when men can obtain these advantages without being rich, there should be any harm in enjoying them, because they are not rich, or that they should be more discontented with a small room, because they have the power of quitting it for a large room whenever they please, are notions in metaphysics with which we cannot agree. Besides, while the principle of a club is economy, its temptations are not those of extravagance; while a young man is enabled by its organisation to save half his income, he meets there little that could allure him to spend the other half. The more attached he becomes to the quiet and orderly habits of a club life, the less he will feel inclined towards the expenses of that dissipation to which the routine of a club life is so opposed. A third objection, sometimes urged against clubs, would be serious indeed,

were it generally founded in truth, viz. the custom of gaming. But gaming is not practised in the great majority of clubs, especially those lately established. In the few notorious for the support of that vice, the usual advantages of a club, viz. economy, the facility of intellectual conversation, etc. are not found; they are gaming-houses, in a word, with a more specious name; and we willingly surrender them, without a word of defence, to the indignation of their impugnors.

The increase of clubs we think favourable to the growth of public principle. By the habits of constant intercourse, truths circulate, and prejudices are frittered away. "Nothing," observes that great writer, in whom we scarcely know which to admire the most, the brilliant imagination, or the quiet rationality—"nothing more contributes to maintain our common sense than living in the universal way with multitudes of men;" and, let us add, that it not only maintains our common sense, but diminishes the selfishness of our motives. In the close circle of private life, public matters are rarely and coldly discussed. In public, they form the chief topic; and made interesting, first as the staple of conversation, they assume, at length, an interest and a fascination in themselves.

We cannot quit our subject without adverting to that tone of consideration and respect towards the great bulk of the people, which especially characterises the present time and was almost a stranger to the past. Even in the ancient democracies, in which the flattery of the people was the science of power—even among the later Paladins of Chivalry,—"rough to the haughty, but gentle to the low"—mirrors not less of courtesy than valour—the tone alike of literature and philosophy breathes with a high contempt for the emotions and opinions of the vulgar. Among the Greeks—the crowd—the herd—the people—their fickleness—their violence—their ingratitude, furnished the favourite matter to scornful maxims and lordly apothegms. Taking their follies and their vices as the common subject for notice, where do we find their virtues panegyrised, or their character dispassionately examined? And in the models of chivalry, the "doffing to the low" was but the insult of condescension; the humble were not to be insulted, because they were not to be feared. But the instant the aspirer of plebeian birth attempted to rise against the decrees of fortune, the instant he affected honour or distinction, he was "audacious varlet," and "presuming catiff." The tender and accomplished author of the *Arcadia*, that noble work in which chivalry appears in its most romantic and lovely shape, evidently esteems it the proof of a thoughtful and lofty mind, to disdain the multitude and rise beyond a regard for their opinion. Were it not something profane to accuse so glorious a benefactor as Shakspeare of any offence, it might, perhaps, be justly observed, that while his works abound with pithy sarcasms on the foibles of the common people, they have never brought into a strong light their nobler qualities; even the virtues accorded them are the mere virtues of servants, and rarely aspire beyond fidelity to a master in misfortune. While, in his mighty page, the just and impartial mirror has been held to almost every human secret of character among the higher and middle classes of life, how little have the motives and conduct of the great mass (beyond what are contemptible) been sifted and examined; how many opportunities of displaying their firmness, their fortitude, their resistance to oppression, of sympathising

with their misfortunes and their wrongs, have been passed over in silence, or devoted rather to satire than to praise! But not now, thank God, is it the mode, the cant, to affect a disdain of the vast majority of our fellow creatures,—an unthinking scorn for their opinions or pursuits: the philosophy of past times confused itself with indifference; the philosophy of the present rather seeks to be associated with philanthropy.

We trust that those who have the power to influence the bias of popular sentiment will inculcate what has too long been the subject of jest or incredulity, viz. the glory of promoting public interests; and the necessity, in order to bring virtue from the Hearth to the Forum, of calling forth from their present obscurity and neglect those rewards to exertion, which confer, if they be but rightly considered, a deeper respect than wealth, and an honour more lofty than titles.

From Carlyle's Lectures.

THE HERO AS KING.

CROMWELL, NAPOLEON, MODERN REVOLUTIONISM.

We come now to the last form of Heroism; that which we call Kingship. The Commander over Men; he to whose will our wills are to be subordinated, and loyally surrender themselves, and find their welfare in doing so, may be reckoned the most important of Great Men. He is practically the summary for us of all the various figures of Heroism; Priest, Teacher, whatsoever of earthly or of spiritual dignity we can fancy to reside in a man, embodies itself here, to command over us, furnish us with constant practical teaching, tell us for the day and how what we are to do. He is called *Rex*, Regulator, *Roi*: our own name is still better; King, *König*, which means *Gan-ning*, Able-man.

Numerous considerations, pointing towards deep, questionable, and, indeed, unfathomable regions, present themselves here: on the most of which we most resolutely, for the present, forbear to speak.

As Burke said that perhaps fair *Trial by Jury* was the soul of Government, and that all legislation, administration, parliamentary debating, and the rest of it, went on, in order "to bring twelve impartial men into a jury-box;"—so, by much stronger reason, may I say here, that the finding of your *Ableman*, and getting him invested with the symbols of ability, with dignity, worship (*worth-ship*), royalty, knighthood, or whatever we call it, so that he may actually have room to guide according to his faculty of doing it,—is the business, well or ill accomplished, of all social procedure whatsoever in this world! Hastings speeches, Parliamentary Motions, Reform Bills, French Revolutions, all mean at heart this; or else nothing. Find in any country the Ablest Man that exists there; raise him to the supreme place, and loyally reverence him: you have a perfect government for that country; no ballot-box, parliamentary eloquence, voting, constitution-building, or other machinery whatsoever can improve it a whit. It is in the perfect state; an ideal country. The Ablest Man; he means also the truest-hearted, justest, the Noblest Man: what he tells us to do, must be precisely the wisest, fittest, that we could any where or any how learn;—the thing which it will in all ways behove us, with right loyal thankfulness, and nothing doubting, to do! Our *doing* and life were then, so far as government could regulate it, well regulated; that were the ideal of constitutions.

Alas, we know very well that Ideals can never be completely embodied in practice. Ideals must ever lie a very great way off; and we will right thankfully content ourselves with any not intolerable approximation thereto! Let no man, as Schiller says, too querulously "measure by a scale of perfection the meagre product of reality" in this poor world of ours. We will esteem him no wise man; we will esteem him a sickly, discontented, foolish man. And yet, on the other hand, it is never to be

the minds of men were essentially barbarous, and they were familiarised with much actual suffering. The torture reigned in every court of justice, and in the Inquisition; the laws were cruel and bloody; and deeds of revengeful murder were daily perpetrated by hired assassins. Many of their painters partook of the coarseness of the age, and lent the inspiration of their genius to realise on canvass scenes of blood and agony corresponding in sentiment with those which were acted on the theatre of life. The genius of the painters consecrated not only the terrible, but the horrible; and acquired for their works a high reputation, which has descended to our days. Modern European artists, captivated by the real merits of these painters, but forgetting the advance of civilisation, have imitated their barbarisms, and not unfrequently omitted their genius. The American public, having rarely seen, have escaped being misled by the productions of the elder school of art; and their own feelings being humane, their artists have selected subjects in harmony with them. Objects related to the higher sentiments of our nature should be at least as fruitful in inspirations to genius as those which owe their existence only to abuses of our propensities; modern artists, besides, should rise to higher excellence when they invent under the impulse of the more generous emotions of their own age, than when they strain their imaginations to embody terrors that are now happily banished from the experience of ordinary life.

Dec. 20. Thermometer 33°. *Phrenology*.—This morning I gave to my class a practical lesson on the temperaments. The attendance was large, and much interest was taken in the subject.

In the evening we attended a meeting of the Phrenological Society of New York in the Stuyvesant Institute, when Dr. J. W. Francis delivered an address. The attendance exceeded 400 ladies and gentlemen. The most interesting portion of the address was that in which Dr. Francis narrated the circumstances which led him to take an interest in phrenology. He was in Edinburgh when the subject first attracted general attention, and heard Dr. Barclay ridicule it in his own coarse but effective style in his lectures on anatomy. Then came the famous assault on it by Dr. John Gordon in the 49th number of the *Edinburgh Review*, which he carefully read. Afterwards he visited Paris, and heard Dr. Gall demonstrate the ignorance of the reviewer in regard not only to phrenology, but to the anatomy of the brain; and he saw that both Dr. Barclay and Dr. Gordon had condemned what they did not understand.

There never was a more unfortunate blunder for Edinburgh than that committed by those two medical teachers. The success of the University of Edinburgh is of very considerable importance to the prosperity of the city, for Mind is her staple, and almost her sole field of profitable exertion. During the last century the university had attained a high reputation by marching foremost in the adoption of every important discovery and improvement, and by numbering among her teachers a succession of men of distinguished talent. She had been long celebrated as a school of mental science, and the eloquent discourses of Dugald Stewart still cast a halo of glory around her brows. While she was yet in this condition, the discovery of the functions of the brain, embodying the true philosophy of mind, and resting on the sure basis

of induction, was presented to her. Had her leading minds examined and embraced it, and incorporated it with their teaching, she would instantly have started forward in both her medical and ethical schools at least half a century in advance of all her rivals. The stimulus to thought and improvement which such a step would have created, and the extensive discussions to which it would have led, (and in which, being in the right, she would have triumphed,) would have kept her name constantly before Europe, and have sent forth young and enthusiastic minds, conscious of the soundness of their attainments in the new philosophy, and of their own strength, to spread her fame in every land. She would have stood in the front rank of philosophy for a century to come.

How different has been her actual course! In 1803, Dr. Gall's discovery was first noticed in the *Edinburgh Review* by Dr. Thomas Brown. He was a man of a powerful mind, and capable of appreciating it, but at that time it was known to him only through meagre reports of Dr. Gall's lectures published by his pupils. He condemned it, but in comparatively moderate terms. By an unfortunate selection the next notice of it in the *Review* fell into the hands of Dr. John Gordon, a man of an acute and active mind, with a natural gift of ready utterance, but rash in judgment, and destitute equally of profundity and comprehensiveness. The unmeasured and unmerited abuse which he heaped not only upon phrenology, but on Dr. Gall, its founder, and on Dr. Spurzheim, its defender and extender, although palpably unphilosophical and ungenerous, and, in the eyes of those who knew the subject, altogether unsatisfactory to the understanding, coincided so perfectly with the opinions of the leading men of the day, that they adopted them, and committed themselves irretrievably as determined opponents of the physiology of the brain. In 1826, Lord Jeffrey made a third vigorous but unsuccessful attempt in the *Review* to sustain them in their false position, and up to this hour their hostility has increased in proportion to the progress of the new philosophy.

Dec. 21. Thermometer 33°. *Jersey City*.—New York stands on an island, but it was long before I could discover its pretensions to an insular situation by inspection either of nature or of ordinary maps. It seemed a promontory merely; bounded by the East River on the east, and the Hudson on the west. About eight or ten miles north of New York, however, a channel of a few hundred yards in breadth, and of very moderate depth, admits of boats and barges passing from the one of these streams to the other, and completes Manhattan Island. In Long Island, opposite New York on the east, stands Brooklyn, a large suburb of the city, and connected with it by means of several steam ferry-boats, which ply night and day. On the shore of New Jersey, opposite New York on the west, stands Jersey City, another suburb fast rising into importance, and also connected with New York by means of steam-boats, which ply without intermission. The Hudson is here about a mile in breadth. Jersey City stands at the point of termination of the Morris Canal, and of the Philadelphia railroad, and is a pleasant place of residence. It was begun about fifteen years ago, and at that time a lot of building ground measuring twenty-five feet in front, and one hundred feet backwards, might have been bought for fifty, sixty, or seventy dollars, according to the situation. Lately one in a peculiarly valuable situation was

sold for \$3000. The population is now 2500 inhabitants. A brick house of twenty-four feet in front, forty-four in depth, and three stories high, costs \$400 per annum for rent, or \$7000 of purchase-money, and \$8 per annum of ground rent. These rates are greatly less than in New York; besides which Jersey City is free from the heavy local taxes of the older town. The rate of interest drawn from capital expended in building houses here is less than that yielded by solid stocks, or by money secured on bond and mortgage.

Dec. 21. *Social Condition of New York*.—In society I have taken various opportunities of making inquiries into the social condition of women, and the young, and into other topics; and the general results which I have arrived at may be thus stated. I hazarded the observation, that while America claimed the merit of treating women with an almost chivalrous respect, my experience, so far as it had yet extended, led me to doubt whether they held the same exalted rank in the social scale as in Britain. There they are part of the moving powers of society in certain departments. We solicit the patronage of ladies of distinction in favour of a musical performer or an artist, and they are able to move an extensive social circle in their behalf. They take the lead in many charitable and religious societies. In domestic life the lady of the house is regarded by the friends and visitors of the family as an equal power with the master of it. I was informed, in return, that in New York no lady would arrogate the importance implied in becoming ostensibly a patroness of a new musical debutante; but that ladies are active and efficient managers of benevolent and religious societies. The young, however, push their parents too soon off the stage. A handsome well-bred gentleman, whose circle of visiting in genteel society here was extensive, told me that he coincided a good deal with me in opinion, and that he did not consider that the married ladies in general held the same place, and exerted the same influence here, which they do in Europe. He had a pretty extensive acquaintance with young ladies of highly respectable families; yet he was not acquainted with the mothers of above twelve of them. The mothers were laid aside, and the young ladies often formed acquaintances, and acted in regard to them for themselves, without judging it necessary to take their mammas along with them.

I have often inquired who are the leading physicians in New York, and every one concurs in the opinion that there are none: that is to say, that no individuals stand so prominently forth from possessing superior talents, acquirements, and experience, as to be generally appealed to as consulting advisers in difficult cases. There are several who enjoy extensive practice and general consideration, (among whom Dr. Francis is one,) but they are not recognised by common consent of the citizens as wiser or better than many others.

Public Opinion.—Influence of the Clergy.—It is generally admitted that there is here a great fear of public opinion. Few men are to be found who, on any subject, will venture openly to espouse opinions that are not supported by a large and respectable party. The periodical press follows rather than leads opinion; but this is the case in every country. The clergy visit very little in general society; are seldom guests at ceremonious dinners; and are still more rarely invited to evening parties; nevertheless they exercise a powerful influence on opinion. They

can favour or impede the practice of a young physician very considerably, by recommending him to the families of their flocks, or by warning them against him. Some medical men, for example, who have embraced Phrenology, decline to read addresses in favour of it before a public audience, through fear of the clergy. The clergy are occasionally members of the civic council, and exercise great influence in its deliberations; and one gentleman who, to some extent, is under the control of the council, told me that he could not, while he held his office, safely advocate Phrenology openly, in consequence of their hostility.

Dec. 22. Ther. 44°. Dissection of the Brain. A meeting of a number of medical and other gentlemen attending the lectures was held this day, for the purpose of dissecting the brain. The method of dissection introduced by Dr. Gall, is not generally known in the United States. Dr. Spurzheim's plates were compared with the appearances in the dissected brain, and recognised to be faithful.

Fires in New York.—Every second night at least, the State House bell sounds the alarm of fire, and often two or three times in one night. At first the frequent tolling of the bell seemed dreadful, as indicating calamity and suffering; but custom has already so familiarised us with it, that we merely look to see in what direction the firemen are running, and if they go out of sight, we conclude that the conflagration is in a distant quarter of the city, and trouble ourselves no more about it.*

Dec. 23. Thermometer 37°. Ignorance of an English D. D. concerning the State of Religion in the United States.—In calling a few days ago for Mr. J. C. Brigham, Secretary to the Bible Society in this city, I learned from him, in answer to my inquiries, that this is a very extensive and powerful association, and that it is supported with great zeal by the religious public. We spoke of the stability of religion in the United States, and he said that he entertained no apprehensions on the subject. It appears to me that the cause of the uneasiness which some persons in the United States feel about religion, may be traced to the state of transition in which society exists; it is passing from the scholastic to the scientific age, and religion has not yet seriously begun to adapt herself to the change. He gave me "Hear the Church," a sermon preached in the Chapel-Royal, St. James's Palace, on the 17th of June, 1838, by Walter Farquhar Hook, D. D., reprinted at Burlington, New Jersey; and called my attention to the want of knowledge of the state of the Church in America, which is betrayed by the following passage of the discourse: "When the United States of America were English Colonies, the English Church was there established; at the Revolution the state was destroyed. Monarchy has ceased to exist; but the Church, though depressed for a time, remained uninjured. So that there, among American Republicans—under the superintendence of no fewer than fifteen bishops, you will find her sacraments and ordinances administered, and all her ritual and liturgical services administered, with not less piety, zeal and solemnity than here

in England;" (all this is true;) "there," continues Dr. Hook, "you may see the Church, like an oasis in the desert, blessed by the dews of heaven, and shedding heavenly blessings around her, in a land where, because no religion is established, *if it were not for her*, nothing but the extremes of infidelity or fanaticism would prevail."

The Americans are justly astonished at the want of knowledge concerning their social and religious condition which, notwithstanding all that has been written on the subject, continues to prevail even among educated men in England. A very slender extent of research would have enabled Dr. Hook to discover that in New England, which always has been, and still is, distinguished for its religious spirit, Episcopacy has exercised but a very slender influence; that in Pennsylvania and New York, Presbyterianism, in all its purity and power, has far outshone the Church of England; and that throughout America in general, this sect exercises only a third or fourth rate influence over the public mind. Dr. Hook apparently includes all other sects except his own within the "two extremes of infidelity and fanaticism;" but this is an extravagant error. I have already seen evidence that zeal, piety, and knowledge, combined with sound practical sense, are to be found among the clergy of all denominations in this country, and that the wild fanatical preachers are far more rare than is generally believed in Britain.

Dec. 24. Thermometer 37°. William Augustus Conway and Mrs. Piozzi.—Mr. Conway was known in England as a tragedian. He came to this country in the exercise of his profession; but, after some time, relinquished the stage and studied for the ministry. He is reported to have induced cerebral disease by excessive application to his studies, and presented indications of abstractions and deep melancholy, which attracted general attention from those who knew him. In December, 1827, he was seen slowly and deliberately letting himself down the side of a packet-ship in which he was a passenger, on her voyage from New York to Savannah, into the sea, and it was evident that he made no effort to second the exertions of those on board to save him. His papers, with his other property, came into the hands of the public administrator of the effects of foreigners who die intestate in New York, and among them was found a large number of original letters written to him by Mrs. Piozzi, in 1819 and 1820. She died at Clifton on the 2d of May, 1821, and she was, therefore, at that time in her 79th and 80th year. Mr. Conway was then on the English stage, and the old lady seems to have taken as ardent and extensive an interest in him and his affairs, as if she had combined the qualities of his youthful lover and his mother. All her talent and vivacity beam forth in her epistles. She not only wrote to him largely herself, but sent to him original letters written to her by several of her own distinguished correspondents; among these was a letter from Mrs. Siddons, dated 27 Upper Baker street, Regent's Park, the 18th of May, 1818; also letters from Dr. Samuel Johnson to her, dated Edinburgh (but should be Newcastle), Aug. 12; Edinburgh, Aug. 17; Banff, Aug. 25; Inverness, Aug. 28; and Skye, Sept. 14—all in the year 1773. I have not the means at hand of ascertaining whether these letters of Dr. Johnson have been published by her; but it is probable that they have. Her letters to Mr. Conway have never been in print. They have

excited so much curiosity, that several of them had been copied, and it was from the copies that I obtained this information.

Dec. 24. Thermometer 12°. Phrenology.—This evening I completed my course of sixteen lectures at Clinton Hall.

Dec. 25. Thermometer 20°. Christmas.—This is Christmas day, and most of the shops are shut, and the churches open; but the observance is entirely voluntary.

Salaries of Public Officers.—The salaries of public officers in the United States are very small, compared with the large remuneration allowed to every other kind of labour. The Chancellor of the state of New York receives \$3000, and each Judge of the Supreme Court \$3000, and of the Circuit Court \$1600 per annum. It has been mentioned to me that one of the judges resigned, and procured an appointment as clerk to his own court. The fees made this the more lucrative office of the two.

Life Assurance.—There are only three Life Assurance offices in New York, and they do little business. They limit their risks on one life to \$5000 (about 1000*l.*) and this sum is not sufficient to provide for a family. One office has lately extended its risks to \$10,000. The causes here assigned for this limited business, are the same as those which were stated to me in Boston. The great value of capital leads most men to believe that they can realise a better provision for their families by trading on the premiums than by paying them to an office; the facility of providing for families lessens anxiety on their account, and the early period at which marriage in general takes place, affords to parents a great probability of living to see their children settled in the world. The premiums are considerably higher than in Europe, yet the companies have ample means of accumulating them at 6 and 7 per cent. on undoubted security, whereas British offices can scarcely realise more than 3½ per cent. When they become better acquainted with the business, they will probably insure at lower rather than at higher rates than in Europe; and this will extend their business. If the premiums were moderate, and the sums insured larger, many policies would probably be opened to secure sums advanced to young men beginning business, and whose premature death constitutes the chief risk in lending money to them. If the British companies, which are overloaded with capital, could invest it in this country, under *skilful and honest* guidance, their profits would be immense. Were they to employ faithless agents, however, the chances are great that in a brief space they would have their hands filled with bubble stocks and phantom mortgages, and be swindled out of nine tenths of their remittances.

Dec. 26. Ther. 20. Public Grounds for Air and Exercise.—There is an increasing want of grounds for obtaining air and exercise in this city. The Battery, a space of two or three acres at the southwestern extremity of the town, on the margin of the bay, and the Park, a space of about the same extent, a mile from the Battery, and in the midst of trading streets, are the only *lungs* of New York. It is not yet too late to secure a drive up one side of the Manhattan Island and down the other. A broad carriage road, with side walks, thickly shaded with trees, and preserved sacred from all thoroughfare business traveling, might yet be made, commencing at the termination of the present buildings, a little way beyond Tenth street. In a few years, the

* The following statement appeared in the newspapers in the beginning of 1839:—"The total number of fires which occurred in the city of New York from the 1st of January, 1838, to the 31st of December in the same year, was 154, causing a loss, by the destruction of the buildings, of \$333,671, and of property by fire and water, of \$359,942."

city will extend miles beyond this point; as its population becomes dense and confined, (by rivers on each side,) epidemics will scourge it severely, and bitter regrets will be felt, when it is too late, that means were not adopted in time to preserve the health of the poorer classes, by providing them space for fresh air and recreation. If the American press would present its readers with faithful descriptions of the evils which the English, Scottish, and Irish large towns are suffering from neglect of this element of health, and call on them to take warning in time, they would discharge an important public duty. I fear such a proposal would be unpopular, on account of the expense; but if it should be so, posterity will deeply lament the spirit which caused it to be neglected.

CHAPTER IX.

1838.

Dec. 27. Ther. 23°. Journey to Philadelphia.—We sailed from New York at 12 o'clock noon for Amboy, on the New Jersey shore. The usual channel by which the steamboats make this passage, lies between the western shore of Staten Island and New Jersey, but it is already encumbered with ice. We therefore took the outer channel, stretching farther into New York Bay, and running along the eastern shore of the island. We passed quantities of floating ice, and the air was sharp, but pleasant. The sun shone brilliantly, and imparted an agreeable warmth, in any situation screened from the wind. We arrived at Amboy at half-past two; and entered a railway car, which carried us directly across the state of New Jersey, and placed us at half-past six P. M. on the left bank of the Delaware, exactly opposite to Philadelphia. It was now clear moonlight, and very cold.

We found the river completely frozen over, and the sides encumbered with large masses of ice, which the rising tides had pitched up against the shore. This was the first day on which the navigation had been completely interrupted, and no arrangements had yet been made for transporting passengers to the city. We wandered, in the moonlight, backwards and forwards along the margin of the river, admiring the city reposing in solemn majesty on the opposite shore, and sending forth gleams of light from its innumerable gas-lamps, till 8 o'clock, when we were summoned to follow a guide one mile higher up the stream. We walked in a long straggling train, a picturesque group of men, women, and children, muffled up in every variety of cloak, mantle, and costume, that could keep out the cold, which was now intense. On arriving at the point of embarkation, the ladies were put into a boat, and the sailors, with their usual cheering cries, shoved it along the now solid surface of their proper element. The ice at first was so rough, that the tossing was nearly equal to that of a stormy sea, and the alarm of the ladies was great; but as they left the shore, they reached the pure unbroken surface, and glided smoothly along.

The first glimpse which we obtained of Philadelphia was agreeable. We entered by Front street, and then turned into Chestnut street. All was regular, clean, and bright. We passed the front of the United States Bank, an imitation of the Parthenon, in white marble, and beautifully lighted up by gas-lamps, so dispersed behind the

tops of the pillars that only the light and the building were visible.

Dec. 28. Ther. 13°. Riots at Harrisburg.—Harrisburg, a village on the Susquehannah, about one hundred and five miles from Philadelphia, is the political capitol of Pennsylvania, in which the state legislature hold its sessions. The legislature met in the beginning of December, but owing to a dispute relative to certain returns, two speakers were chosen, and two houses of representatives were organised. This was done peaceably. When, however, the session of the senate commenced, on the afternoon of the same day, a mob was in attendance which attempted to influence and dictate the course to be pursued by that body. The senate adjourned in confusion, and the mob organised "a committee of safety," which directed their proceedings. Disorder reigned for several days, during which neither branch of the legislature could hold a regular session; "the Executive Chamber and State Department," says Governor Ritner, "were closed, and confusion and alarm pervaded the seat of government." The militia were called out; and obeyed the summons. Their presence, without shedding of blood, frowned down every thing like open violence, and under their protection "the members of the legislature were free to settle their own differences in their own manner."

The excitement in Harrisburg was very great, and all over the Union the proceedings attracted much attention. A stranger to the people and their institutions, from perusing the newspaper reports, would have imagined that a new Revolution and a civil war had commenced in Pennsylvania; but when one is able to observe matters more closely, these impressions vanish. So far as I could understand, the merits of the dispute were these: A very important amendment of the constitution of the state has lately been adopted by the people, which comes into effect on the 1st of January, 1839. The recent elections have, it is understood, given a preponderance to the democratic party in all the three branches of the legislature; and when the democratic governor, Porter, comes into office in January, there will be a great dismissal of whig office-bearers, and an installation of their opponents. The parties, however, are so nearly balanced, that the struggle for power is one of life and death, and every means that legal and political ingenuity can devise, are resorted to by the whig party to retain office, and by the democratic party to expel them from it.

The House of Representatives consists of one hundred members. Of these, there are undisputed returns of democratic members, 48
Whig members, 44
While there are eight seats for the county of Philadelphia disputed and claimed by both parties, 8

100

In any European country, a tumultuous assault on the legislature, if successful, would probably have been the forerunner of a revolution: but here it is of far inferior importance. In the United States, a revolution can scarcely mean any thing but an abandonment of freedom. The suffrage is already all but universal, and the people elect, either directly or indirectly, not only the legislature but every officer of state. The wildest imagination, therefore, cannot devise a more democratic form of government; and as there is no aristocratic class, having separate

interests and distinct feelings from the people, who could usurp power, a revolution could lead only to a despotism. The states, however, are very far removed from that condition in which a despotism becomes possible. There are no poverty-stricken, suffering, and ignorant multitudes, whom an aspiring tyrant can beguile to lend him their physical force to overthrow the liberties of their country. A large proportion of the electors are owners of their own farms, while even the humblest class possesses property and some degree of intelligence. All are reared in the love, not only of freedom, but of power. There are no social disorders worth mentioning; certainly none at all calculated to induce the rich to surrender liberty for the sake of safety to their property and lives. Generally speaking, justice between man and man is fairly dispensed and vigorously executed. It is only when the government acts against the people, or when the people are seized with a frenzy, and perpetrate mischief by mobs, that the judiciary and executive powers are felt to want strength. These occurrences are rare, and arise from some single specific and temporary cause. There is no general, lurking discontent secretly gathering strength till it become ready to break down the fences of the law, and to seek redress through anarchy and blood. Every grievance, as it is felt, is proclaimed by a thousand trumpet tongues in the most exaggerated forms, and as the people control absolutely both the legislature and the executive, it cannot protract its existence till it become really formidable. The governments of the particular states, when regarded from a distance, may appear to be so feeble, that society is constantly in danger of anarchy; but when the condition of the people is closely examined, it is discovered that the causes and elements of anarchy are wanting. These governments resting on the popular interests, popular intelligence, and popular will, really possess so broad a basis, that it is impossible, in the present circumstances of the nation, to upset them, and as the power of reconstruction is constantly present, although they should be dislocated in any of their parts, they reunite with a rapidity, and act again with a vitality, that furnish the strongest indications of health and vigour.

A democracy is a rough instrument of rule, in the present state of education and manners in the United States, and I have not yet met with a British radical who has had the benefit of five years' experience of it, who has not renounced his creed, and ceased to admire universal suffrage. But the coarseness of the machine, and its efficacy, are different questions. It is coarse, because the mass of the people, although intelligent, compared with the European masses, are still very imperfectly instructed, when their attainments in knowledge and refinement are contrasted with powers which they wield. It is efficacious, however, because it is sound in its structure, and its mainsprings are strong.

I read without alarm the accounts of the Harrisburg riots, of the calling for the troops of the United States to aid in suppressing the "rebellion," as some of the newspapers named it, and of the march of one thousand armed militia to the seat of the disturbances. I knew that the rioters had farms or stores, wives, children, and other relatives, and that they had a profound regard for their own lives and personal safety; and I "calculated" that, however loudly they might bluster and threaten, there would be no bloodshed and no destruction of property. And

it was so; the riots are now all extinct, the legislature pursues its deliberations in peace, and already men wonder what all the uproar has been about.

The American Philosophical Society.—I dined by invitation with the American Philosophical Society, and found myself at the left hand of one of the chairmen (Professor Chapman), who is also one of the vice presidents of the society, opposite to the Count de Survilliers (Joseph Bonaparte), who sat on his right. I was introduced to the members before dinner, and to the count, who gave me, in the English and American style, a hearty shake of the hand. When I first saw him enter the room before dinner, he appeared like a short, muscular, amiable, country gentleman; and not having heard that he was expected, my surprise was great when I was introduced to the ex-king of Spain. He has resided for many years in the city or neighbourhood of Philadelphia, where he exercises an elegant hospitality, and is greatly respected. He speaks English imperfectly. His head is large, the anterior lobe of an average size, the coronal region (the seat of the moral sentiments) is large, and Cautiousness is much developed. His temperament is sanguine-lymphatic. His manner is simple, kind, and amiable. On examination, the features, particularly the nose, mouth, and chin, are perceived evidently to belong to the family of Napoleon; and when he smiled, and also when he spoke earnestly and gravely, the expression of the mouth was exceedingly like that which appears in the best pictures of the emperor. His health was given, and the concluding words of the prefatory address were, "the toast is Joseph Bonaparte—once a king, still a sovereign, and always a philosopher." He is an American citizen, and every citizen is a sovereign—being one of a sovereign people. Mention was made of his literary and philosophical tastes, of his refined hospitality, and of the esteem which he had acquired from all who knew his virtues. He replied in a short, elegant, and appropriate speech in French, the import of which was, that he had seen many countries, and their inhabitants; but had never known any so happy, so prosperous, and so worthy of his esteem, as the people of the United States. He had known them for twenty-five years, and if they proceeded in future as they had done in that period, they would become the greatest and the happiest nation on the globe.

The American Philosophical Society was founded by Franklin, and he was long its president. His memory was the first toast given after dinner. The chair in which he sat is preserved and venerated; and here, as in Boston, his character and writings continue to exercise a living influence. In both cities, his busts and portraits abound. In most of the eastern American towns, there are societies, streets, squares, hotels, oyster-taverns, omnibuses, and fire-engines, bearing his name.

One of the vice presidents, Dr. Patterson, did me the honour to propose my health. In acknowledging the compliment, I took occasion to remark, that in my own country I had advocated the cause of the people, and was glad to find myself in a land where that cause is triumphant: that the eyes of the civilised world are directed towards the United States of America, to watch the progress and mark the results of the great social experiment which is here proceeding; that a steady advance in morality, intelligence, religion, and prosperity in these states, will accom-

plish more for the cause of freedom in Europe, than all beside that has been done, spoken, and written in its favour; but that if they shall make shipwreck of law, social order, and happiness, they will do more to blast the brightest prospects of mankind, than the worst tyrants who have disgraced the page of history; the tyrant makes the good to sigh; the failure of the American republic will plunge them in despair. These sentiments were well received. The hours passed off in the most agreeable manner; social hilarity mingled with intellectual power, gave zest to the whole proceedings of the evening.

Dec. 30. Ther. 30°. *Appearance of Philadelphia.*—This morning presents snow with a tendency to thaw. Innumerable sleighs, with their many bells, are passing every where in the streets. The local situation and also the plan of this city, was fixed by William Penn; and they do great credit to his taste and judgment. It lies in a plain of two miles in breadth, extending between the rivers Schuylkill on the west, and Delaware on the east, and rising from 20 to 40 feet above the high-water levels of them. Both rivers are navigable from the sea to the town, the former for schooners and barges, and the latter for ships; and both are navigable for boats and barges for many miles landward. The streets are laid at right angles, east and west, and north and south: those running north and south are nearly parallel with the rivers; the others extend from river to river. The latter streets bear the names of the trees found growing on the soil before the town was founded—Vine street, Cherry street, Mulberry street, (familiarily called *Arch* street, but for what reason I could never discover), Chestnut street, Walnut street, Locust street, Spruce street, and so forth. The streets which cross them, take numbers for their names, commencing with that next the Delaware. It is called Front street, and the next are Second street, and so forth, till Thirteenth street, when the numbers change and count from the Schuylkill, First, Second, Third, and so forth. Nothing can exceed the convenience and elegance of this plan. The humblest capacity suffices to enable a stranger to find his way in Philadelphia.

The houses are regular and handsome. In the principal streets, they are "fixed," as it is here called, that is, finished off with marble. In some streets, the houses are built of marble as high as the drawing-room floors; in others, only the steps and the setting of the doors and windows are of marble. There is an abundant supply of excellent water from the Schuylkill, distributed all over the city in pipes, and the streets have drains under ground, and are kept beautifully clean. The swine, however, here, as well as in New York, are free citizens; but they are more restrained to the inferior streets. This day the foot pavement, composed of brick compactly joined, was instantly cleared of snow, and order, comfort, and cleanliness cheered the pedestrian as he threaded his way amidst the throng.

American Debates.—A friend enquired my opinion of the Harrisburgh riots, and said that in Philadelphia they created no uneasiness, as every one knew that they would pass off in words, and lead to an improved election law, which would prevent their recurrence. He remarked, that an English traveller had taunted the Americans with the trifling nature of the debates in their congress compared with the subjects discussed in the British parliament; but that he had omitted, in his published work, to state the cause of the difference. Here many important social principles

are irrevocably settled, which are still under debate in Britain. No ingenuity could call forth a debate in congress on the questions of a voluntary or established church; on tithes; on entails; on free trade; on corn laws; on the merits of hereditary legislators; on an extension of the right of suffrage; on the ballot; or on national education; because all these, which agitate the British empire to the centre, are here settled beyond the possibility of dispute, and experience has confirmed the wisdom of the manner in which they have been decided.

In the course of many conversations which, at various times, I have enjoyed with men of superior talents and education in America, who have visited Britain, I have found that their estimate of the intellectual condition of the middle and upper classes in the old country, is very different from our own. The Americans allow us the superiority in science, erudition, and the fine arts, but they are astonished at our timid, circumscribed, and prejudiced thinking on many social and political questions, particularly such as those before enumerated. A well educated American gentleman, particularly if engaged in the practice of the law and general politics, is as familiar with the principles on which these have been decided in America, as with his alphabet; and far from admiring the wordy declamations and hollow plausibilities which are uttered on them in the British houses of parliament, he is amazed at the slow proceedings of knowledge, and the narrow understandings of those who waste years in such discussions. In the Congress of the United States, points of administration necessarily form important topics of debate, because few questions involving general principles remain undetermined.

Wistar Club.—I was introduced this evening, by a friend, to the Wistar Club. It consists of men of every grade and occupation in Philadelphia, who are at all distinguished for love of intellectual pursuits. There is no professed business, and no formality at the meetings, which are held in succession at the houses of the members, on every Saturday evening, during the winter months. The company begins to assemble at 8 o'clock, they are received in the drawing-room, form themselves into groups, and converse till half-past nine. They are then ushered into the dining-room, where an elegant supper and wine are enjoyed, standing; by half-past ten or eleven all have retired. This club is of great value in a society in which social visiting is not much practised, and all are busy. It is a rendezvous for congenial minds every week, and as rivals here meet, exchange courtesies, and enjoy a social meal, it promotes a kind and liberal spirit among individuals, who, if isolated, would be exposed to moroseness and jealousy. I owe the members of this club a large debt of gratitude for many pleasant and instructive hours spent among them.

Dec. 30. Ther. 14°. *Sunday.*—I heard Dr. Bothune of the Reformed Church preach a discourse to a numerous and attentive congregation. He is highly evangelical, and is much esteemed for his general talents. Sunday is observed with the greatest strictness and decorum in this city.

A clear bright full moon shines deliciously on the snow. The city is quiet, and we find ourselves exceedingly comfortable at the Marshall House.

Public Education.—Within three years the permanent state appropriation to this object has been increased from \$75,000 annually to one

ollar for each taxable person, which is estimated to be equal to \$350,000 for the next school year. This sum is appropriated to common schools, and \$50,000 more will be required to pay annuities to colleges, academies, and female seminaries. Three years ago there were 32,544 children in the common schools of the state. There are now about 230,000. The schools were then kept open not quite three and a half months, while they are now open about seven months in the year.

At the close of the year 1835, only 762 common schools were in operation, and about seventeen academies (the latter in a state of almost doubtful existence), with no female seminaries fostered by the state. She has now 5000 common schools, thirty-eight academies, and seven female seminaries in active and permanent operation. These are altogether exclusive of private schools, academies, and female seminaries, many of which are ably conducted and extensively useful.

"Of the 1027 townships, wards, and boroughs now in the state, each intended to form a common school district; 875 have accepted the common school system, and have it in operation; and 786 have received their portion of the state appropriation for the present school year, commencing on the first Monday in June last. The number of accepting districts goes on steadily increasing, and the usefulness and economy of the system, where fairly tested, are becoming every day more apparent. All that now seems necessary to the success of the system is, that some immediate and efficient means be adopted for the preparation of common school teachers."—*Governor's Speech.*

Pennsylvania is charged with more than a common degree of ignorance, and the sums and numbers now mentioned, while they prove the fact that the education of the existing generation has been grossly neglected, show that she has become ashamed of this stigma on her reputation, and has taken vigorous measures to remove it. She has already lost much by her neglect: Her existing generation is unquestionably in arrear of that of all the older states in general intelligence, and her legislation and public conduct afford evidence of the bitter fruits of the darkness of the public mind.

The business of the secretary of the commonwealth, as superintendant of common schools, has so much increased within the past three years, as seriously to embarrass that officer. The governor recommends the establishment of a department of education.

Dec. 31. Ther. 22°.—*Dr. Morton's Crania Americana.*—This day I visited Dr. Morton's collection of American Indian skulls, which is valuable and extensive, and his specimens are well authenticated. I had the pleasure of showing him and Mr. Phillips, who assists him ardently in the measurements necessary for his beautiful and extensive work on these skulls, the method pursued by the phrenologists in estimating the dimensions of the coronal region and anterior lobe of the skull.

1839. Jan. 1. Ther. 20°. I again met Dr. Morton and Mr. Phillips, and discussed the method of measuring the skull. I greatly admired Dr. Morton's method of drawing the skull on a reduced scale. His lithographic drawings of the skulls are excellent, and of the full size of nature. He has engaged the services of a talented artist, whom he keeps constantly employed on his plates, which are drawn under his own eye, and

each carefully compared with the original, before it is committed to stone. I narrowly scrutinised a number of them, holding the original skulls in my hand, and trying them and the plates by means of callipers, and found them faultless.

New Year's Day.—This is a beautiful bright new year's day, and the militia and fire-engine companies are marching in procession through the city with banners flying and martial music sounding. The fire companies are all voluntary associations of citizens, who serve without pay, and vie with each other in keeping their engines and pipes in the most efficient and brilliant condition, and in being the first on the ground wherever there is a fire. Yesterday was the centenary of their institution, and they held a grand jubilee, and listened to an oration delivered in a church in celebration of their services. It was to me a new spectacle to see a train of engines fully a mile in length, with all the apparatus necessary for extinguishing fires, maintained in the highest order, by unpaid citizens; and to learn that the companies have existed for so long a period. They are as expert as they are imposing in their appearance, and the office is by no means a sinecure, for they are called out by alarms of fire at least two or three times every week.

Jan. 2. Ther. 32°. *Sir Walter Scott and the Ballantynes.*—We have met several literary gentlemen to-day at dinner, and Mr. Lockhart's attack on the Ballantynes, and the reply of James Ballantyne's executors, was a topic of interesting conversation. One gentleman remarked, that he had read Sir Walter Scott's Life very attentively, and had come to the conclusion that Scott had obtained the full proceeds of the sales of his works from both Constable and Ballantyne; he added, that the facts stated by Mr. Lockhart himself in his Life, appeared to him to be at variance with the idea that the Ballantynes were the cause of Scott's ruin. Professor Dunglison, in allusion to Dr. Beaumont's experiments on Alexis St. Martin's digestive powers, mentioned that he had performed many of the experiments at Washington, which are recorded in Dr. Beaumont's work.* Dr. Dunglison has just written "An Appeal to the People of Pennsylvania on the subject of an Asylum for the Insane poor." There is no state hospital for these unfortunates in the whole of Pennsylvania—another reproach to so large and wealthy a community, and one also

* *Mr. Combe.*—It is with no little regret that we observed in the volumes of Mr. Combe on the United States, which have just been published, an allusion evidently to a private conversation which took place at a dinner table, in which Mr. Combe makes the editor of this journal do Dr. Beaumont the signal injustice of stating, that the suggestions and experiments made at Washington, and detailed in Dr. Beaumont's book, were by the editor.

The error is another instance of the difficulty and impropriety of travellers attempting to detail private conversations. Mr. Combe was informed, that certain suggestions were made to Dr. Beaumont, and certain experiments performed by the editor in Washington along with him, whereas the observation of Mr. Combe would lead to the inference that Dr. Beaumont himself suggested and performed none of them.

The editor of this Journal has been extremely careful not to detract from the results of the meritorious and persevering investigations of Dr. Beaumont, and it is painful to him to have the subject brought forward in this manner. It is strange, indeed, that Mr. Combe should not have seen the injurious effect of such a statement to one party, even if the impropriety of attempting to detail private conversations had not impressed him.—*Dunglison's Med. Intelligencer.*

closely connected with her neglect of education. Connecticut and Massachusetts have set noble examples in this department of public benevolence, which New York is rapidly imitating.

Yankee.—The British err in calling all the Americans Yankees. The appellation properly belongs only to the inhabitants of the New England States; and they are proud of it. Here, however, and farther south, it begins to be used as a term of depreciation, and means a keen, active, artful, unscrupulous, and somewhat self-complacent person, who pursues his own interest regardless of all other considerations. It is said to be an Indian corruption of the word English—Yan-gee-se—Yankees.

Jan. 4. Ther. 40°. *Phrenology.*—Mr. Nicholas Biddle, President of the United States' Bank, called, and informed me that he had attended a course of lectures given by Dr. Gall at Carlsruhe in Germany, in 1806 or 1807. He, subsequently, presented to me a skull which Dr. Spurzheim had marked for him, showing the situations of the organs as then discovered, and which had remained in his possession ever since. This relic possesses historical value. It has often been asserted that Dr. Gall invented his physiology of the brain, and did not discover it. When I was in Germany in 1837, I saw a collection of books describing the science at different stages of its progress, and also skulls marked at different times; all proving that the organs were discovered in succession as narrated by Drs. Gall and Spurzheim. This skull, which records the state of the science in 1806 or 1807, presents blank spaces where the organs of Hope, Conscientiousness, Individuality, Concentrativeness, Time, Size, and Weight, are now marked, these having at that time been unascertained. Farther, the local situations, and also the functions of the organs then marked by Dr. Gall as ascertained, continue unchanged in the marked skulls of the present day.

Jan. 4. Ther. 40°. *Phrenology.*—Dr. John Bell, who in 1822 edited an American edition of my first work on Phrenology, and a few other gentlemen, kindly undertook the duty of forming a class, and making arrangements for my lectures in this city. I delivered my first lecture this evening to an audience of 438 persons, of both sexes, in the lecture room of the new museum; and they sustained the address of two hours' duration (the usual interval of five minutes being allowed) with the most gratifying patience and attention.

Jan. 5. Ther. 44°. *Errors of the Press.*—Many complaints are made against the morality of the American press, but I have hitherto had experience only of its blunders. Labour is here so valuable, that every man does too much, and in consequence work is executed often in a slovenly manner. At New York, the huge placards of my lectures posted in the town bore that I proposed to lecture on "Phrenology applied to Elocution" instead of Education; a most unfortunate blunder for me, as my elocution is sadly defective, and deeply tinged with a Scottish accent. Dr. Gall's works were advertised as *Gall's* works for weeks after I had sent notice of the error. The reports of my lectures in the Daily Whig of New York were often blundered in the names, grammar and spelling, to the very extremity of error, not from bad reporting, but in consequence of carelessness in correcting the press. I sent a statement of the size and relative proportions of the Phrenological organs in the head of Sir Walter Scott, taken from an authentic bust, to the

New York Mirror, and received a proof, which was so blundered as to be utterly unintelligible even to myself. I applied at least six times to the editor to return the MS., that I might correct the proof, but the MS. was lost, and I had no alternative but to request the article to be destroyed, which was done. In this city (Philadelphia), which is famed for the superiority of its press, the printer omitted the *hour* in the placards announcing my first lecture!

Mr. Dunn's Chinese Museum.—One of the most interesting sights in Philadelphia, and one which, so far as I know, is unique, both in Europe and America, is Mr. Dunn's collection of Chinese objects exhibited in the lower hall of the Philadelphia Museum. Mr. Dunn resided for many years at Canton, and has collected specimens of every kind of object and article illustrative of Chinese life; and here they are arranged, labelled, and beautifully displayed. There is, for example, a Chinese silk store, as it is here called, (or shop in England.) There are shelves filled with labelled packages; the shop-keeper, as large as life, and in the usual Chinese dress, is showing a piece of black silk on the counter to a customer also in full costume, who is examining it minutely. Behind the counter is a clerk making entries in a book, and before the counter are two men reposing on chairs and smoking. In another part of the hall there are a traveling tinker and his work tools, and a traveling shoemaker at work; there are Mandarins of various grades in their full costumes, with their secretaries behind them; ladies of rank in full dress; every variety of china, earthen-ware, and japanned utensil used in ordinary life, including a beautiful and elegant collection of lamps; there are also models of Chinese houses, pagodas, bridges, and of ships of every dimension; pictures representing the country, their military evolutions, and their courts of justice, into which the offenders are brought in wooden cages. The birds, fishes, shells, minerals, and smaller quadrupeds peculiar to the country are also exhibited in excellent preservation. In short, a survey of this museum approaches closely to a visit to China. It has been open only for one week, and it is said that 8000 persons have visited it within that time.

Mr. Thom, Sculptor.—While we were examining these objects, Mr. Thom, well known in Scotland as the self-taught artist, who produced the group of Burns' Jolly Beggars in freestone, and other works, introduced himself to me. He has been in the United States for three years. He was successful in his exhibition of these figures; but his group of Old Mortality was quite a failure. He then made a figure in red sandstone of General Washington, eight feet high, and was equally unsuccessful in exhibiting it. We went with him to the Masonic Hall, and saw this figure. I cannot conceive any purpose to which it can be applied except being placed on the top of a monument, where it may be looked at from a distance; for it is not a pleasing object when closely examined. He has sold his group of Old Mortality to Mr. Dunn, (of the Chinese Collection), to be placed in Laurel Hill, a cemetery about three miles from Philadelphia, in a beautiful spot on the banks of the Schuylkill, which has lately been opened, in imitation of Mount Auburn, near Boston. He is now employed in executing the oramental work of the Girard College.

Napoleon's Army of England.—A gentleman of Philadelphia who is intimately acquainted with Joseph Bonaparte, mentioned to me in conversa-

tion, that this personage had told him, that when Napoleon was at Boulogne, with the army collected to invade England, Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat, had offered to build for him steamboats to transport his men; but that Napoleon had treated him as a charlatan! How different might the history of Europe have been, if Napoleon had listened to this proposal!

January 6. Ther. 39°.—**The Clergy.**—We heard the Rev. Mr. Barnes preach in a large, handsome church in Washington Square. His congregation filled every pew. He is a man of great talents, and very much respected. His discourse appeared to me to be highly evangelical, but I afterwards learned, that he had been prosecuted on a charge of heresy, before the Presbytery and Synod of Philadelphia, and had been held guilty of Pelagianism, or of maintaining that the sin of our first parents was imputed to them only, and not to their posterity; and that we derive no corruption from their fall, but are born as pure as Adam when he came out of the hands of the Creator; and some other doctrines which flow from these premises. He appealed to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, which, in May, 1835, acquitted him of the charge. The resolutions, however, which the Assembly passed in regard to Mr. Barnes, excited great alarm in many of its members for the purity of the church, and in 1837, the Assembly, by a majority of 148 to 110, excised from the Presbyterian Church, four synods, containing twenty-eight presbyteries, or 509 ministers, 599 churches, and about 60,000 communicants. A litigation respecting the funds and property belonging to the General Assembly, is now in dependence before the supreme courts, between the old and the new schools, as the two parties are familiarly named. The new school is charged with holding views which the old school considers as heretical.

The clergy here lead a most laborious life. In addition to three services which are required from most of them, they meet the young and instruct them in the principles of their faith before the morning service, or between it and the afternoon service, on the Sundays, and also occasionally on week-days, and they preach on one additional evening in the week. I was advised to alter the night of one of my lectures from Wednesday to Thursday on account of the great number of religious congregations which meet on the Wednesday evenings; only two meet on Thursdays.

Social Manners.—I have been informed that in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, fewer persons entertain company at dinner, and that there is less social intercourse in private houses in the evenings, than in the same ranks in Britain. Several causes combine to produce these differences. In the American cities, trained and skilful servants, capable of getting up a handsome entertainment, without excessive labour and anxiety to the lady of the house, are not numerous: Again, the gentlemen are so deeply immersed in their private affairs, and the ladies so occupied with the cares of their families and housekeeping, that when evening comes they have little energy and vivacity left for social entertainment. From the same cause they have fewer general interests, ideas, and accomplishments which can be brought forward to create interest or confer pleasure on persons similarly circumstanced with themselves. Another obstacle has been mentioned to me of which I have no means of judging; namely, that the spirit of ostentation leads some families to live in large

houses expensively furnished, whose circumstances do not admit of their entertaining company in a style corresponding with this display, and who therefore rarely entertain at all. But there is much mental vivacity in the people; they are not idle, but resort largely to churches, theatres, and lecture-rooms. It would be a great error, however, to infer from what has now been stated, that in these cities nobody gives dinners, or evening entertainments. We have enjoyed much hospitality of the most refined and elegant description, and I speak only of the comparative frequency of such social parties among the people themselves, in the indulgence of their own tastes, in the American and British cities.

Jan. 8. Ther. 45°. **Professor Gibson.**—Today I accompanied Dr. Gibson, Professor of Surgery, to the Anatomical Museum of the Pennsylvania University. He is a distinguished and successful teacher. He both draws and models in wax, with great success, and by these means renders even minute parts of the human structure distinctly visible to his class. Colossal models of the eye, ear, brain, nerves, and other parts, are used here for demonstration by other anatomical teachers also, and the advantages of the practice are self-evident. Professor Gibson was educated in Edinburgh, acted for two seasons as assistant to Dr. Monro, and was intimate with the late Mr. Andrew Fyfe: he wrote a thesis on the differences in the structure of the bones in the different varieties of the human species ("De Formis Ossium Gentilitia.")

Effects of Exercise on the Bones.—In the collection of Dr. Horner, Professor of Anatomy (in the university), I saw the skeleton of a lame beggar, whose thigh bones were bent up parallel with the abdomen, and whose arms and hands had been used for locomotion, his hands touching the ground. The bones of the shoulder and forearm were thicker than those of the thigh and leg, and the bones of the hands larger than those of the feet, the consequence, probably, of want of exercise in the former, and of superabundance of it in the latter.

The Episcopal Church in America.—In conversing with a distinguished divine of this persuasion, he told me that his clergy did not feel the want of legal endowments in this country; but that they looked up to the Church of England as the great mother of their church; that they considered endowments and an establishment by law as best fitted for the church in that country; that they looked with interest on the contest between the Dissenters and the Established Churches in Britain and Ireland; and that their sympathies were with the latter.

Jan. 9. Ther. 33°. **Sully's Portrait of Queen Victoria.**—A suit in law is proceeding here between Mr. Sully, the painter, who resides in Philadelphia, and the St. George's Society, of this city. They offered him \$1000 for a portrait of Queen Victoria. He went to London, obtained sittings, and painted the picture. He exhibited it in London, for his own advantage, and brought it home. He wished to exhibit it here also, for his own benefit; but the proprietors object and deny his right to do so. He is copying it, before he delivers it, and they dispute also his right to do this. He considers himself to be supporting one of the acknowledged privileges of artists; and there are various parties and opinions on the merits of the question, which are still under discussion.

Mr. Norris's Locomotive Engines.—We have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Norris, a

distinguished engineer of this city, who has just received orders from England for six locomotive engines, for the Birmingham and Great Western Railways. This circumstance is justly giving considerable public satisfaction here, as a practical acknowledgement of the superiority of American skill and workmanship.

Mitigation of the Criminal Law.—There is a strong desire among certain humane and enlightened individuals in Philadelphia, to realise the further mitigations of the criminal law, although on the whole it may be regarded as comparatively humane. I was amused at the light in which these endeavours were viewed by an eminent gentleman of the legal profession with whom I conversed on the subject. He complained of the modern philanthropists for obstructing the course of justice, and saving criminals from the gallows, who richly deserved that fate. One criminal, whose trial he witnessed, had murdered his wife, by beating her to death. The challenges of the jury by the prisoner, had exhausted the list of the summoned jurors, and in such cases it is usual for the judge to make up the legal number of jurors, by requesting any of the respectable spectators in court to serve. In this case a respectable man offered himself and was accepted. He was a philanthropist, came there for the purpose, and fairly starved out the rest of the jury, and induced them to return a verdict which involved the highest punishment short of death, thirty-four years imprisonment. They were disposed to have him hanged. He has been ten years in confinement, and has not yet manifested signs of remorse. It appears to me, that the philanthropist had not made a very great inroad on justice in this instance, even on the showing of the party who blamed him.

American Institutions.—The late amendments of the constitution of Pennsylvania, and the triumph of the democratic party in electing a majority of both houses of the legislature, and also the governor, have caused great irritation to the losing party, and a number of excellent and deserving persons are embarrassed by their own expulsion from office. I hear such persons say that they would prefer a military despotism to the institutions of the United States as at present administered; others, more moderate, inform me that they would prefer a government like that of the British in Canada to their own democracy. It would be easy to represent these sayings as evidence that respectable persons in the United States are tired of their republican forms, and desire the repose of a monarchy; but I have had experience enough of political life to be able to distinguish between expressions uttered under irritation caused by defeat, and those which spring from sober conviction. If any American would collect and record the lamentations over the fallen greatness of the British Empire, and the prophetic anticipations of social ruin, uttered by the Tories after the passing of Lord Grey's Reform Bill, in 1832, he might prove to demonstration that the nation was then tired of liberty, and solicitous for a despotism. Not one of these Tories, however, would have agreed to surrender one privilege which his own class possessed, in order to bring in a despot: The Tories were discontented solely because some degree of control over the national affairs had been given to an extended class of the people, which so far abridged their own power. It is the same here. Those who invoke a despotism would fight to the last to preserve that liberty which they affect to despise, if a despot should appear and propose

to deprive them of it. Their unhappiness arises from some portion of power having passed from their own hands into those of the people. Allow this disappointment to subside, and they will prove themselves to be patriots true to their country and its institutions.

Spirit of the People.—An incident occurred, in regard to my lectures, which illustrates the mental condition of the mass of the people in this city. The Philadelphia Museum is a very large and handsome building, the upper floor of which is fitted up as a Museum of Natural History, and the lower floor is occupied by Mr. Dunn's Chinese Collection and a public lecture-room, which have separate doors. So far back as 11th December last, a friend engaged the lecture-room for sixteen nights, at the rent of \$250. Subsequently, the directors of the Museum let the upper floor for concerts *à la Musard*, to be given by Frank Johnston and his brass band, [and to other persons for vocal performances.] These concerts are attended by 2000 or 3000 people, the admittance being 25 cents, or one shilling sterling each. The music is so loud that it often drowns my voice, and when the audience above applaud with their feet, I have no alternative but to stop till they have done. I wrote a letter to the person that has the charge of the Museum, soliciting him to explain to the audience that a lecture, attended by nearly 500 of their fellow-citizens, was proceeding below, and to beg of them as a favour to applaud with their hands instead of their feet. He replied, that to make such a request would only render the annoyance greater. As the lecture-room was let to me before Frank Johnston and his band [and others] began their performances, and as I was not warned of their night, I thought that the directors were bound to remove the disturbance; in other words, to render the lecture-room fit for the purpose for which it was let; but I resolved to submit to the grievance. One of my audience, however, altogether unknown to me, wrote a letter to the editor of the United States Gazette, complaining of the interruption, and also of the benches being so close that "there is not space enough even for a short man to dispose of his legs." To this hour I have no suspicion who wrote the letter; but it produced the following reply:—

"Mr. Editor:—The remarks in your paper of January 9, lead me to conclude that Mr. Combe cares very little for the comfort of his audience, notwithstanding, in absence of every feeling of delicacy, he suggests, through the intervention of your correspondent, that the internal architectural accommodations of the lecture-room of the Philadelphia Museum be altered, and that the public of the city give up the national custom of applauding with their feet instead of their hands. Would clapping of the hands alone be a sign of approbation understood by those who have ever been accustomed to be spoken to in sounds resulting from kicking of the heels?"

"Let Mr. Combe and his friends take into consideration, that the Museum makes more in a single evening than Mr. C. pays in rent for his whole course of lectures, and it is not to be expected that public concerts, given on established nights before Mr. C. came to this city,* are to be put off for his accommodation, unless he come forward boldly, and, as Paul Clifford elegantly

* This is not a correct statement; I engaged the room on the 11th December, and the concerts were not then announced.

expresses it, 'forks up the blunt' in a *quid pro quo*. Again, as the majority rules, it is not proper that thousands of the people should forego their amusements, to please Mr. C. and his 450 auditors. But there is a remedy. The hall of the Musical Fund can be obtained for, I suppose, \$50 a night, about \$34 more than Mr. Combe pays for his present room. As the gentleman is independent of pecuniary considerations, and as the public are acquainted with the Fund Hall, I see no objection to the change, unless a *want of change* should be urged against this suggestion.

"ONE OF THE AUDIENCE."

The editor of the paper added the following note to this communication:—

"We think it proper to state, that the article to which our correspondent alludes was not written at the suggestion of Mr. Combe, but by one who is an attendant upon his lectures, and who, in paying for a ticket, deemed himself entitled to hear—and, not hearing, to complain.

"Whether Mr. Combe will go to another hall or not, we cannot say; but if he hired that in the Museum, he supposed it suited to the purposes for which it was let, and not exposed to interruption.

"We do not feel called upon to enter into any discussion of the matter, not being of the audience above or below; but having complied with the suggestion of a friend in the hint we gave, we have thought it due to him to say, that his motives were only what they purport to be, viz: the convenience of Mr. Combe's audience.—ED. U. S. G."

After this letter appeared, the applauding with the feet increased; and I asked several gentlemen whether they really had so unfavourable an opinion of the urbanity and sense of justice of the audience above as to believe, that if civilly requested, after a proper explanation, they would not agree to use their hands. Some said, that they thought the people would willingly do so, if addressed by a person whom they respected; others, however, were of opinion, that the request would only make them more aware of their power, and dispose them the more to use it, and to increase the disturbance. Certainly, nobody ventured to address them, and we sustained the evil to the close of the performances, and near the end of my course.

The impression which this incident made on my mind in regard to the state of *morale* of the people of Philadelphia, and to the relation subsisting between them and the enlightened class, was not favourable. The foregoing letter breathes the very spirit of injustice and vulgar insolence, and I thought that if that class of citizens who had sufficient refinement to enjoy a concert of instrumental music, and sufficient wealth to be able to afford a shilling each night for hearing it, entertained and acted on the sentiments which it expressed, I should pity the nation which was subject to their rule. Subsequent events, however, satisfied me, that this inference is not fairly warranted by the circumstances. The letter was the emanation of a single mind. This is, therefore, chargeable on the individual alone who wrote it. A lawyer in a distant state who had been much accustomed to public life, and to whom I narrated the circumstances, put this simple question to me:—Did you apply to persons accustomed to public speaking when you wished the audience above to be addressed? I then recollected that at that time all my acquaintances

were among medical men, professors, and private citizens, and I answered, No. "This," said he, "explains the whole difficulty. No man unaccustomed to meet our people face to face, and to feel their pulse as he addresses them, could have ventured to ask a favour from two thousand of them, with a fair chance of success; but if you had found some one of their own public characters, who knew them, and whom they knew, to make the request, I venture to say, that it would have instantly been complied with, and you should have had no more annoyance." I was at that time comparatively a stranger to the American people, but after a much more extensive experience of their qualities, I acknowledge my conviction to be that this gentleman is in the right.

Jan. 11. Ther. 40°. *Phrenology*.—In consequence of my ignorance that the Delaware was subject to freezing below Philadelphia, I sent the collection of casts, skulls, and drawings used in my lectures from New York to this city by sea. They left New York on the 25th December, and they have been sticking in the ice within Cape May since the 27th, and are there still. Fortunately the Phrenological Society of Philadelphia procured a collection of casts from Edinburgh many years ago, which have been kindly lent to me, and Professors Gibson, Horner, and M'Clellan, and Dr. Bell, and other friends, have amply supplied all remaining deficiencies of illustrations. My regular audience is now 500, and it is composed of the first class of ladies and gentlemen in the city, including many of the professors and medical practitioners.

Jan. 12. Ther. 48°. *The Girard College*.—Mr. Girard was an old merchant, who had accumulated great wealth, and became desirous of providing at once a monument for himself, and a college for orphans. He left his fortune in trust to the city council of Philadelphia, with instructions to accomplish these objects.

The trustees elected Alexander Dallas Bache, Esq., LL.D., a great-grandson of Dr. Franklin, president of the college, and on the 9th of July, 1836, they passed a resolution authorising him to visit all establishments in Europe similar to the Girard College, or any others which promised to afford useful information in organising it, and to report. In the mean time, they have proceeded to carry the will into execution, and have expended considerably above the full income of the fund, which is said to be about £24,000 sterling annually, in building the college.

Dr. Bache appears to have executed the important duty devolved on him with great industry and ability, and his own views of education are liberal and enlightened. In Pennsylvania education is deficient not only in quantity, but still more in quality; and as it is extremely difficult to induce an uninstructed people to adopt improvements of the want of which they have no consciousness, and of the value of which they have no adequate comprehension; and as no onward movement can be made in any thing without their sanction, this magnificent institution, if well managed, may become a radiating centre from which higher views both of education and of modes of instruction may be diffused over the whole state.

Mr. Girard calls on his trustees to "develop talent," but *ex nihilo nihil fit*—nature must give ability before it can be unfolded; and the records of several eleemosynary institutions of a kind similar to his college, which have been in operation, under the management of various public

bodies, or of trustees, in Edinburgh, for more than a century and a half, have developed comparatively little talent of high order, during the whole of that long period. They have furnished many useful and respectable citizens, but I have not read any list of more distinguished men who have emanated from its halls. A similar remark probably applies to many other eleemosynary institutions. There must be a cause for this dearth of high talent. I do not impute it to neglect in the teachers, or to want of patronage and opportunities of rising afforded to the pupils: The instruction is equal to that generally received by boys in the middle ranks of life, and the directors, being influential men, are both able and willing to advance the pupils in after life, to the full extent of their abilities. Besides, great talents need no patrons: They unfold themselves, and open the way to distinction not only unaided, but in opposition to the most momentous obstacles.

The explanation which I venture to give of the dearth of great talent in the pupils of eleemosynary institutions is one furnished by phrenology. Children become destitute orphans (and only such are received into these hospitals,) either in consequence of their parents having married late, so that their strength was exhausted, and they died before rearing their offspring; or from their having possessed bad constitutions, which sunk before the usual age of decay; or from their having had feeble or ill-balanced brains, which led them into vicious, reckless, or foolish conduct, terminating in premature death; or from some combination of these or similar causes. Only in cases of blameless accidents can children become destitute orphans, without some serious departure by their parents from the laws of health impressed by the Creator on the human constitution. The children, therefore, furnished by society for these institutions may be viewed as generally descending from parents of inferior constitutions; these imperfections are transmitted to the offspring; and hence the latter rarely rise to superiority over the children of better constituted individuals.

I perceive that as the civic rulers of Philadelphia are the patrons of the Girard College, their political opponents have already begun to make "political capital" out of their management of it. They accuse them of converting the vast expenditure attending its erection, into jobs, and means of political corruption. Mr. Girard, however, has taken precautions to avert any gross deviation from the objects of his will, by declaring, that, if the city functionaries shall infringe the rules which he has laid down, they shall forfeit the management, which shall then devolve on the state. This provision makes them act with the greatest circumspection, and during my stay in Philadelphia, I repeatedly heard of their laying cases before the most eminent lawyers for advice, whether certain contemplated measures were or were not consistent with the will.

Cemetery at Laurel Hill.—This cemetery is situated about three and a half miles from Philadelphia; it lies between the Schuylkill river, on the west, and the Ridge road on the east, and extends to upwards of twenty acres. The highest point of the grounds is at least one hundred feet above the level of the river, to which it slopes gradually down. It is planted with forest-trees, and ornamented with shrubs and flowers. The entrance is a pure specimen of Doric architecture, occupying a space of 216 feet along the road. There is a cottage *ornée* for the residence of the superintendent; a beautiful Gothic chapel, a large house for visitors to rest in, a receiving tomb,

and stabling for forty carriages, with a green-house for the protection of the ornamental plants and shrubs in winter. The first object that strikes the eye, after passing within the gate, is a small Gothic erection, within which Thom's group of Old Mortality is placed. There sits Sir Walter Scott, and beside him are Old Mortality and his pony, all most appropriately placed among the tombs. The cemetery belongs to an incorporated joint stock company, and was instituted only in 1836.

Jan. 13. Ther. 40°. *Sunday*.—We heard Mr. Furness preach an excellent sermon on the resurrection of Lazarus, occasioned by the death of a young mother belonging to the congregation. He is the first and only Unitarian minister in Philadelphia. His church is handsome, and his congregation numerous and genteel. Philadelphia is distinguished for orthodoxy and Quakerism.

Jan. 15. Ther. 33°. *Prosperous Times*.—These are what are called "prosperous times" in Philadelphia. The depression which attended the suspension of cash-payments by the banks in 1837, has passed away. Bank paper is now abundant, speculation is afloat, and prices are high. A house in Chestnut street, in the best situation, with a front under thirty feet, and ground extending probably 150 feet backwards, has just been sold for \$35,000, (7000*l.* sterling) to be converted into a china store. The stores, or shops, in this city, are very handsome, and their wares are of a sumptuous description. The display of female beauty and good taste presented by Chestnut street on a fine day, would do credit to any European city.

Jan. 16. Ther. 20°. *John Vaughan, Esq. and Benjamin Franklin*.—Mr. Vaughan is now in his 83d year, and is one of the most interesting men in Philadelphia. He is secretary to the American Philosophical Society, and lives in their apartments. He was educated under the auspices of Benjamin Franklin, was his intimate friend, and, in a long career of public usefulness and private benevolence, has faithfully walked in his footsteps. He was one of Dr. Franklin's suite when he was presented to Marie Antoinette after France had recognised the independence of the United States. Dr. Franklin had ordered a wig, and intended to appear in a full court dress; but when the wig was sent to him, it was too small. He told the perruquier that he had married his whole arrangements by this blunder, and that it was now too late to rectify it. "*Ah! mon Dieu, Monsieur, c'est que votre tête est trop grosse,*" was the ready reply; and Franklin at once resolved to appear in his velvet coat, of the Quaker cut, with his hair combed back; in short, in his usual attire when dressed for a private party. His fine venerable figure, in this unique yet becoming apparel, created quite a sensation in the French court, and what was the result merely of a barber's blunder, was talked of as an admirable specimen of good taste and republican independence! His suite were all in court dresses; and as Mr. Vaughan had only newly arrived at Passy, he was fitted with clothes hired for the day from a friper.

In the hall of the American Philosophical Society, there is a portrait of Franklin in the act of reading. He is dressed in a wig and light blue coat. This portrait, which Mr. Vaughan describes as an exact resemblance, gives him an expression about the lower part of the face different from that of any other portrait which I have seen; it indicates more concentration of mind.

The bust of him, of which we have casts in Edinburgh, is here in marble, and is a duplicate of the head and shoulders of his statue erected above the front door of the Philadelphia Library, of which he was the founder. It also is a faithful representation of him according to Mr. Vaughan's testimony. His chair likewise is here, and bespeaks his ingenious mind. It is in itself an old, comfortable, leather-covered arm-chair, on wheels. But the bottom turns round on a pivot, and its under side presents steps for mounting up to the shelves of the library. The chair in which Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence is also preserved here. It is small, circular in form, with arms, and a high back; and a flat black board is fixed over the right arm, on which Jefferson wrote.

American Declaration of Independence.—In the library is shown an original draught of the Declaration of Independence, in Jefferson's handwriting, with all the corrections made on it in its progress through congress. The Edinburgh Review, in noticing Captain Marryatt's observations on this document, in his work on the United States, ridicules the idea of its being an original, and says that if Captain Marryatt "had ever read that very interesting book (Memoirs of Jefferson, i. 17), he would have been aware how grossly a Mr. Vaughan of Philadelphia was *hoaxing* him when he talked of having discovered the original draught of the Declaration of Independence." Captain Marryatt, in his second work, rates Miss Martineau soundly for having written that review, but this remark affords strong presumptive evidence to me that she was not guilty of that transgression. No one who had been as much in literary society in Philadelphia as she was, could have spoken of "a Mr. John Vaughan." Such a phrase was as unlikely to have presented itself to her, as that of "a Mr. Macvey Napier" would be to occur to a literary stranger speaking of the distinguished men of Edinburgh. Again, she must have known that the evidence of this being a genuine document is complete. On my second visit to Philadelphia, in March, 1840, Mr. Vaughan enabled me to peruse original letters, giving its history, from the day it was composed to that on which it was presented to the American Philosophical Society. Mr. Jefferson wrote with his own hand two copies of his first draught; and sent one to Richard Henry Lee, who moved its adoption in congress, and the document which Mr. Vaughan showed to Captain Marryatt, and which I minutely examined, is that duplicate with the corrections added. He showed me a large collection of letters extending over twenty years, and ending in 1826, written to himself by Thomas Jefferson, and the identity of the handwriting in them and in this draught is evident. I saw numerous autographs of Franklin, and perceived that the corrections on the draught, said to be in his handwriting, are clearly genuine. Mr. Vaughan exhibited also a letter, dated a few weeks before my visit, from the son of Richard Henry Lee to himself, expressing his astonishment at the reviewer's remarks.

Among the passages deleted by congress, is a vehement denunciation against George III. for exercising his veto to prevent the abolition of the slave trade, when proposed by the colonies. On pages 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, and 21, of the "Memoir, Correspondence, and Miscellanies from the papers of Thomas Jefferson, edited by Thomas Jefferson Randolph" (Boston, 1830), the Declaration of Independence, in its original and amended forms (the original containing this para-

graph), is printed at full length; and at page 146, a fac-simile of it (taken from the draft in the library) is given. These copies correspond in every particular with the draught in the society's library, which is framed between two thick plates of glass, for its preservation. The reviewer refers to this memoir as showing that Captain Marryatt must have been hoaxed; but it does not contain a word to warrant such an assumption.

Money Exchange.—I wished to remit a sum of \$1000 to New York, and applied to two of the first banks here for a draft on that city; but they referred me to the brokers, whose numerous "exchange offices" abound in Philadelphia as they do in New York. I learned that nearly the whole business of exchange is in the hands of these brokers. The draught was purchased from a broker, and the premium was only \$3 at eight. The rise of the profession of brokers is recent. The following interesting account of it appeared lately in one of the American periodicals:—

"At this period (1800) of the history of New York, the business of a broker was hardly known; there were only three stock and exchange brokers in the city. They were Nathaniel Prime, Leonard Bleacher, and A. H. Lawrence. The two first are living. Their operations in stocks were very small. Only two banks, viz.: the New York and the United States, were in existence, added to which, there were two or three insurance stocks. Then it was rare that a share was bought except for investment.

"The change in this branch of business has been truly astonishing. We are enabled to give a list, amounting to eighty-six in number, belonging to the board. Besides these, there are many who deal in money, real estate, and stocks, that do not belong to the board.

"The question naturally arises, how so many persons can obtain a living? which is solved by the fact, that, from the examination of one gentleman's books, we find that sales of from \$400,000 to \$800,000 are now made in stock in a day, and in brisk times the sales will average a million. The greatest operations are in fancy stocks, which fluctuate daily from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 and 5 per cent. Delaware and Hudson is the foothall. One large dealer informs us that he sold of this stock alone, a number of shares equal to the whole capital. The brokerage paid in that stock alone, is immense, perhaps equal to one half the capital per annum. Harlæm, Mohawk, and Stonington, are among the 'Fancies.' Stonington has been as high as 125, and as low as 18. A broker of our acquaintance purchased for a gentleman at 65. He went to the East Indies—in the mean time it fell to 18. A few days after he returned, he sold out at 69, leaving him a fair interest. Harlæm has been as high as 200, and as low as 34. Mohawk has experienced the same fluctuations. Dry Dock has varied about 70 per cent. during the past year. The capitals of the Fire Stocks have, within five years, been nearly all swept away. They are now very stable. The Marine Companies are much depressed.

"The stock speculators are divided, taking the same names as those familiarly known in London, 'Bulls and Bears.' The former endeavour to carry up stocks, while the latter are interested in carrying them down. In the number of produce brokers, and the amount of business done, there has been quite a great change. At the period alluded to there were but two persons engaged as produce brokers, and they transacted but little business. Now the number is very great, and the operations immense."

Jan. 17. Ther. 30°. *The Streets.*—The streets are covered with sheets of pure ice, rendering it dangerous to walk on them. I asked why sand or ashes were not strewed on them, and was told that visitors would bring it into the houses on their feet and dirty the carpets! They may break their limbs by falling, but the carpets must be preserved unsullied. I admire very much the richness and perfect preservation of the carpets on the public rooms in most of the houses in which we visit in this city, but I would give up a little of the pleasure which they afford me for the sake of safety in the streets. However, the tastes of the citizens are more to be regarded than those of a passing stranger.

Jan. 18. Ther. 33°. The weather is delightful: bright sunshine and very moderate frost. *Phrenology.*—Several days ago, Dr. Winn Bush called and informed me that he had seen Dr. George M'Clellan remove two tumours from the head of a young man named Richardson, one external to the skull at the situation of the organs of Firmness and Conscientiousness, and the other internal; that the skull to the extent of several square inches had been removed, and that the brain in this region was found to have disappeared; that nevertheless, the patient had sat up in full possession of all his mental faculties, and conversed with them during the operation, and, particularly, had manifested great firmness and self-possession; and he requested me to reconcile these facts with phrenology. The case had attracted much attention, and was extensively spoken of in Philadelphia as one strikingly adverse to phrenology. My reply was, that if such a case had occurred, it was the first that I had heard of sufficiently authenticated; and that I could offer no opinion on it till I should see it myself, which I solicited permission to do. To-day, Dr. M'Clellan was so kind as to take me with him, when he went to dress the wound. He stated, however, that the supposed difficulty in regard to phrenology had disappeared, because on the second or third dressing he and Dr. Bush were astonished to see that the convolutions had risen up, and that in point of fact they had never been destroyed, but only displaced by the pressure of the internal tumour. It was about the size and form of half of a hen's egg cut longitudinally. The external tumour was about the same size. Both had been formed in consequence of a blow received from a stone, so slight at first as scarcely to attract attention; and their growth had extended over a period of three years. The interior tumour had been formed between the skull and the falx, the longitudinal canal having been carried down uninjured below its lower surface. Dr. M'Clellan remarked, that the slow growth explained the non-affection of the mental faculties. The brain had never been disorganised, but merely pressed downwards, and Nature had accommodated herself to the change.

When I saw the patient, he was pale, and much reduced in flesh, but placid and quite intelligent. He rose from bed, came into the adjoining room, and sat before the fire. On the dressing being removed, I saw the surface of the organs of Self-Esteem, and Love of Approbation exposed. They were large, particularly Self-Esteem. They rose and fell with the pulsation of the arteries. They were entire, and on a level with the other portions of the brain. I conversed with him, and received from himself the information which is here embodied concerning the cause and growth of the tumour. He said he knew that it was a matter of life and death,

and resolved to submit to the operation, and to endure it manfully. His organs of Firmness seemed to be very large, but they were not involved in the injury, or only partially so, at the posterior edge.

Dr. McClellan stated that this case showed the importance of surgeons knowing accurately the situation of the organs; because, although he now saw that the organs of Firmness were not involved, he would at first have certified that they were destroyed, and that the patient manifested the faculty powerfully: He was now satisfied that the organs affected by the tumour were Self-Esteem and Love of Approbation, and that he had not had adequate opportunities of judging whether the manifestations of these faculties were affected or not; besides, there was before our eyes evidence that the convolutions had not been disorganised.

The patient recovered, and after his convalescence he mentioned facts that showed that his sentiments of Self-Esteem and Love of Approbation had not remained unaffected during the progress of the disease. He was a player and ventriloquist, and performed in the western cities. He stated, that before receiving the blow, he was an entire stranger to diffidence. For the first three months after the accident, he felt no change in his mental condition, and was not aware that there was an affection of his head. At the end of that time, the external tumour began to attract his attention, and he felt also visitations of diffidence, which he had never before experienced. He was convinced that his powers of acting were unimpaired, yet he could not give effect to this conviction—for he felt as if he should fail. In the course of time his self-confidence diminished so much that he could no longer appear on the stage, yet his intellectual faculties were clear and active.*

So far from this case, therefore, having been unfavourable to Phrenology, it proved, when fully investigated, a striking confirmation of its truth. Dr. McClellan is Professor of Surgery in the Jefferson College, Philadelphia, and he subsequently informed me, that before my arrival in that city, he had ridiculed Phrenology in his lectures; that he had come to my lectures with the view of obtaining additional materials for refuting it; that he had at first conceived this case to be one strongly adverse to its pretensions, but now saw that it was the reverse; that the result of hearing my whole course had been to convince him of the futility of the objections on which he had previously relied, and to dispose him to devote a serious attention to the subject. Before I left Philadelphia, he made the *amende honorable* to his class; told them that he had rashly condemned the science; that its principles were consistent with the best established facts in physiology, and that it was supported by a greater body of evidence than he had imagined. He wrote a letter to the same effect to Dr. Sewall of Washington, whom he had previously encouraged in his attacks against the science, and strongly counseled him to revise his opinions.

Portrait of General Washington.—I visited

* In April, 1840, the patient most unexpectedly accosted me in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He was then in good health, and acting as barkeeper in a hotel. He was occasionally subject to headaches, but did not mention any other inconveniences affecting him. [A detailed account of the case of Richardson, written by Dr. McClellan, has been published in the *American Phrenological Journal*, No 4. Vol. iii. January, 1840.]

the studio of Mr. Rembrandt Peale. He is the son of the earliest portrait painter that America can boast of, and his father seems to have been an enthusiast in the art (as this gentleman is himself), for he named two of his sons Rembrandt and Titian, and educated both as painters. Mr. Rembrandt Peale was personally acquainted with General Washington, and painted a large equestrian portrait of him, which he preserves in his studio. The charger is white: The picture appeared to me to possess much merit as a work of art; and the likeness has been pronounced to be faithful. Washington's head, as here delineated, is obviously large; and the anterior lobe of the brain is large in all directions; the organ of Benevolence is seen to rise, but there the moral organs disappear under the hair. The temperament is bilious-sanguine; the action of the muscles of the mouth strongly express Secretiveness and Firmness, and the eyes bespeak these qualities combined with Cautiousness. The general expression of the countenance is that of sagacity, prudence, and determination.

Mr. Peale mentioned that his father painted a miniature of the General, in his head-quarters, for Mrs. Washington. His bedroom was so small that it admitted only of one chair, which was dedicated to the painter, and Washington sat on the front of the bed. It was the only apartment occupied by the General as his own. His officers were in the other rooms crowded together. A messenger arrived, and a despatch was presented to Washington. He read the signature and part of the contents, and, without speaking a word, handed it to an officer, one of his aides-de-camp, who was present, and he continued conversing with the painter. The officer read and returned the despatch; Washington then read it deliberately from beginning to end, and at the distance of half an hour from first receiving it, he said, "Burgoyne has surrendered; this is an account of it."

Mr. Peale mentioned that General Washington sat to him three times for his portrait, in an apartment in the State House. The hour was seven in the morning. The first morning, when the State House clock struck the first bell of seven, the door opened, Washington entered with his watch in his hand, and he was seated before the clock had done striking the hour. The second morning he was seen walking in the State House yard; he was going from the stair when the first stroke of seven reached his ear; he wheeled instantly, walked quickly back, ascended, and was in the room before the clock had finished seven, again holding his watch in hand. On the third morning he entered as the clock began to strike.

During the war of independence, a base attempt was made to injure Washington by representing him as a traitor. It was stated, that one of his servants had run away from him, and carried off a bundle of letters, and that among these were duplicates of several which he had written to one of the British commanders, offering to use his influence to bring back the Americans to their allegiance to Great Britain. Washington was a man of awful presence and reserved habits. Every one was afraid to ask him if the letters were genuine, and he did not deign to utter a word on the subject himself. The whole country was in a state of excitement about them, when Mr. Peale's uncle, who was an intimate friend of Washington, ventured to put the question to him. He allowed a smile to play for an instant on his countenance, as if glad that he had been asked,

and replied: "Sir, I never lost any papers, and no servant of mine ever ran away." These words were published, and their effect was electrical. The calumny was extinguished instantly.

It is deeply to be regretted that there is no cast of the head of Washington taken from nature. I have examined the common busts and portraits of him, but they show only that the head was large, and that its general proportions were harmonious. I have heard the question discussed both in England and the United States, whether Washington was really a great man; seeing that he did not, in any particular direction, show any extraordinary power. Judging from his conduct and his writings, as well as from what we know of his head, I infer, that he was one of those rare specimens of humanity in whom nearly all the mental organs are largely developed, and in harmonious proportions. Such a combination produces a character distinguished for mental power in all directions. His temperament, as already stated, seems to have sanguine-bilious, giving activity and the capacity of long endurance. He exhibited a constancy which no difficulties could shake, an honesty of purpose and ardour of patriotism which no temptations could overcome or opposition subdue. He placed the welfare of his country on its true basis, that of industry and virtue; and he always regarded its interests before his own. In him there was no important quality of mind deficient, and no quality in excess; there were in his understanding no false lights, and no deficient lights. He gave to every thing its due weight and no more. He was dignified, courteous, and remarkably just. He was brave, yet cautious and politic; quick to perceive and prompt to execute; always acting at the right time, and in the right manner. Those who say that he was not a great man, can merely mean that he displayed no one quality in excess; that he showed no coruscations of isolated talent, and performed no individual acts calculated to dazzle or amaze mankind. But he accomplished a very great achievement, the independence of his country, by a succession of most wise and efficient measures, every one of which showed mental superiority. In short, he displayed, in a long career both of adversity and prosperity, that sterling worth of soul, that clear and sound judgment, that grandeur of the whole man, which rendered him far more great and estimable than those geniuses who are endowed with splendid partial talents combined with great defects. In my opinion, Washington was one of the greatest men that ever lived.

One of the most touching monuments of his patriotism with which I became acquainted in the United States, was "a fac simile of his public accounts, kept during the Revolutionary War," printed in Washington in 1838, of which my excellent friend Mr. Thomas Gilpin presented me with a copy. The accounts commence in June 1775, end in June 1783, and are all written with his own hand. They extend to 66 folio pages. The authenticity of the copy is certified by the chief of the engineer department at Washington, on 24th September, 1833. It is published "for the benefit of Washington's Manual Labour School and Male Orphan Asylum." Although he accepted of no salary or pay, he is minute to an extraordinary degree, in the specification of his expenses, and the account contains notes in explanation of every sum which appears to be large, and also intimations of all claims which he conceives to be still due by the

United States, to individuals employed in his service.

January 19th. Ther. 30°. *Lynch Law*.—A criminal trial is proceeding here in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, before Judges King and Randall, of Henry Chauncey as principal, and of William Nixon, and William Armstrong, accessories, for the murder of Eliza Sowers, in an attempt to produce abortion. The accused were at large on bail, but the audience in court were so strongly excited by some of the evidence against Nixon, that on leaving it they attempted to lynch him, and he was rescued by the police. Chauncey was subsequently condemned, while Nixon was acquitted. The populace of Edinburgh endeavoured to treat the notorious murderer, William Hare, the associate of Burke, in the same manner, when he was liberated from prison after Burke's condemnation. The conduct of the mob in Philadelphia was mentioned in the newspapers and slightly condemned. In society, however, I heard the outrage spoken of in terms of strong condemnation, and mob ascendancy seems to be regarded as an increasing evil. In Philadelphia, last year, a mob burned down a splendid public hall, because meetings were held in it for the abolition of slavery, and no attempt was made to prevent them. The fire companies, with their engines, attended, and strenuously exerted themselves in preventing the fire from spreading to the adjoining buildings, but they made no efforts to extinguish the fire in the hall itself. From the tone in which such outrages are spoken of in the public journals, there appears to be abroad, in the minds of men generally, a fear of the people, which deters them from boldly speaking disagreeable truths to the masses. They are right to abstain from scolding or violent vituperation; but they withhold also, to too great an extent, the language of fervid reason and energetic moral sentiment in condemnation of their conduct. I observe that a virtuous editor occasionally gives full expression to his just indignation against acts of violence committed by the people in some distant state or city, where his paper does not circulate. This is well, but it would be still better and more magnanimous if he would also boldly condemn domestic iniquities.

The trial of Chauncey brought to light many indelicate and disgusting scenes, all of which were reported in the newspapers. In Edinburgh, such trials are conducted with closed doors, and the details are omitted by the reporters for the press.

Advertisements.—The American newspapers insert advertisements on moderate terms, and have a very large proportion of their sheets filled with them. Any one may, for a fixed sum, engage a certain number of inches in a column during the year, into which he may insert whatever notices he pleases. The charge for insertion of a standing advertisement is diminished, within certain limits, at each repetition. The consequence is, that advertisements are repeated so often that they are not generally read. In many instances, after the most extensive advertising of my lectures, I have met with individuals who had never seen the announcement of them, and who confessed that they did not read advertisements. There is one part of the paper, at the close of editorial remarks, in which advertisements may be inserted at a higher rate, and these are pretty generally looked at; but those among the dense columns of old advertisements have little chance of attracting attention. The only way of being certain to be read, is to obtain an edi-

torial paragraph referring to the notice in another column. The editors were so obliging as generally to favour me with these mementos; but the regular advertisers are thrown upon their own means for arresting the public eye. One common method is to print in capital letters at the top some very important words, such as "Cure your cough! cure your cough!! cure your cough!!!" Then follows the announcement of some sovereign balm, lozenge, or lotion:—Or "Boots! boots!! boots!!!" "Stoves! stoves!! stoves!!!" There is character in these announcements. In America, every one is so intently and so exclusively engaged about his own affairs, that urgent appeals must be made before his attention can be diverted to the pretensions of his neighbours.

Coal.—Mines of anthracite coal are wrought in the interior of Pennsylvania, and the produce is imported in large quantities into all the Atlantic cities. The coal requires a chimney with a strong draught to make it burn, but when fairly ignited it gives a powerful heat. The present prices per ton of 2240 lbs. are for "large lumps \$5 50;" "broken and screened \$6;" "large egg \$5 50;" "nut \$5."

Aristocracy.—The London Atlas of 1st December last, contains a clever article on the English aristocracy, which has led to an interesting conversation with some of the citizens of Philadelphia. The Atlas admires the titled aristocracy, because it presents an exciting object to the ambition of the inferior ranks, and stimulates them to exertion: It is not a barrier impassable to merit, but on the contrary, one which opens and admits the man of plebeian birth when he acquires great wealth, or distinguishes himself by his talents. It is thus preserved from senility, and at the same time continues to command the reverence of all the inferior grades. These reasons strike men very differently here. The plebeian, it is here said, when absorbed into the hereditary peerage, leaves his own class, with all his interest in it; he enters the higher ranks, adopts their sentiments, and lends them the aid of his talents, energy, and knowledge, in supporting their privileges and pretensions. The people are thus first neglected, and then abandoned, by those who should have been their natural protectors; and they sink into degradation. I have seen it stated in English periodicals that Lords Eldon and Stowell were sons of a barge-master and small coal-dealer at Newcastle-upon-Tyne; that Lord Tenterden was the son of a barber at Canterbury: Lord Gifford was articled to a solicitor, and Lord Langdale, the Master of the Rolls, was an accoucheur. The rise of such men, and of many others, to the highest rank and employments in the state, does honour certainly to themselves, and many persons think also to the institutions of the country under which such elevations are possible; but these successful aspirants forget the class from which they have sprung. In the United States, also, men of talent, integrity, and industry, rise to eminence and consideration; but if they seek the gratification of their ambition in any department of public life, they depend so completely on the people for their elevation, that they dare not neglect them. I have already mentioned that in the United States, ambitious lawyers, representatives, and senators, lecture to the people, deliver orations before them, and court their good opinion by private civilities. In England, this would be regarded by men of rank as a degradation.

The consequences of the two systems are very

different. In England, the middle classes form a gulf of vast depth and width between the people and the aristocracy, and so completely cut off communication and sympathy between them, that the high aristocracy, generally speaking, have no just conceptions of the manner in which the people live, of the sufferings they endure, or of the effects of their own legislation on their happiness. The middle ranks, again, having their ambition directed upwards, become regardless of the people in proportion as their means of benefiting them increase: If a plebeian family acquire great wealth and become distinguished for superior talents, and by these advantages attain to a legitimate influence on the public councils of the nation, they are tempted, by the English institutions, to devote their whole advantages to the service of the aristocracy. In the United States, they cannot avoid dedicating them to that of the people. It is an evil certainly to live in subjection to an ignorant and self-willed multitude; but in proportion to the pressure of this evil, is the desire to escape from it strong; and there is only one means of deliverance in the United States; namely, by raising the people in their moral and intellectual condition. Accordingly, I perceive that the power of the people has already produced on the minds of men of every variety of disposition a deep impression of the urgent necessity for advancing the cause of general education. The selfish and rich have discovered that they have no security for their possessions except in the enlightenment and morality of the people; the philanthropists and philosophers rejoice in the improvement of the people as a measure which they have always desired; while the divines labour for the elevation of the people as their proper vocation: The only indifference to education is found in the masses themselves, many of whom have not yet learned to appreciate its value; and the only opposition to it comes from unprincipled demagogues who entertain hopes for themselves, while the electors are ignorant, but whose sagacity enables them to desert their own ruin as the result of the general instruction of the people. Society in America, therefore, is so composed as to direct all the efficient forces of the social body, to one great object, the improvement of the masses.

In Britain, on the other hand, we have powerful established churches, so richly endowed that they are in no way dependent on the people, but solely on the aristocracy. In consequence, they have allowed the masses to fall into a deplorable state of ignorance.* We have middle classes, who, in proportion as they become capable of serving the people, are tempted by a false ambition, to desert them; and an aristocracy so little influenced in its enjoyments, by the condition of the people, that we might suppose it to belong to a different race. To complete the system, in Britain the people are restrained from invading the peace of the superior classes by means of strong police and military forces, wielded by a vigorous executive government, which is sup-

* *State of Education in England*.—The register of marriages in England throws an incidental light upon the state of Education. The parties married sign their names, if they can write, and affix their marks, if they cannot. Judging by this criterion, it appears, that among 100 men who marry in England, the number unable to write is 33. Among 100 women, 49; and the mean of both, 41. As it is estimated that the number who marry annually is only about 3 per cent. of the persons marriageable, the data are too limited to afford sure results.

ported in this exercise of its power, by all the influence of those whom it protects.

In the United States, the people have the power to tyrannise, if they please, over the wealthy, the educated, and the refined; and in Britain, the aristocracy and middle classes have the power to trample, if they choose, on the masses who have no control over the legislators. So far as my observations extend, the people in the United States have not perpetrated one-twentieth part of the acts of injustice, by their legislation, against the rich, which the aristocracy in Britain have done by their legislation against the poor.

I freely confess that while I lived under the British institutions, and enjoyed the advantages which they confer on the upper and middle classes, I, like many others, had a less lively perception of their one-sided character. Even now, after contemplating the greatly superior condition of the masses in the United States, I am bound to state my conviction that this democracy, in its present condition of imperfect instruction, is a rough instrument of government, and that, were I to consult my personal comfort merely, I should prefer to live in England. But viewing the results of both, as a citizen of the world, and as a man bound to love his neighbour as himself, and perceiving that the one tends naturally to the elevation of the few and the degradation of the many, while the other tends to the improvement of all, it is impossible not to wish success to the American Republic.

CHAPTER X.

1839.

Philadelphia, Jan. 21. Ther. 33°. *The Climate*.—There is far less moisture in the air of Philadelphia than in that of British cities in winter, and more electricity. The climate is so stimulating, that wine is unnecessary, and to many persons disagreeable. On 11th January, I mentioned the circumstance of my collection of drawings and casts being on board of a schooner which was then frozen up in the Delaware. The ice-boat has succeeded in cutting a clear way in the river, and the vessel has arrived. I find that the boxes have been on deck all the voyage, and these not waterproof: Nevertheless there is scarcely any damage done even to the drawings. A small portion of water has entered and been frozen after reaching the first layer. In Dr. Franklin's days, the English considered the climate of America more damp than that of their own country, and he, with his usual sagacity, expresses doubts whether the opinion be correct, at least in regard to Philadelphia. Whatever may have been the state of matters then, the air is now certainly drier in the American city: But much of the forest has been cleared since that time.

Godliness profitable unto all things.—The Boston newspapers contain a circular, dated 19th December, 1838, addressed by the commissioners appointed by the Western Railroad Corporation, to the clergy of Massachusetts, pointing out to them "the moral effects of rail-roads," and earnestly requesting them "to take an early opportunity to deliver a discourse before your congregation, on the moral effect of rail-roads on our wide extended country." A Philadelphia newspaper, in copying this circular, remarks that it is an improvement on the text, "Religion (Godliness) is profitable unto all things."

January 22. Ther. 23°. *The Eastern Penitentiary*.—"This day we visited the Eastern Penitentiary, of which Mr. S. R. Wood, one of the Society of Friends, is the warden.

The warden, in his reports, specifies deficiency in education, as one common cause of crime, and remarks that the convicts in general do not possess the instruction given even in the common free schools of the state.

He repeats again and again, as the result of all his experience, that, "to communicate any material benefit to those who are brought here, their sentences should extend to *two years* or more."

The warden in his seventh report observes, "that a minute inspection of the character of the unhappy inmates of prisons has developed another interesting fact—that many more of them than was supposed are irresponsible beings, (p. 8). And the inspectors remark, that "there are no doubt *some criminals who are incorrigible*." The effect of the Penitentiary discipline on them does not generate vindictive feelings, but they leave the establishment with sentiments of regard, rather than resentment, towards those who have attempted to alter their vicious habits. Phrenologists have long proclaimed, that the great cause of the incorrigibility of criminals is the excessive predominance of the organs of the animal propensities over those of the moral and intellectual faculties, and that this class of persons is really composed of moral patients, who should be restrained, but not otherwise punished, during life. As nature is constant in her operations, this truth will in time force itself on the conviction of society; and after injustice and severity shall have been perpetrated for ages, by the free and the fortunate towards the ill constituted and unhappy, a better system of treatment will probably be adopted. Why are the clergy, those guardians of the poor, and ministers of mercy, silent on this subject? Even those of them who are Phrenologists, and know the truth of what I now state, have not moral courage sufficient to lift their voices on behalf of these unfortunate beings.

The *health* of the prisoners is indicated by the following table:

YEAR.	Average Number in Confinement.	Number of Deaths.	Mortality per cent.
1830	31	1	3.
1831	67	4	6.
1832	91	4	4.4
1833	123	1	.8
1834	183	5	2.7
1835	266	7	2.6
1836	360	12	3.3
1837	387	17	4.3
			8) 27.1
			3.4
			Average.

The reports state, that the deaths arise in some instances from incurable disease affecting the prisoners at their entry, and that the average is greatly augmented by the sickly inefficient condition of the coloured prisoners, who, by self-abuse, become debilitated in mind and body, and

* I am aware that the report of Mr. Crawford to the British government, and the works of De Tocqueville, Miss Martineau, and other travellers, have deprived this subject of all pretensions to novelty; but I perceive a great deficiency of information concerning criminals still existing in the public mind; and as important alterations in the Prison System of Scotland are now in progress, it appears to me to be useful to present once more, even at the risk of repetition, a view of the Eastern Penitentiary.

diseased, and make up three fifths of the whole mortality.

A few convicts labouring under insanity at the time of condemnation, have been sent to the penitentiary, and the inspectors complain, that in one or two instances they have been convicted, in the full knowledge of their insanity, with a view to get quit of them as troublesome to the county! A committee of the legislature, in a report read in the senate on 14th February, 1837, states, that "no instance of insanity has, as yet, occurred in the eastern penitentiary, which has not been traced to causes wholly independent of, and either anterior or posterior to the confinement. Whatever might be the disturbing and stultifying effects of strict seclusion, without labour, without books, without moral instruction, and without daily intercourse with the keepers, certain it is, that with all these circumstances to relieve the distressing ennui, and the supposed maniacal effects, of absolute isolation, the inmates of our prisons are in no danger of aberration or alienation of mind from the cause supposed." (p. 4.) Again, "A comparison of the bills of mortality of the eastern penitentiary, with those of several other institutions, will show conclusively, that the unbroken solitude of the Pennsylvania discipline, does not injuriously affect the health of the convicts. At the eastern penitentiary, the deaths are two and five-tenths per cent.; at the Sing Sing prison four per cent.; at Auburn, two per cent., and so on, settling the question beyond a possibility of doubt, that as great a measure of health is preserved in the Pennsylvania prisons, as in other similar institutions in the United States, or elsewhere."

We visited a number of the male convicts who had been confined for periods ranging from seven to sixteen months to eight years, and their appearance did not indicate either bad health or mental depression. We were introduced also into the cells of several female convicts, some of whom had ornamented the walls with pictures and needlework, giving to the apartments an appearance of tidiness and comfort that bespoke a healthy condition of mind in the inmates.

The food appears to be too rich and abundant for solitude, and several of the men had applied to be placed on a tea diet, consisting of tea and bread, which is allowed them when asked for. Secret vice abounds among the men, particularly the coloured convicts, who have few mental resources; but one of the white male prisoners had celebrated its pleasures and pains in an ode written with a pencil on the white-washed wall of his cell. In conversing with the prisoners, I found them seemingly resigned and cheerful; but I place little reliance on appearances presented to a casual visitor of a prison, especially when he is accompanied by an officer. He will be shown only the best cases, while the convicts will be agreeably excited by his visit and feel little disposition to complain to one who has no power to relieve them, and in presence of a person whose displeasure they dread, and against whom every complaint would be an accusation. At the same time justice requires me to state, that Mr. Wood offered to introduce us to any cells we chose to point out; and gave me the conviction that he had no secrets to conceal. His views of the criminal mind appeared to me to be sound and enlightened, and his principles of action at once just and humane.

In regard to the effects of the discipline in the eastern penitentiary, I observe that the system of entire solitude, even when combined with labour,

forgotten that Ideals do exist; that if they be not approximated to at all, the whole matter goes to wreck! Infallibly. No bricklayer builds a wall perfectly perpendicular, mathematically this is not possible; a certain degree of perpendicularity suffices him; and he, like a good bricklayer, who must have done with his job, leaves it so. And yet if he away too much from the perpendicular; above all, if he throw plummet and level quite away from him, and pile brick on brick heedless, just as it comes to hand—! Such bricklayer, I think, is in a bad way. He has forgotten himself: but the Law of Gravitation does not forget to act on him; he and his wall rush down into confused welter of ruin!

This is the history of all rebellions, French Revolutions, social explosions in ancient or modern times. You have put the too Unable Man at the head of affairs! The too ignoble, unvaliant, fatuous man. You have forgotten that there is any rule, or natural necessity whatever, of putting the Able Man there. Brick must lie on brick as it may and can. Unable Simulacrum of Ability, quack, in a word, must adjust himself with quack, in all manner of administration of human things; which accordingly lie unadministered, fermenting into unmeasured masses of failure, of indigent misery: in the outward, and in the inward or spiritual, miserable millions stretch out the hand for their due supply, and it is not there. The "law of gravitation" acts; Nature's laws do none of them forget to act. The miserable millions burst forth into Sansculottism, or some other sort of madness: bricks and mortar lie as a fatal chaos!—

Much sorry stuff, written some hundred years ago or more, about the "Divine rights of Kings," moulders unread now in the public libraries of this country. Far be it from us to disturb the calm process by which it is disappearing harmlessly from the earth, in those repositories. At the same time not to let the immense rubbish go without leaving us, as it ought; some soul of it behind,—I will say that it did mean something; something true, which it is important for us and all men to keep in mind. To assert that in whatever man you chose to lay hold of (by this or the other plan of clutching at him) and clapt a round piece of metal on the head of, and called King,—there straightway came to reside a divine virtue, so that he became a kind of god, and a Divinity inspired him with faculty and right to rule over you to all lengths: this—what can we do with this but leave it to rot silently in the public libraries? But I will say withal, and that is what these Divine-right men meant, That in Kings, and in all human Authorities, and relations that men god-created can form among each other, there is verily a Divine Right or else a Diabolic Wrong; one or the other of these two! For it is false altogether, what the last Sceptical Century taught us, that this world is a steam-engine. There is a God in this world; and a God's sanction, or else the violation of such, does look out from all ruling and obedience, from all moral acts of men. There is no act more moral between men than that of rule and obedience. Wo to him that claims obedience when it is not due; wo to him that refuses it when it is! God's law is in that, I say, however the parchment laws may run: there is a Divine Right or else a Diabolic Wrong at the heart of every claim that one man makes upon another.

It can do none of us harm to reflect on this: in all the relations of life it will concern us; in Loyalty and Royalty, the highest of these. I esteem the modern error, that all goes by self-interest and the checking and balancing of greedy knaveries, and that, in short, there is nothing divine whatever in the association of men, a still more despicable error, natural as it is to an unbelieving century, than that of a "divine right" in people called Kings. I say, Find me the true *Könning*, King, or Able-man, and he has a divine right over me. That we knew in some tolerable measure how to find him, and that all men were ready to acknowledge his divine right when found: this is precisely the healing which a sick world is every where, in these ages, seeking after! The true King, as guide of the practical, has ever something of the Pontiff in him—guide of the spiritual, from which all practice has its rise. This,

too, is a true saying, That the King is head of the Church. But we will leave the Polemic stuff of a dead century to lie quiet on its book-shelves.

Certainly it is a fearful business, that of having your Able-man to seek and not knowing in what manner to proceed about it! That is the world's sad predicament in these times of ours. They are times of revolution, and have long been. The bricklayer with his bricks, no longer heedful of the plummet or the law of gravitation, have toppled, tumbled, and it all welters as we see! But the beginning of it was not the French Revolution; that is rather the end, we can hope. It were truer to say, the beginning was three centuries further back: in the reformation of Luther. That the thing which still called itself Christian Church had become a Falsehood, and brazenly went about pretending to pardon men's sins for metallic coined money, and to do much else which in the everlasting truth of Nature it did not now do: here lay the vital malady. The inward being wrong, all outward went ever more and more wrong. Belief died away; all was doubt, disbelief. The builder cast away his plummet; said to himself, "What is gravitation? Brick lie on brick there!" Alas, does it not still sound strange to many of us, the assertion that there is a God's-truth in the business of god-created men: that all is not a kind of grimace, an "expediency," diplomacy, one knows not what!

From that first necessary assertion of Luther's, "You, self-styled *Papa*, you are no Father in God at all; you are a Chimera, whom I know not how to name in polite language!"—from that, onwards to the shout which rose round Camille Desmoulins in the Palais Royal, "*Aux armes!*" when the people had burst up against all manner of Chimeras, I find a natural historical sequence. That shout, too, so frightful, half infernal, was a great matter. Once more the voice of awakened nations; starting confusedly, as out of nightmare, as out of death-sleep, into some dim feeling that Life was real; that God's world was not an expediency and diplomacy! Infernal;—yes, since they would not have it otherwise. Infernal, since not celestial or terrestrial! Hollowness, insincerity has to cease; sincerity of some sort has to begin. Cost what it may, reigns of terror, horrors of French Revolution, or what else, we have to return to truth. Here is a truth, as I said: a truth clad in hell-fire, since they would not but have it so!

A common theory among considerable parties of men in England and elsewhere used to be, that the French nation had in those days, as it were, gone mad; that the French Revolution was a general act of insanity, a temporary conversion of France and large sections of the world into a kind of bedlam. The event had risen and raged; but was a madness and non-entity—gone now happily into the regions of dreams and the picturesque! To such comfortable philosophers, the Three Days of July, 1830, must have been a surprising phenomenon. Here is the French nation risen again, in musketry and death-struggle, out shooting and being shot, to make that same mad French Revolution good! The sons and grandsons of those men, it would seem, persist in the enterprise: they do not disown it; they will have it made good; will have themselves shot, if it be not made good! To philosophers who had made up their life-system on that madness-quietus, no phenomenon could be more alarming. Poor Niebuhr, they say, the Prussian professor and historian, fell broken-hearted in consequence; sickened, if we can believe it, and died of the Three Days! It was surely not a very heroic death; little better than Racine's, dying because Louis Fourteenth looked sternly on him once. The world had stood some considerable shocks in its time; might have been expected to survive the Three Days, too, and be found turning on its axis after even them! The Three Days told all mortals that the old French Revolution, mad as it might look, was not a transitory ebullition of bedlam, but a genuine product of this earth where we all live; that it was verily a fact, and the world in general would do well every where to regard it as such.

Truly, without the French Revolution, one would

not know what to make of an age like this at all. We will hail the French Revolution as shipwrecked mariners might the sternest rock, in a world otherwise all of baseless sea and waves. A true Apocalypse, though a terrible one, to this false withered artificial time; testifying once more that Nature is preternatural, if not divine, then diabolic; that semblance is not reality; that it has to become reality, or the world will take fire under it—burn it into what it is, namely nothing! Plausibility has ended; empty routine has ended; much has ended. This, as with a Trump of Doom, has been proclaimed to all men. They are the wisest who will learn it soonest. Long confused generations before it be learned; peace impossible till it be! The earnest man, surrounded, as ever, with a world of inconsistencies, can await patiently, patiently strive to do his work, in the midst of that. Sentence of Death is written down in heaven against all that; sentence of Death is now proclaimed on the earth against it: this he with his eyes may see. And surely, I should say, considering the other side of the matter, what enormous difficulties lie there, and how fast, fearfully fast, in all countries, the inexorable demand for solution of them is pressing on—he may easily find other work to do than labouring in the Sansculottic province at this time of day!

To me, in these circumstances, that of "Hero-worship" becomes a fact inexpressibly precious; the most solacing fact one sees in the world at present. There is an everlasting hope in it for the management of the world. Had all traditions, arrangements, creeds, societies that men ever instituted, sunk away, this would remain. The certainty of Heroes being sent us; our faculty, our necessity, to reverence Heroes when sent: it shines like a pole-star through smoke-clouds, dust-clouds, and all manner of down-rushing and conflagration.

Hero-worship would have sounded very strange to those workers and fighters in the French Revolution. Not reverence for Great Men; not any hope, or belief, or even wish, that Great Men could again appear in the world! Nature, turned into a "machine," was as if effete now; could not any longer produce Great Men:—I can tell her, she may give up the trade altogether, then; we cannot do without Great Men! But neither have I any quarrel with that of "Liberty and Equality;" with the faith that, wise great men being impossible, a level immensity of foolish small men would suffice. It was a natural faith then and there. "Liberty and Equality; no authority needed any longer. Hero-worship, reverence for such authorities, has proved false, is itself a falsehood; no more of it! We have had such forgeries, we will now trust nothing. So many base plated coins passing in the market, the belief has now become common that no gold any longer exists, and even that we can do very well without gold!" I find this, among other things, in that universal cry Liberty and Equality; and find it very natural, as matters then stood.

And yet surely it is but the transition from false to true. Considered as the whole truth, it is false altogether; the product of entire sceptical blindness, as yet only struggling to see. Hero-worship exists for ever and every where: not Loyalty alone; it extends from divine adoration down to the lowest practical regions of life. "Bending before men," if it is not to be a mere empty grimace, better dispensed with than practised, is Hero-worship; a recognition that there does dwell in that presence of our brother something divine; that every created man, as Novalis said, is a "revelation in the flesh." They were poets, too, that devised all those graceful courtesies which make life noble! Courtesy is not a falsehood or grimace; it need not be such. And Loyalty, religious Worship itself, are still possible; nay, still inevitable.

(To be continued.)

Kings.—Of all kind of men, God is the least beholding unto them; for he doeth most for them, and they do ordinarily least for him.—*Bacon.*

Read before the Society of Arts, by Charles H. Wilson Esq. Architect, Edinburgh.

(Continued from No. 20.)

I shall now notice the mosaic work of Florence, before touching on cameo cutting. It differs entirely from Roman mosaic, being composed of stones inserted in comparatively large masses; it is called work in *pietra dura*. The stones used are all more or less of a rare and precious nature. In old specimens the most beautiful works are those in which the designs are of an arabesque character. The most remarkable specimen of this description of *pietra dura*, is an octagonal table in the *Gabinetto di Barocci*, in the Florence Gallery. It is valued at £30,000 sterling, and was commenced in 1623 by Jacopo Datelli, from designs by Ligozzi: twenty-two artists worked upon it without interruption till it was terminated in the year 1649. Attempts at landscapes and the imitation of natural objects were usually failures in former times—mere works of labour, which did not attain their object; but of late, works have been produced in this art in which are represented groups of flowers and fruit, vases, musical instruments, and other compatible objects, with a truth and beauty which excite the utmost admiration and surprise. These pictures in stone are however enormously expensive, and can only be seen in the palaces of the great. Two tables in the Palazzo Pitti are valued at £7000, and this price is by no means excessive. These are of modern design, on a ground of porphyry, and ten men were employed for four years on one of them, and a spot is pointed out, not more than three inches square, on which a man had worked for ten months. But Florentine mosaic, like that of Rome, is not merely used for cabinet tables or other ornamental articles; the walls of the spacious chapel which is used as the burial place of the reigning family at Florence are lined with *pietra dura*, realising the gem-incrusted halls of the Arabian tales. Roman mosaic, as we have seen, is of great value as an ally to art; but Florentine mosaic can have no such pretensions, and time and money might be better bestowed. The effect is far from pleasing in the chapel I have alluded to, and I think that the art might be advantageously confined to the production of small ornaments, for which it is eminently adapted.

An imitation of the *pietra dura* is now made to a great extent in Derbyshire, where the Duke of Devonshire's black marble, said to be quite equal to the famous Nero Antico, is inlaid with malachite, Derbyshire spars, and other stones; but the inlaying is only by veneers, and not done in the solid as at Florence. This, with the softness of the materials, makes the Derbyshire work much cheaper, and yet, for a table, 20 to 24 inches in diameter, thirty guineas is asked. Were a little more taste in design and skill in execution shown, the Derbyshire work might deserve to be more valued, as the materials, especially the black marble, are beautiful.

I shall now return to cameo cutting. This art is also of great antiquity, and is pursued with most success in Rome, where there are several very eminent artists now living. Cameos are of two descriptions—those cut in stone, or *pietra dura*, and those cut in shell. Of the first, the value depends on the stone as well as on the excellence of the work. The stones most prized now are the oriental onyx and the sardonyx: the former black and white, in parallel layers; the latter cornelian, brown and white; and when stones of four or five layers of distinct shades or colours can be procured, the value is proportionably raised, provided always that the layers be so thin as to be manageable in cutting the cameo so as to make the various parts harmonise. For example, in a head of Minerva, if well wrought out of a stone of four shades, the ground should be dark gray, the face light, the bust and helmet black, and the crest over the helmet brownish or gray. Next to such varieties of shades and layers, those stones are valuable in which two layers occur of black and white of regular breadth. Except on such oriental stones, no good artist will now bestow his time; but, till the beginning of this century, less attention was bestowed

ed on materials, so that beautiful middle age and modern cameos may be found on German agates, whose colours are generally only two shades of gray, or a cream and a milk-white, and these not unfrequently cloudy. The best artist in Rome in *pietra dura* is the Signor Girometti, who has executed eight cameos of various sizes, from 1½ to 3½ inches in diameter, on picked stones of several layers, the subjects being from the antique. These form a set of specimens, for which he asks £3000 sterling. A single cameo of good brooch size, and of two colours, costs £22. Portraits in stone, by those excellent artists Diez and Saulini, may be had for £10. These cameos are all wrought by a lathe with pointed instruments of steel, and by means of diamond rust.

Shell cameos are cut from large shells found on the African and Brazilian coasts, and generally show only two layers, the ground being either a pale coffee colour, or a deep reddish orange: the latter is most prized. The subject is cut with little steel chisels out of the white portion of the shell. A fine shell is worth a guinea in Rome. Copies from the antique, original designs, and portraits, are executed in the most exquisite style of finish, and perfect in contour and taste, and it may be said that the Roman artists have attained perfection in this beautiful art. Good shell cameos may be had at from £1 to 5£ for heads, £3 to £4 for the finest large brooches, a comb costs £10, and a complete set, of necklace, earrings and brooch, cost £21. A portrait can be executed for £4 or £5, according to the workmanship.

(To be continued.)

THE PACKET PRESIDENT.

The figure-head of the President steamship was a full length likeness of General Washington. The following passages from the life of Columbus, were hung in fine painting (in imitation of ancient tapestry) upon the walls.

No. 1. A. D. 1470.—Columbus selling maps and charts at Lisbon for the support of his family and aged father at Genoa.

No. 2. A. D. 1470.—Columbus contemplating his enterprise, is kindled into enthusiasm by considering himself to be the person alluded to in Holy Writ who is to carry the Gospel into new lands.

No. 3. A. D. 1484.—Columbus begging bread and water for his child at the Franciscan Convent of St. Rabida; Juan Perez Marcheza passing by, is much struck by his appearance.

No. 4. A. D. 1484.—The conference at La Rabida, at which Juan Perez Marcheza and the Physician Garcia Fernandez are struck by the grandeur of his views.

No. 5. A. D. 1492.—On Friday, 3d August, 1492, Columbus set sail as admiral of the seas and the land he expected to discover. On the 11th October, Columbus stood on the stem of his vessel, when he espied land at 2 o'clock in the morning. The foremost then fired a signal.

No. 6. A. D. 1492.—Columbus landed and gave thanks to heaven for the success of his enterprise. At dawn on the 12th October, he landed in the New World at Guanahani or St. Salvador, one of the Bahama Islands, when the most mutinous and rebellious of his crew thronged around him and embraced his feet. The naked and painted natives regarded the white men as visitors from the skies.

No. 7. A. D. 1492.—Columbus entering Barcelona in triumph. In his journey through Spain he received princely honours all the way to Barcelona, where the court then was. Several natives returned with him.

No. 8. A. D. 1493.—Columbus received at court by Ferdinand and Isabella, who rose as he approached, and raised him as he knelt to kiss their hands.

No. 9. A. D. 1500.—Columbus arrested. Notwithstanding his great successes, his enemies at home persuaded the king to supersede him, and Francis Baradilla was sent to bring him back in chains.

No. 10. A. D. 1500.—Columbus's arrival at Cadiz, a prisoner, chained—which event caused so universal a burst of indignation throughout Spain, as to compel Ferdinand to disclaim all knowledge or share in the disgraceful transaction.

Columbus born 1446, at Genoa; died, aged 51 years, in neglect and poverty.

"Thus ended," says the historian, "a noble and glorious career, inseparably connected with the records of the injustice and ingratitude of kings."

LAUGHTER.

An anonymous writer (1769) classifies the different laughs as follows:—1. The side-mouthed or the decent laugh—2. The gracious laugh, or the smile—3. Laugh of dignity or protection—4. The silly or simple laugh, which must be distinguished from the naturally ingenuous—5. The self-approving laugh, or that of sheer vanity—6. The laugh of coarset, civilised compact, or fashionable usage—7. The laugh of affectation or disdain—8. The laugh of sincerity, openness, and serenity, that in a pleasing manner diffuses itself over the whole countenance—9. The laugh of hypocrisy or dissimulation, or (according to the vulgar phrase) in one's sleeve, which must be distinguished from—10. The laugh of determined or absolute malice—11. The laugh constrained, is that observable when we make an effort to repress an unreasonable impulse—12. The laugh extorted, or mechanical, is brought on by excessive tickling, or by wounds of the diaphragm, or by certain noxious beverages—13. The laugh caused by soreness of the mind, spite, resentfulness, desire of revenge, mixed with a certain pleasure that is in an alliance with pride—And lastly, 14. The laugh inextinguishable, as Homer calls it in Greek, but that in our vulgar phrase, may be expressed by the outrageous or horse-laugh, whose explosive bursts we cannot stop. In 1662 an Italian astrologer published a treatise of about six sheets, wherein he distinguished the different temperaments of mankind by their different modes of laughing. Thus the hi hi hi notifies melancholy people; the he he he the phlegmatic persons; the ho ho ho those of a sanguine disposition.

Power of Machinery.—It is calculated that two hundred human arms with machines now manufacture as much cotton as twenty millions of arms were able to manufacture without machines forty years ago. It is further calculated that the quantity of manufactures of all sorts at present produced by British workmen, with the aid of machines, is so great, that it would require, without that aid, *few hundred millions of workmen!*

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EDITED BY JOHN SANDERSON, ESQ.

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From Bacon's Essays.

OF TRAVEL.

Travel, in the younger sort, is part of education; in the elder, a part of experience. It is a strange thing that, in sea voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries; but in land travel, wherein so much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it; as if chance were fitter to be registered than observation: let diaries, therefore, be brought in use. The things to be seen and observed are the courts of princes, especially when they give audience to ambassadors; the courts of justice, while they sit and hear causes; and so of consistories ecclesiastic; the churches and monasteries, with the monuments that are therein extant; the walls and fortifications of cities and towns; and so the havens and harbours, antiquities and ruins, libraries, colleges, disputations, and lectures, where any are; shipping and navies; houses and gardens of state and pleasure near great cities; armories, arsenals, magazines, exchanges, burses, warehouses, exercises of horsemanship, fencing, training of soldiers, and the like; comedies, such whereunto the better sort of persons do resort; treasures of jewels and robes; cabinets and rarities; and, to conclude, whatsoever is memorable in the places where they go; after all which the tutors or servants ought to make diligent inquiry. As for triumphs, masks, feasts, weddings, funerals, capital executions, and such shows, men need not be put in mind of them: yet they are not to be neglected. If you will have a young man to put his travel in a little room, and in short time to gather much, this you must do: first, as was said, he must have some entrance into the language before he goeth; then he must have such a servant, or tutor, as knoweth the country, as was likewise said: let him carry with him also some card, or book, describing the country where he travelleth, which will be a good key to his inquiry; let him keep also a diary; let him not stay long in one city or town, more or less as the place deserveth, but not long; nay, when he stayeth in one city or town, let him change his lodging from one end and part of the town to another, which is a great adamant of acquaintance; let him sequester himself from the company of his countrymen, and diet in such places where there is good company of the nation where he travelleth: let him, upon his removes from one place to another, procure recommendation to some person of quality residing in the place whither he removeth, that he may use his favour in those things he desireth to see or know: thus he may abridge his travel with much profit. As for the acquaintance which is to be sought

in travel, that which is most of all profitable is acquaintance with the secretaries and employed men of ambassadors: for so, in traveling in one country, he shall suck the experience of many: let him also see and visit eminent persons in all kinds, which are of great name abroad, that he may be able to tell how the life agreeth with the fame. For quarrels, they are with care and discretion to be avoided; they are commonly for mistresses, healths, place, and words; and let a man beware how he keepeth company with cholerick and quarrelsome persons, for they will engage him into their own quarrels. When a traveller returneth home, let him not leave the countries where he hath traveled, altogether behind him; but maintain a correspondence, by letters with those of his acquaintance which are of most worth; and let his travel appear rather in his discourse than in his apparel or gesture; and in his discourse let him be rather advised in his answers than forward to tell stories: and let it appear that he doth not change his country manners for those of foreign parts; but only prick in some flowers of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his own country.

DIARIES—MORAL, HISTORICAL, AND CRITICAL.

We converse with the absent by letters, and with ourselves by diaries; but vanity is more gratified by dedicating its time to the little labours which have a chance of immediate notice and may circulate from hand to hand, than by the honest pages of a volume reserved only for solitary contemplation; or to be a future relic of ourselves, when we shall no more hear of ourselves.

Marcus Antoninus's celebrated work entitled *Τὰς ἑαυτοῦ* *Of the things which concern himself*, would be a good definition of the use and purpose of a diary. Shaftesbury calls a diary "A Faultbook," intended for self-correction; and a Colonel Hardwood in the reign of Charles I. kept a diary, which, in the spirit of the times, he entitled "Slips, Infirmities, and Passages of Providence." Such a diary is a moral instrument, should the writer exercise it on himself and on all around him. Men then wrote folios concerning themselves; and it sometimes happened, as proved by many that I have examined in manuscript, that often writing in retirement they would write when they had nothing to write.

Diaries must be out of date in a lounging age; although I have myself known several who have

continued the practice with pleasure and utility. One of our old writers quaintly observes, that "the ancients used to take the stomach-pill of self-examination every night. Some used little books, or tablets, which they tied at their girdles, in which they kept a memorial of what they did, against their night-reckoning." We know that Titus, the delight of mankind, as he has been called, kept a diary of all his actions, and when at night he found upon examination that he had performed nothing memorable, he would exclaim, "*Amici! diem perdidimus!*" Friends we have lost a day!

Among our own countrymen, in times more favourable for a concentrated mind than in this age of scattered thoughts and of the fragments of genius, the custom long prevailed; and we their posterity, are still reaping the benefit of their lonely hours, and diurnal records. It is always pleasing to recollect the name of Alfred, and we have deeply to regret the loss of a manual which this monarch, so strict a manager of his time, yet found leisure to pursue; it would have interested us more even than his translations, which have come down to us. Alfred carried in his bosom memorandum leaves, in which he made collections from his studies, and took so much pleasure in the frequent examination of this journal, that he called it his *hand-book*, because, says Spelman, day and night he ever had it in hand with him. This manual, as my learned friend, Mr. Turner, in his elaborate and philosophical *Life of Alfred*, has shown by some curious extracts from Malmesbury, was the repository of his own occasional literary reflections. An association of ideas connects two other of our illustrious princes with Alfred.

Prince Henry, (the son of James I.) our English Marcellus, who was wept by all the muses, and mourned by all the brave in Britain, devoted a great portion of his time to literary intercourse; and the finest geniuses of the age addressed their works to him, and wrote several at the prince's suggestion; Dallington, in the preface of his curious "Aphorisms, Civil and Military," has described Prince Henry's domestic life: "Myself," says he, "the unblest of many in that academy, for so was his family, had this *especial employment for his proper use*, which he pleased favourably to entertain, and often to read over."

The diary of Edward VI. written with his own hand, conveys a notion of that precocity of intellect, in that early educated prince, which would not suffer his infirm health to relax in his royal duties. This prince was solemnly struck with the feeling that he was not seated on a throne to be a trifler or a sensualist; and this simplicity of

mind is very remarkable in the entries of his diary; where on one occasion, to remind himself of the causes of his secret proffer of friendship to aid the Emperor of Germany with men against the Turk, and to keep it at present secret from the French court, the young monarch inserts, "this was done on intent to get some friends. The reasonings be in my desk." So zealous was he to have before him a state of public affairs, that often in the middle of the month he recalls to mind passages which he had omitted in the beginning: what was done every day of moment, he retired into his study to set down. Even James II. wrote with his own hand the daily occurrences of his times, his reflections and conjectures; and bequeathed us better materials for history than "perhaps any sovereign prince has left behind him." Adversity had schooled him into reflection, and softened into humanity a spirit of bigotry; and it is something in his favour, that after his abdication he collected his thoughts, and mortified himself by the penance of a diary. Could a Clive or a Cromwell have composed one? Neither of these men could suffer solitude and darkness; they started at their casual recollections!—what would they have done had memory marshalled their crimes, and arranged them in the terrors of chronology?

When the national character retained more originality and individuality than our monotonous habits now admit, our later ancestors displayed a love of application, which was a source of happiness, quite lost to us. 'Till the middle of the last century, they were as great economists of their time as of their estates; and life with them was not one hurried, yet tedious festival. Living more within themselves, more separated, they were therefore more original in their prejudices, their principles, and in the constitution of their minds. They resided more on their estates, and the metropolis was usually resigned to the men of trade in their Royal Exchange, and the preferment hunters among the back-stairs at Whitehall. Lord Clarendon tells us in his "Life," that his grandfather in James the First's time had never been in London after the death of Elizabeth, though he lived thirty years afterwards; and his wife, to whom he had been married forty years, had never once visited the metropolis. On this fact he makes a curious observation; "The wisdom and frugality of that time being such, that few gentlemen made journeys to London, or any other expensive journey, but upon important business, and their wives never; by which providence they enjoyed and improved their estates in the country, and kept good hospitality in their house, brought up their children well, and were beloved by their neighbours." This will appear a very coarse homespun happiness, and these must seem very gross virtues to our artificial feelings; yet this assuredly created a national character; made a patriot of every country gentleman; and, finally, produced in the civil wars some of the most sublime and original characters that ever acted a great part on the theatre of human life.

This was the age of diaries! The head of almost every family formed one. Ridiculous people may have written ridiculous diaries, as Elias Ashmole's; but many of our greatest characters in public life have left such monuments of their diurnal labours.

These diaries were a substitute to every thinking man for our newspapers, magazines, and annual registers; but those who imagine that these are a substitute for the scenical and dramatic life of the diary of a man of genius, like Swift who

wrote one, or even of a sensible observer, who lived amidst the scenes he describes, only show that they are better acquainted with the mere ephemeral and equivocal labours.—*D'Israeli.*

(To be continued.)

From Carlyle's Lectures.

THE HERO AS KING.

CROMWELL, NAPOLEON, MODERN REVOLUTIONISM.

(Continued from No. 22.)

May we not say, moreover, while so many of our late Heroes have worked rather as revolutionary men, that nevertheless every Great Man, every genuine man, is by the nature of him a son of Order, not of Disorder? It is a tragical position for a true man to work in revolutions. He seems an anarchist; and, indeed, a painful element of anarchy does encumber him at every step—him to whose whole soul anarchy is hostile, hateful. His mission is Order; every man's is. He is here to make what was disorderly, chaotic, into a thing ruled, regular. He is the missionary of Order. Is not all work of man in this world a *making of Order*? The carpenter finds rough trees; shapes them, constrains them into square fitness, into purpose and use. We are all born enemies of Disorder: it is tragical for us all to be concerned in image-breaking and down-pulling; for the Great Man, *more a man than we*, it is doubly tragical.

Thus, too, all human things, maddest French Sansculottism, do and must work towards order. I say, there is not a man in them, raging in the thickest of the madness, but is impelled withal, at all moments, towards Order. His very life means that; Disorder is dissolution, death. No chaos but it seeks a centre to revolve round. While man is man, some Cromwell or Napoleon is the necessary finish of a Sansculottism. Curious: in those days when Hero-worship was the most incredible thing to every one, how it does come out nevertheless, and assert itself practically, in a way which all have to credit. Divine right, take it on the great scale, is found to mean divine might withal! While old false Formulas are getting trampled every where into destruction, new genuine Substances unexpectedly unfold themselves indestructibly. In rebellious ages, when Kingship itself seems dead and abolished, Cromwell, Napoleon step forth again as Kings. The history of these men is what we have now to look at, as our last phases of Heroism. The old ages are brought back to us; the manner in which Kings were made, and Kingship itself first took rise, is again exhibited in the history of these two.

We have had many civil wars in England; wars of Red and White Roses, wars of Simon de Montfort: wars enough, which are not very memorable. But that war of the Puritans has a significance which belongs to no one of the others. Trusting to your candour, which will suggest on the other side what I have not room to say, I will call it a section once more of that great universal war which alone makes up the true History of the World—the war of Belief against Unbelief! The struggle of men intent on the real essence of things, against men intent on the semblances and forms of things. The Puritans, to many, seem mere savage Iconoclasts, fierce destroyers of Forms; but it were more just to call them haters of untrue Forms. I hope we know how to respect Laud and his King as well as them. Poor Laud seems to me to have been weak and ill-starred, not dishonest; an unfortunate pedant rather than any thing worse. His "Dreams" and superstitions, at which they laughed so, have an affectionate, loveable kind of character. He is like a College-Tutor, whose whole world is forms, College-rules; whose notion is that these are the life and safety of the world. He is placed suddenly, with that unalterable luckless notion of his, at the head not of a College but of a Nation, to regulate the most complex, deep-reaching interests of men. He thinks they ought to go by the old decent regulations; nay, that their sal-

vation would lie in extending and improving these. Like a weak man, he drives with spasmodic vehemence towards his purpose; cramps himself to it, heeding no voice of prudence, no cry of pity. He will have his College-rules obeyed by his Collegians: that first; and till that, nothing. He is an ill-starred pedant, as I said. He would have it the world was a College of that kind, and the world was not that. Alas! was not his doom stern enough? Whatever wrongs he did, were they not all fully avenged on him?

It is meritorious to insist on forms; Religion and all else naturally clothes itself in forms. Every where the *formed* world is the only habitable one. The naked formlessness of Puritanism is not the thing I praise in the Puritans, it is the thing I pity—praising only the spirit which had rendered that inevitable! All substances clothe themselves in forms: but there are suitable true forms, and there are untrue unsuitable. As the briefest definition, one might say, Forms which *grow* round a substance, if we rightly understand that, will correspond to the real nature and purport of it, will be true, good; forms which are consciously *put* round a substance, bad. I invite you to reflect on this. It distinguishes true from false in Ceremonial Form, earnest solemnity from empty pageant, in all human things.

There must be a veracity, a natural spontaneity in forms. In the commonest meeting of men, a person making what we call "set speeches," is not he an offence? In the mere drawing-room, whatever courtesies you see to be grimaces, prompted by a spontaneous reality within, are a thing you wish to get away from. But suppose, now, it were *some* matter of vital concernment, some transcendent matter (as Divine worship is,) about which your whole soul, struck dumb with its excess of feeling, knew not how to *form* itself into utterance at all, and preferred formless silence to any utterance there possible—what should we say of a man coming forward to represent or utter it for you in the way of upholsterer-mummery? Such a man—let him depart swiftly, if he love himself! You have lost your only son; are mute, struck down, without even tears: an importunate man importunately offers to celebrate Funeral Games for him in the manner of the Greeks! Such mummery is not only not to be accepted; it is hateful, unendurable. It is what the old prophets called "idolatry," worshiping of hollow shows; what all earnest men do and will reject. We can partly understand what those poor Puritans meant. Laud dedicated that St. Catherine Creech Church in the manner we have it described; with his multiplied ceremonial bowings, gesticulations, exclamations: surely it is rather the rigorous formal Pedant, intent on his "College-rules," than the earnest Prophet, intent on the essence of the matter.

Puritanism found *such* forms insupportable; trampled on such forms;—we have to excuse it for that. No form at all rather than such! It stood preaching in its bare pulpit, with nothing but the Bible in its hand. Nay, a man preaching from his earnest soul into the earnest souls of men: is not this virtually the essence of all churches whatsoever? The nakedest, savagest reality, I say, is preferable to any semblance, however dignified. Besides, it will clothe itself with *due* semblance by and by, it be real. No fear of that; actually no fear at all. Given the living man, there will be found clothes to him; he will find himself clothes. But the suit of clothes pretending that it is both clothes and man—We cannot "fight the French" by three hundred thousand red uniforms; there must be men in the side of them! Semblance, I assert, must actually divorce itself from reality. If semblance be why then there must be men found to rebel against semblance, for it has become a lie! These two antagonisms of war here, in the case of Laud and the Puritans, are as old nearly as the world. The went to fierce battle over England in that age; as fought out their confused controversy to a certain length, with many results for all of us.

In the age which directly followed that of the Puritans, their cause or themselves were little likely to have justice done them. Charles Second and the Rochesters were not the kind of men you would

and the use of books, and an occasional visit from a religious instructor, leaves the moral faculties still in a passive state, and without the means of rigorous active exertion. According to my view of the laws of physiology, this discipline reduces the tone of the *whole* nervous system to the level which is in harmony with solitude. The passions are weakened and subdued, but so are all the moral and intellectual powers. The susceptibility of the nervous system is increased, because organs become susceptible of impressions in proportion to their feebleness. A weak eye is pained by a degree of light which is agreeable to a sound one. Hence, it may be quite true, that religious admonitions will be more deeply felt by prisoners living in solitude, than by those enjoying society; just as such instruction, when addressed to a patient recovering from a severe and debilitating illness, makes a more vivid impression than when delivered to the same individual in health; but the appearances of reformation founded on such impressions are deceitful. When the sentence is expired, the convict will return to society, with all his mental powers, animal, moral, and intellectual, increased in *susceptibility*, but *lowered in strength*. The excitements that will then assail him, will have their influence doubled, by operating on an enfeebled system. If he meet old associates and return to drinking and profanity, the animal propensities will be fearfully excited by the force of these stimulants, while his enfeebled moral and intellectual powers will scarcely be capable of offering any resistance. If he be placed amidst virtuous men, his higher faculties will feel acutely, but be still feeble in executing their own resolves. Convicts, after long confinement in solitude, shudder to encounter the turmoil of the world; they become excited as the day of liberation approaches, and feel bewildered when set at liberty. In short, this system is not founded on, nor in harmony with, a sound knowledge of the physiology of the brain, although it appeared to me to be well administered.

These views are supported by the "Report of Doctor James B. Coleman, physician to the New Jersey state prison (in which solitary confinement with labour is enforced), addressed to the board of inspectors, November 1839." The report states that, "among the prisoners there are many who exhibit a child-like simplicity, which shows them to be less acute than when they entered. In all who have been more than a year in prison, some of these effects have been observed. Continue the confinement for a longer time, and give them no other exercise of the mental faculties than this kind of imprisonment affords, and the most accomplished rogue will lose his capacity for depredating with success upon the community. The same influence that injures the other organs will soften the brain. Withhold its proper exercise, and as surely as the bandaged limb loses its power, will the prisoner's faculties be weakened by solitary confinement." He sums up the effect of the treatment in these words: "While it subdues the evil passions, almost paralyzing them for want of exercise, it leaves the individual, if still a rogue, one who may be easily detected;" in other words, in reducing the energy of the organs of the propensities, it lowers also that of the organs of the moral and intellectual faculties, or causes the convict to approach more or less towards general idiocy." Dr. Coleman does not inform us whether the brain will not recover its vigour after liberation, and thus leave the offender as

great a rogue after the close, as he was at the beginning of his confinement.

The Auburn system of social labour is better, in my opinion, than that of Pennsylvania, in so far as it allows of a little more stimulus to the social faculties, and does not weaken the nervous system to so great an extent; but it has no superiority in regard to providing efficient means for invigorating and training the moral and intellectual faculties. The Pennsylvania system preserves the convict from contamination by evil communications with his fellow-prisoners, and prevents his associates from knowing the fact of his being in prison. These are advantages that go so far to compensate the evils of solitude, but do not remove them.

In maintaining that some men are moral patients who should be restrained, but not otherwise punished, I have often been met by the objection, that this doctrine destroys human responsibility. My answer has been, first, that phrenologists, in urging this view, desire only to extend the class of idiots and the insane, who are by universal consent absolved from responsibility; and, secondly, that men in general, while they reject as dangerous and untrue the proposition in the abstract, adopt it practically, and are unwittingly guilty of the most flagrant inconsistency and pernicious injustice.

I have asked these objectors, if they would receive into their families, as domestic servants, or into their employment in stores, convicts who had served out their time in state prisons, supposing them qualified by knowledge for the duties of these stations; and most of them have answered that they would not. On being asked why they would decline, they have generally replied that they had not sufficient confidence in their reformation. There is obviously great inconsistency in such conduct. If they believe that every individual has power to reform himself, and that the prison is wisely framed to effect this reform, it is cruel to assume that the individual in question is not reformed, and to exclude him from social comfort and honour on this assumption. The truth is, they act on the principle that some criminals are incorrigible, and that this may be one of the number: and therefore decline placing trust in any. Yet they blame us for teaching the same doctrine, and desiring to found on it a better practice.

It is satisfactory to find that these views are supported by the experience of the inspectors and warden of the eastern penitentiary. They not only express a desire that the incorrigibles should be treated as patients, but strongly urge the necessity of an asylum for discharged convicts intermediate between the prison and common society. In their report for 1838, the inspectors remark, that "the situation and sufferings of discharged convicts have excited our attention and sympathy. We feel that we shall be excused in presenting the subject to the consideration of the legislature and our fellow citizens generally. The small sum of money (\$5) allowed to a convict on his discharge is often expended whilst he is seeking for employment. But when that is gone, and no employment can be had, what hope is there that he will be able to struggle against poverty and maintain his virtue? This class of men, as well as a large portion of the labouring poor, need advice and assistance to help them along the rugged pathway of life." The warden, in his report for the same year, says, "The unwillingness manifested by most employers to take persons released from prison into their work-shops, makes

it difficult for convicts to obtain good situations at any period of the year, but during the winter especially. Out-door work is scarce, and those discharged at this season often find themselves in so very destitute a situation, that we need not be surprised if they should sometimes be tempted to steal rather than starve. I believe much benefit would result from the courts either extending or diminishing in a slight degree the confinement, so as to make it terminate in either the spring, summer, or autumn."

The necessity for an asylum for convicts intermediate between the prison and society, while the present system of treatment is pursued, is obvious. Before a convict can be fitted to re-enter the social circles of his country with a fair prospect of continuing in the paths of virtue, the discipline which he has undergone must have invigorated and enlightened his moral and intellectual powers to such an extent, that he, when liberated, shall be able to restrain his own propensities, amidst the usual temptations presented by the social condition.

There is only one way of strengthening faculties, and that is by exercising them; and all the American prisoners which I have seen are lamentably deficient in arrangements for exercising the moral and intellectual faculties of their inmates. During the hours of labour, no advance can be made, beyond learning a trade. This is a valuable addition to a convict's means of reformation; but it is not all-sufficient. After the hours of labour, he is locked up in solitude; and I doubt much if he can read, for want of light; but assuming that he can—reading is a very imperfect means of strengthening the moral powers. They must be exercised, trained, and habituated to action. My humble opinion is, that in prisons there should be a teacher of high moral and intellectual power, for every eight or ten convicts; that, after the close of labour, these instructors should commence a system of vigorous culture of the superior faculties of the prisoners, excite their moral and religious feelings, and instruct their understandings. In proportion as the prisoners give proofs of moral and intellectual advancement, they should be indulged with the liberty of social converse and action, for a certain time on each week day, and on Sundays, in presence of the teachers; and in these *conversazioni*, or evening parties, they should be trained to the use of their higher powers, and habituated to restrain their propensities. Every indication of over active propensity should be visited by a restriction of liberty and enjoyment; while these advantages, and also respectful treatment, and moral consideration, should be increased in exact proportion to the advancement of the convicts in morality and understanding. By such means, if by any, the convicts would be prepared to enter society with their higher faculties so trained and invigorated, as to give them a chance of resisting temptation, and continuing in the paths of virtue.

In no country has the idea yet been carried into effect, that in order to produce moral fruits, it is necessary to put into action moral influences, great and powerful in proportion to the *barrenness* of the soil from which they are expected to spring.

The convicts whom I saw in this prison presented the usual deficiencies in the organs of the moral sentiments in relation to those of the animal propensities which distinguish criminals in general. One man, in whom the superior organs were very deficient, and Acquisitiveness, Secretiveness, and Destructiveness very large, with a

good intellectual development, said, in answer to a question from me, that it would depend on circumstances whether he would steal again after he was liberated.

Jan. 26. Ther. 26°. *Asylum for the Blind.*—We visited this asylum, and found it a large, commodious, well arranged institution, which receives an appropriation from the state. Dr. Friedlander, the superintendent, who is greatly esteemed, is at present in the south, on account of bad health. The pupils labour only three hours a day, in brush, basket, mat, and shoe making, needlework and knitting. They are taught the ordinary branches of school education. Their books, in raised characters, are printed in the establishment, and they use the common Roman capital type. I mentioned Dr. Howe's remarks on the facility with which the blind learn to read letters of a variety of forms, and the advantage of each institution printing separate books and interchanging; but I was told that the pupils here find a difficulty in reading any letters except those to which they have become accustomed. This seems to me to be an error founded on an assumption that such will be the case, rather than an experience that it is so. Farther, Dr. Howe's pupils increase the extent and variety of the exercise which they are enabled to take, by climbing up poles, jumping over beams, and performing other athletic feats. Here it is believed to be dangerous to the blind to do such acts, and the pupils always keep on the ground. It appears to me that Dr. Howe has a bold, active, enterprising mind, and that to a certain extent he impresses his own character on the minds of his pupils. He enlarges the practical boundaries of their capacities by encouraging them to believe in the greatness of their natural extent.

Jan. 26. Ther. 52°. *The Weather.*—Yesterday with evening the wind changed to the southeast, and, a high temperature, it rained in torrents all night, and all this day till 4 P. M., when the wind suddenly veered round to the northwest, and blew a gale.

Dr. Benjamin Rush.—We met in society this evening Dr. Joseph Parrish, a distinguished and most amiable Quaker physician. He is attending my lectures, and informed me that forty years ago he was a pupil of Dr. Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia, and recognised in phrenology the more complete development of many ideas which Dr. Rush had entertained. The same remark had occurred to myself on reading Dr. Rush's "Inquiry into the Influence of Physical Causes on the Moral Faculty," read by him before the American Philosophical Society on the 27th of February, 1786. That "oration," as it is called in the original, displays great powers of observation, and sagacity in deducing inferences, and approaches more nearly to Dr. Gall's discovery than any other work which I have seen.

The Quakers.—Philadelphia was founded by William Penn, who was at once a man of family, and a Quaker; a fortunate combination for the infant city. In the choice of the situation, the plan of the city, the names of the streets, and in many of his regulations, there are proofs of his cultivated taste; while the uprightness and simplicity of the Quaker principles, which he and his followers established, strongly and favourably influence society here even in the present day. About eleven years ago, a large section of the Quakers of Pennsylvania became Unitarians, under the influence of Elias Hicks. Some of these, while they have preserved their connection with the sect, have abandoned the costume;

while others have left the Society of Friends entirely. The original Quakers, who have not changed their opinions, are called "the orthodox" friends. In Pennsylvania, the Hicksite Quakers amount to about 15,000 and the orthodox to about 8000. In the United States, the total number of Hicksite Quakers is about 30,000, and of the orthodox 100,000. Of these latter, one half are residents of the states of Indiana and Illinois.

A man who has produced so great a revolution in the religious tenets of a powerful sect, is an interesting object of observation. A friend kindly presented me with a small engraved portrait of him, which indicates a large development of the moral and intellectual organs; large Firmness, and a high bilious and nervous temperament, the combination usually found in energetic reformers. The base of the brain also seems to have been well developed, but it is more difficult to judge of its size in a picture. The following "Remarks on the character of the late Elias Hicks," were extracted, by the same friend, from several biographical sketches of him:—

"Elias Hicks was born in Long Island in 1748, and died in 1830. When about twenty years of age he embraced the principles of the Society of Friends, in due time became a minister, and for more than fifty years he laboured with unwearied diligence for the instruction and benefit of his fellow-men. He traveled through almost every state in the union, as well as into Canada several times; scrupulously avoiding any gratuity or reward for his multiplied and protracted labours. The testimonies which his Society held before the world, he bore patiently and fearlessly, urging them on the consciences of his hearers, in a manner which did not permit them to be indifferent, and with a zeal which demanded and secured the attention of those whom he addressed. Large numbers listened and crowded around him to hear the joyful tidings which he had to bear. He was at all times the friend of freedom of conscience, thought, and action, and the able and unceasing advocate of human rights. The African and Indian were never forgotten by him, but were embraced within the circle of his benevolence. He was in early life deeply impressed with the injustice and cruelty of keeping slaves, and was among the first who brought the subject frequently and forcibly before the members of his religious society. It was some time before his friends could unite with him, but where principle was involved, his perseverance was unabating, and his resolution immovable.

"He was a man, in the language of Scripture, 'instant in season and out of season' to do good to his fellow-beings. He was truly a peacemaker; in all his relations in life kind and affectionate; and his manners were peculiarly distinguished by a patriarchal simplicity, and unaffected goodness. Hence it was not unfrequently the case, that persons who, from false reports, had contracted strong prejudices against him, have been completely disarmed by a short interview.

"The strong and abiding sense of justice and equality which marked his intercourse with his fellow-men, was exemplified in relation to a circumstance which took place when he was absent from home. A person to whom he had lent money to assist him in business, had been unsuccessful, and in closing his concerns he secured to Elias Hicks a sufficient amount of his property to indemnify him for the sum lent. On his return he called together the creditors, stated to

them his unwillingness to retain the amount wholly to himself, and gave directions that it should be divided among them all, in proportion to the sums respectively due to each person. It was upon these principles that he regulated his conduct throughout his long and valuable life. His kind and benevolent feelings carried him out towards every species of human suffering, and led him to be kind and liberal in supplying the necessities of the poor. He laboured diligently with his own hands, believing it to be the duty of all to be usefully employed in obtaining the necessaries of life.

"In declaring what he believed to be the counsel of God, he was bold and fearless. Possessing an acute and argumentative mind, he assailed the strong-holds of superstition and bigotry with great boldness, which alarmed the timid, and aroused the prejudices of many. Yet to the candid inquirer, and sincere seeker after truth, he breathed the language of encouragement, of consolation, and of comfort. His great and primary concern was, to draw the minds of the people to practical righteousness—from all outward dependence, to the sure foundation, the Rock of Ages, the spirit of truth—'Christ within, the hope of glory.' He was an example of Christian humility, and eminently preserved from being elated by the applause of men, or depressed by their censure. He impressed upon the minds of the young the importance and necessity of early attention to the inward discoveries of divine light, cautioning them not to rest in the tradition of their fathers, nor to depend upon the teachings of men for that knowledge which brings life and immortality to life in the soul.

"In times of great trial during the division and separation in the Society of which he was a member, he experienced the truth of the declaration, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in thee.'"

The Inward Light.—It is a fundamental doctrine with the Society of Friends, that every man has received an inward light sufficient to guide him in the discharge of his duty, if he consult it in a right spirit. My Quaker friends discussed the bearing of Phrenology on this doctrine with great acuteness and candour. I hazarded the explanation, that the inward light which they spoke of, if it be regarded as natural, probably consisted of the spontaneous dictates of the moral sentiments, which condemn all abuses of the propensities; that apparently George Fox, the founder of their sect, had enjoyed a large development of the organ of these sentiments, particularly of Conscientiousness and Benevolence, and that, judging from his own feelings, and assuming all men to be constituted like himself, he had interpreted certain passages of Scripture in accordance with his individual experience, and thus arrived at the doctrine of the sufficiency of the inward light as universal, while Phrenology showed that it was limited to men possessing the best constituted brains. This view was new to the Friends; but they told me that it seemed to throw some light on several anomalies which had long remained inexplicable. Some of their body had such a clear and forcible consciousness of the existence of the inward light, that they could not conceive how any person of a sane mind, whether of their society or not, could doubt its existence; while others of their own sect, and numerous individuals who did not belong to them, either doubted the reality of the perception of that light, or regarded it as altogether a phan-

tom of imagination. Phrenology leads us to infer, that the believers in the light probably possess large, and the unbelievers small, organs of the moral sentiments, and that hence they really differ in their inward experience, and err in assuming their own consciousness as a standard of universal human nature. I expressed the opinion, that individuals who are very deficient in the moral organs, do not possess the inward light sufficiently clear and strong to serve as a guide to their conduct, and that hence arose the need of specific precepts, such as are contained in the Scriptures, commending certain acts, and prohibiting others; and that Phrenology will one day prove useful to all sects in leading them to correct their doctrines, and to bring them into harmony with universal human nature, instead of limiting them to cases of particularly constituted minds.

Catholicism in the United States.—We attended divine service to-day in the Roman Catholic church (St. John's) in Thirteenth street, and found a large and genteel looking congregation, with all the usual ceremonies of catholicism. We were told that the Catholics here are chiefly foreigners, who bring their religion with them; and that they are an inoffensive sect in the United States. The free institutions of the country modify the spirit of their religion, and they are good citizens and estimable neighbours. I mentioned to a Protestant gentleman, whom I afterwards met in society, the great difficulty which I experienced in attaching any meaning to the ringing of bells, burning of candles, and other ceremonies of the Catholic worship, and he told me that his impressions were very different. His father (a protestant) had sent him, when a boy, to a Roman Catholic monastery in Canada for the sake of giving him a thorough education in the French language; the priests initiated him into the meaning of their ceremonies, and employed him as one of the bell-ringing and train-bearing boys, who serve at the altar; and so profound an impression of the sanctity and solemnity of the worship had been made on his mind, that he could not, to the present day, enter a Roman Catholic chapel without vivid emotions of veneration, with which his judgment did not harmonise, for he had not been converted to their faith. From this, we may infer that to Catholics these ceremonies are by no means unmeaning mummeries, as we Protestants are too prone to imagine them to be.

Legislature of Pennsylvania.—Every one acquainted with the machinery of the British parliament knows that for many years nothing could exceed the profligate dereliction of all principle which characterised the action of the committees of the house of commons on private bills. The majority of the members of these committees often disposed of the most momentous interests of their constituents without hearing a word of the evidence on which their decisions were supposed to be founded. Their votes, governed by motives of private interest, or of political favour or hostility, were secured by solicitation and influence; and, in short, they were moved by every consideration except those of utility and justice. Even in the present day, when some of these more flagrant abuses have been extinguished, the individual whose rights and interests are in dependence before a parliamentary committee, finds himself degraded into a petitioner for favour, instead of a solicitor for justice. He is still under the necessity of plying the members of the committee with every possi-

ble external influence to induce them to attend in their places, that they may hear the evidence, and understand the arguments, which he considers it necessary to present to them, often at a ruinous expense, to enable them to judge of the merits of the measure on which they are bound to report with the impartiality of judges.

I was anxious to learn whether any similar evil exists under the democratic institutions of the United States, in which the elections are frequent, the suffrage nearly universal, and the responsibility of the representatives to the people complete.

A gentleman who has been a member of the Senate of Pennsylvania informed me, that the same mischievous machinery is at work in their legislature. There is extensive jobbing and treating relative to private bills, or bills for the establishment of public companies. The parties who apply for the bill, or their agents, come to Harrisburg while the legislature is in session, and, under pretence of explaining the subject to the members, flatter them, give them suppers, and open their understandings by means of plentiful libations of wine. Many of the representatives are men from country districts, of little education, and humble fortune, but of unquestionable integrity, who would reject with indignation a money bribe, but who unconsciously fall before personal flatteries and champagne. The technical name for these practices is "lobbying."

In the legislature of New York, some years ago, "lobbying" was reduced to a system. The agents for the various private bills concerted their measures together, and made up lists of all the members of the legislature, specifying those whom they could influence absolutely, those whom they could probably carry, and those (a very small remnant) who were altogether independent; and, after "the order of the day," or list of business before the chambers, was published, they met in a tavern, and took the "yeas and nays" on every bill in which they were interested, either *pro* or *con*. The first bill, for instance, was named; (probably one for a charter to a bank;) the roll of the representatives was then called, and the different agents answered "yea" or "nay" for the members respectively whose votes they could command. When this was finished, the independent members were distributed according to the best estimate which the agents could form of their probable course of action; the balance was then struck, and the announcement regularly made, the "yeas" or the "nays" have it. So complete was this machinery, and so perfect the sagacity with which the opinions of the independent members were guessed at, that the decisions of the chambers became ludicrous echoes of those of the "lobby!" At last a check was given to the practice, but much of it still exists; and it will exist until a higher education of the people shall raise the standard of their moral and intellectual perceptions. As a stream cannot rise higher than its fountain, so, in social life, if the public mind be blind and selfish, the representatives of that mind will never rise into the regions of truth and justice.

It is a common opinion, that if the suffrage for legislators be universal, and elections be frequent, a due regard to their own interests will lead the people to choose wise representatives, and the representatives to adopt just and beneficial measures; but this is an error. Phrenology shows us that self-interest depends on the animal pro-

pensities, and that every one of them is merely a blind impulsive power, which desires its own gratification, but which needs to be illuminated by knowledge, and guided by morality, before it can successfully attain its own objects. The organs of the propensities are generally the largest and most active in the brain; and most of us, therefore, are by nature abundantly selfish; but we are not equally clear-sighted in regard to the best means of promoting our own interests. Indeed self-interest more frequently defeats than accomplishes its own objects, through ignorance of the obstacles that lie in its way, and of the means which nature has appointed as indispensable to its own gratification. Every legislature, therefore, which is founded on the maxim that self-interest will discover the best means of attaining its own ends, and that where all are represented it will necessarily lead to the general good, rests on a bed of sand. In the conflict of selfish desires of equal force, justice may be reached as the only point at which adjustment will be possible, as objects propelled in opposite directions by equal forces fall into diagonal lines, and meet in a central point; but this is a dangerous, circuitous, and uncertain method of attaining to truth. The moral sentiments alone desire universal happiness, and intellect, extensively informed and highly cultivated, is necessary to discover the means of realising their desires. High moral, religious, and intellectual training, therefore, in the people at large, and nothing else, will produce pure and wise legislation. The most consolatory view of the present condition of the people of the United States is, that their institutions give such unlimited play to the selfish principles of their nature, that, by their very blunders and sufferings, (which are neither few nor small,) they will be forced into the discovery of the incapacity of self-interest to find its own way to happiness, and be led, by the very necessity of their circumstances, to call in the aid of morality and knowledge—in other words, to increase and improve the moral, religious, and intellectual cultivation of their rising generations.

Phrenology.—One third at least of my auditors, now exceeding 500 persons, belong to the Society of Friends, including both Orthodox and Hicksites, and they tell me that Friend John Joseph Gurney, who has recently come to the United States on a mission of charity and religion, is warning his friends, and the circle which he influences, against Phrenology, as a dangerous doctrine, and one to be shunned by sound believers. As they have now heard a pretty full exposition of it, they take the liberty to judge for themselves, and I do not find that their fears keep pace with those of Mr. Gurney. In answer to the question, whether Mr. Gurney meant to affirm that it is dangerous to religion to teach the true functions of the brain, or only that Phrenology is false, and therefore dangerous?—my friends replied, that, so far as they could learn, he knew little about the subject, and appeared to condemn it on vague impressions existing in his own mind, rather than on any specific information concerning its merits.

Jan. 29. Therm. 30°. *Mr. Du Ponceau, Baron Hammer, and Captain Basil Hall.*—This day I met Mr. Du Ponceau in society, and he asked me about the accentuation of the Gaelic, which he reads, but has never heard spoken. Unfortunately, I could give him no information on the subject. He came to the United States from France in 1775, and has realised a fortune

in the law. He is highly celebrated as a philologist. He corresponds with Baron Hammer of Vienna, and mentioned that he had translated and published the Baron's Letter in answer to Captain Basil Hall's statements in his work called *Schloss Hainfeld*. The Baron had written to him that he could not induce any periodical in England to publish it. He was much interested when I told him that I had formed an acquaintance with Baron Hammer, now Baron Hammer Purgstall, when I visited Vienna in 1837, and had received from him a copy of the letter in question, printed in "the New York American" of 6th Dec. 1836; and that I had subsequently succeeded in getting it inserted in a London newspaper. This led to an interesting conversation concerning Captain Hall and Schloss Hainfeld, when I mentioned to him that Baron Hammer had requested me to peruse several original letters written by the Countess of Purgstall to him, all in English, in which she expressed herself in the most kind and confidential terms towards him. I had read also a letter from the Countess Rzewnska to him, which showed that Captain Hall received his invitation to Schloss Hainfeld through him, communicated to the captain by the Countess Rzewnska, and afterwards confirmed by the Countess Purgstall herself. Baron Hammer's interposition is not mentioned in the work. In one of the Countess Purgstall's letters to the Baron, she mentions that Captain Hall had not brought much information that interested her: that she found him given up to admiration of the Duke of Wellington, and that his high toryism annoyed her, all her sympathies being with the whigs. In another letter, she tells Baron Hammer that, on reflection, she is satisfied that she acted wisely in refusing to subscribe a letter which Captain Hall had drawn up and pressed her to sign, expressive of sentiments which she did not entertain towards her sister Mrs. Dugald Stewart. In another letter, she confides her most private wishes, and expresses the greatest gratitude, to Baron Hammer. She likewise tells the Baron that Captain Hall is obviously writing a journal in her house, but that he never informs her what he is inserting in it. The countess had informed him also that Captain Hall frequently spent only the hour after dinner in her society, and did not even send to ask how she had passed the night. The Baron remarked that Captain Hall took Schloss Hainfeld for "his own man-of-war," and ordered every thing for himself as if he had been owner. After the countess's death, the Baron succeeded to the property, and he invited the captain and his family to continue in the castle as his guests until they found it convenient to return to England. He detailed a series of incidents that occurred after this invitation, that are better buried in oblivion, and which I forbear to specify: but they conveyed to me a strong impression of the indiscretion of Captain Hall's publication, and of the injustice done to Baron Hammer in his work. The Baron has placed several of the countess's letters to him, which throw light on Captain Hall's statements, in the Imperial Library at Vienna, where they are open to the inspection of every one who desires to peruse them. He made these communications to me with a request that I should publish them, as he considered himself injured and ungratefully treated by Captain Hall. I should have had great hesitation in doing so, had not Captain Hall, in the work complained of, converted the incidents of the private life of a lady, into whose

house he was received in the confidential characters of a friend and a guest, into the materials of a romance, and by the incorrectness of his statements, done injury both to the living and the dead. Captain Hall is a man of great talents, but his hostility to the Americans, and the inaccuracies of his statements in regard to them, are loudly complained of by the most respectable men in the city of Philadelphia.

Common Schools.—I visited a common school in the city, and found the system to be similar to that pursued in Boston and New York. The master of a primary school must be capable of teaching "orthography, reading, grammar, geography, history, writing, arithmetic, and book-keeping;" and, where a majority of the parents of the children attending the school require it, he must also teach German. The teachers are appointed, after examination, by the board of directors of common schools, and may, at the end of any month, be dismissed for "incompetency, neglect of duty, cruelty, or immoral conduct." No teacher is allowed to receive "any compensation from parents or guardians in addition to that paid by the district." The tenth head of the "Regulations for common school districts," is in these words, and it is here printed in the same types as in the original:—1st, THE RELIGIOUS PREDILECTIONS OF PUPILS AND THEIR PARENTS OR GUARDIANS SHALL BE SACREDLY RESPECTED. 2d. No catechism, creed, confession, or manual of faith, shall be used as a school book, nor admitted into the school; sectarian instruction not being the province of the school-master, but of the parent or guardian, and the spiritual instructor selected by him."

The teacher is required to "pay most especial regard to the morals, habits, and general behaviour, as well as to the mental instruction of his pupils. The punishments to be inflicted by the teacher, shall be, 1st, Reading aloud the rule violated. 2d, Insertion of the offender's name under the head of 'bad conduct,' in the monitor's book. 3d, Private and public admonition. 4th, Detention after school hours. 5th, Special reports or complaints to parents or guardians. 6th, The rod. The rod shall be applied, whenever, in the teacher's judgment, it shall be necessary; when used, it shall be inflicted with certainty and effect; but passion or cruelty in its application shall be avoided. The hours of instruction shall be from 8 to 12 in the forenoon, and from 2 till 5 in the afternoon, from the 1st of April till the 1st of October; and from 9 till 12, and 1 till 4, during the rest of the year."

"The Old and New Testaments, containing the best extant code of morality, in simple, beautiful, and pure language, shall be used as a school book for reading, without comment by the teacher, but not as a text-book for religious instruction."

The Monitors in Schools.—The regulations provide for the appointment of monitors, who shall be members of the highest classes, and whose duty shall be to enter in a book the offences of which the scholars shall be guilty; but I was informed that the employment of monitors has been abandoned in all the common schools in Philadelphia, and that each school is now under the charge of a male and two female teachers; the females having a salary of \$200 each. This arrangement is new in the boys' schools, and one of the directors mentioned that it has been found to answer well. The young women treat the boys with a kindly interest, obviously influenced by sex, and the feeling is reciprocal. The boys, when studying under the young women,

are more gentle and refined in their manners than when taught by male teachers, and they perform their tasks more obviously from a desire to please. This is as it should be. There is nothing necessarily indelicate or improper in the feelings of the sexes towards each other. Indeed, I have heard ladies of the strictest principles and the most refined delicacy, acknowledge that they were conscious of receiving an additional stimulus to exertion from the influence of a teacher of the opposite sex. There is no reason why this excellent ordination of Nature should not be employed to promote the training and instruction of the youthful mind.

The High School of Philadelphia is now forming under the charge of Mr. John Frost and Mr. Wines. I had read an excellent abridgement of the History of the United States, by "John Frost," reprinted in London, but imagined that this was a mere *nom de guerre*. It gave me pleasure to meet with the real author, and to find him an accomplished teacher instead of a shadow. Mr. Wines, also, has written two valuable works on education.

Phrenology.—I was taken, by a medical friend, several miles out of town, to visit a boy of seven or eight years of age, who, in July last, had received a kick from a horse in the region of the organ of Time (above the centre of the eye brow) on the right side. It had completely driven in a portion of the skull an inch in length, and half an inch in breadth, and the fragment of bone must have rested on the superorbital plate. The convolution constituting the surface of the organ of Time must have been injured, with part of the organs of Tune and Eventuality, and probably also the organs of Colouring, Order, and Weight. All the organs on the left side were untouched. The integuments had completely reunited over the wound, but the skull was not restored. When the boy walked smartly, the pulsation of the brain was distinctly seen. The boy had been kept quiet in the house, without bodily or mental labour, ever since the accident; and he appeared to be intelligent and healthy when I saw him. It will not be until he shall have been exposed to intellectual efforts and anxiety, that it will be seen whether his faculties have suffered by the injury; or whether the brain has been restored. The practitioner first called in after the accident, had sewed up the integuments and left the bones sticking in the brain, and the arteries bleeding into it, and the boy was quite insensible when visited by my friend in Philadelphia. Owing to the imperfect education of many of the medical men in the United States, such instances of mistake are not uncommon in the rural districts.

Jan. 30. Ther. 40°. *The Judges.*—Under the former constitution of Pennsylvania the judges held office for life, but under the recent amendment, which came into operation on the 1st of January current (1839,) they are henceforth to receive appointments for ten years only. The reason assigned for the change is, that under their life tenures, they were indolent in their proper spheres, but became active as political partisans. It is feared that under the new system, they will make the law bend to popular sentiments; so that there appears to many persons to be only a choice between two evils. The salary of the Chief Justice of the supreme court is only \$2,666 67 cents a year, a sum so small that a trader in moderate business, will regard it as an unproductive year when he does not realise as much. Each associate justice of the supreme

court receives \$2000 per annum. I record these statements as they were made to me; but I must add, that I have met with several of the judges, and they appeared to me to be strong minded able men, possessed of extensive information.

Feb. 1. Ther. 40°. *The Alms-House*.—We visited this institution, which is situated on rising ground lying on the right bank of the Schuylkill, a little below the city. "The main buildings, which are four in number, are arranged in the form of a parallelogram, and cover and enclose an area of about ten acres." It has a handsome architectural front, which appears to great advantage when viewed from the city. The entire building cost above one million of dollars, and it is altogether so magnificent in reference to its objects, that it has been not unaptly denominated "the Pauper Palace." It includes a pauper lunatic asylum and an hospital for the sick. It was erected and is supported by assessments on the city and liberties. Its fame stands so high, and has extended so widely, as affording comfortable quarters for the destitute, that some of them have been known to walk two hundred and fifty miles to reach it. Although only the poor of the city and suburbs have a legal right to enter it, these distant strangers throw themselves down at the door during the night, and refuse to rise or go away, stating their resolution to make good their quarters after such a toilsome march. It contains at present about 1800 inmates.

I was surprised equally at the magnificence and extent of the building, and at the number of paupers, in a city of only 200,000 inhabitants, situated in a young, fertile, and prosperous country, where labour is greatly in demand, and highly remunerated; but I was assured that three-fourths of the inmates are foreigners who are cast forth from all the countries of Europe, and fall as a burden on the United States.* This is probably too true; because, in general, only those individuals who find a difficulty in providing for themselves at home emigrate; and hence many of the foreigners landed in America are feeble in mind, dissipated, or reckless persons, whom their friends in Europe have shipped off to rid themselves from the burden of their maintenance. One of the directors of the Alms-house mentioned to me that the managers for the poor of St. Cuthbert's parish in Edinburgh, had actually shipped off a body of paupers and landed them very recently at New York, two of whom are said to be idiots.†

* The number of paupers I find is really small when contrasted with that of Edinburgh, a city without manufactures or any other great source of pauperism. On the 1st of October, 1840, Mr. Small, Treasurer to the Edinburgh Charity Workhouse, reported the number of persons receiving permanent support from that institution to be 3500; besides 100 supplied with temporary aid. The population is under 100,000, as the poor of the parish of St. Cuthbert's, as well as those of the Canongate, are separately provided for. These two parishes nearly surround the ancient city, and St. Cuthbert's includes many new streets and populous suburbs.

† I expressed my astonishment at this statement and disbelief in its accuracy, and afterwards ascertained that it is essentially incorrect. A Mr. Johnson came to Edinburgh, and engaged a number of the younger inmates of St. Cuthbert's Charity Workhouse to go with him, as indentured servants, to his farm in Canada. He entered into a legal bond to the managers to carry them to that country, to provide for them, and remunerate them suitably for their labour. He proceeded with them to New York, but there his means failed him, he was imprisoned or non-payment of the "head money," a tax ex-

The Alms-house has a medical and surgical hospital attached to it, where clinical lectures are delivered twice a week. It is unfortunately two miles from the city, and in consequence the students do not see the regular course of clinical treatment; but only hear it described on lecture or visiting days.

The whole establishment is kept clean to the eye, but the nose and lungs detect imperfect ventilation, particularly in the departments for the children; who are afflicted with ophthalmia, languid looks, and other indications of a low condition of the corporeal system. It is extremely difficult to induce paupers voluntarily to admit fresh air into their apartments, except in very warm weather, and in building an alms-house, adequate means for involuntary ventilation as well as warmth should be provided. I was glad to observe that pictures, objects, and apparatus, are supplied for teaching the children; an advantage not enjoyed in many of the city schools.

Sorcery.—The following advertisement appeared in the "Public Ledger" newspaper a few days ago. "A Card. Madam Dussar, thankful for past favours, respectfully informs the ladies and gentlemen of Philadelphia, that her residence is No. 6 Watson's alley, Locust, 1st alley below Tenth, where she will be happy to solve all questions relating to dreams, marriages, journeys, losses, gains, and all other lawful business, sickness, death, &c. j. 30. 3 t." The small letters at the end mean "January 30, three times;" and we may presume that Madame Dussar meets with customers who indemnify her for the expenses of advertising, and leave her besides a suitable remuneration for her skill and trouble. There are ignorant and superstitious individuals in all countries; but the circumstance which gives this announcement interest in my estimation is, that the male customers above twenty-one years of age of this lady have votes for the civic rulers of Pennsylvania, and may exercise an influence on its banks, public works, credit, and general prosperity. It would certainly be desirable to bring this profession to a close by a higher and more general education of the people. I have been informed (but perhaps the story is an old "Joe Miller") that within four or five years from the present time, the cashier of a bank in Philadelphia applied to one of these ladies to learn who had committed a robbery on the bank, and that she directed him to a certain house, in the garret of which he would find an old chest, and in the chest the lost money. He found the house, the garret, and the chest, but no money. The sorceress had sent him thither to annoy a family whom she disliked!

Feb. 3. Ther. 26°. *The Free Negroes*.—Our apartments at the Marshall House are under the charge of a coloured man, who, although a complete negro, has a brain that would do no discredit to an European. It is of a full size; the moral and intellectual regions are well developed; and his manner of thinking, speaking, and acting, indicates respectfulness, faithfulness, and reflection. He was originally a slave, and purchased his own freedom. His wife also is of pure African blood, and his children of course

gible by law on emigrants, and they were left destitute. The newspapers in New York represented the matter as if the paupers had been deliberately shipped off by the managers of St. Cuthbert's parish, in order to relieve themselves from the expense of maintaining them, and to impose them as a burden on the United States; but this was not their intention.

the same. One of his sons named "Rob Roy," (what would Helen Macgregor have thought of her husband's name-sake?) was extremely desirous to hear some of my lectures, and his father asked if he might be permitted to go into the room. No objection existed on my part to lecture to an audience of any colour, if they were intelligent and attentive; but Americans feel differently. I consulted some liberal friends as to what could be done without giving offence, and it was arranged that, after the audience was assembled, Rob Roy should enter and stand near the door, at the back of all the seats, and thus pass for a servant in waiting. He followed this plan, and no notice was taken of his presence. I have not introduced the question of abolition into my lectures, because it is foreign to their object. So far, however, as the subject lay incidentally in my way, I have not shrunk from it, but have introduced the skulls and casts of negroes among those of other varieties of mankind, and freely expressed my opinion of the moral and intellectual capabilities indicated by their forms.

Quaker Preaching.—We attended the meeting-house of the Hicksite Quakers this day. The women were seated at one end, and the men at the other. One male Friend spoke, and afterwards Mrs. Lucretia Mott delivered an excellent address. We had previously formed the acquaintance of this lady, and of her husband Mr. James Mott, and observed that in private society she manifests the power of intellect of a philosopher combined with feminine refinement and delicacy. In delivering her address, her manner of speaking was so clear, yet so soft and touching, and the matter of it was so full of wisdom and goodness, that it drew tears from the eyes of C—, and intensely riveted my attention.

Feb. 4. Ther. 33°. *William Penn*.—We visited the Pennsylvania Hospital in Pine street. It is a medical and surgical hospital and a lunatic asylum in the heart of the city, surrounded by ample grounds and stately trees. In front there is a well executed bronze statue of William Penn, standing in full Quaker costume, hat and all, with the charter of Pennsylvania, granted by Charles II, in 1681, in his hand. From the top of the dome, an extensive view is enjoyed, and an emotion of astonishment presses on the mind, that this large, rich, regular, beautiful, and enlightened city, should all have grown up from an absolute wilderness since 1681, and that Penn should have had the vigour and sagacity of mind to look forward to its increase with the eye and hope of a prophet; and should at that time have laid it out in streets, and squares, and ways, almost exactly as it now appears, with so much to approve of, and so little to amend.

Phrenology in Baltimore.—After repeated advertisements in the Baltimore newspapers, requesting those citizens who desired that I should lecture there, to enter their names at a bookstore, twenty-six individuals have appeared, and this success has been reported to me. As the number which I require is 150, I have declined to lecture in that city. I have been solicited to repeat my course in Philadelphia, and offered to do so, if 200 subscribers appear for a second course.

Loss of the Use of Words, &c.—Dr. Parrish, Jun., called and introduced a man of slender stature, bilious and nervous temperament, retreating forehead, and prominent eyes, a policeman, about thirty-eight or forty years of age, who, after sleeping in a very cold bed in December last, at Harrisburg, (whither he had been conveyed as a

soldier to suppress the riot,) had felt some uneasy sensation in his head, and then discovered that he had lost the use of words. Although he understood language, and could articulate, he could not find words with which to express his own ideas. He saw distance erroneously: a house distant one street, appeared distant a mile or a mile and a half; he lost the perception of numbers also, and could not reckon. He felt no pain in any particular part of the head. He gradually recovered the use of the lost faculties, but even now he cannot use numbers readily: he calls numbers "times." In endeavouring to name dates, he says it was "last time," or "a time before that." The lower part of the anterior lobe is narrow, and projects considerably. If one may hazard a conjecture, I should say that the intense cold had produced congestion of some of the intellectual organs; those most affected being the organs of Language, Size, and Number; the other intellectual faculties were unimpaired. The cause of these affections is obscure; but the fact of only three faculties, and these so distinctly marked, being involved in this case, not only confirms the general principle of a division of the brain, but affords grounds for presuming that the phrenological divisions are real.

Fashion.—The British public appear to have a great difficulty in understanding the condition of the fashionable world in the United States. They generally imagine that little refinement and elegance, but abundance of vulgar glitter and ridiculous pretension prevail there. They forget that the United States embrace a country of vast extent, exhibiting society in all its stages. The love of distinction being innate in the human mind, fashion is found in the social circle of the savage as well as in that of the monarch of France or England. In the United States, every condition of society, from that of the newly cleared wilderness to that of the opulent eastern cities, has its circle of fashion, and great differences may naturally be expected to exist. Philadelphia presents a great amount of female grace, beauty and accomplishments, and of handsome young men, rather verging towards dandyism; while the shops contain the most expensive and elegant wares, and the public rooms in many of the houses of wealthy citizens are richly furnished and decorated. The refinement and elegance of manners which distinguish the highest circles in London may not abound, but there is more of nature in its genuine forms. In short, there is no difficulty in finding society in which any mind, less fastidious than that of a Beau Brummel, may feel itself at home. Indeed, the contest for superiority in fashion between different circles, is here as keen and active as in any European city. Market street is the northern boundary of fashionable residences. The fashionable inhabitants of Chestnut, Walnut, and Spruce streets, which lie to the south of that line, will scarcely recognise as compeers families living to the north of it. If a stranger were to come to the city and occupy a house of the first class, beyond the northern boundary, and give the most splendid entertainments, he would nevertheless find it difficult to make his way into fashionable society. This is neither more nor less absurd than the rule in London thirty years ago, which limited all good style to localities south of Oxford street, and doomed the north to irretrievable vulgarity. Many families of good fortune and the highest respectability live north of Market street, but few of them aim at figuring in the fashionable circle. We were told that one fash-

ionable family have ceased to invite the English to their house, on account of the ungrateful conduct of the visitors of that nation, who have from time to time published their travels.

Feb. 5. Ther. 32°. *Residences of the Poor.*—It is distressing to learn, that even in this beautiful city the houses of the poor too much resemble the residences of the same class in European towns. Dr. Parrish informed me that great numbers of young children die here every season in hot weather from *cholera infantum*, or, as it is commonly called, the summer complaint. The poor live in small houses, never intentionally ventilate their rooms, and seem not to know the use of cold water. He would enter one of these dwellings on a summer morning when the thermometer stood at 90°, and find an infant shrivelled and bedewed with a clammy perspiration. It had been gasping all night for breath, and not drawn one mouthful of fresh air, and had, perhaps, never been washed from its birth. Death speedily relieves it. Many of the parents who thus treat their children are Irish. He hired an Irish nurse to suckle one of his own children. She gave her own son to an Irish family to board. When the hot weather came, he thought of her infant, and went to see it. It was in the condition before described. In three hours more it would have been dead. Without a day's delay, he sent the whole Irish family with the child to his farm, and saved it. "I should have felt very uneasy," said he, "if it had died, because my child was thriving under the care of the mother whom nature had given to it, but whom I had taken away for the benefit of my own."

We were a good deal in Quaker society in Philadelphia, and enjoyed it highly. The principles of moderation, truthfulness, and simplicity, in which they are trained, render their manners pleasing, and those individuals among them who possess in addition high moral and intellectual qualities, are not only excellent specimens of good breeding, but most interesting companions. We knew female Quakers who, if introduced at the court of Victoria, would be regarded as perfectly well-bred.

Feb. 6. Ther. 14°. *Emigrants.*—This evening a well dressed respectable looking Scots-woman called and introduced herself to me, and told me that she and her husband had been servants in the family of one of my friends in Edinburgh; that they had come to the United States a few years ago; that her husband now acted as assistant in keeping a store in Market street, Philadelphia, for which he received \$350 per annum; that she also had found employment; and that both were well, happy and respected. She had a child with her equally well dressed with herself, and thriving in its appearance. She added that "this is the country for poor, honest and industrious people to come to." The visit afforded me much gratification.

Musical Instruments.—An Italian gentleman mentioned to us, that the climate of Philadelphia destroys musical instruments imported from Germany or England. He had an excellent piano-forte sent to him from Germany; but the first summer dried up the wood so thoroughly, that the keys would not act, and the instrument became useless. He hoped that the winter would restore it; but was disappointed. The German instruments are not varnished, but polished. The air takes off the polish, and in one year the naked grain of the wood appears. The American instruments are made considerably stronger than the European, and are nearly as delicate in their

tones. The wood is seasoned up to the demands of the climate before being used, and it stands in better. The manufacture of pianofortes is a very extensive branch of trade in the eastern cities of the Union; still, the Americans cannot be called a musical people. Most of the really accomplished musical amateurs in Philadelphia are Italians or Germans, or descendants of these nations. This is very natural; for the English who settled in these colonies were not the musical part of that nation, and the pursuits of their descendants, since they came hither, have not been favourable for the development of the fine arts. The stimulating climate, however, and active brains of the Americans, may be expected, in due season, to bring forth both taste and talent for painting, sculpture and music. The coloured population show considerable capacity for music. Frank Johnson's brass band, which has been collecting large crowds of listeners in the upper rooms of the Philadelphia Museum (and disturbing my audience) is entirely composed of coloured men, and the music is said to be very creditable to the performers.

CHAPTER XI.

Feb. 8. *Dr. Franklin and Lord Hillsborough.*—On visiting Mr. Vaughan at the apartments of the American Philosophical Society this day, he showed us, and read, a manuscript report by Dr. Franklin of his interview in London with Lord Hillsborough, secretary of state, when the philosopher presented his commission as agent for the people of Massachusetts. He describes the secretary as having scolded both him and his constituents, and declined to recognise him as their agent, because his commission had not been sanctioned by the governor. The report is in the handwriting of Franklin, but it is not subscribed by him.

Phrenology.—I gave the last lecture of my course this evening, and received the thanks of the audience in a series of gratifying resolutions. They guaranteed a class of 200 hearers for a repetition of the lectures, and a second course was immediately announced.

Feb. 9. Ther. 45°. *Animal Magnetism.*—This subject is exciting considerable interest in Philadelphia; and the proceedings of Dr. Elliotson, and the attacks on him in the *London Lancet*, are much spoken of in medical society. The medical men here who do not admit the existence of animal magnetism, ascribe the phenomena to hysteria. As some cases in the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in this city have attracted attention, we visited it, and saw a deaf and dumb girl of about nine years of age, of a nervous and bilious temperament, lively, and in good health magnetised. The operator seated her in a rocking chair, placed his hands and thumbs in contact with hers, and thus induced the magnetic sleep. Her head fell on her shoulder, and she appeared to lose consciousness. He raised her up, pushed her about the room, and raised her arms. She then seemed to acquire an internal consciousness, appeared as if in an ecstasy, answered questions intelligently, walked, and jumped, and threw her arms about, as if extremely happy. Passes were then made with the hands across and nearly touching her forehead, when she awoke. She was again magnetised, and repeated the same evolutions. The questions were put by means of touch and the finger alphabet, and were answered in the same manner. Another girl, of

the same age, fair, and of the sanguine and lymphatic temperament, and who was not deaf and dumb, was next magnetised. In her natural state she was so bashful (she had very large Cautiousness and Love of Approbation), that she would scarcely speak even in answer to a question. After being magnetised and put into a state of somnambulism, her bashfulness disappeared, and she became lively and confident, answering questions readily. She was asked what certain pictures which were put into her hands represented, and although her eyes were not bandaged, but closed as in sleep, she carried the pictures to the lamp, and placed her head, and occasionally her fingers, on them; she also held them up to the light, as one would do who enjoyed faint but natural vision. In some instances she told correctly what objects they represented, in others she did not. She was requested to read, but did so very imperfectly, and obviously directed a chink of her eyelids, which she opened, to the book. A mask, having the eyeholes pasted over with thick paper, was put on, and she was requested to read. She could not do so; but, by holding back her head, she brought the opening at the nose into the line of the axis of the eye, and then offered to read.

There was no reason to believe that these young children were taught to act a part, although the latter in some of her actions appeared as if doing so. The gentleman who operated on them was most reasonable in his remarks. He professed only to show the effects of an experiment which he had been led to try in consequence of the general interest which the subject had excited, and offered no theory to explain the phenomena. I asked him if he would allow me to try the experiment also. He consented most readily; and I selected the deaf and dumb child as the one whose conduct gave me the greatest confidence in her simplicity of character. To my own surprise, my passes were effectual. They brought the girl out of her state of somnambulism; afterwards induced it again, and once more awoke her out of it. This was my first and only experiment in animal magnetism; and as I came to the house with the intention of being a spectator merely, there was certainly no concert between the girl and me, and her appearance and actions did not lead me to suppose that she had been trained to deception. In this case the deception, if there was any, must have been at least extemporaneous.

It is possible that some of my readers may conclude from this narrative, that I am not only a phrenologist, but an animal magnetiser, a union of faiths and professions which they may think natural and appropriate; but I merely report facts. I profess to have neither studied nor practised animal magnetism, and to be a stranger to its merits; but I do not shrink from witnessing experiments on any subject, or from trying them, if in my power; and still less from reporting what I see. The whole subject of animal magnetism appears to me to be involved in the profoundest obscurity; but this is a good reason why it should be subjected to the most searching scrutiny by observation.

Feb. 10. Therm. 25°. *The African Church.*—We heard a sermon to-day in the Episcopal church occupied by the people of colour in Philadelphia. The slightest tinge of colour in the skin, perhaps discernible only by a practised eye, excludes its owner from social intercourse and social worship with the whites. The church was commodious and comfortable, and the congrega-

tion respectable in their appearance. The service was performed, and a fair average sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Douglas, also a man of colour. Many persons may imagine that ludicrous incidents must have presented themselves in such a church. They would expect to hear the minister and congregation mistaking and mispronouncing the English language; reading with strange accentuation, or curtailing the sentences with baby-like abruptness; but all such ideas are utterly groundless. The service was read and the sermon delivered in pure good English, equal to that of any of the other clergymen of the city, and the whole demeanour of the congregation was becoming and devout. Some of them are rich and well educated, and not a few are marked by such faint traces of African blood, that in Europe they might mingle in any society without their origin being suspected, unless some lynx-eyed American were present to detect it. One large and commodious pew, which I am told belongs to Dr. Rush's family, is generally reserved for white visitors. So intense is the aversion even of many humane and educated persons in this city to the coloured race, that apparently they would shrink back from the gate of heaven, if it were opened by a coloured man and showed coloured people within. Only the warmly philanthropic view them as men, and treat them with real regard. I have not been able to discover whether there is a sufficient number of rich and well educated coloured persons in this city to form a cultivated society among themselves. I suspect that there is not; and that the most accomplished individuals of the coloured race live here as in a social wilderness, raised by their attainments above the mass of their own people yet excluded from the society of the whites.

Feb. 13. Therm. 32°. *The House of Refuge.*—We visited the House of Refuge for juvenile offenders of both sexes. This institution is similar to the one in Boston for the same purpose, previously described. Children found, by the magistrates or other judges, guilty of petty larcenies, assaults, and vagrancy, and also children whose parents complain of them as unmanageable, are recommended to the consideration of the managers of this institution, who, if they regard them as proper subjects, and have accommodation, receive them, and detain them during their own discretion. They are taught manufacturing furniture for umbrellas, cane-chair making, casting in brass, turning, and book-binding, and also reading, writing, and arithmetic. They attend school two hours, and labour the rest of the day, with the exception of intervals for meals, and of half an hour for play. We were told that these children learn as much by an attendance for two hours a day at school as those in the city schools do in four or five hours. The alternation of labour and learning brings the mind and brain fresh to the lessons.

The annual report to the legislature states that "during the year 1838, 137 inmates, viz. 92 boys and 45 girls, were received into, and 129 left the refuge, viz. 90 boys and 39 girls, and there remained on the 31st ultimo 158, viz. 105 boys and 53 girls.

"Twenty boys were indentured to farmers, seven to shoemakers, one turner, one bookbinder, one butcher, two chairmakers, one tailor, two blacksmiths, one sashmaker, three manufacturers, one miller, one bricklayer, one printer, one baker, one sugar-maker, one cabinet-maker.

"The girls (16) were indentured to learn housewifery."

These children are not detained long enough to learn a trade thoroughly. They are apprenticed to farmers in the country, to the sea, and to tradesmen in small villages; but seldom in large towns. A considerable number of them are ultimately reformed. They are supported by gifts, legacies, and appropriations from the state. The managers let out the labour of the inmates to tradesmen in the city, but the recompense is not nearly equal to the expense of the establishment. Religious worship is performed in a chapel by the ministers of all the sects in the city in rotation, except the Roman Catholic, whose priests decline to officiate, because the chapel is not consecrated. Some of the managers attend every Sunday, and the clergy are requested to confine themselves to the broad and practical principles of Christianity, and to omit peculiar doctrines; also not to address the children as convicts or criminals.

I have studied the crania of the North American Indians and of the negroes in various parts of the United States, and also observed their living heads, and have arrived at the following conclusions. The North American Indians have given battle to the whites, and perished before them, but have never been reduced either to national or to personal servitude. The development of the brains shows large organs of Destructiveness, Secretiveness, Cautiousness, Self-Esteem, and Firmness, with deficient organs of Benevolence, Conscientiousness, and Reflection. This indicates a natural character that is proud, cautious, cunning, cruel, obstinate, vindictive, and little capable of reflection or combination. The brain of the negro, in general (for there are great varieties among the African race, and individual exceptions are pretty numerous), shows proportionately less Destructiveness, Cautiousness, Self-Esteem, and Firmness, and greater Benevolence, Conscientiousness, and Reflection, than the brain of the native American. In short, in the negro brain the moral and reflecting organs are of larger size, in proportion to the organs of the animal propensities now enumerated, than in that of the Indian. The negro is, therefore, naturally more submissive, docile, intelligent, patient, trustworthy, and susceptible of kindly emotions, and less cruel, cunning, and vindictive, than the other race.

These differences in their natural dispositions throw some light on the differences of their fates. The American Indian has escaped the degradation of slavery, because he is a wild, vindictive, cunning, untameable savage, too dangerous to be trusted by the white men in social intercourse with themselves, and moreover, too obtuse and intractable to be worth coercing into servitude. The African has been deprived of freedom and rendered "property," according to Mr. Clay's view, because he is by nature a tame man, submissive, affectionate, intelligent and docile. He is so little cruel, cunning, fierce, and vindictive, that the white men can oppress him far beyond the limits of Indian endurance, and still trust their lives and property within his reach; while he is so intelligent that his labour is worth acquiring. The native American is free, because he is too dangerous and too worthless a being to be valuable as a slave; the negro is in bondage, because his native dispositions are essentially amiable. The one is like the wolf or the fox, the other like the dog. In both, the brain is inferior in size, particularly in the moral and intellectual regions, to that of the Anglo-Saxon race, and hence the foundation of the natural superiority of the latter

over both; but my conviction is, that the very qualities which render the negro in slavery a safe companion to the white, will make him harmless when free. If he were by nature proud, irascible, cunning and vindictive, he would not be a slave; and as he is not so, freedom will not generate these qualities in his mind; the fears, therefore, generally entertained of his commencing, if emancipated, a war of extermination, or for supremacy over the whites, appear to me to be unfounded; unless, after his emancipation, the whites should commence a war of extermination against him. The results of emancipation in the British West India Islands have hitherto borne out these views, and I anticipate that the future will still farther confirm them.

The Anglo-Americans in some degree admire the American Indian character, invest it with a kind of nobleness and dignity, and some families even boast of their inheriting Indian blood; while the negro is despised, hated, and by some even abhorred, as scarcely belonging to the human species. This opinion has neither philosophy, religion, nor experience, to sanction it. Much as Mr. Clay's speech was admired, I often asked in society, whether any one meant to justify slavery, or to maintain that a time will not come when it must cease. The answer generally given was, that few persons defend slavery as in itself right, or desire its unlimited endurance; but that, since the abolitionists commenced their agitations, few will avow even these sentiments in public.

Feb. 14. Ther. 39°. *Clerks*.—Young men educated as clerks, capable of writing letters and keeping books, superabound in Philadelphia, and receive only \$4, while a porter is allowed \$6 a week. A young Scotsman, belonging to this class, assured me that he had found it extremely difficult to procure employment, and when he was successful, he received only \$4 a week. I asked some persons in trade, who corroborated the statement, for an explanation of the fact itself. They said that the common schools qualify a great number of young men for the counting-house; that the sons of labourers are often ambitious, and although only moderately gifted with talent, become clerks, conceiving this vocation to be more genteel than labour. To them are added a multitude of clerks constantly arriving from Europe. Between the two, the market is overstocked, employment is not to be obtained, and they solicit engagements for the means of a bare subsistence.

Feb. 15. Ther. 34°. *Lecture-room*.—So much dissatisfaction was expressed with my late room, that, after visiting every other apartment in Philadelphia fit for the purpose, and attainable, I have been under the necessity of engaging the Musical Fund Hall in Locust street, at \$800 for sixteen lectures, or 10l. a night; besides paying for attendance. It is the usual concert room, too large for my class; but I could find no other room, at a more moderate rent, that was large enough.

Feb. 16. Ther. 34°. *Railroad to Baltimore*.—This morning at eight o'clock we left Philadelphia, and traveled in large and comfortable cars, warmed by stoves, to Baltimore. The railroad consists of a single track; the distance is ninety-four miles, and although we suffered considerable detention by the bridge over the Schuylkill having been lately carried away by a flood, and not yet restored, we arrived at 3 P. M. There is a "ladies' car" in each train, appropriated for ladies, and the gentlemen who are travel-

ing with them. It is divided into two apartments, and a place of retirement is added. This is a great accommodation, particularly when children are in the party.

Baltimore.—In the United States, Baltimore is often called the monumental city, because it possesses two public monuments; one a column in honour of General Washington, and the other a structure of a less definite description, to commemorate the citizens who fell in defending Fort M'Henry against the British, in 1814. The city stands on irregular ground, some of the streets are steep, and those recently built are wide and handsome. Brick is generally used, but the fine quality of it, and of the masonry, gives an appearance of taste and elegance to the fabrics. We were told that the trade and population are increasing rapidly, and that the present estimate is, that the city contains 80,000 white, and 20,000 coloured persons. The latter are mostly slaves.

Phrenology.—I had the pleasure of meeting with several medical gentlemen of this city, previously known to me by correspondence as phrenologists. Among these was Dr. Stewart, who, many years ago, sent to the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh, casts of the heads of Pepe, Courro, Felix, and Tardy, pirates of atrocious character executed in Baltimore. He mentioned to me, that, some years ago, he had removed a tumour from the head of a man, a manager of slaves on a plantation, who, when in health, was remarkable for steadiness, firmness, and decision of character. The tumour was situated externally over the organs of Firmness, and after it was formed, he lost these characteristics of mind and became undecided, and finally imbecile. He lingered for some weeks after the operation, and died. A *post-mortem* examination of the head showed that the convolutions of the brain below the tumour, and constituting the two organs of Firmness, were disorganised by suppuration. Dr. Stewart received the report of the state of the brain from a country surgeon who knew nothing about phrenology, and the account of the change of character from the gentleman who had employed his late patient. Neither of these knew the relation of the fact which he communicated to the fact communicated by the other.

Feb. 18. Ther. 33°. *Washington City*.—This morning at 9 o'clock, we left Baltimore, and traveled to Washington by a railroad. The distance is thirty-eight miles, and the country is undulating, but the railroad finds a practicable track through the valleys. The soil seems to be poor, but clothed with small trees. A chill wind blew, and the ground was covered with snow. On approaching Washington, the first object that presents itself is the capitol, a large massive building painted white to resemble marble, with a dome not of very successful proportions. The town looks like a large straggling village reared in a drained swamp, with the navigable Potomac about a mile distant.

Feb. 19. Ther. 27°. *Visit to the President*.—Dr. Sewall, to whom I brought a letter, called and undertook to introduce us to Mr. Van Buren, the President. The "White House," as the presidential residence is named, lies at one end of the chief street of Washington, and the capitol at the other, the distance being one and one eighth part of a mile. It is a large square building; not particularly striking in its architecture. We entered as if going into a public office. We opened the door, met nobody, and were asked no questions. At last we reached the ante-room, and here a servant appeared. Dr. Sewall sent in

his own name and ours, and, in less than a minute, we were requested to enter a large room, which resembled the business-room of a chief secretary of state. Mr. Van Buren immediately appeared, received us kindly and politely, and entered into conversation. He spoke of steam navigation, the corn laws, Mr. O'Connell's quarrel with the Dublin Press, and the rising of the Chartists, and appeared to me to possess accurate information, and to state sound views on every topic on which he touched. His manners are very agreeable, combining the ease of a gentleman accustomed to the best society, with the dignity of a public character. The busts and portraits of him, and even the caricatures, which every where abound, are excellent likenesses.

Conservatism of the Law.—Each state has a written constitution, which defines not only the powers of the magistrates, but those of the legislature itself; and the supreme court of the state possesses authority to determine whether any particular act of the legislature be legal or the reverse; that is to say, whether or not it transgresses the limits prescribed to the legislature by the constitution. I lately conversed with an eminent lawyer who had just returned from Annapolis, where he had pleaded the cause of the professors of the university of Baltimore, who sought, in the supreme court of Maryland, to nullify an act of the legislature of that state, on the ground of its being *ultra vires*, or beyond the powers of the legislature, and had succeeded. I see the decision reported in the newspapers to-day:—"It decides," says the report, "the act (of the legislature) of 1825, which gave to certain trustees the government of the university, to be unconstitutional and void, and all the rights and franchises of the university are declared to be vested in the regents. The opinion of the court is regarded as an able and powerful defence of chartered rights against legislative encroachments."

The constitution of the United States is in some respects similar to that of the particular states. It also has established a supreme court, which has extensive jurisdiction, and performs a most important office in preserving the integrity of the Union. Its judicial power comprehends all cases, in law and equity, arising under the constitution itself, or the laws of the United States; all controversies to which the United States shall be a party; controversies between two or more states, or between citizens of different states, and many others. It sits in Washington, and on the rolls of the court may be seen *Maryland versus Virginia*, or *Ohio versus Indiana*, these sovereign states appearing there as private litigants. They argue claims before the judges, and implicitly acquiesce in their decisions. If civilisation were so far advanced in Europe as to induce the whole sovereignties to support the jurisdiction of such a court, it might avert many bloody and expensive wars. The judges of this court in Washington are men of great talent and erudition, and their decisions are highly respected.

Another case has excited great interest all over the Union. Judge M'Kinley, sitting in the district court in Alabama, had decided that a bank incorporated in Georgia, had no right to sue any person in Alabama; that is, that no corporation could sue beyond the state in which it was incorporated. The effect of this decision would be virtually to repeal the Union in so far as the privileges of incorporated companies are concerned, and to leave each state, in regard to its chartered companies, in the same condition as

surrounded by foreign countries. The constitution of the United States provides, that, "the citizens of each state shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several states," and that "full faith and credit shall be given in each state to the public acts, records, and judicial proceedings of every other state." The decision of the judge of Alabama was regarded as a refusal to acknowledge the "public act" of the legislature of Georgia which incorporated the bank, as inconsistent with these provisions of the law, and therefore unconstitutional; and the cause was brought into the supreme court of the United States by appeal. Mr. Webster argued powerfully in favour of the efficacy of the privileges of chartered companies in all the states, in so far as they are consistent with the common law. The judgment of the court of Alabama was reversed by a majority of the judges, and the following propositions are reported as being established by the decision:—

"1. That, by the comity of nations, corporations can contract, as well as sue, in other nations, as well as in that in which they exist, or by whose government they are created.

"2. That this comity exists, in a still stronger degree, between states connected together as are the states of this Union.

"3. That the constitution and laws of Alabama establish no such policy as is infringed by the purchase and sale of bills of exchange within their limits by the agents of foreign corporations.

"4. An admission that there are some rights of citizens of other states, secured by the constitution, of which a state cannot divest them. This was not the ground of the decision, but was intended, as we suppose, to be, in legal phrase, the *reclusion of a conclusion*."

La Signorina America Vespucci.—We met this lady in society this evening. She is here as a solicitor to congress for a grant of land in return for the name which her ancestor, Americus Vespucci furnished to this great continent. On the 29th of January last she presented a memorial in the French language to the senate, in which she sets forth her name and descent, and states that "she has been obliged to quit her country (Italy) on account of her political opinions. She has separated herself from her family, in order to avoid drawing upon them the displeasure of her government. She is now alone, without country, without family, and without protection." She "has been traveling from country to country, without a day, and without a security." "The good queen of the French restored her to courage by granting her protection, so far as even to permit her to travel under the auspices of the French flag. But his generosity does not give her a country; this protection does not bestow upon her the title of citizen." "She is now in this quarter of the globe, which has been baptised by her ancestor; by him who has bequeathed to it his imperishable name." "America Vespucci will make no demand on the American government." "She knows that the Americans have been magnanimous," "that they have been generous towards her who have done a noble act for their country; and that they have, moreover, granted protection to an asylum even to emigrants from other nations. There is but one Vespucci who has given his name to a continent. Will the Americans do nothing for the descendant of Americus?" Her friends made it known to the senate that she desired "citizenship, and a grant of land."

This eloquent appeal was remitted by the senate to a committee of five of their number to con-

sider and report. The chairman of the committee was taken ill, and the committee met in his absence. They divided, two for, and two against, recommending a grant. When the chairman resumed his duties, he found himself in the unenviable position of being called on to decide this delicate question by his single vote. America Vespucci is a tall handsome Italian lady, "young," and "an exile from her own country." She has the sweetest smile and most expressive eyes; and she bent the whole force of her charms and eloquence on the chairman to induce him to espouse her cause. But he was an American senator of business habits, and had also the fear of his constituents before his eyes. He therefore constantly asked her for "a reason," for "a principle intelligible to men of business habits," why the United States should make a grant of land to the descendant of Americus, who, if history might be relied on, had received too much honour, when his name, instead of that of Christopher Columbus, was bestowed on the country. But the lady, who understood no English, urged, in the most beautiful French, the romantic incident of a young female descendant of Americus, an exile from home, coming to congress, after the lapse of so many centuries and soliciting only a small portion of the territory which already bore her name! She enforced this view with all the persuasive arts of eloquence, and could not comprehend what more satisfactory "reasons," or "business-like principles," the senator could require, in order to authorise him to report in her favour. But all her efforts were in vain. The senator stood fast by his "business principles," and the committee reported against a grant either of citizenship or of land, as being unauthorised by the constitution; but strongly recommended a subscription by the American people in her favour. The report was subsequently approved of by the senate, whose individual members subscribed a handsome sum for the lady's benefit, but which she declined to accept.

Manners and Morals of Mississippi.—The ferocious quarrels and dissolute manners of Mississippi have been described by many travellers. They appear to me to indicate a condition of mind in the people somewhat resembling that which prevailed in Scotland three centuries ago, and which is strongly depicted by Sir Walter Scott in his *Tales of a Grandfather*, and still more strikingly illustrated in the records of the High Court of Justiciary for the same period. Rapine, falsehood and bloodshed, seem then to have been occurrences so common as to have attracted no particular attention. The Western States of the American Union, with similar mental dispositions, possess more of the physical elements of civilisation; and as Scotland has thoroughly changed her character for the better, there is ample reason to expect a still more rapid improvement in the morals of these portions of the American people.

I have had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with a gentleman from Mississippi who has the best means of information regarding it, and whose own talents and dispositions would render him a welcome visitor in any society. He informs me that in Mississippi the legislature has passed severe laws against rioting, in other words, lynching, and using the Bowie knife. This knife has a long blade, like a carving knife, with a thick back to give it strength, an edge as sharp as a razor, and the point rounded off like a scimitar. Its weight and sharpness render it a frightful

weapon either for stabbing or cutting. It is carried in a sheath under the waistcoat, on the left side, and can be drawn in an instant. About one in forty of all the western people go thus armed. A law recently enacted, renders it criminal to draw a Bowie-knife, although it be not used. The general complaint against these states is, that their laws may be good, and may prohibit ferocious actions; but that they are not regularly executed. Great efforts are making by the respectable portion of the inhabitants to wipe off this stain from their country. A lawyer of some respectability lately drew a Bowie knife in a quarrel and threatened his opponent. He was carried before a criminal judge, convicted under the recent law, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. He petitioned the governor for a pardon. His petition was refused, and the governor stated publicly, that in no circumstances would he ever pardon any individual convicted under the Bowie knife act. The law, also, has recently made the town or district liable in cases of damage or destruction of property by mobs. There may be difficulty in inducing juries to convict under this statute.

Feb. 20. Ther. 29°. *The Capitol and Congress.*—This morning we proceeded to the capitol. In approaching it, I could not help feeling ashamed of the barbarism of my countrymen, who in the war of 1814, consigned it to the flames. The external walls have been painted white to obliterate the smoky traces of that unworthy deed. The grand vestibule is under the dome, and has no opening upwards to allow of the escape of air. The consequence is, that the effluvia of human bodies and of tobacco-juice greet the nostrils and afflict the lungs the moment it is entered. We found also that the Senate chamber and House of Representatives are, in this weather, hermetically sealed; except at the doors and chimneys. Although these may provide some change of air for the members, who are all accommodated on the floor, the unhappy visitors in the galleries receive all the vitiated air from below, render it worse by their own breathing, and are nearly doomed to suffocation. The ladies are accommodated with the front seat, and occasionally faint from the impurity of the atmosphere. I sat three hours in the gallery of the senate chamber to-day, and afterwards experienced those debilitating, irritable, and unpleasant sensations which are generated by imperfectly decarbonised blood.

I saw here Mr. Clay, but he did not speak. He is nearly bald. The anterior lobe of his brain is long and high, the middle perpendicular portion predominating. He seems to have large Acquisitiveness and considerable Ideality. In him also Self-Esteem and Firmness are large. The coronal region rises moderately high above Cautiousness and Causality, and the head altogether is high and long, rather than broad. It is of ample size. His temperament is nervous-sanguine, with a little bilious. He is tall and slender; and apparently between 60 and 70. This combination indicates great natural vivacity, readiness of apprehension, facility of illustration, with force of character; but there are two defects in the brain which will prevent such an individual from rising to the first class of minds. Causality and the moral organs do not present the highest degree of development. Men thus constituted do not sufficiently appreciate the influence of the moral sentiments as a natural power, nor do they trace the causes with which they deal, to their first elements, nor follow them to their remote

consequences. Mr. Clay's head, however, bespeaks a man greatly above an average in point of mental power, and also practical in his tendencies; and therefore well adapted to the general American mind of the present day.

Here, also, sits Daniel Webster, looking like an intellectual giant among the senators. His enormous anterior lobe, and generally large head, reinforced by large lungs, mark him as a natural leader; but his reflective organs are too much developed in proportion to his Individuality to render his eloquence equally popular with that of Henry Clay. Mr. Webster needs a great subject, involving a profound principle and important consequences, before his strength can be called forth. Give him these, and he will rise to the highest eminence as a pleader and a statesman; but his intellect is too profound and comprehensive to be fully appreciated by the people. On seeing the man, therefore, I am not surprised at a circumstance which I have remarked, that, while Mr. Webster is regarded by a few as the great political character of the United States, Mr. Clay has at least a hundred devoted followers for each one of Mr. Webster's admirers. Webster, however, like Burke, will be quoted for the depth of principle and wisdom involved in his speeches, when the more fascinating but less profound orations of Mr. Clay have sunk into oblivion.

I heard Mr. Cuthbert, senator for Georgia, make a long speech on a bill for preventing the officers of government from interfering in elections. He is a slow and forcible, but not a refined speaker.

The appearance of the members of the senate is favourable. With few exceptions, their brains, and especially the organs of the intellectual faculties, are large, while there is a good average development of the organs of the moral sentiments. Collectively, they seemed to me to be a highly respectable and gifted body of men.

The American Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.—In the evening I attended a meeting of this society (incorporated by the legislature of New York) in the capitol. The Honourable Joseph Story, one of the judges of the supreme court, was called to the chair. After some appropriate and instructive remarks by the chairman, the Rev. John Proudfit, of New York, stated the objects of the society. "It aims at the diffusion of pure and wholesome knowledge imbued with the spirit of Christianity." One great object of the society is the publication and general introduction of a National School Library. "It is estimated that there are at least 50,000 schools in the United States; and it is now generally, if not universally, admitted that every one should be supplied with a library." The society proposes the publication of a series of popular works upon all those branches of knowledge that are most interesting to the people; also, the publication of a popular "Journal of Useful Knowledge and of Public Instruction," congenial to the institutions of America. Another object is the preparation of text-books for schools, many of the books now in use being inferior and improper.

Mr. Abbott, the secretary of the society, next addressed the meeting, and exhibited a mass of statistics relative to the publication of newspapers, magazines, and books in England, in France, in Germany, and in the United States; and showed that the United States is one of the most reading communities in the world. He exhibited a case, containing 50 volumes of books already published, the price of which is \$20;

mentioned that the cost of placing one similar library in every one of the 50,000 schools of the Union, would be \$1,000,000, and asked, "what sum will express the benefits?"

Towards the close of the proceedings, being requested to address the meeting, I offered a few remarks on the spur of the moment to the following effect: "It appears to me that the elementary principles of all the natural sciences, when contemplated in their primitive forms by superior minds, are simple, and that they constitute the native food of the intellect. I include in these sciences the knowledge of man's physical, moral, and intellectual nature, and the relations subsisting between them and external objects and beings. One advantage of communicating instruction in these truths to youth is, that it furnishes them with a solid basis on which to found their judgments. Under the old system, there was much of conflicting opinion; authority stood against authority, and in the phases of human life, chiefly intricacy and inscrutable evolutions were presented. The causes of good and evil did not appear, and the consequences of actions were scarcely traceable. A people invested with political power, whose education leaves them in such a condition, must to a great extent, be exposed to the seduction of their passions, to be misled by imperfect views of their own interests, and even to the delusions of an excited imagination, leading them into wild speculations and impracticable adventures. An education in natural truth has the tendency to steady the whole mind, and to place passion, imagination, and ambition, under the guidance of reason. America needs an education of this kind, because she has no controlling principle in her institutions except the religion, morality, and intelligence of the majority of her people.

"This society, in framing books for schools, will do well to ask themselves, as each volume is presented, 'What does this book teach the people to do?' It is good to know, but it is still better to act. In the present state of civilised society, the history of the past is not a guide to the future. We are in a state of transition, and it is of greater importance to furnish sound, practical principles for the future, than to load the memory with too minute a knowledge of the past. The pages of history are useful chiefly as charts, indicating the shoals on which human happiness has been shipwrecked. We must chalk out new and better lines to direct our future movements. It is extremely difficult to frame books embodying scientific principles, and applying them to practical purposes; but in your country, where the law excludes works on theology from your schools, this object must be accomplished before a truly valuable library of secular school-books can be created." The object of the meeting was to commend the society and its works to the consideration and support of the Union, and to induce the representatives from the different states to make known the merits of its library in their several districts. The attendance was large, and the proceedings were interesting. They were subsequently reported in the "Christian Statesman," from which I have extracted the foregoing remarks, as a short specimen of the terms in which I generally addressed American audiences. The library proposed by this society will enter the field as a rival to that now preparing by Messrs. Marsh, Capen, Lyon and Webb, of Boston, under the superintendence of the Board of Education of Massachusetts; but

there is scope enough for both in the vast territories of the United States.

The hall of the Supreme Court, in which the meeting was held, was destitute of ventilation, and I suffered severely for several hours after leaving it from the effects of bad air. On mentioning this next day, I was told that several lawyers have fallen down dead on the spot while engaged in the most animated pleadings in this hall, and that, although apoplexy was assigned as the cause, some medical men, who knew the state of the atmosphere, had expressed an opinion, that the catastrophes were probably hastened, if not caused, by asphyxia. The late arrangements by Dr. David B. Reid, for ventilating the British houses of parliament are well known here; but no person has yet proposed to adopt them, or any other means, for the preservation of life and health in the public chambers and apartments of the capitol.

Feb. 21. Therm. 43°. The weather is beautiful, and gives indications of the approach of spring.

The Senate—The Sub-Treasury Bill.—I heard part of the debate on a bill for regularizing the office of treasurer, and more effectually preserving the public money in the hands of the officers and agents of government; but none of the speeches was particularly interesting. The subject has excited a great deal of discussion in the public prints. There have been great embezzlements of public money by the officers of government in various departments of the United States; and also losses and embarrassments arising from its having been deposited, until needed, in banks in different states of the Union, many of which have embarked in large speculations with the government treasure, and which called on for repayment, either declared themselves bankrupt, or suspended cash payments. From the want, also, of an efficient machinery extending over the whole Union for effecting the exchange of bank-notes, the rates of exchange between the different parts of the country are constantly fluctuating, and are often ruinously high. When the general government deposits its funds in banks, it is subjected also to the loss and annoyance arising from this state of the monetary system. The democratic party, now in power, have attempted to pass a bill requiring the custom-house duties and the price of the public lands (the chief sources of the revenue of the general government,) to be paid in specie, and this treasure to be locked up by the public officers in strong boxes, and held subject to the orders of the government at Washington; and farther providing that any public servant who shall abstract any portion of it shall be held to have committed felony, and be punished with confinement as a common criminal at hard labour in the state prison.

Nothing seems to me to be more wanted than some such regulation as this to protect not only the public money, but the public morals; for the mode in which the revenue has of late years been distributed, has acted like a forcing stone applied to public cupidity, and tempted many men from the paths of virtue, who, under a better system, would have maintained their honour without a stain. But it has been, and continues to be, violently opposed by the whig party, who are regarded as the patrons of paper currency and the "credit system," with which it is generally supposed that the prosperity of the United States is indissolubly bound up. The democrats have offered various modifications.

such as introducing the demand for specie gradually, accepting for a time the notes of specie-paying banks, and other accommodations to the merchants; but the opposition is as violent and inflexible as ever in regard to the payment of custom-house duties in gold and silver.

Dr. Duncan and the House of Representatives.—While these discussions were proceeding in the senate, an extremely stormy discussion arose in the house of representatives on a question of privilege. Mr. Prentiss, of Mississippi, offered the following resolutions:—

“Resolved, That this house proceed forthwith to inquire—

“1. Whether Alexander Duncan, a member of this house, from the state of Ohio, be the author of a certain publication or publications under his name, in relation to the proceedings of this house, and certain members thereof, published in the *Globe* newspaper on the 19th inst.

“2. Whether, by said publication or publications, the said Alexander Duncan has not been guilty of a violation of the privileges of this house, of an offence against its peace, dignity, and good order, and of such grossly indecent, ungentlemanly, disgraceful, and dishonourable misconduct, as renders him unworthy of his seat in this house, and justly liable to expulsion from the same.”

There was a call of the house, and 125 members answered to their names. After a great deal of furious disputation and vociferation, Mr. Thomson, of South Carolina, moved to substitute the following motion for that of Mr. Prentiss.

“Resolved, That Alexander Duncan, a member of this house, having avowed himself the author of an article published in the *Globe* of the 19th instant, grossly libellous of honourable members of this body, that the said Alexander Duncan be reprimanded by the speaker in the presence of the house.”

After this resolution was presented, the house adjourned, it being then 6 P. M., and the usual hour of adjournment being three.

Dr. Sewall, the Anti-Phrenologist.—Dr. Sewall, to whom, as already mentioned, I brought a letter, has been exceedingly attentive to us, notwithstanding the different views which we entertain on the subject of phrenology. We met a large party of senators and members of the house of representatives at his residence this evening, and had much pleasant and interesting conversation. One of the gentlemen present took me by the button, and placing Dr. Sewall and me face to face, said, “Now we have got phrenology and anti-phrenology fairly before us, let us hear you fight it out.” I replied that there was really nothing between us to fight about; that, if the views to which Dr. Sewall had given the name in his work were really phrenology, I should be altogether on his side; that he had, in truth, created a phantom, called it phrenology, and then knocked it down, but that no phrenologist took any interest in such a feat. Dr. Sewall asked if I said this seriously. I answered that I did so, and mentioned that Dr. George McClellan, of Philadelphia, from whom I had brought a letter to him, had previously gone along with him in his views, but now acknowledged publicly to his class, that it was not phrenology which he had previously ridiculed, but erroneous conceptions of his own regarding it; and that he had informed me that he had stated as much in his letter to him (Dr. Sewall). “Then,” added Dr. Sewall, “I suppose that I must revise my opinions. They are not unalterable, like the

laws of the Medes and the Persians.” And here the conversation terminated, to the disappointment, perhaps, of some of the members of Congress, who would have enjoyed a “set to” between us considerably. I shall have occasion, at a subsequent time, to mention how far Dr. Sewall profited by the revival of his opinions, which he here indicated as possible.

Ex-President Adams.—I was introduced by Dr. Sewall to the ex-President, Mr. John Quincy Adams, who was one of his distinguished guests; and was just entering into a conversation with him, when a young Scottish lady, overjoyed at hearing, at so great a distance from home, the accents of the Land of Cakes, placed herself between him and me, and poured forth such a volume of questions about Scotland and Scots people, that the patience of Mr. Adams was exhausted. I attempted, by remarks made to him past her shoulder, to retain him, but in vain. He turned off and went to another part of the room, where a circle of admirers was formed around him, which I was never able subsequently to penetrate.

Mr. Adams, after having been President of the United States, now sits in the house of representatives as one of the members for Massachusetts, a position which appears to me to be in every respect consistent with republican principles, and perfectly compatible with the dignity of his previous office. A real patriot is ready to serve his country in any station in which his talents may be useful, and there is true magnanimity in descending at his country's call from the station of supreme power to that of an ordinary representative.

Numerous busts of him are published, but I doubted their accuracy, for I was disappointed in the development of his head; but I now see that they are correct. He is stoutly made, and his temperament is sanguine-nervous bilious, giving him great activity and power of enduring fatigue. His brain is large: The base of it is large, particularly Combativeness and Destructiveness. Self-esteem and Firmness are very large; Acquisitiveness and Benevolence large; Veneration and Conscientiousness full. The anterior lobe is of considerable size, although not large in proportion to the regions of the propensities and sentiments. This indicates a man of impulse, rather than of clear, sound, and consistent judgment. His organs of the observing faculties, however, particularly those of Individuality, are well developed, but they are larger than those of reflection, giving rise to talents for observation, for accumulating knowledge, and for producing it when required; but without a corresponding power of penetrating to the principles of things, and tracing consistently distant consequences. With much kindness of disposition, and stubborn independence of character, the head indicates a liability to heat of temper, and to occasional obstinacy; also, a deficiency in tact, and a difficulty in preserving a continued consistency; the latter imperfection arising not from any tendency to wavering in his dispositions, but from a limited intellectual capacity to perceive fine and distant relations, combined with a self-confidence which will rarely allow him to doubt the soundness of his own inductions.

Most of the Presidents of the United States are said to have injured their private fortunes, by the expenses of office, except Mr. John Quincy Adams. He is spoken of as an economist, who spent what the government allowed him, but no more. The small pay allowed to

American functionaries is attended with some evils. Only men of large fortune, of whom there are not yet a great number in the United States, or men in whom ambition is more powerful than prudence, are likely to become candidates for public offices. The latter are the very men whom the people should avoid as public servants; for a democracy, above all other governments, needs men of prudence and of incorruptible integrity to conduct its affairs. A system of government which has the natural tendency to elevate imprudent and ambitious men to power, may be designated as a hotbed to generate jobbers and speculators. I hear it stated, also, that the foreign ministers of the United States are often ruined by the extra expense entailed on them by their office. “The pay of ministers plenipotentiary is \$9000 per annum as salary, besides \$9000 for outfit. Chargés d'affaires receive \$4500 per annum, and secretaries of legation \$2000. I am told that some of the members of Congress contrive to save four or five hundred dollars out of their own pay during the session in Washington, and would regard any man as an extravagant waster of the public money who should propose an increase of salaries.

Feb. 22. Ther. 42°. *Dr. Duncan.*—The debate on the motions to expel or reprimand Dr. Duncan was resumed this morning, and finally the resolutions moved by Mr. Prentiss were “laid on the table,” which means that nothing was done with them. A vote of two thirds of the members is necessary for expulsion: this could not be carried, and nobody cares for a “reprimand” from the chair. The only alternatives left were “laying on the table” or exculpation, and the former was preferred.

I have introduced this discussion chiefly for the sake of the following remarks:—I heard the whole subject extensively discussed by American gentlemen at the public table in Washington, and subsequently in the railroad cars on the way to Baltimore; and the result was generally approved of, on the ground, expressly stated, that the *rifle* is the only method of settling such disputes. Some few persons lifted up their voices against this sentiment, but they were the minority. While such a state of feeling prevails, the laws recently enacted by Congress, and many of the states, against duelling, must remain nearly a dead letter. One effect which attends the meeting of Congress in Washington is injurious. It withdraws these fierce legislators from the wholesome influence of a more humane public opinion, which would reach them in the larger cities. In Washington they constitute themselves society, and give the tone to opinion.

Gen. Washington's Birthday.—This morning the great guns at the navy yard, a short distance from the city, were fired to celebrate Washington's birthday. In the evening we attended a grand national ball given in honour of the day. The President of the United States, and all the foreign ministers, attended; the latter in their official costumes. Much of the youth and beauty of the city were assembled. The president entered about ten o'clock, leaning on the arms of two stewards of the ball. He wore no costume, and was attended by no insignia of office. The dancing, however, was suspended, and he walked up the middle of the floor between a double row of the company, of all ages and both sexes, who formed a way for him. They bowed, and he returned the compliment; but not a sound was uttered. The band played “Hail! Columbia.” He ascended a platform at the

upper end of the room, which was free to all, and on which many ladies and gentlemen were already standing. He then mingled with the company as an ordinary visiter.

The young ladies took the lead at the ball; but I was assured that ladies, however young, gay, beautiful, and accomplished, after being wedded, are no longer recognised as constituent elements of a ball in the city of Washington. A pretty and engaging lady of nineteen, who has been married for one year, mentioned to me, that while in the single state she remorselessly assisted in deleting the names of her acquaintances from the ball lists as soon as they were married, and never dreamt that she was inflicting any hardship on them; but that now she considers it rather hard to be cut off at her age, when her taste for gaiety is yet fresh and unsatisfied, from all active participation in these scenes. There is little *retenue* or shyness in the youthful fair in the ball-room. 'They act as if the floor belonged to them and their "beaux" (their own expression for young gentlemen); and if the time allowed to them for gaiety before marriage be short, they certainly make the best use of it while it lasts. There is much beauty and amiability, but their forms are fragile, and indicate liability to premature decay.

Opinion seems to be unanimous, that no perceptible evils result from the freedom with which young ladies conduct themselves in the festive parties of the United States. The means of providing for a family are so easily acquired, that most of the men contract marriage at an early age, and seductions are extremely rare. We are told, also, that the young ladies in general display great tact and discrimination in their selection of partners, and very rarely commit themselves to imprudent or unprincipled characters.

The Negro Brain.—In the negroes whom we have seen in this city, the average size of the brain is less than the average size in the free negroes of New York and Pennsylvania. Here the negroes are chiefly slaves, and in some of them the brain is so small, that their mental powers must be feeble indeed. It is a reasonable inference, that the greater exercise of the mental faculties in freedom has caused the brain to increase in size; for it is a general rule in physiology, that wholesome exercise favours the development of all organs. But I fear that another reason may, to some extent, be assigned for the difference, namely, that the condition of the free negroes, when they come into competition with the whites, is so unfavourable, that those of them in whom the brain is deficient in size, and the mental faculties weak, are overwhelmed with difficulties, and die out, and only the most vigorously constituted are able to maintain their position; and hence, that in the free states we see the highest specimens of the race.

Feb. 23. Ther. 40°. *Journey from Washington to Philadelphia.*—We left Washington at six in the morning by the railroad, arrived at Baltimore at half past eight, breakfasted, and started at nine by the railroad for Philadelphia. The axle of the baggage wagon broke, and we were detained for two hours. Nothing could exceed the good humour with which the passengers submitted to the loss of time while the baggage was transferred into the passengers' cars. The rough treatment, however, which the baggage itself sustained in the act of transference, was very reprehensible. The trunks and packages were thrown about, and dashed against

each other on the ground most recklessly, yet this is one of the best managed railroads in the Union. Mr. Newkirk, the president of this company, told me that in engaging all the men employed by the railway company, it is stipulated that they shall practise habitual temperance, and if their breath even shall at any time be observed to smell of intoxicating liquor, although they may be perfectly sober, this shall be regarded as a voluntary resignation of their places; and that, by rigidly acting on these stipulations, no serious accident has occurred since the railway was opened in 1838. Urgent solicitations are often made to him to overlook one transgression, and the most positive assurances given of future good conduct, but he meets all such applications by reminding the petitioner of the rule: "When you put the liquor to your head, you knew that by doing so you resigned your situation. You were then sober, and therefore resigned deliberately; and it is inconsistent to solicit my consent to your remaining after you have done so. I accept your resignation, and you must go." We arrived in Philadelphia at 6 P. M.

Feb. 24. Ther. 41°. *"How do you like our country?"*—Mr. Charles Matthews has announced a book on the United States, bearing the title, "How do you like our country?" This is a very common question, varied sometimes in this fashion, "How does Boston impress you?" It is generally the first question put, and it is embarrassing to a stranger, because it will often force him to give an answer that will do violence to the feelings either of the querist or of himself, unless he deliver a long discourse expressive of modified likes and dislikes. By this question, however, the Americans in general mean nothing more than an invitation to conversation, as we do in England by the observation, "This is pleasant weather," or the question, "How far have you travelled to-day?"

Feb. 25. Ther. 41°. *Wilmington, Delaware.*—In the interval between my first and second courses of lectures in Philadelphia, I was solicited to deliver three lectures on education in Wilmington, the chief town in the State of Delaware: it contains 8000 inhabitants, at the distance of twenty-eight miles from Philadelphia, on the line of the Baltimore railway. Thither I proceeded this day, at 3 P. M. We were forced to wait a full hour before leaving the station on the right bank of the Schuylkill, because the train from Baltimore had not arrived, and there being only one track of rails, we could not pass it. The most perfect good humour prevailed among the passengers during the detention. In the cars I have repeatedly met people of colour traveling as passengers, and saw no indignity offered to them. Wilmington enjoys a supply of water raised from the Brandywine river by force-pumps, and distributed in pipes through the town. It has one street paved; but the others present beds of unredeemed mud, ankle deep. Mr. Gilpin, from whom I received great kindness, carries on an extensive manufacture of writing-paper in the neighbourhood of the town, from fine linen rags exclusively, and he was the first to introduce machinery into this branch. Much of the American paper is made from cotton, and is not durable. Bank notes are made from new Russia duck, and it is the newness of the linen that renders them so tough.

State-Lotteries.—Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania, have abolished state-lotteries, and prohibited the sale of tickets for the lotteries

of other states. Delaware, Maryland, and the District of Columbia, continue to patronise them as well as slavery.

CHAPTER XII.

1839.

March 2. *Phrenology.*—I commenced my second course of lectures in Philadelphia this evening in the Musical Fund Hall. The attendance was 342, of whom a large proportion were "Friends," both orthodox and Hicksites. Many of those who attended the first course have subscribed also for this one.

The Maine Boundary.—War with England.—On the 9th of February Mr. Van Buren presented to the house of representatives at Washington a report from the secretary of state, with the relative documents, regarding the dispute with England about the Maine boundary; and on the 1st of March both houses of congress were engaged from noon till midnight in discussing the subject, and finally passed a bill to authorise the president to engage 50,000 volunteers, and take other measures of a warlike character, to support the governor of Maine. Mr. Webster, on whose cool judgment great reliance is placed, is reported to have said in his speech to the senate, that "if England did not settle this matter by the 4th of July next, the disputed territory should be seized by the United States."

The effect of these discussions on the public mind has been very striking. In every circle into which we enter, almost every voice is raised for war. The battles, both by land and sea, in which the Americans have been victorious over the British, are fought over again in the newspapers; and if one were to judge from the tone of the public mind, war would appear inevitable. Amidst this excitement, however, a few individuals of advanced age and experience may be met with, who, in private conversation, strongly deprecate hostilities; but they regard the popular current of opinion as too strong to be at present stemmed with success.

The opinion is generally entertained in Britain that the Americans are so intensely devoted to gain, and so averse to taxation, that they are not a warlike nation; but my conviction is different. The history of their country, which, in one form or another, constitutes the staple of their instruction at school, records heart-stirring adventures of their ancestors in their contests with the Indians, and afterwards many successful battles in the cause of freedom, when they fought for their own independence. Next comes the war with Britain in 1813, in which the existing generation boasts of many victories. All these achievements are described in the most fervid language, and every battle in which the Americans were victorious, is illustrated by engravings or cuts and celebrated in songs. In the hotels, and in innumerable private houses, pictures representing their triumphs by sea and land adorn the walls: the panels of some of their stage-coaches are ornamented with representations of their frigates capturing their British antagonists; in short, in the United States, the mind of each generation is rendered familiar with tales of war, and excited by their stirring influence from the first dawn of reason till manhood. To these causes of martial incitements, may be added, as by no means ineffective, the Fourth of July orations, and those at militia musters.

Nor are these seeds sown on a barren soil

to judge what the worth or meaning of such men might have been. That there could be any faith or truth in the life of a man, was what these poor Rochesters, and the age they ushered in, had forgotten. Puritanism was hung on gibbets, like the bones of the leading Puritans. Its work nevertheless went on accomplishing itself. All true work of a man, hang the author of it on what gibbet you like, must and will accomplish itself. We have our *Habeas Corpus*, our free Representation of the People; acknowledgment, wide as the world, that all men are, or else must, shall, and will become, what we call *free* men; men with their life grounded on reality and justice, not on tradition, which has become unjust and a chimera! This in part, and much besides this, was the work of the Puritans.

And, indeed, as these things became gradually manifest, the character of the Puritans began to clear itself. Their memories were, one after another, taken down from the gibbet; nay, a certain portion of them are now, in these days, as good as canonised. Eliot, Hampden, Pym, nay, Ludlow, Hutcheson, Vane himself, are admitted to be a kind of Heroes; political Conscript Fathers, to whom in no small degree we owe what makes us a free England: it would not be safe for anybody to designate these men as wicked. Few Puritans of note but find their apologists some where, and have a certain reverence paid them by earnest men. One Puritan, I think, and almost he alone, our poor Cromwell, seems to hang yet on the gibbet, and find no hearty apologist any where. Him neither saint nor sinner will acquit of great wickedness. A man of ability, infinite talent, courage, and so forth: but he betrayed the cause! Selfish ambition, dishonesty, duplicity; a fierce, coarse, hypocritical *Tartuffe*; turning all that noble struggle for constitutional liberty into a sorry farce played for his own benefit: this, and worse, is the character they give of Cromwell. And then there come contrasts with Washington and others; above all, with these noble Pym and Hampdens, whose noble work he stole for himself, and ruined into a futility and deformity.

This view of Cromwell seems to me the not unnatural product of a century like the eighteenth. As we said of the Valet, so of the Sceptic: he does not know a Hero when he sees him! The Valet expected purple mantles, gilt sceptres, body-guards, and flourishes of trumpets: the Sceptic of the eighteenth century looks for regulated respectable formulas, "principles," or what else he may call them; a style of speech and conduct which has got to seem "respectable," which can plead for itself in a handsome articulate manner, and gain the suffrages of an enlightened sceptical eighteenth century! It is, at bottom, the same thing that both the Valet and he expect: the garnitures of some *acknowledged* royalty, which *then* they will acknowledge! The King coming to them in the rugged uniformistic state, shall be no King.

For my own share, far be it from me to say or insinuate a word of disparagement against such characters as Hampden, Eliot, Pym; whom I believe to have been right worthy and useful men. I have read diligently what books and documents about them I could come at; with the honestest wish to admire, to love, and worship them like Heroes; but I am sorry to say, if the real truth must be told, with very indifferent success! At bottom, I found that it would not do. They are very noble men these; step along in their stately way, with their measured enphisms, philosophies, parliamentary eloquences, ship-moneys, *Monarchies of Man*; a most constitutional, unblameable, dignified set of men. But the heart remains cold before them; the fancy alone endeavours to get up some worship of them.

What man's heart does, in reality, break forth into any fire of brotherly love for these men? They are become dreadfully dull men! One breaks down often enough in the constitutional eloquence of the admirable Pym, with his "seemingly and lastly." You find that it may be the admirablest thing in the world, but that it is heavy—heavy as lead, barren as brick clay; that, in a word, for you there is little or nothing now surviving there! One leaves all these nobilities standing in their niches of honour: the

rugged outcast Cromwell, he is the man of them all in whom one still finds human stuff. The great savage *Baresark*: he could write no euphuistic *Monarchy of Man*; did not speak, did not work with glib regularity; had no straight story to tell for himself any where. But he stood bare, not cased in euphuistic coat of mail: he grappled like a giant, face to face, heart to heart, with the naked truth of things! That, after all, is the sort of man for one. I plead guilty to valuing such a man beyond all other sorts of men. Smooth-shaven respectabilities not a few one finds, that are not good for much. Small thanks to a man for keeping his hands clean, who would not touch the work but with gloves on!

Neither, on the whole, does this constitutional tolerance of the eighteenth century, for the other happier Puritans, seem to be a very great matter. One might say, it is but a piece of Formalism and Scepticism like the rest. They tell us, It was a sorrowful thing to consider that the foundation of our English Liberty should have been laid by "Superstition." These Puritans came forward with Calvinistic incredible Creeds, Anti-Laudisms, Westminster Confessions; demanding, chiefly of all, that they should have liberty to *worship* in their own way. Liberty to *tax* themselves: that was the thing they should have demanded! It was Superstition, Fanaticism, disgraceful ignorance of Constitutional Philosophy to insist on the other thing!—Liberty to *tax* oneself! Not to pay out money from your pocket except on reason shown! No century, I think, but a rather barren one, would have fixed on that as the first right of man! I should say on the contrary, A just man will generally have better cause than *money* in what shape soever, before deciding to revolt against his government. Ours is a most confused world; in which a good man will be thankful to see any kind of government maintain itself in a not insupportable manner: and here in England, to this hour, if he is not ready to pay a great many taxes which he can see very small reason in, it will not go well with him, I think! He must try some other climate than this. Tax-gatherer! Money! He will say: "Take my money, since you can, and it is so desirable to you; take it—and take yourself away with it; leave me alone to my work here. I am still here; can still work, after all the money you have taken from me!" But if they come to him, and say, "Acknowledge a lie; pretend to say you are worshipping God, when you are not doing it: believe not the thing that you find true, but the thing that I find, or pretend to find true!" He will answer: "No; by God's help, no! You may take my purse; but I cannot have my moral self annihilated. The cash is any highwayman's who might meet me with a loaded pistol: but the self is mine, and God my Maker's; it is not yours; and I will resist you to the death, and revolt against you, and, on the whole, front all manner of extremities, accusations, and confusions, in defence of that!"

Really, it seems to me the one reason which could justify revolting, this of the Puritans. It has been the soul of all just revolts among men. Not *hunger* alone produced even the French Revolution; no, but the feeling of the insupportable all-pervading *falsehood* which had now embodied itself in hunger, in universal material scarcity and nonentity, and thereby become *indisputably* false in the eyes of all! We will leave the eighteenth century with its "liberty to tax itself." We will not astonish ourselves that the meaning of such men as the Puritans remained dim to it. To men who believe in no reality at all, how shall a *real* human soul, the intensest of all realities, as it were, the voice of this world's Maker still speaking to us, be intelligible? What it cannot reduce into constitutional doctrines relating to "taxing," or other the like material interest, gross, palpable to the sense, such a century will needs reject as an amorphous heap of rubbish. Hampdens, Pym, and Ship-money, will be the theme of much constitutional eloquence, striving to be fervid; which will glitter, if not as fire does, then as *ice* does: and the irreducible Cromwell will remain a chaotic mass of "madness," "hypocrisy," and much else.

From of old, I will confess, this theory of Cromwell's falsity has been incredible to me. Nay, I

cannot believe the like, of any Great Man whatever. Multitudes of Great Men figure in history as false, selfish men; but if we will consider it, they are but *figures* for us, unintelligible shadows: we do not see into them as men that could have existed at all. A superficial unbelieving generation only, with no eye but for the surfaces and semblances of things, could form such notions of Great Men. Can a great soul be possible without a *conscience* in it, the essence of all *real* souls, great or small? No, we cannot figure Cromwell as a falsity and fatuity; the longer I study him and his career, I believe this the less. Why should we? There is no evidence of it. Is it not strange that, after all the mountains of calumny this man has been subject to, after being represented as the very prince of liars, who never, or hardly ever, spoke truth, but always some cunning counterfeit of truth, there should not yet have been one falsehood brought clearly home to him? A prince of liars, and no lie spoken by him. Not one that I could yet get sight of. It is like Pocccke asking Grotius, Where is your *proof* of Mahomet's Pigeon? No proof! Let us all leave these calumnious chimeras, as chimeras ought to be left. They are not the portraits of the man; they are distracted phantasms of him, the joint product of hatred and darkness.

(To be continued.)

PRE-EMINENCE OF POETRY.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Sculpture is the noblest, but the most limited of the fine arts. It produces the fewest, but the greatest effects; it approaches nearest to nature, and yet can present little besides models of her living forms, and those principally in repose. Yet, poetry is a sort of sculpture, in which the art flourishes, not in marble or brass, but in that which outlasts both—in letters, which the fingers of a child may write or blot, but which, once written, time himself may not be able to obliterate; and in sounds which are but passing breath, yet, being once uttered, by possibility may never cease to be repeated. Sculpture to the eye, in palpable materials, is of necessity confined to a few forms, aspects and attitudes. The poet's images are living, breathing, moving creatures; they stand, walk, run, fly, speak, love, fight, fall, labour, suffer, die—in a word, they are men of like passions with ourselves, undergoing all the changes of actual existence, and presenting to the mind of the reader, solitary figures, or complicated groups, more easily retained, (for words are better recollected than shapen substances,) and infinitely more diversified than the chisel could hew out of all the rocks under the sun. Nor is this a fanciful or metaphorical illustration of the pre-eminence which I claim for the art I am advocating. In proof of it, I appeal at once to works of the eldest and greatest poets of every country. In Homer, Dante, and Chaucer, for example, it is exceedingly curious to remark with what scrupulous care and minuteness, personal appearance, stature, bulk, complexion, age, and other incidents, are exhibited, for the purpose of giving life and reality to the scenes and actions in which their characters are engaged. All these are bodied forth to the eye through the mind, as sculpture addresses the mind through the eye.

In sculpture, nothing is less impressive than the allegorical personages that haunt cenotaphs, and crowd cathedral walls; for, however admirably wrought, they awaken not the slightest emotion, whether they weep, or rage, or frown, or smile. In poetry, likewise, expanded allegories are the least effective of all the means by which terror, wonder, pity, delight, or anger are attempted to be excited; yet with single figures frequently, and with small groups occasionally, under the guise of metaphors and similes, poetry of every kind peopled more splendidly, beautifully, and awfully than was Grecian Olympus with gods and heroes, the ocean with nymphs and nereids, and Tartarus with furies, spectres, and inexorable judges. Two or three brief specimens may decide the superiority of poetry over

sculpture. How could the image of FEAR which "to and fro did fly," be realised in marble as it has been by Spenser in rhyme? Collins' odes are galleries of poetical statuary, which no art could give to the sight, though perfectly made out in the sensorium of the brain.

"Danger, whose limbs of giant mould,
What mortal eye could fix'd behold?
Who stalks his round, a hideous form,
Howling amid the midnight storm,
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep."

What sculptor's hand could arrest this monster, and place him in one attitude, which should suggest ALL the ideas expressed in those wonderful lines?—his "limbs of giant mould,"—his stalking, howling, casting himself prone, and falling asleep;—with the accompaniments of the "midnight storm," "the ridgy steep," "the loose hanging rock;" and above all, (perhaps,) the mortal "eye" vainly attempting to fix itself upon this "hideous form?" In the sequel of the same ode we meet with—

— "the ravening brood of Fate,
That LAP the blood of Sorrow."

The artist might fearfully represent wolves or wild dogs lapping the blood of a slain victim; but it would require the commentary of the passage itself to make the spectator understand that by the former were meant "the ravening brood of Fate," that follow in the rear of "Vengeance,"—"the fiends," that, near allied to "Danger" aforementioned, "o'er Nature's wounds and wrecks preside;" and that their prey was the personification of "Sorrow." Yet the poet, in the context, does all this as triumphantly as though he could give bodily sight to the mental eye, by which they are discerned through the magic medium of his verse.

Let us bring—not into gladiatorial conflict, but into honourable competition, where neither can suffer disparagement—one of the masterpieces of ancient sculpture, and two stanzas from "Childe Harold," in which that very statue is turned into verse, which seems almost to make it visible:—

THE DYING GLADIATOR.

"I see before me the Gladiator lie;
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony;
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low;
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout that hailed the wretch
who won."

Now, all this sculpture has embodied in perpetual marble, and every association touched upon in the description might spring up in a well instructed mind, while contemplating the insulated figure which personifies the expiring champion. Painting might take up the same subject, and represent the amphitheatre thronged to the height with ferocious faces, all bent upon the exulting conqueror and his prostrate antagonist—a thousand for one of them sympathising rather with the transport of the former than the agony of the latter. Here, then, sculpture and painting have reached their climax; neither of them can give the actual thoughts of the personages whom they exhibit so palpably to the outward sense, that the character of those thoughts cannot be mistaken. Poetry goes further than both; and when one of the sisters had laid down her chisel, the other her pencil, she continues the strain; wherein, having already sung what each has pictured, she thus reveals that secret of the sufferer's broken heart, which neither of them could intimate by any visible sign. But we must return to the swoon of the dying man:—

"The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shouts that hail'd the wretch
who won.

"He HEARD IT, and he HEEDED NOT—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;

He reck'd not of the life he lost, nor prize,
—But, where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother:—he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday,
All this gush'd with his blood." * * *

Myriads of eyes had gazed upon that statue;—through myriads of minds all the images and ideas connected with the combat and the fall, the spectators and the scene, had passed in the presence of that unconscious marble which has given immortality to the pangs of death; but not a soul among all the beholders through eighteen centuries—not one had ever thought of "the rude hut," the "Dacian mother," the "young barbarians." At length came the poet of passion; and, looking upon "The Dying Gladiator" (less as what it was than what it represented,) turned the marble into man, and endowed it with human affections; then, away over the Apennines and over the Alps, away on the wings of irrepressible sympathy, flew his spirit to the banks of the Danube, where, "with his heart," were the "eyes" of the victim, under the night-fall of death; for "there were his young barbarians all at play, and there their Dacian mother." This is nature; this is truth. While the conflict continued, the combatant thought of himself only; he aimed at nothing but victory: when life and this were lost, his last thoughts, his sole thoughts, would turn to his wife and little children.

NEW BOOKS.

The Episcopal Manual: A Summary Explanation of the Doctrines, Discipline, and Worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the United States of America. By the late Rev. William H. Wilmer, D. D. Philadelphia, R. S. H. George, 1841.

It is unnecessary to go into an examination of a work so well known and so highly appreciated by that class of Christians for whom it is intended as the "Episcopal Manual." It is sufficient to remark that this is a new and improved edition, revised and adapted to the present state of the church; and that there are considerable additions and emendations. The book, like the other publications of Mr. George, is very beautifully got up, the paper, print, and binding being all elegant and tasteful.

Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries. By Henry Hallam, F. R. A. S. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1841.

The researches made by Mr. Hallam in preparing his "Constitutional History," and his "History of the Middle Ages," brought under his review the richest and most ample materials for the work before us. Of these he has availed himself, to produce one of those complete and admirable histories which, we are happy to observe, are now quietly taking the place of the lighter and less profitable reading hitherto so much in vogue with the public. Literary history, marking as it does the progress of the human intellect from age to age, forms a most interesting and useful study. The inquiries to which it naturally leads the reader, serve to shed light on every other branch of liberal knowledge, and to give a refined and elegant taste. No work hitherto published in this country has furnished so important an addition to literary history as this. Its popularity will undoubtedly lead to the publication of many others in the same department.

A Week in Wall Street. By One who knows New York. Published by the booksellers, 1841.

This is a terribly bitter satire upon stock jobbers, bankers, brokers, money changers, speculators, *et id omne genus*. It is written with considerable powers of wit and sarcasm; and the author dashes away, right and left, without considering how important it is to spare the feelings of "gentlemen," who, in fleeing the public by thousands and millions, have

only followed the fashion. We dare say that the delicacy of the satirist in scoring rich and "respectable" people in the way he does, will excite more public indignation than the begging of thousands of widows and orphans by a little fancy speculation.

The Nestorians, or the Lost Tribes. Containing Evidence of their Identity, an Account of their Manners, Customs and Ceremonies, together with Sketches of Travel in Ancient Assyria, Armenia, Medina and Mesopotamia, and Illustrations of Scripture Prophecy. By Ashbel Grant, M. D. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1841.

This book belongs to the same class with the famous "Incidents of Travel" of Mr. Stephens. The author's design is to prove the identity of the Nestorian Christians, settled in Western Asia, with the lost tribes of Israel. This theory appears to have been forced upon his mind by the evidences presented to his observation, on a personal visit to the country, in the character of a missionary physician.

The work is written in an earnest, but very manly and unambitious style, and will attract a great deal of attention. We should not be surprised if it should rival "Incidents of Travel" in popularity.

Powhatan: A Metrical Romance, in Seven Cantos. By Seba Smith. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1841.

Any attempt to consecrate the illustrious characters and events connected with American history, either by poetry, painting or romance, we always feel bound to encourage with its full meed of applause. It is with much gratification, therefore, that we witness so successful an effort as the one before us. The poem is written in an easy flowing verse, in a style greatly enriched with imagery and melodious numbers; and the story is carried forward with a rapidity and distinctness quite charming to those who, like us, are averse to the usual *romarole* and circumbendibus manner adopted by most of our very modern poets. If any poetry can become popular in such an unpropitious age as our own, it must be precisely that which contains the same elements of popularity which we recognise in "Powhatan," viz.: a national subject, beautiful images, melodious numbers, and a lively, animated narrative. The simplicity of language throughout, reminds one of the Scandinavian Eddas or those Spanish chronicles which record the mighty doings of "Roy Diaz, the Champion of Bivar." Such verses commend themselves to the affections of the people in any country, at any age, learned or unlearned, barbarous or refined.

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EDITED BY JOHN SANDERSON, ESQ.

PART I.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1841.

NO. 24.

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DIARIES—MORAL, HISTORICAL, AND CRITICAL.

(Concluded.)

There is a curious passage in a letter of Sir Thomas Bodley, recommending to Sir Francis Bacon, then a young man on his travels, the mode by which he should make his life "profitable to his country and his friends." His expressions are remarkable. "Let all these riches be treasured up, not only in your memory, where time may lessen your stock, but rather in *good writings* and *books of account*, which will keep them safe for your use hereafter." By these *good writings* and *books of account*, he describes the diaries of a student and an observer; these "good writings" will preserve what wear out in the memory, and these "books of account" render to a man an account of himself to himself.

It was this solitary reflection and industry which assuredly contributed so largely to form the gigantic minds of the Seldons, the Camdens, the Cokes, and others of that vigorous age of genius. When Coke fell into disgrace, and retired into private life, the discarded statesman did not pule himself into a lethargy, but on the contrary seemed almost to rejoice that an opportunity was at length afforded him of indulging in studies more congenial to his feelings. Then he found leisure not only to revise his former writings, which were thirty volumes written with his own hand, but what most pleased him, he was enabled to write a manual, which he called *Vade Mecum*, and which contained a retrospective view of his life, since he noted in that volume the most remarkable occurrences which had happened to him. It is not probable that such a MS. could have been destroyed but by accident; and it might, perhaps, yet be recovered.

"The interest of the public was the business of Camden's life," observes Bishop Gibson; and, indeed, this was the character of the men of that age. Camden kept a diary of all occurrences in the reign of James I.; not that at his advanced age, and with his infirm health, he could ever imagine that he should make use of these materials: but he did this, inspired by the love of truth, and of that labour which delights in preparing its materials for posterity. Bishop Gibson has made an important observation on the nature of such a diary, which cannot be too often repeated to those who have the opportunities of forming one; and for them I transcribe it. "Were this practised by persons of learning and curiosity, who have the opportunities of seeing into the public affairs of a kingdom, the short hints and strictures of this kind would often set things in a truer light than regular histories."

A student of this class was Sir Symonds D'Ewes, an independent country gentleman, to whose zeal we owe the valuable journals of parliament in Elizabeth's reign, and who has left in manuscript a voluminous diary, from which may be drawn some curious matters. In the preface to his journals, he has presented a noble picture of his literary reveries, and the intended productions of his pen. They will animate the youthful student, and show the active genius of the gentlemen of that day; the present diarist observes, "Having now finished these volumes, I have already entered upon other and greater labours, conceiving myself not to be born for myself alone."

"Qui vivat sibi solus, homo nequit esse beatus,
Malo mori, nam sic vivere nolo mihi."

He then gives a list of his intended historical works, and adds, "These I have proposed to myself to labour in, besides diverse others, smaller works: like him that shoots at the sun, not in hopes to reach it, but to shoot as high as possibly his strength, art, or skill, will permit. So, though I know it impossible to finish all these during my short and uncertain life, having already entered into the thirtieth year of my age, and having many unavoidable cares of an estate and family, yet if I can finish a little in each kind, it may hereafter stir up some able judges to add an end to the whole:

"Sic mihi contingat vivere, sicque mori."

Richard Baxter, whose facility and diligence, it is said, produced one hundred and forty-five distinct works, wrote, he himself says, "in the crowd of all my other employments." Assuredly the one which may excite astonishment is his voluminous auto-biography, forming a folio of more than seven hundred closely-printed pages; a history which takes a considerable compass, from 1615 to 1648; whose writer pries into the very seed of events, and whose personal knowledge of the leading actors of his times throws a perpetual interest over his lengthened pages. Yet this was not written with a view of publication by himself; he still continued this work, till time and strength wore out the hand that could no longer hold the pen, and left it to the judgment of others, whether it should be given to the world.

These were private persons. It may excite our surprise to discover that our statesmen, and others engaged in active public life, occupied themselves with the same habitual attention to what was passing around them in the form of diaries, or their own memoirs, or in forming collections for future times, with no possible view

but for posthumous utility. They seem to have been inspired by the most genuine passion of patriotism, and an awful love of posterity. What motive less powerful could induce many noblemen and gentlemen to transcribe volumes; to transmit to posterity authentic narratives, which would not even admit of cotemporary notice; either because the facts were then well known to all, or of so secret a nature as to render them dangerous to be communicated to their own times. They sought neither fame nor interest; for many collections of this nature have come down to us without even the names of the scribes, which have been usually discovered by accidental circumstances. It may be said, that this toil was the pleasure of idle men:—the idlers then were of a distinct race from our own. There is scarcely a person of reputation among them, who has not left such laborious records of himself. I intend drawing up a list of such diaries and memoirs; which derive their importance from the diarists themselves. Even the women of this time partook of the same thoughtful dispositions. It appears that the Duchess of York, wife of James II. and the daughter of Clarendon, drew up a narrative of his life: the celebrated Duchess of Newcastle has formed a dignified biography of her husband: Lady Fanshaws's Memoirs are partially known by some curious extracts; and recently Mrs. Hutchinson's Memoirs of her Colonel delighted every curious reader.

The habit of laborious studies, and a zealous attention to the history of his own times, produced the Register and Chronicle of Bishop Kennett, "containing matters of fact, delivered in the words of the most authentic papers and records, all daily entered and commented on;" it includes an account of all pamphlets as they appeared. This history, more valuable to us than to his own cotemporaries, occupied two large folios, of which only one has been printed; a zealous labour, which could only have been carried on from a motive of pure patriotism. It is, however, but a small part of the diligence of the bishop, since his own manuscripts form a small library of themselves.

The malignant vengeance of Prynne in exposing the diary of Laud to the public eye, lost all its purpose, for nothing appeared more favourable to Laud than this exposition of his private diary. We forget the harshness in the personal manners of Laud himself, and sympathise even with his errors, when we turn over the simple leaves of this diary, which obviously was not intended for any purpose but for his own private eye and collected meditations. There his whole heart is laid open; his errors are not concealed,

the purity of his intentions is established. Laud, who had too haughtily blended the prime minister with the archbishop, still, from conscientious motives, in the hurry of public duties, and in the pomp of public honours, could steal aside into solitude, to account to God and himself for every day, and "the evil thereof."

The diary of Henry, Earl of Clarendon, who inherited the industry of his father, has partly escaped destruction; it presents us with a picture of the manners of the age; from whence, says Bishop Douglas, we may learn that at the close of the last century, a man of the first quality made it his constant practice to pass his time without shaking his arm at a gaming table, associating with jockies at Newmarket, or murdering time by a constant round of giddy dissipation, if not of criminal indulgence. Diaries were not uncommon in the last age: Lord Anglesey, who made so great a figure in the reign of Charles II. left one behind him; and one said to have been written by the Duke of Shrewsbury still exists.

But the most admirable example is Lord Clarendon's History of his own "Life," or rather of the court, and every event and person passing before him. In this moving scene he copies nature with freedom, and has exquisitely touched the individual character. There that great statesman opens the most concealed transactions, and traces the views of the most opposite dispositions; and though engaged, when in exile, in furthering the royal intercourse with the loyalists, and when, on the restoration, conducting the difficult affairs of a great nation, a careless monarch, and a dissipated court, yet besides his immortal history of the civil wars, "the chancellor of human nature" passed his life in habitual reflection, and his pen in daily employment. Such was the admirable industry of our later ancestors; their diaries and their memoirs are its monuments!

James II. is an illustrious instance of the admirable industry of our ancestors. With his own hand this prince wrote down the chief occurrences of his times, and often his instant reflections and conjectures. Perhaps no sovereign prince, said Macpherson, has been known to have left behind him better materials for history. We at length possess a considerable portion of his diary, which is that of a man of business and of honest intentions, containing many remarkable facts which had otherwise escaped from our historians.

The literary man has formed diaries purely of his studies, and the practice may be called *journalising the mind*, in a summary of studies, and a register of loose hints and *sbozzos*, that sometimes happily occur; and like Ringelbergius, that enthusiast for study, whose animated exhortations to young students have been aptly compared to the sound of a trumpet in the field of battle, marked down every night, before going to sleep, what had been done during the studious day. Of this class of diaries, Gibbon has given us an illustrious model; and there is an unpublished quarto of the late Barré Robertis, a young student of genius, devoted to curious researches, which deserves to meet the public eye. I should like to see a little book published with this title, "*Optimum delitiosum in quo objecta vel in actione, vel in lectione, vel in visione ad singulos dies Anni 1629 observata representantur.*" This writer was a German, who boldly published, for the course of one year, whatever he read or had seen every day in that year. As an experiment, if honestly performed, this might be curious to

the philosophical observer; but to write down every thing, may end in something like nothing.

A great poetical cotemporary of our own country does not think that even *DREAMS* should pass away unnoted; and he calls this register, his *Nocturnals*. His dreams are assuredly poetical; as Laud's, who journalised his, seem to have been made up of the affairs of state and religion; the personages are his patrons, his enemies, and others; his dreams are scenical and dramatic. Works of this nature are not designed for the public eye; they are domestic annals, to be guarded in the little archives of a family; they are offerings cast before our Lares.

Pleasing, when youth is long expired, to trace
The forms our pencil or our pen design'd;
Such was our youthful air, and shape and face,
Such the soft image of our youthful mind.

SHENSTONE.

From Carlyle's Lectures.

THE HERO AS KING.

CROMWELL, NAPOLEON, MODERN REVOLUTIONISM.

(Continued from No. 23.)

Looking at the man's life with our own eyes, it seems to me a very different hypothesis suggests itself. What little we know of his early obscure years, distorted as it has come down to us, does it not all betoken an earnest, hearty, sincere kind of man? His nervous melancholic temperament indicates rather a seriousness too deep for him. You remember that story of his having a vision of the Evil Spirit, predicting that he would be Sovereign of England, and so forth. In broad daylight, some huge white spectre, which he took to be the devil, with preternatural monitions of some sort, shows itself to him: the Royalists made immense babble about it; but apart from their speculations, we can suppose this story of the spectre to be true. Then there are afterwards those hypochondriacal visions; the doctor sent for; Oliver imagining that "the steeple of Huntingdon was about to tumble on him." Such an excitable deep-feeling nature, in that rugged stubborn bulk of his; in other words, a soul of such intensity, such sensibility, with all its strength!

The young Oliver is sent to study law; falls, for a little period, into some of the dissipations of youth; but speedily repents, abandons all this: not much above twenty, he is married, settled as an altogether grave and quiet man. He pays back what money he had won at gambling; he does not think any gain of that kind could be really *his*. It is very interesting, very natural, this "conversion," as they well name it; this awakening of a great true soul from the worldly slough, to see into the awful truth of things; to see that time and its shows all rested on eternity, and this poor earth of ours was the threshold either of heaven or hell! Oliver's life at Ely as a sober industrious farmer, is it not altogether as that of a true devout man? He has renounced the world and its ways; its prizes are not the thing that can enrich him. He tills the earth; he reads his Bible; daily assembles his servants round him to worship God. He comforts persecuted ministers, is fond of preachers; nay, can preach himself—exhorts his neighbours to be wise, to redeem the time. In all this, what "hypocrisy," "ambition," "cant," or other falsity? The man's hopes, I do believe, were fixed on the other higher world; his aim to get well thither by walking well through his humble course in this world. He courts no notice: what could notice here do for him? "Ever in his great Taskmaster's eye." It is striking, too, how he comes out once into public view; he, since no other is willing to come: in resistance to a public grievance. I mean, in the matter of the Bedford Fens. No one else will go to law with authority; therefore he will. That matter once settled, he returns back into obscurity, to his Bible and his plough. "Gain influence?"

His influence is the most legitimate; derived from personal knowledge of him, as a just, religious, reasonable, and determined man. In this way he has lived till past forty; old age is now in view of him, and the earnest portal of death and eternity;—it was at this point that he suddenly became "ambitious!" I do not interpret his parliamentary mission in that way!

His successes in parliament, his successes through the war, are honest successes of a brave man; who has more resolution in the heart of him, more light in the head of him, than any other man. His prayers to God; his spoken thanks to the God of Victory, who had preserved him safe, and carried him forward so far, through the furious clash of a world all set in conflict, through desperate-looking envelopments at Dunbar; through the death hail of so many battles; mercy after mercy; to the "crowning mercy" of Worcester Fight: all this is good and genuine for deep-hearted Calvinistic Cromwell. Only to vain unbelieving cavaliers, worshipping not God but their own "love-locks," frivolities, and formalities, living quite apart from contemplations of God, living without God in the world, need it seem hypocritical.

Nor will his participation in the king's death involve him in condemnation with us. It is a stern business killing of a king! But if you once go to war with him, it lies there; this and all else lies there. Once at war, you have made wager of battle with him: it is he to die, or else you. Reconciliation is problematic; may be possible, or, far more likely, is impossible. It is now pretty generally admitted that the parliament, having vanquished Charles First, had no way of making any tenable arrangement with him. The large Presbyterian party, apprehensive now of the Independents, were most anxious to do so; anxious, indeed, as for their own existence; but it could not be. The unhappy Charles, in those final Hampton Court negotiations, shows himself as a man fatally incapable of being dealt with. A man who, once for all, could not and would not *understand*—whose thought did not in any measure represent to him the real fact of the matter; nay, worse, whose word did not at all represent his thought. We may say this of him without cruelty, with deep pity rather: but it is true and undeniable. Forsaken there of all but the name of Kingship, he still, finding himself treated with outward respect as a King, fancied that he might play off party against party, and smuggle himself into his old power by deceiving both. Alas! they both *discovered* that he was deceiving them. A man whose word will not inform you at all what he means or will do, is not a man you can bargain with. You must get out of that man's way, or put him out of yours! The Presbyterians, in their despair, were still for believing Charles, though found false, unbelievable, again and again. Not so Cromwell: "For all our fighting," says he, "we are to have a little bit of paper!" No!—

In fact, every where we have to note the decisive practical eye of this man; how he drives towards the practical and practicable; has a genuine insight into what is fact. Such an intellect, I maintain, does not belong to a false man: the false man sees false shows, plausibilities, expediences: the true man is needed to discern even practical truth. Cromwell's advice about the Parliament's Army, early in the contest, how they were to dismiss their city-tapers, fimsy riotous persons, and choose substantial yeomen, whose heart was in the work, to be soldiers for them: this is advice by a man who *saw*. Fact answers, if you see into fact! Cromwell's *Ironside* were the embodiment of this insight of his; men fearing God; and without any other fear. No more conclusively genuine set of fighters ever trod the soil of England, or of any other land.

Neither will we blame greatly that word of Cromwell's to them; which was so blamed: "If the King should meet me in battle, I would *kill* the King." Why not? These words were spoken to men who stood as before a higher than kings. They had set more than their own lives on the cast. The parliament may call it, in official language, a fighting "for the King;" but we, for our share, cannot understand

The Americans inherit the cerebral organisation of the three British nations, in whom the organs of Combativeness, Destructiveness, Self-Esteem, and Firmness, the elements of pugnacity and warlike adventure, are largely developed. In them this endowment is accompanied by a restless activity of mind, which finds natural and agreeable vent in war, and by a degree of intelligence which renders them capable equally of individual enterprise and of combination in action. Add to all these the influence of extreme youth, and the belligerent spirit of this people is easily accounted for. In mentioning their extreme youth, I do not refer to their short national existence of only sixty-three years, since the 4th of July, 1776, but to the extraordinary proportion of young persons in their population. It is well known that the population of the United States doubles every twenty-five years by natural increase alone, and every twenty-three years when assisted by immigration; but I have not observed that any just appreciation has been made by travellers of the influence of this fact on the character of the people. Nearly three generations are on the field at the same time, and as nearly every male, on arriving at twenty-one years of age has a vote, the preponderating influence of the young on the national resolves is very striking. From attending their public political meetings, my conviction is, that the majority of their voters are under thirty-five or thirty-six years of age. Here, then, we have a people of naturally pugnacious dispositions, reared in the admiration of warlike deeds, imperfectly instructed in the principles on which the real greatness of nations is founded, possessed of much mental activity, impelled by all the fervour of youth, and unrestrained by experience. It would be matter of surprise if they were not predisposed to rush into a contest, especially with Britain, whom they still regard as their hereditary foe.

Fortunately, however, for the people, and for the interests of civilisation throughout the world, there are numerous and strong impediments to the gratification of their warlike propensities. Their actual pursuits are all pacific; they live in plenty, and suffer no grievances except those which flow from their own errors, and which they have the power to remove; they have no warlike neighbours to threaten their frontiers; and the constitutions of the general government, and of the several states, leave the executive power so feeble, that it can only add to its own embarrassments by engaging in hostilities. The American standing army consists of only 12,539 men of all arms and all ranks, while its corps of militia are altogether unadapted to aggressive warfare. The nation, therefore, has no force, except seven line-of-battle ships, twelve frigates, and twenty sloops of war (exclusive of those on the stocks,) with which to maintain a war of aggression. So thoroughly inefficient was the militia found to be in the last war, except as a defensive force, that the general government resorted to the expedient of engaging volunteers; and on the present occasion, congress has authorised the raising of 50,000 men on the same terms. Fifty thousand volunteers may not appear to be a very formidable host to those who do not know the American people; but it would probably be found to consist of tough materials. A proclamation for the enlistment of such a force, would call forth that number of young, ardent, enthusiastic men, with heads full of fancies about glory, and temperaments burning for the gratifications arising from enterprise and danger. A

few months would suffice to confer on them the advantages of discipline, and they would then closely resemble the hosts of excited Frenchmen whom Napoleon led to the easy conquest of Italy and Germany. It is a blessing to the civilised world that so many impediments exist to this class of men attaining the ascendancy in the national councils.

March 3. Therm. 31°. *The Universalists.*—This day I heard the Rev. Mr. Thomas, a universalist minister, preach on the text "Charity suffereth long," &c. The inscription in front of the pulpit is "God is Love." He described one great difference between the character of God, as revealed in the New Testament, and that of the gods of the Greeks and Romans, to consist in the "Love" of the God of the Christians. The heathen deities were personifications of "power," much resembling the devil of some Christian sects ("in whose existence," said he, "we do not believe, regarding him as a mere phantom of the imagination.") The discourse was very able, well composed, and delivered from short notes. The congregation presented that respectable appearance in point of dress and deportment which characterises the American churches in general; but it was not so numerous as some others.

The universalists are stated, in the American Almanac, to have 653 congregations or churches, 317 ministers, and 600,000 people in the Union. They believe in universal salvation; but in applying this doctrine they differ among themselves. Dr. Chauncey, of Boston, who is regarded as a high authority among them, in his work on "*The salvation of all men*," lays it down as a rule that those individuals who in this life have been enabled, by the Son of God, to make great attainments in virtue, shall, in the next, enter on the enjoyment of happiness immediately after death; while the incorrigibly wicked in this world will be "awfully miserable" hereafter, not to continue so for ever, but that they may be convinced of their folly, and recovered to a virtuous frame of mind. Another class of universalists follow Mr. Rely, of England, and Mr. Murray, of the United States, in admitting "no punishment for sin but what Christ suffered; but speak of a punishment which is consequent upon sin, as darkness, distress, and misery, which they assert are ever attendant upon transgression. But, as to know the true God and Jesus Christ is life eternal, and as all shall know him, from the least to the greatest, that knowledge or belief will consequently dispel or save from all the darkness, distress, and fear, which are attendant upon guilt and unbelief, and, being perfectly holy, we shall consequently be perfectly and eternally happy."

I was informed by several individuals in different parts of the Union, that the universalists are making more progress among the common people than the unitarians; and that unitarianism, where it exists, attracts a larger proportion of the higher and better educated circles.

March 4. Ther. 21°. *Morus multicaulis, American silk.*—The Americans are at present labouring under an excitement about the cultivation of the mulberry tree, the rearing of silk-worms, and the manufacture of silk. The newspapers teem with advertisements, announcing the sale of morus multicaulis trees in innumerable quantities; and many persons are reported to have realised handsome fortunes by rearing and selling them. To-day I saw at Wilmington a waistcoat and pair of pantaloons made of Ame-

rican silk; and although the cultivators may be much further from success than they at present believe, it appears not improbable that, with their ingenuity and perseverance, they may ultimately succeed in adding silk to their other products.

Wilmington.—Lectures on Education.—I delivered my third lecture on education in the Lyceum at Wilmington this evening, which was attended by 170 persons of both sexes. Handsome resolutions approving of the lectures were passed and afterwards published.

At the close of the lecture, an old gentleman rose, and asked me whether there were not brains so deficient, that their owners had it not in their power to act according to the moral law? I had been told that, since my first lecture, there had been a grand debate in the Lyceum on the question whether phrenology leads to fatalism, and that this gentleman had opposed it, on the ground that it does lead to this result. This question was obviously calculated to furnish matter for more argument. In answer, I stated that, before one can judge of what any doctrine leads to, it is necessary to know the doctrine itself; that I had not lectured on Phrenology, but only on education, before the present audience, and, therefore, presumed that they were strangers to what Phrenology teaches; that in Philadelphia, after devoting twenty hours to the exposition of Phrenology, I had dedicated a large portion of one lecture to its connection with "moral responsibility;" and that, as I could not now recapitulate expositions given in these twenty hours, I hoped that the audience would excuse me for not entering on the results deducible from them. This was accepted as a sufficient reason for declining to answer the question.*

March 5. Ther. 18°. In going to Wilmington yesterday, and returning from it to-day, I observed a considerable number of lambs newly dropped in the fields, with their mothers, also numbers of cattle out of doors. There is scarcely a tinge of green to be discovered in the grass. These animals are fed on hay and the leaves of Indian corn, which are saved in harvest, and are said to make good fodder. Autumn-sown wheat is now visible, but it looks dark, small, and sickly. No field labour is going on, as the ground is deeply frozen.

March 8. Ther. 37°. *The bad health of the American women.*—In the February number of the Southern Literary Messenger, Dr. Harvey Lindsley, of Washington city, makes the following remarks on this subject. I copy his own words, because I believe them to represent the facts correctly, and also because a similar description, if given by a European visitor, would be more likely to give offence than when it proceeds from an American physician.

"The remark," says Dr. Lindsley, "has often been made by Europeans who have visited this country—and the melancholy truth has been confirmed by Americans who have traveled on the eastern continent—that American women suffer much more from ill health than those of other countries. My attention has for some time past been particularly directed to this subject; and I am convinced that the remark is undoubtedly true to an alarming extent, and that it is the duty of the medical profession to examine into its cause, and, if possible, to suggest and urge upon the public the appropriate remedies."

* In my work on Moral Philosophy, under the head of "*Treatment of Criminals*," I have discussed the question referred to in the text.

"Not only is the average health of our countrywomen much less robust than that enjoyed by corresponding classes in Europe, and particularly in Great Britain, but it is much more infirm than that of the other sex in our country;—I mean, after making due allowances for those diseases and afflictions peculiar to their situation and duties in society.

"With respect to their inferiority in point of vigour, strength, and robustness, to the women of England, as well as of the continent, I believe there is not one dissenting voice among those who have enjoyed the most ample opportunities for comparison, and whose attention has been attracted to the subject. The European has a much more florid and healthful complexion—a much more vigorous person—and is capable of enduring much more fatigue and exposure, and of performing much harder labour. The slender, and delicate, and fragile form—the pale, sallow, and waxen complexion—which are so common among us, are comparatively seldom seen abroad. The feats of pedestrianism, which are almost daily performed in England, even by ladies of rank and fortune, would appear almost incredible to our feeble and sedentary countrywomen. As an illustration of this remark, it is mentioned by a recent traveller, in his letters from England, that, while staying for a few days at the house of a friend in the interior of the country, it was proposed one morning that the family, including the ladies, should make a call on another friend, who lived about five miles distant. They accordingly started on foot, without any remark being made as to the mode of locomotion, as if it were an ordinary occurrence, and, on their way home, were so little fatigued as to be desirous of making a digression of some two or three miles, in order to exhibit some picturesque view, which they thought might be interesting to their guest, as a stranger. Such a pedestrian excursion by an American woman would be an event to be talked of for life!

"That the females of our country are likewise much greater sufferers from ill health than our sex, is a fact which the daily observation of medical men has abundant opportunity of confirming, and a class of diseases, from which they suffer most, are precisely those which we would suppose would be produced by the peculiar causes operating upon them. They are derangements of the digestive and nervous apparatus. Every physician of much experience must have been struck with the fearful extent and obstinate nature of these affections—always difficult to remedy, and frequently even to alleviate; and they seem confined almost exclusively to females and men of sedentary habits. They are always productive of great and protracted suffering."

The American ladies generally ascribe their maladies to the very variable climate of their country. This may have some influence; but their own habits appear to me to contribute much more to their sufferings. They rarely walk abroad for the sake of fresh air and exercise. In general, they live and sleep in ill-aired apartments. Their duties press constantly on their minds, and they do not give sufficient effect to the maxim, that cheerful amusement and variety of occupation are greatly conducive to health. They do not properly regulate their diet; pies, pastry, and animal food, are consumed in quantities too abundant for a sedentary life; and baths and ablutions are too rarely used. Almost every family house in Philadelphia, built within these fifteen years, has a bath; but many of the ladies

either do not use them, or, from some misapprehension of their influence, do not remain long enough in them to enjoy their full benefit. We met with a married lady in one of the American cities, whose florid and healthy colour attracted my attention; and, on my remarking it, she mentioned, that in all seasons she slept with her bed-room window partially open. We have followed the same practice since our arrival in the United States, and also walked abroad every day, however cold, and with great advantage to health.

It is not for want of knowledge that the American ladies suffer so much inconvenience from bad health. The works of Dr. John Bell, before mentioned, are highly practical, and in extensive circulation, as are also Dr. A. Combe's *Physiology applied to Health and Education*, and many similar books. Nay, these works are taught in female academies. But there is a wide interval between knowledge and practice. In one female seminary in which Dr. Combe's "*Physiology*" (with questions appended to the chapters) is used as a class-book, its rules appeared to me to be violated in the very act of teaching them; that is to say, the brains of the young ladies were strained by excessive tasks, and by undue excitement of the spirit of emulation. The distinction between *instructing* and *training* is still imperfectly understood, both in the United States and in Great Britain. These young ladies were taught to repeat the laws of health, but they were not trained to carry them into practice in their daily habits. Apparently, their leading objects in learning them were, to be able to show off their knowledge at the public examinations, to gain prizes, and to establish their reputation for superior talents. The pupils of a distinguished teacher in Edinburgh used to astonish the public by the great extent, accuracy, and readiness of their knowledge of history, exhibited at their annual examinations; but the admiration of their exploits diminished when the secret of his teaching was known. Questions were printed at the end of each chapter, and in reading the work he desired them to mark certain words in the text with a pencil; and added that these constituted the answers to the questions, which they must learn to repeat promptly whenever the questions were asked. They did so; but their knowledge was not an intellectual conception of the historical events, but resulted from a mere parrot-like exercise of verbal memory, and faded as rapidly as it was acquired. I fear that, in the United States, the laws of health are still taught in a somewhat similar manner.

One general defect in the mental condition of all of us is, that in ten instances we act from impulse and habit for once that we do so from reflection. This arises from imperfect training in youth. Our impulsive faculties, being early developed, and possessing great natural energy, are constantly liable to err; and to lead us into evil, when not controlled and directed by enlightened intellect. One object, therefore, in teaching the young, should be to *communicate knowledge*, and another to *train* the propensities and sentiments to submit to the control of the intellect. This last department of education is greatly neglected, except in the infant schools conducted on Mr. Wilderspin's principles. In the United States, training is needed above all things; for the public institutions of the country, in fostering a spirit of independence, encourage the young to rely on themselves; in other words, to act from the impulsive elements of their nature, much

more than from reflection. Reflection, when founded on knowledge, produces habits of self-denial, self-restraint, and obedience. The want of this practical training and discipline is seen in the males, in the recklessness with which they dash into speculation and adventure, pursuing their leading impulses at all hazards; and in the females, in the pertinacity with which they adhere to practices which they know to be injurious to health, and in their deficiency of mental resolution to submit to the temporary sufferings which always accompany a change of evil habits.

If the conductors of the female seminaries would require their pupils to recapitulate, once a week, what they do in obedience to the laws of health, and *train* them for two or three years to the practice of these laws, they would form habits that would last during life, and thus render the knowledge which they communicate effectual.

March 9. Ther. 35°. *Supremacy of the Law: The Grand Jury.*—Judge Bouvier has just delivered an excellent charge to the Grand Jury. The following extracts represent faithfully the spirit in which the judges in the United States generally enforce the claims of the law on the people.

"Besides finding the bills which are prepared by the attorney general and sent to you, you have the right, and it is your duty, to present such offences and offenders as you may know of your own knowledge, or of which proof has been given to you. Sometimes grand juries present nuisances in classes, as gambling-houses, tippling-houses, and the like. This may be well enough, gentlemen, and doubtless such presentments have a good effect in some degree. But if such things are known to exist, it is much better to present the offender and the offence individually. In the generality of the charge, the heinousness of the crime is indistinctly felt or not perceived. One presentment of one such offence, and the name of the offender, followed by a conviction, would have more terror in it to such evil doers than a thousand such fruitless presentments.

"Our exertions to enforce obedience to the laws cannot be too great. The law must reign supreme, or anarchy have the sway. Justice, order, and right must be sustained, or rapine and murder take their place: we have no middle ground, and it is for us to say, whether our noble institutions, justly our pride, and the admiration of the world, are to be sacrificed to the spirit which has manifested itself in so many places, of disregarding the law, and of having recourse to brute force, to redress real or imaginary wrongs. We censure, very justly, those foreign travellers, who, after sharing our hospitality, return to their own country, and publish their views of American manners in such a way as to caricature rather than to paint them. Gentlemen, let us not give them any occasion or apparent justification for such slanders, by a disregard of the laws which we have ourselves made. Upon you depends whether the laws shall be properly enforced; use every exertion, then, to punish its violators; bring all who have been guilty to punishment, and particularly those who make it their business to ensnare others into crime.

"I regret to say, that, with all the exertions which our very vigilant mayors and the police magistrates in the districts make, still the laws are, in many respects, as a dead letter. The fault is not in the officers, for they do all in their

power, but in the system, which is not sufficiently energetic to prevent the habitual commission of crime. The laws should not be placed on the statute book as a dead letter, to be brought into action only when accident may lead to detection, perhaps one of a thousand cases, but be constantly active, ready to apply a remedy to every evil felt by society. Who, that looks around, but must admit the laws relating to the sale of spirituous liquors are daily, hourly violated, not in one or two places only, but throughout the city and county of Philadelphia? And yet the mayor of the city and mayor of the northern liberties, and the police magistrates of the districts, have but little power, and less means, to break up these dens of iniquity. The same observations may be made in regard to gaming-houses and lottery-offices, which, though not so numerous, no doubt exist to a great extent, as is evident by the casual discovery occasionally made of some of them."

I have often heard the judges complain of the want of power in the law, and of the deficiency of the means for executing it; as evils which characterise their institutions. The remark of Aristotle in his *Politics*, that the great danger to democracies lies in the reluctance of the people to part with as much power as is necessary to restrain their own excesses, seems to be recognised by them as too applicable to this country.* Yet a democracy, with such institutions as those of the United States, can have no good grounds for withholding power from their judges and magistrates; because these officers are completely under the control of the people. The laws may be altered, and the judges and magistrates removed, at the will of the people; and it is the interest of all that order should be preserved and property protected. The judges, however, have a natural desire to increase the power of the law and of the magistrates, just as the clergy have to augment the influence of the church; and perhaps it is also a safe rule for them to depict, in strong colours, its defects and the weakness of its executive department, in order to induce the public to lend a vigorous support to both; but, on the whole, it appears to me that life, property, and social order, are fully more secure than a stranger, judging from the charges and conversations of some of the judges, would infer.

The Firemen.—I was amused to-day to see a troop of boys training themselves, in their play, to be future firemen. They had a miniature carriage of a fire-engine, named "Hero," with ropes attached to it, and one of their own number sat on it and represented the engine. They ran round Franklin Square, braying through a tin trumpet, and uttering many unearthly sounds, in excellent imitation of their seniors. The real firemen are all volunteers, and serve without pay; and it is thus that their numbers are recruited.

Mr. Espy's Theory of Storms.—This subject has excited much attention in Philadelphia, and the scientific men concur in expressing an

opinion in favour of its essential truth. The following is a condensed abstract of Mr. Espy's principles:—

By ascertaining the dew-point, we discover the quantity of vapour which the air contains. Mr. Dalton, of Manchester, made this discovery. The following table exhibits the relation of the temperature to the quantity of vapour:—

Dew Point.	Quantity of vapour.
32°	1/8
52°	1/4
73°	3/8
80°	1/2

The equilibrium of the air may become disturbed by heat or moisture below. Ascending columns or currents will then be formed. As they ascend, they will come under less pressure, and consequently expand. This expansion will produce one degree and a quarter of cold for every hundred yards of ascent. The dew-point will fall only one quarter of a degree for every hundred yards. Cloud will begin to form when the air rises as many hundred yards as the dew-point is below the air in degree. When the vapour condenses, it will give out the latent caloric into the air. This will prevent the air from cooling more than half as much as it would do in its farther ascent. Thus, the higher the air rises, the warmer will it be when compared to the air outside of the cloud at the same height. For every degree that it is warmer, it will be 1/11 lighter than air at zero. Thus the barometer will fall under the cloud; the air will run in on all sides under the cloud, and upwards, with a velocity of 240 feet per second for a fall of one inch, and so on in proportion to the square root of the fall.

An application has been made to the legislature of Pennsylvania for a grant to defray the expense of an experiment, causing rain to fall by producing an ascending current of air by means of a great artificial fire. The petition was referred to a committee, and on 6th March, Mr. Smith, of Philadelphia, on their behalf, reported in favour of granting Mr. Espy "a sum equal to the expenses of making the experiment, if he shall cause it to rain over a territory of 1000 square miles; the sum of \$25,000 if he shall cause it to rain copiously over a territory of 5000 square miles; and the sum of \$50,000 if he shall cause it to rain copiously over a territory of 10,000 square miles, or in such quantities as shall keep the Ohio river navigable during the whole summer, from the city of Pittsburg to the Mississippi river; the larger sum in each case to exclude the smaller;" and the committee farther proposed, that the governor should be "authorised and required to appoint three impartial and competent persons to witness and judge of the said experiment, who shall, at the times and places appointed by the said James P. Espy, attend for that purpose; and upon such experiments being fully made and completed, the said persons shall certify to the governor the result thereof, and if the same shall be successful, the governor shall draw his warrant on the treasurer of the commonwealth in favour of the said James P. Espy, for such of the said sums as he shall be entitled to under this resolution."

The New York Evening Star objects to this report, because "the proposition savours of blasphemy!" Surely steamboats, which not only sail without the wind, but even against it, must be moving masses of "blasphemy" in the eyes of the editor of the Star.

Working-men's Grievances.—On the 7th of January last, the working men held a conven-

tion, and appointed a committee of twelve of their number to deliberate on their condition and affairs, and to report. The address of the committee "to the working men of the city and county of Philadelphia" has been published. In a country which enjoys an unlimited field for the profitable employment of its people; in which, consequently, labour is highly paid, and in which universal suffrage prevails, an exposition of the working-men's grievances may be regarded as a kind of psychological curiosity. The imagination is tasked to divine in what their sufferings can consist. Yet here is a manifesto which might almost literally be adopted by the Chartists of England, or the workmen of Lyons. "It is necessary," say the committee, "to restore the equilibrium to society which your indifference has permitted others to monopolise." "We cannot, must not, disguise the fact, that other portions of the community have arrayed themselves against your interests, and, while you stand single and alone, and oppose with naked truth their unhallowed schemes, you are only exhausting your strength in an unequal and profitless contest."—"The committee cheerfully assent that the interests of the whole people are identical under our republican form of institutions; but this equality or reciprocity of rights is no longer regarded—the great principles which aroused the latent energies of freemen" "are now lost in corporate interest, which controls nearly all the avenues to wealth, absorbs the whole attention of the legislature, while it leaves you, who are the majority, in a state of abject servitude, and the fruits of your toil to be enjoyed by those who have obtained special grants from the legislature to retain the product which you have produced. We also admit, that no system can be introduced which will free, perhaps, a majority of the people from manual labour; but we do insist that a better system than the present, which inflicts upon them any perpetual toil and eternal poverty, can be devised. What argument can be adduced why a *more equal distribution of wealth should not be made?* Be not alarmed at the announcement of an equal distribution of wealth, or rather the equal means of obtaining wealth. No surer index can be desired where overgrown wealth and luxury are enjoyed on one side, that squalid wretchedness and misery is the inevitable doom of the other; this is an unerring test, adapted to all ages and countries."

The reader probably expects the next sentence to contain a recommendation to spoil the rich, and divide their wealth among the poor; but the committee entertain other views. They proceed—"There is a natural innate repugnance to be found in us all of associating with those whom we consider not our equals in point of general intelligence—this should be the only distinction known in society. This feeling of superiority may be found in the higher walks of life as regards their own members." "Remember, intelligence is a passport everywhere—commanding respect where aught else has failed." "You are accused of wishing to level down society and appropriate to yourselves the proceeds of others' industry. Throw back the imputation with a vengeance, for you know that the mass are leveled almost below the common feelings of humanity, and your toil appropriated to fill other coffers."

"Do not retaliate." "You are for a system which will level up instead of down." "Fellow working-men! The leveling system we speak of is a system of education which shall teach every child in the commonwealth his duty

* Aristotle's words are these. Speaking of the establishment of that form of democracy in which the public business is performed by paid functionaries, he says, "Above all, demagogues must never cease to convince the people that, under their favourite democracy, they will be at liberty to live as they list; this will procure for them the assistance of the majority: for the greater part of mankind will always be better pleased to live licentiously, than to submit to the restraints of salutary discipline."—*Politics*, B. viii. Gillies's Transl. p. 469.

and interest as a citizen and freeman; working-men are now allowed to take but half a drink at the rippling rill as it flows beneath their feet and—and this, too, as a public charity.

"We speak not of the hackneyed system of education which is now the order of the day—of schools where the same prejudices are taught, and the same partial influences exist, as are found out of doors—of high schools which are said to be founded to carry out more perfectly the system of common schools, where the children of affluent parents are taken from private schools and placed in the common schools, barely sufficient time to have them become members, that they may be taken into the high schools in preference to those who have prepared themselves in the primary institutions, simply because they are more proficient and advanced in their studies; but we speak of a democratic republican education, which regards all the children as equals, and provides food and clothing during the period they are receiving an education to fit them as members of society and component parts of a free government; so when they shall arrive at maturity, and are thrown upon the world and their own resources, they may start equal in the race for the accumulation of wealth, or in pursuit of the honours of the government. *This is the leveling system we desire—the only equal distribution of wealth we ask.*

"No system, fellow working-men, will tend so directly to a more equal distribution of wealth as an equal and perfect system of education.

"Knowledge is power; the committee, therefore, exhort all to bind up their resources, and let their exertions tend to one mighty and simultaneous effort for the accomplishment of this desired object."

"They recommend, *first*, The formation of trade societies and associations; *secondly*, The formation of united trade societies and associations; *thirdly*, The formation of a literary and scientific institute; *fourthly*, A joint-stock company for the erecting of a hall for the use of the united trade societies, associations, and institute. They add—"Let not the genius of our institutions, which is based upon the intelligence of the people, reproach you, or the award which posterity will accord to you, grate upon your consciences, as you turn a deaf ear to those imperative demands.

"Remember, fellow working-men, you have a responsible duty to perform, and unless you show a disposition to help yourselves, it will be difficult to make others believe your complaints are well grounded; and it may be a question, but one of immense magnitude, whether men, who have the power to redress their grievances, but will not apply it, deserve the sympathy or aid of a discerning public."

This document exhibits a striking combination of native talent, with deficiency in literary and philosophical education; and apparently both the composition and the scheme have emanated from a single mind. It is instructive, however, to observe the tendency of the human mind when left free, to appreciate knowledge and mental refinement. In the circumstances in which the working-men are placed in Pennsylvania, any other remedy for their grievances than the one recommended would have carried inherent absurdity in the face of it.

American Roads.—At this season, the roads are in their worst condition. A friend who has just come from Easton, fifty miles distant, in the stage, describes the road as composed of soft mud,

nearly 18 inches deep, with alternate masses of unthawed clay and large stones. A gentleman who heard this description said, that he saw an Italian music-master, whom he named, who had the top of his head bruised. He asked him if he had met with an accident. "I have only had it bruised," said he, "by its being constantly knocked against the top of the stage coming from Pittsburgh." At the time when this was told, I thought it a facetious exaggeration; but within less than three months, I had the best reason for believing it to be literally true; for I had the crown of my own head severely beaten against the top of a stage coach in the western regions of the state of New York!

March 12. Therm. 33°. *The Friends' Lunatic Asylum at Frankford.*—We visited this institution, which contains sixty-six patients. The situation is favourable; and the house well adapted to the purpose, except that the apartments have no proper provision for ventilation. There are a garden and walks, and a circular railroad on which the patients move themselves in a car by turning a crank. But they decline to labour, and there is no moral force sufficient to induce them to give up their prejudices against it. They are not all Friends; but all belong to the middle classes of the community, and come chiefly from towns. These classes regard labour as mean, and the free institutions of America render compulsion inadmissible, even for a patient's good. I was told, that the average of insanity is higher among the Friends than among the general community. Two reasons were assigned for this fact; first, their doctrine of the working of the Holy Spirit, and the inward light, their narrow circle of interests, and limited education, act unfavourably on minds predisposed to disease; secondly, they intermarry extensively within close degrees of consanguinity. This institution belongs to the Orthodox Friends.

Education among the Society of Friends.—Many individuals among both classes of Friends in Philadelphia are highly educated and intelligent, and are ardent promoters of moral and intellectual improvement; but the mass is represented as considerably deficient in educational attainments; and some of them, of no mean weight in their society, oppose every advance in education as a dangerous innovation. The young Friends, however, of both sexes, are in the course of discovering their deficiencies, and encourage and support those among their seniors who advocate a more liberal course of study. I am informed that my lectures constitute a subject of anxiety to some of the Orthodox Friends, whose prejudices prevent them from hearing them. Those who do attend feel no alarm; but the absent regard these as misled, and are of opinion that they themselves, who know nothing whatever of the subject, are the best judges of its tendency. They have remonstrated with and prayed for some of my audience to induce them to withdraw, but without success. About one half of the present class is said to consist of Friends of both denominations.*

* The quiet and unostentatious manner in which the Friends carry out their plans for education, and the dread which their older and more experienced members entertain of the follies and vices, which are too often the concomitants of a collegiate course, have caused a general misapprehension, out of the Society, respecting their opinions and practice on the whole subject. It ought to be stated, in their favour, that the first grammar school in Philadelphia, was established by William Penn himself, and

Animal Magnetism.—The following case was mentioned to me, separately, by at least half a dozen persons, some of them highly respectable physicians, and others ladies, who were present and saw the facts which they narrated. A young woman, a domestic servant, was severely afflicted by the toothache, but was of such a nervous and sensitive constitution, that she never could summon courage to have her tooth extracted in the usual way. Dr. Mitchell, with her own consent, had her magnetised, and she fell into a profound magnetic sleep. A dentist who was in attendance extracted the tooth, and one of my informants said that she gave no symptoms of sensation, but another told me that she contracted her brow. She had no consciousness of blood trickling from the wound, but the magnetiser desired her to spit it out, and she did so. He restored her to consciousness, and she had no knowledge of having lost the tooth, till her attention was drawn to the fact. She was again magnetised, and the dentist punched out other three stumps of old teeth without her once moving a muscle. About thirty ladies and gentlemen were present, many of them unbelievers in animal magnetism, and most of whom were satisfied that in this instance deception was impossible.

The Organ of Colouring.—This evening I met with a gentleman in whom the organ of colouring is very deficient, and whose powers of perceiving colours are equally feeble. He appreciates blue and green best, but often confounds even them. He has had the names inscribed on a number of colours, and when he wishes to find out the colour of any object, he places them beside it, and when it makes the same impression on his mind with one of them, he judges that it is of the colour inscribed on that piece. This is the way in which I understood his statement; but from his extreme deficiency in all conceptions about colours, his explanations were to me nearly unintelligible. He has no other defect in his sight.

March 14. Therm. 38°. *War with England.*—This subject continues to occupy almost exclusively the public attention. In my last lec-

placed under the direction of a Quaker master: and that "The School Corporation," originated and maintained by the Friends, spends to the amount of twenty-five hundred dollars, annually, in the education of the youth who do not even belong to the Society. Part of the regular and official returns to the Monthly meetings, consist in a report of the number of children, and of their educational wants and facilities. One of the best selected libraries in the country, consisting of between three and four thousand volumes, is attached to the Arch street meeting-house, and is open to all the members of the Society. There is another, consisting of twelve hundred volumes, and a reading room connected with it, at the corner of Fourth street and Apple Tree alley.

The dissatisfaction of the Friends with our common colleges, as not furnishing what they believe to be adequate instruction, is not manifested either by sullen opposition or critical blame, but in their erection and maintenance of schools and academies in which the children of the Society have opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of belles lettres and practical science, in addition to the common elements of an English Education. It will be sufficient to mention, in proof of this assertion, the institution at Haverford, eight miles from Philadelphia, and that at West Town, twenty miles from the city.

As respects the literary zeal displayed by the adult members of the Society of Friends in Philadelphia, it is admitted by all, that they furnish a fair proportion of the auditory of public lecturers on scientific subjects and on sound literature.

are, on Combativeness and Destructiveness, I discussed the sources of war, and alluded to the recent extraordinary excitement of these organs in the American people, adding that it was a consolation to think that the excitement would not be responded to on the other side of the Atlantic. I proceeded to mention, that since the Reform Bill had become law, political power in Great Britain and Ireland was placed essentially in the hands of the middle classes of society; that they were moral, industrious, and reasonably intelligent; that, from experience of its horrors, as well as from motives of interest, philanthropy, and religion, they were averse to war; and that the disputed territory in Maine would appear to them such a worthless object compared with the evils of hostilities, that they would not echo the warlike defiance sent to them from the United States. After the lecture, a crowd of persons collected round me, and asked if this was really possible! They regarded John Bull as proud, grasping, pugnacious, and still so flushed with his continental victories, that he would receive menaces from no people on earth, and that they expected that the British nation would be roused into a flame equal to their own. The assurances that John Bull had now become older, wiser, and more virtuous than he once was, were received with delight, but not very generally credited. Events, however, verified my prediction in his favour.

It is edifying to observe how this people is acted on. Their leaders are far from participating in their excitement, but they dare not, in the first ebullition of public passion, decidedly oppose them. Mr. Van Buren's message was a rational and statesmanlike document; and I hear the most eminent men in public life daily deploring the headlong impetuosity of their youthful people, and say that they are watching the first moment when the masses may be successfully addressed by reason. There is a want of moral courage, however, in the leaders, which, although easily accounted for, is not the less to be lamented. The impression is nearly universal, that any man who should oppose the public sentiment when under strong excitement, would ruin his popularity, and terminate for ever his public life. The torrent of opinion appears to be so overwhelming, that no efforts of reason will suffice to stem it; and the leading men have no sufficient faith either in their own power, or in the rational elements of the public mind, to induce them to venture opposition. Their reliance even on the ultimate ascendancy of reason and virtue is too feeble to allow them fairly to risk their fortunes on the venture. This fact, of which I am convinced by numerous observations, indicates an humble estimate by the public characters of the influence of the moral and intellectual faculties over the mass of the voters. At the same time, neither the leading men nor the people do themselves justice. Party spirit runs so high, that if, at this moment, the wisest and the best men in the union, of one party in politics, should present the most forcible yet respectful appeal to the good sense of the people against war, their political opponents would instantly seize the opportunity to manufacture "political capital" out of it. They would pervert every sentence of the address, hurl denunciations of cowardice and want of patriotism against its authors, and offer the grossest adulation to the vanity of the nation. The people, having committed themselves against the appeal, would be withheld by pride from subsequently doing justice to its authors, who

might struggle for years before they could recover that position in public estimation which they had forfeited solely by an act of genuine patriotism. The only mode of avoiding this evil would be for the leaders of both parties in equal numbers to join in the address; but they have too little confidence in each other to admit of such an act of magnanimity.

Among other stimulants to the national appetite for war, I hear in conversation, and see in the newspapers, the most exaggerated and absurd estimates of the evils which England must suffer from hostilities. The ruin of her manufactures, the loss of Canada and her West India Islands, the triumph of the Radicals and Chartists, and the bankruptcy of her treasury, are descanted on, with much complacency, as inevitable consequences of her provoking a contest with the United States. This is the counterpart of the equally absurd lucubrations in which English writers indulge about the consequences to the Americans of a war with Britain: The emancipation of their slaves, the devastation of their southwest territory, the ruin of their commerce and of their Atlantic cities, the dissolution of the union, universal bankruptcy and anarchy, and, finally, a military despotism, are the certain results with which they are threatened if they shall dare to provoke British wrath. This species of threatening and boasting reminds one of two ill-conditioned boys, who, assuming a combative attitude, indulge in reciprocal taunts and maledictions, but show no particular anxiety to begin the fight. War between Britain and the United States would be an act of insanity in both, and a disgrace to the civilisation of the nineteenth century; but even this boasting and daring each other to war shows a lingering barbarism in their minds, which it is their duty, as well as their interest, to eradicate as speedily as possible.

Political Economy.—Mr. Henry C. Carey, of Philadelphia, has published a valuable work on political economy; but I am informed that the subject is very little studied in the United States. As a branch of general education, it is nearly unknown, and ample evidence is afforded by the public press that most of the measures which should be regulated by sound economical principles are proposed, discussed, and adopted or rejected, on local, temporary, or private grounds, with the least possible reference to scientific views. In the United States the same outreries are raised from time to time against monopolies, and banks, and other institutions, which one might expect to hear in Austria or Naples, if the people of these countries were allowed to publish their sentiments; but one rarely meets with a public writer who treats of such subjects with a statesmanlike reference to the great principles which regulate the creation and distribution of wealth, and with a comprehensive regard to the interests of the whole union; and yet such views are much required by this nation. The Americans appear to me to be trying all manner of social experiments, guided only by their instinctive impulses. The union may be regarded as a vast field for the cultivation of the science of political economy *by experiment*. The Americans will probably solve some of the most momentous problems in economic science—that of paper currency, for example—by the mere exhaustion of errors. But this is a most expensive and painful method of studying a science. It resembles that of rushing into numerous litigations in order to gain a knowledge of law. It is certain that the prosperity of na-

tions, as well as the motions of the planets, is regulated by positive laws, and that happiness is attained only in proportion as these are obeyed. This truth should be instilled as a first principle into every American child, and the development of it in its specific forms and applications should constitute an important branch of general instruction. The American people need above all things to be trained in the perception and belief that they have a Master; a Master who not only will call them to account hereafter, but who actually rules over them in this world, and regulates the ebbing and flowing of their wealth by fixed laws, without the possibility of their escaping from his sway. If the principles of political economy were presented in this form, they would be understood and appreciated.

The neglect of economic science, although to be regretted, is not surprising in this people. They are the genuine descendants of the English, who are characterized by a larger development of the organs of Individuality, Eventuality, and Comparison, than of Causality, giving a practical rather than a speculative tendency to the mind; their institutions render them bold and confident; and their natural position is surrounded by so many avenues to prosperity, that they have a better chance than most people to go right by intuitive sagacity: nevertheless their want of knowledge of scientific social principles exposes them to great evils.

The American constitution is not favourable to legislation on scientific principles. The power of congress, although extensive as to foreign relations, embraces comparatively few domestic interests. Each state, enjoying an independent sovereignty, is prone to pursue its own welfare, with little reference to that of the other states. At this time a vivid discussion is proceeding in the press, between New York and Philadelphia, whether an outlet shall be made from the Pennsylvania Canal at Black's Eddy, into the river Delaware, to enable the Lehigh coal, which now seeks the New York market, to get into the New York canal (the Delaware and Raritan) directly; or whether the coal shall be forced to proceed, as hitherto, to Bristol, thirty-four miles below Black's Eddy, there enter the Delaware, and reascend to the Eddy! The interest of New York is said to dictate the former plan, and that of Pennsylvania the latter. The legislature of Pennsylvania must decide the question; but there is reason to fear that its own apparent direct interest will have a greater influence over its decision than a regard to the general welfare of both states. I have no knowledge of the merits of this controversy, and cite the case merely in illustration of the impediments which the American institutions offer to the application of comprehensive principles of economical science.

The reader may possibly regard the statement made formerly, about the opinions entertained by well-educated American gentlemen, concerning British legislation on the church, tithes, entails, free trade, and similar topics, as inconsistent with the remarks now offered; but in the chapter referred to, I spoke of men of superior attainments, and with reference to questions irrevocably settled and confirmed by experience. At present I allude to the application of principles still undecided by experiment, and to the average mind of the country.

March 16. Ther. 41°. *Ship Launch.*—We were taken to-day by some kind friends to see the launch of the packet-ship "Thomas P. Cope," 800 tons burden. The ship went off in the most

graceful style, amidst beautiful sunshine and a vast concourse of spectators. She glided so softly into the water that she did not perceptibly reel, and no perceptible surge was heaved up by her descent.

March 19. Ther. 57°. *Advantages of Training.*—In the lecture on education, forming part of my first course in Philadelphia, I explained the difference between *instructing* and *training*, and remarked that for the latter the field of social life is necessary. In illustration, I mentioned the great difference in command of temper between a body of lawyers and a body of divines when assembled to discuss their own affairs. In their profession lawyers are trained to oppose and to meet with opposition, without losing temper; while divines are treated with such general deference and courtesy, that they are very little accustomed to contradiction. The consequence is, that lawyers in general discuss their affairs without falling into heats of temper or making personal allusions; whereas the clergy, when assembled in their public courts, do not treat each other with that deference which they are accustomed to receive from the world; they meet as equals, espouse opposite opinions, and contradict each other like ordinary men. Their minds, however, being untrained to bear opposition, they lose their equanimity, become heated, fall into personalities, and exhibit extraordinary aberrations from that meekness of spirit which should characterise the Christian, whether clerical or lay. This description was drawn from observations made in my own country, but the latter part of it considerably amused my audience, the precise cause of which I never found out till to-day. I had, altogether unconsciously, described scenes which had recently occurred in the General Assembly of the Presbyterians in Philadelphia, when the ministers quarrelled and split, an event which had attracted great public attention. The utter unconsciousness, on my part, of the blows I was dealing, contrasted with their actual, although accidental force, excited the risible faculties of not a few of my auditors. The subject has been mentioned to me to-day in the course of a conversation about a cause now depending in the supreme court between these two sections of the Presbyterian Assembly, and which is exciting great and general interest.

Unitarianism in Philadelphia.—Dr. Friedlander, superintendent of the Asylum for the Blind, has died at the age of thirty-seven, deeply lamented, and the appointment of his successor is already engaging attention. A Unitarian left this institution nearly \$200,000, and Unitarians have been among its most assiduous promoters. They do not object to Trinitarians being elected as directors, if they be good men; but the Trinitarians use their influence to oppose the election of a Unitarian. I have derived this information from a member of the latter sect; and, if it be correct, it shows that the Calvinists of this city are chargeable to some extent, with the spirit of popery in one of its worst forms, an unmitigated confidence in the infallible soundness of their own opinions. If they could conceive the possibility of their interpretations of Scripture being as liable to error as those of other sects, and give effect to this conception, they would respect the rights of conscience in other men, and approach so much the nearer to the real spirit of Christianity.

March 20. Ther. 45°. *Female Delicacy.*—The following statement was made to me by a clergyman, who had the best means of knowing

the facts, and whom I did not at all suspect of palming on me an "old Joe Miller." In allusion to the fastidiousness of American women about the human figure, he mentioned that the farther south the more ridiculous are the prejudices. The word "leg" must not be mentioned in the presence of a lady, and in whatever part of the abdomen a lady may have a pain, it is always announced as in her "breast." A physician in the south told him that, if he had even proposed to open the body of a young lady, a patient, who had died of a disease imperfectly understood, he should have expected to receive a challenge for the insult from her brother. The physician led him to understand that this had actually happened in his own experience. At the same time these ladies will allow coloured men to come into their bedrooms in the morning to light their fires, even when they are in their morning undress, without the least feeling of outraged delicacy.

Spring.—Radishes appeared at table to-day for the first time; they are the welcome harbingers of spring.

Dr. Morton's "Crania Americana."—I have had the pleasure of holding many consultations with Dr. Morton and Mr. Phillips about the best means of measuring the skulls to be described in this work, and have been greatly interested by the ingenuity and perseverance of Mr. Phillips in overcoming the difficulties that presented themselves. He has now succeeded to an extent that will enable him to proceed with the measurements. Dr. Morton has requested me to furnish an Appendix for his work. He is imperfectly acquainted with phrenology himself, and has composed his text without reference to it. He perceives, however, that when he presents a correct drawing of an average specimen of a national skull, and describes historically the mental character of the nation, he places in juxtaposition the two elements on which phrenology is founded; and he is anxious to obtain the means of enabling his readers to combine them, so that they may draw their own conclusions on the accordance or discordance of the forms of the skulls with the Indian characters. I have engaged to supply this desideratum, without having seen one word of his descriptions of the characters of the Indian tribes. My Appendix will consist of a brief outline of the phrenological faculties, of a drawing of the skull showing the regions of the animal, the moral, and the intellectual organs, with directions how to estimate their relative proportions; and some remarks on the influence of size in the brain on mental power. The reader of Dr. Morton's work, by applying the rules and examples thus furnished to the several skulls delineated in it, will be able to draw his own conclusions. This will expose phrenology to as severe a test as could well be devised; but I have confidence in the harmony and stability of truth, and do not hesitate to hazard the experiment.*

* Since the text was written, Dr. Morton's work has appeared and been very favourably noticed in the medical reviews of the United States and of Britain. I may be permitted to remark, however, that the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal, edited by Professor Jameson, and the Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal, edited by Dr. Craigie, in their ample notices of the work, have omitted to mention not only this experiment, but Dr. Morton's own testimony, penned six months after I left Philadelphia, of the result of it. He says, "I am free to acknowledge that there is a singular harmony between the mental character of the Indian, and his cranial deve-

March 21. Ther. 49°. *Fires.*—There has been an alarm of fire on five of my lecture nights in succession; and last night the alarm was so near, that I was under the necessity of suspending the lecture till the result should be seen. It was only a chimney on fire, but this is always attended with anxiety in American cities. The roofs of the houses are covered with shingles (thin wood cut into the shape of slates,) which are exceedingly dry, and a spark falling on them might raise a vast conflagration. This is one cause, also, of fires spreading so rapidly in this country. To avoid this danger, zinc is now used to cover the roofs of some houses. Notwithstanding this condition of the roofs, it is not an uncommon practice here to set the chimneys on fire and burn them out, to save the trouble and expense of sweeping them! One of the newspapers lately recommended the burning out of chimneys only during heavy rains, when the wet condition of the shingles might abate the risk of the conflagration extending! In a city like Philadelphia, the police should be armed with power to suppress the practice altogether, under severe penalties.

Phrenology.—At eleven o'clock this day, I had a practical exercise with my class on the temperaments, in the manner already described. Two hundred and twenty-three persons attended, who entered into the business of the meeting with great interest and judgment. Many of the members of the society of Friends stood up to have their temperaments described; but when a call was made for ladies to stand up, there was a pause. I explained the advantages to parents and teachers of understanding the influence of the temperaments of children, as their treatment should vary with their natural constitutions. On hearing this, a Quaker gentleman took his daughter by the hand, and led her up to the platform. Her temperament was described, and then another Friend led up another young lady: after which there was no farther difficulty with the ladies. Among the men, the predominant temperaments were the bilious-nervous and nervous-bilious; the next common was the sanguine and its combinations; and there were very few cases of the lymphatic. Among the young women, also, there was surprisingly little of the lymphatic temperament; nervous-bilious was common; and nervous-bilious-sanguine.

In the evening we visited one of the society of Friends, who with his lady had attended the lectures; and the morning exercises were talked of. A lady of the party, who had not attended the lectures, held forth in severe condemnation of the young ladies who had stood up to have their temperaments described. She accused them of want of delicacy, compared them to Fanny Wright, and uttered many other disrespectful expressions against them. This is the only example which has fallen under my own observation, of the influences by which the amiable and feminine sentiments of the young women of this country are perverted. This female censor of morals was unmarried, and of a certain age. She possessed much volubility, a very slender stock of useful information, great native energy,

development as explained by phrenology." In the notices of Dr. Morton's work in Professor Silliman's American Journal of Science and the Arts (which Professor Jameson professes to copy nearly entire), in the London Medico-Chirurgical Review, and in the British and Foreign Medical Review, this result is stated in Dr. Morton's own words, and the interests of truth and justice require that it should be so.

and no lack of self-confidence. Her censures all like two-edged swords on young, timid, and misinformed minds; and she gloried in her power. I told her plainly that it was by such speeches as hers that the young women of this country are made slaves, through the instrumentality of their rest feelings, to injurious customs, to the great detriment of their health and usefulness; but she only launched out the more vehemently against human improvement, and in commendation of the notions of antiquity.

Difficulty of describing Events.—This same lady assured me that there was not one word of truth in Miss Martineau's description of a Quaker marriage, at which she had been present. Another lady of the party, who mentioned that she had herself witnessed the ceremony, stated that Miss Martineau's description was substantially correct. Those who describe manners, experience strikingly the fate of the painter who pleased nobody and every body. Phrenology shows us that men differ in their original faculties, and hence the same event will make different impressions on different minds. They differ in their education and training, and yet each assumes his own perceptions and emotions to constitute the true standard for judging of all things. They differ in their opportunities for correct observation, yet each believes his own impressions to constitute absolute truth. The traveller is only one mind, with a particular combination of faculties, some powerful and others deficient; he is trained in his own peculiar way; he has only his own opportunities of observation, and his own stock of knowledge; and all that he should pretend to accomplish is to record faithfully his individual impressions, and leave his readers themselves to judge of their value.

Rate of Wages.—The journeymen housecarpenters have published a manifesto, addressed "to the public in general, and builders in particular," in which they state that "our present wages is \$1 25 cents (5s. 2d. sterling) per day, out of which sum we find it impossible to live, and render unto every man that which is just, although we practise the most rigid economy. Men, under these circumstances, are frequently driven by poverty and care to intemperance, to dispel for a season the horrid gloom which envelops their homes." They ask \$1 50 cents per day. They add, that all other trades connected with building receive from \$1 50 to \$1 75 cents per day.

Working men also complain of another grievance. There is no arrangement by distant banks for redeeming their notes in Philadelphia, and in consequence they are not received by the banks of this city. The only way of disposing of them is to carry them to the exchange brokers, who buy them at a discount corresponding to the distance and difficulties of sending them to their own head-quarters, and obtaining Philadelphia money in return. The workmen complain that their masters buy up these notes at a discount, and pay them over to them at par; throwing the loss of the exchange on them! The Public Ledger, in noticing this abuse, says: "We consider this extortion most unconscionable, and regard every one who will practise it as a thief of the very worst description, for he steals from poverty."

Infidelity in the United States.—I have in vain endeavoured to discover to what extent infidelity prevails in those parts of the United States which I have visited. I have seen no

outward traces of it; but when in New York, I was told that a society of Deists meets on Sundays in Tammany Hall, that they are persons of respectable station and morals, who act on conscientious conviction, and moreover, that a large proportion of them are Scotsmen. I was asked to explain how the latter circumstance came to pass; but as I did not see the society, and did not investigate the facts, I declined to offer any opinion on the subject.*

In "The Presbyterian" of the 23d of March, 1839, an evangelical newspaper published in Philadelphia and New York, I find the following statement, which, from the high character of the paper, is entitled to far more weight than any opinion which I could possibly have formed. "There is no doubt that many more men than we are willing or accustomed to believe, are secretly cherishing infidelity. It has been widely disseminated through our country, and even in those portions of it where the gospel has been long enjoyed, and the great mass of the families are moral and religious. Many of our young men in all ranks and classes of society are tainted with it, and help to extend and perpetuate it." This announcement took me by surprise; and it is proper to add, that it does not appear in an editorial form, but in a communicated article, bearing the initials D. N. The editor, however, must have believed it to be correct when he allowed its insertion. The writer ascribes the prevalence of infidelity to "the disuse of the Bible as a class-book in our common schools; the importation of European infidelity and agrianism by Owen, Fanny Wright, and others; the boastful and arrogant claims to reason, free inquiry, and independence of thought, so universally made by infidel writers and speakers, and so captivating to uninformed and uncultivated minds; and the natural preference of the human mind of error rather than truth. It is painful," says he, "to contemplate the wide-spread operation of these causes. No one can travel on our great highways, in steamboats, on canals, and railways, and mingle with the moving masses he there finds, without being sensible of their dreadful effects." He proceeds to recommend a work by Dr. Nelson, now of Illinois, as the best antidote to this evil.

CHAPTER XIII.

1839.

March 24. Ther. 43°. *Sunday.*—We heard a highly evangelical discourse in a church in Broad street, a little below Chestnut street, and found a handsome edifice, a large congregation, and an able preacher; not the pastor of the

* I was told that most of these Scotsmen had been educated in the old country, and had come as emigrants to the United States. While this sheet is in the press, I have perused a work just published, entitled "Religion and Education in America, by John Dunmore Lang, D. D.," senior minister of the Presbyterian church in New South Wales, &c., and himself for many years a minister of the church of Scotland. He there says, "Accustomed as I had been from my youth up to the lean, gaunt form of Scottish orthodoxy, with neither a heart nor a soul beneath its ribs of death, and with an apron of fig-leaves tucked round it to cover the nakedness of the land, I confess it was not less novel to me than it was extremely gratifying, to witness the vigour and the life, the piety and the zeal, the self-denial and the self-devotedness, that evidently characterised both sections of the Presbyterian church." If this

church, however, but a stranger. His text was, "Take up the cross and follow me;" and he drew a lively picture of the difference between what he called the maxims and wisdom of the world, and the obligations of Christianity.

March 25. Ther. 43°. *The Friends of the People.*—I have had the pleasure of meeting in society here an old gentleman who was the friend and associate of Muir, Skirving, and other Scottish Reformers, at the beginning of the French Revolution, and who at that time left his native country on account of political persecution. He settled here, and has been successful in business, having realised a competence. He is much respected.

The Fire Department.—I have already mentioned that the fire-engines are all served voluntarily by the young men of the city; and that they even keep up the engines and hose at their own expense, assisted occasionally by the profits of a ball, or a donation from the civic corporation. I have endeavoured to discover the motives which have maintained this system in full energy for a century. In the first place, in observing the men in one of their processions, I perceived that they were almost all under thirty years of age, and of the sanguine, or sanguine-nervous, or sanguine-bilious, temperaments, which give great love of excitement and action. The midnight alarm, the rushing to the fires, and the labour and peril in extinguishing them, are agreeable to such minds. Farther, their emulation is strongly excited. The point of honour is to be first at a fire. The director of the first engine that arrives becomes director-general of all the engines for the evening. He is, as it were, the commander-in-chief of an allied army during a battle. If the director be not out, the engine-man who first attaches his hose to the water-pipe assumes that high honour. There are no recognised differences in rank in this country, but it struck me that there are, in fact, plebeian and patrician fire companies, drawn from different classes of citizens, and that this adds to the ardour of the competition. The company attached to each engine amounts to from 20 to 100 men, and it starts from its station-house as soon as two or three have arrived to direct its movements. The people in the street assist in dragging it. The competition to be first is so ardent, that ambitious young men sleep as if a part of the brain was left awake to watch for the word "fire," or the sound of the state-house alarm-bell. They will hear either, when no other inmate of the house is conscious of the slightest sound. They will sometimes put on their boots and great-coats, and carry their clothes, which lie ready bundled up, in their hands, and dress at the fire. In rushing along the streets, they often run down and severely injure passengers who are in their way; or if one of themselves falls, the rest drag on the engine, regardless of his fate, and often break his legs or arms with the wheels. When two engines arrive at a fire at the same time, the companies occasionally fight for the first place, and then a desperate and bloody battle will rage for a considerable time while the flames are making an unchecked progress. Add to these evils, the circumstances that fires occur so fre-

representation of the Scottish church be correct, it may account in some degree for the facts alleged to exist in New York. Dr. Lang has renounced his connection with the church of Scotland, and prefers the voluntary system; but he still professes orthodoxy in faith.

quently that the firemen are kept in a state of almost constant excitement, and that Sunday furnishes no respite from their labours. They are often called out on very trivial alarms, and being once abroad at midnight hours, they adjourn to taverns, and pass the night in nocturnal recreations. Troops of boys, also, attach themselves as volunteers to the engines, and acquire idle and dissolute habits. In short, the fire department, which at first sight appears to present a noble specimen of civic devotion and disinterested benevolence, turns out, on a closer scrutiny, to be a convenient apology for excitable young men indulging in irregular habits, which, if not clothed with an official and popular character, would expose them to censure by a strictly moral community. In Boston, the evils of the voluntary fire system have been so severely felt, that it has been abandoned, and a regularly organised and paid corps of firemen now serves in that city. Many respectable persons in New York and Philadelphia desire that their cities also should adopt the same plan.

Rotation in Office.—This is the phrase used to gloss over the palpable injustice and the public disadvantages attending the dismissal from office by each political party on its accession to power, of all their political opponents, however meritoriously they may have discharged their public duties. It is said to have been begun by General Jackson; and the extent to which it is now carried, may be judged of from the following extract from "The Pennsylvanian," a democratic paper, of the 28th of March, 1839:—

"The Washington Globe asks for information as to the extent of proscription, for opinion's sake, exercised by the whig party in Pennsylvania. In reply it is perhaps unnecessary to go into particulars, for the aforesaid proscription was exercised upon a principle of the most sweeping generality. For instance, in 1832, when the whig party gained the upper hand in the city of Philadelphia, and found the offices held by democrats, they did not spare a single man. In the course of that year and the one ensuing, every democrat was swept out, whether his office was high or low, the very watchmen being subjected to the operation as inexorably as those who held places of value. In fact, the treatment of the watchmen was more severe, if possible, than that which fell to the share of the other ejected parties; for they were all discharged in mid-winter, when it was impossible for them to procure employment. So much for city matters.

"In the state, upon the accession of Joseph Ritner, the same course of action was followed to the very letter. Throughout the whole of this commonwealth, in the county offices and upon the public works, every democrat was superseded by some one whose politics were congenial to those of the minority leaders who had been successful by an accidental breach in the democratic ranks. Still more; in 1838, when the political struggle became violent, a species of inquisition as to party faith was established in regard to the very labourers on the public works, and, if a doubt was entertained as to the firmness of their Riterism, they were at once turned adrift. A devotion to Thaddeus Stevens was one of the chief requisites for obtaining a contract; and he who split wood for a locomotive was suffered to split no more if he would not bow to Geisler's cap. Proscriptions was carried to the utmost extent. No one was so humble as to escape it. How many democrats did whiggery dismiss in Pennsylvania?

The answer is brief and comprehensive. All!"

This statement proceeds from a party source; but I have read "The Pennsylvanian" pretty regularly since my arrival in Philadelphia, and so far as a stranger has the means of judging, it appears to me to be ably and honestly conducted. Its own party is at present in power; and, nevertheless, it speaks of the "boring system" in the following terms:—

"*Pennsylvania Legislature—The Boring System.*"—After stating that the legislature has closed its labours for the present, and "that the amount of business left unfinished by the adjournment is greater than on any former occasion," the editor proceeds to say—"We fully believe that great impediments are thrown in the way of the fulfilment of imperative duties by the monstrous increase of boring and lobbying on behalf of the interests of corporate associations, and it is clear to our minds that the time has come to crush this iniquitous system, which is a disgrace to the state, and is a fruitful source not only of political corruption, but of personal debauchery. It is a common case, when any particular institution feels anxious for certain additional privileges which are at the disposal of the legislature, for it to proceed upon a regular and well understood *tactique*. Its agents or officers appear upon the ground with purses well furnished from the 'contingent fund,' and commence the work of ingratiating. The railroad cars bring up the boxes of champagne, brandy, cigars, and delicacies of all kinds, and it is said that then a convenient room is obtained as a headquarters, where the members of the legislature are at liberty to partake gratuitously of the eating, the drinking, and the roaring frolics carried on in these places of resort, which are open not only all day, but likewise all night, (like the entrance to a certain nameless place described by Virgil,) and where it is also asserted that gambling is frequently introduced to give additional zest to the delights of the boring system, and to initiate those who are as yet untainted by the vicious desires which render men an easy prey to the tempter. To follow up the work thus begun, the collateral operations of making presents of liquor, and various articles, with the loaning of money to the needy and extravagant who are entrusted with power, are brought into play; and the fact is notorious that, of late years, among the members of the legislature, many young men, and not a few of more advanced years, who were deficient in the necessary resolution, have been utterly and often irretrievably ruined by the evil influences to which they were thus subjected at Harrisburg, acquiring habits which led to certain destruction."

I have already remarked, that the conduct of the legislators on private bills on both sides of the Atlantic leaves little occasion to either to boast of a virtuous discharge of public duty. In the English house of commons, the "influences" used to purchase or to strangle justice before committees, are not so humble as those employed to attain the same ends in the legislature of Pennsylvania; but in principle they are the same. They are a disgrace to both countries; but no opposition print in London could have condemned the committees of their political opponents with greater force and a more just indignation than is here exhibited by the democratic "Pennsylvanian," in commenting on its own party.

Fortune-telling.—I have already adverted to the exercise of fortune-telling as a profession in Philadelphia, and observe that in New York it

stands in an equally dignified position. "Fortune-telling," says the Journal of Commerce, "has become such a regular branch of business in New York, that cards with the names and residences of professed fortune-tellers are almost daily handed to ladies and gentlemen while walking through the streets. The matter having, however, reached Justice Merritt in the shape of a complaint, he sent officers to the residence of a Mrs. Louisa Kraft, in Christie street, and a Mrs. Theresa George Medier, in Orchard street, each of whose cards had been left at the police office by gentlemen who complained that their wives or daughters had been considerably annoyed by boys thrusting those cards into their hands in the street. The officers easily obtained access to the fortune-tellers, and had their fortunes told them for the low sum of fifty cents each, and then marched off the two ladies to the police office as common vagrants. Mrs. Louisa Kraft on being examined, very candidly admitted "that she did not pretend to tell the fortune of any individual; but that if persons were foolish enough to go to her for that purpose, she would receive their money." The two ladies were both ordered to find bail in \$500, to be of good conduct for one year, and in default of such bail were committed to prison.

Such occurrences would excite only ridicule in a European monarchy, where the people exercise no political power; but they are more momentous in a country in which universal suffrage prevails. The "persons who are foolish enough to go to" Mrs. Louisa Kraft to have their fortunes told, are regarded by the law as "wise enough" to choose state officers and legislators.

March 28. Therm. 57°. **Marriage Vow.**—A friend from a neighbouring state, newly married, came to our hotel to-day with his bride. In conversing with the party, they mentioned that some of the clergymen omit the promise of obedience on the part of the wife from the marriage service, as unconstitutional! This probably is a joke; but so far as my means of observation extend, I should say that American wives in general display the most exemplary devotedness to their husbands, whether they vow obedience before the altar or not.

Conversion of the Jews.—I am assured that in this city Jews are treated in much the same manner as individuals are who belong to the Christian sects. They are received in society according to their attainments and condition. Jewish physicians attend Christian patients, and vice versa. Jews fall in love with, and marry pretty Christian women, and within three generations the Jew is sunk, and the family merges into the mass of the general population. There is a Jewish synagogue, in which the brethren hold meetings on Saturdays; but the spirit of free discussion which has loosened the bonds of orthodoxy in other sects, has not been without some influence on the Jews. They use considerable freedoms with Moses and the prophets, preach and discuss general ethics and natural religion, and altogether wear the chains of Judaism so loosely, that probably their brethren in Europe would disown them.

This description of their condition was not derived from one of their own number, but from a friend, who said that he obtained it from an educated and highly respectable Jew. I enquired of several gentlemen whom I regarded as likely to be well informed on the subject, whether it might be relied on, and they said that it was highly coloured, but that it contains essential

truth. I conclude from this example, that the best method of converting the Jews is to treat them with justice and generosity.

How to Manage the People.—The American people may be led by promptness, good nature, and tact; but they will not be driven. In 1812, previously to the declaration of war against England, the mob of Philadelphia seized the rudder of a British brig, lying at the wharf, to prevent her from sailing, there being at that time no legal authority for detaining her. Mr. —, a highly respectable and well known citizen, met them dragging the rudder through the streets in triumph; he joined them, and hauled the rope and cheered with the rest. They proposed to go and break the windows of the British consul. He went with them; and when they came opposite to the house, he addressed them, as if he had never heard of the proposal to break the windows, and said, "Now, my brave lads, let us give him three cheers to show that we are not afraid of the British, and be off." He cheered instantly, and they all joined. At the close of the last cheer, he gave the word "off to the State House;" and suited the action to the word so rapidly that nobody had time to suggest or do any thing else. Arrived at the State House, he said, "Let us give three cheers for America, and lock up the helm in the State House." "America for ever! Hurrah! hurrah!" The key of the cellar was obtained, and the helm locked up, three cheers were given "for ourselves;" "Dismiss" was then uttered, and acted on by his walking away; and all followed his example. As the whole proceeding had been illegal, Mr. — went quietly to the ship, and desired the captain to send up to the State House for his helm in the night. He did so; put it on; and when the sun rose, he was down the Delaware on his voyage to England.

Another anecdote of the same gentleman is equally characteristic of the "way to manage the people." Between Walnut and Spruce streets, and Sixth and Washington streets, lay a piece of ground named the Potter's field, or burial place for strangers. Interments in it had long been prohibited, but it contained some graves and monuments inclosed by railings. There was a strong desire in the minds of many enlightened citizens to clear these away, and to turn the ground into an ornamental square, as it now lay in the heart of the city; but every proposal to obliterate them was resisted by the public sentiment, although no living person could be found who was interested in any of them. Mr. — suggested to a marble-cutter to carry off the monuments quietly, and by slow degrees, at dead of night. In the course of two years, they all disappeared mysteriously, nobody knew how. The rails followed. Nobody interfered; nobody noticed the change until it was complete. He employed men quietly at night to level the surface over the graves. Thus was completed, in less than three years, without any authority whatever, a change which the enlightened residents had in vain solicited permission to accomplish. The ground being reduced to a waste, the civic corporation, without any hesitation, voted money to inclose it with a handsome rail, to plant it, and to furnish it with gravel walks. It is now Washington Square, one of the greatest ornaments, and a great benefit to the city.

March 29. Ther. 63°. The weather is so warm that we have left off fires. The following table has appeared in the newspapers, and is interesting.

"The Baths of Philadelphia.—Owing to the copious supply of water from Fairmount, the city and suburbs of Philadelphia enjoy the luxury of bathing in a way superior to most cities of Europe or America, as the following table will show. It is taken from last year's report of the Watering Committee.

"The city proper has 1673 private baths, paying	-	-	\$5,061 00
Ditto 10 public, one of which pays	300 00		
The other 9 pay	360 00		
Northern Liberties, 195 private baths,	-	-	877 50
Spring Garden,	217	-	976 50
Southwark,	45	-	202 50
Moyamensing,	23	-	103 50
Kensington,	1	-	6 00
	2164		\$7,867 00

"Two thousand one hundred and sixty-four baths supplied with an unlimited quantity of water for seven thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven dollars!"

United States Bank.—There is a great sensation this evening about the resignation by Nicholas Biddle, Esq. of his office of President of the United States Bank.

Acuteness of Children.—In the course of my lectures, I urged the necessity of women being thoroughly educated for the sake of guiding the opening minds of children; and this evening one of the Society of Friends whom we visited, read to me in illustration of the lecture, a part of a letter which she had just received from her married sister, living in a neighbouring state. The letter described the questions put to her by her child on hearing parts of the Scripture read. The child insisted on being informed whither Ananias and Sapphira went when they were struck dead. "To hell?" asked the child. The mother gave an evasive answer. "To heaven?" "No." "Where then did they go?" On hearing the description read of Abraham preparing to sacrifice Isaac, and of his being at last told to spare his son, and sacrifice the ram, the child exclaimed, "Well, I do say that that was cheating!" The mother could go no farther. It would be very interesting and instructive to parents and teachers, if a record were published of the observations of children, who have large moral and intellectual organs, on the Scripture narratives. Such a record would show the relation in which these stand to the human mind in its natural condition, before it has been influenced by commentaries and explanations, or glosses indicate what portions of Scripture are calculated most directly to benefit the juvenile faculties. The advantage of selecting passages suited to their capacities would then become evident, and the objection of "mutilating the Scriptures," which is raised in Britain against the proposal to prepare extracts from the Bible for the use of children, would be refuted by evidence, that the young are far from being benefited by an indiscriminate perusal of the whole.

March 30. Ther. 53°. *The United States Bank.*—Mr. Biddle's letter of resignation is published in the newspapers to-day. He assigns "approaching age and precarious health" as the causes of his retirement. I am informed by the medical friends of Mr. Biddle, that a pressure of labour and anxiety such as he encountered at the last expiry of the charter of the bank, and at the suspension of cash payments in 1837, would in all probability induce either apoplexy or inflammation, and that he has been strongly urged by

them to retire. One medical gentleman who knew him well, said to me, that if he had continued in office, and any new difficulty had arisen, he should not have been surprised to hear that he was found dead in his business-room. The stock of the bank has fallen in consequence of his retirement.

March 31. Ther. 40°. *Omnibuses and Railroads.*—In this city the omnibuses run on Sundays. Rails are laid on the streets for the Baltimore, the Harrisburg, and the New York railroads. The passengers are taken up at convenient stations in the city, and the cars are drawn by horses till they have fairly cleared the houses, when locomotive engines are attached to them. This is found to be a very great convenience; but children are occasionally injured by heedlessly running on the rails.

Pulmonary Consumption.—The late Dr. Benjamin Rush regarded consumption as an inflammatory disease, and applied to it very active treatment. Dr. Parrish told me that he was early struck by the speedy and never-failing death of Rush's patients. Two young students became ill of the disease in the beginning of winter: one of them followed Dr. Rush's advice, and was dead in a few months; the second refused all treatment whatever, and lived double the time of the other, although he also died. Dr. Parrish in his own practice abandoned Dr. Rush's treatment, and recommended air and exercise as abundantly as the strength of the patients permitted; he also advised them to brave, as far as possible, the weather, and to use little medicine. He resorted to bleeding and blistering only when unequivocal symptoms of local inflammation were present, superadded to the tuberculous disease. By this method he was more successful than Dr. Rush. He saved a few, and prolonged, to some extent, the lives of almost all his patients. I have read, with much interest, his exposition of the subject in vols. 8, 9, and 10, of the North American Medical and Surgical Journal.

The Education of the People.—A friend has called my attention to an article in Blackwood's Magazine for February, 1839, No. 280, reprinted here. The object of it is to show that the mass of the people never can become enlightened and refined; that, therefore, education can render them only uneasy and restless; that ignorance is to them the parent of contentment; but that, if they must be educated, a religious education is the only one fitted to do them good. It renders them patient, humble, and moral, and relieves the hardships of their present lot by the prospect of a bright eternity. "How strangely," said my friend, "do such sentiments sound in this country, where we must enlighten and refine the mass of the people or perish, for they rule our destinies. The author obviously considers England as the world, and the present condition of her people as the only one in which the human race can ever exist! If the article be written in good faith, the author needs much to be educated himself. If he is an aristocrat or a priest, endeavouring to prop up a system which devotes eight out of every ten of the English people to toil and ignorance, without prospect of relief on this side of the grave—for the benefit of the remaining two—he deserves to be doomed to undergo this fate himself, that he may know by experience the efficacy of his own prescriptions for human misery."

Chimney-Sweeps.—The chimney-sweeps here are young negro boys. As they glide through the streets in quest of employment, they have a

peculiar and melodious cry, slightly resembling a Tyrolean "yodde."

April 1. Ther. 40°. "*The Coloured American*."—This is the title of a weekly newspaper for the use of the coloured people of the United States. It has reached No. 2 of vol. iii. It consists of four pages, each containing four columns; the price is \$2 per annum. The paper of the 30th of March has been sent to me because it contains an attack on phrenology, a denial of its utility, and a commendation of the philosophy of Dr. Thomas Brown, and that of Mr. Young, of Belfast. It is edited by Samuel Cornish and James McCune Smith. I am told that one of the editors is a coloured gentleman, who studied medicine in Edinburgh, and imbibed the prejudices of his teachers against the science, and that he is now labouring to transfer them to his coloured brethren.

Female Delicacy.—In my first course of lectures in Philadelphia, I endeavoured to point out the connection between beauty in the proportions and forms of the human figure, and health. The handsomest figure is one in which the abdomen, the chest, and the head, are all well developed; and this proportion is also most favourable to health; because on the first depends digestion, on the second respiration, and on the third mental energy. The limbs will rarely be found deficient where the proportions of these regions are favourable. I recommend to my audience the study of the human figure in statuary and painting, not only as an interesting object of taste, but as capable of conveying knowledge of great practical utility. A mother, with an eye familiar with those proportions, and instructed in their relations to health, would watch, with increased attention, the habits, postures, and nutrition of her children. If she saw the abdomen tending to become tumescent, the chest flat, and the head enlarged, she would early become aware that there was some deviation from the laws of health, and thus by timely remedies might prevent serious disease. There is no inherent indelicacy in the human figure. It is the workmanship of the Creator, the temple of the mind, and there is impressed on it a beauty of form and an elegance of proportion that render it capable of exciting the most pure and refined impressions in a cultivated and virtuous mind. Where indelicacy is felt, its source must be looked for, not in the object, but in licentious feelings, or in a perverted or neglected education in the spectator. That individual who is able to associate only impure ideas with the most exquisite specimens of the fine arts, resembles a man in whom the aspect of a rich and beautiful domain should excite only feelings of envy, cupidity, and discontent.

These views appeared to me to be well received; and some friends even commended them as useful in tending to correct that false delicacy which injures the health and usefulness of many American women.

In the United States Gazette, however, (a Philadelphia paper), of the 28th of March, a letter subscribed "Candidus" appeared, which, in allusion to my lecture on this subject in the last course, characterised it as having been "equally revolting to the feelings of delicacy of many of the audience, as it was offensive to the national sense of propriety;" and the writer hoped "either that, notice being given of its being obnoxious, it will not again be introduced; or, if it be, that it will meet with a prompt and stern rebuke, which will prevent a repetition."

On the present occasion I intentionally reserved

this topic for the last portion of my lecture on Physical Education. I then read the letter to my audience, and announced that I intended to repeat the remarks, and that they would form the conclusion of the lecture; but that, before proceeding, I should pause to allow any lady or gentleman to retire, whose delicacy might be offended by them. Ladies composed more than one third of the audience, and many of them belonged to the Society of Friends. Not a single individual rose. I then stated, in answer to the remarks of *Candidus*, that "I did not respect any feeling merely because it was 'national.' It had been a 'national' feeling in Scotland to hate the English; in Britain to hate the French: and, in the year 1776, it was the quintessence of patriotism in England to hate you, the Americans; yet every one acknowledges that these were improper feelings in themselves, and that the fact of their being 'national' did not alter their character. *Candidus*, however, very properly asserts, that, in the present instance, the national feeling 'is founded alike on virtue and reason;' and, if so, it merits respect; but this is the point on which I differ from him in opinion. It has been announced by the highest authority, that 'To the pure all things are pure;' but, according to *Candidus*, there is one exception, and the verse should have contained the qualifying words, 'except the human figure.' Has the Creator framed any object that is essentially and necessarily indelicate? Impossible! But my leading design in this exposition is not to initiate you into a love of the fine arts, but to call your attention to the necessity of becoming acquainted with the structure of the human body, and the functions of its organs, as the very basis of a rational view of physical education; and in your country this is an important desideratum. You cannot know that structure without studying it; and you cannot study it without looking on it. If you neglect the study, you suffer. Do you believe, then, that the Creator has rendered it necessary for you to study his works, and at the same time made it sinful in you to do so?" Pointing to an anatomical drawing showing the intestines, the stomach, the liver, and the lungs, I said that "I had been assured that in which ever of these organs a lady felt indisposed, she told her physician that she had a pain in her breast, misleading him, so far as she had the power to do so, by an erroneous statement of symptoms, and offering increased obstacles to the successful exertions of his skill for her own welfare. In some instances (as I have been told) this feeling of delicacy renders it extremely difficult for the physician to extract, even by the most pointed questions, real and necessary information from over-sensitive patients. This is false delicacy, and it should be corrected by knowledge. Fortified by these considerations, and also encouraged by the right spirit in which the ladies of Boston, New York, and this city, have received my remarks on the subject in my previous courses, it is my intention again to introduce it to your notice, and I hope to convince you, by your own experience, that it is quite possible to convey valuable information concerning it, without one indelicate emotion or idea being suggested to the mind." The audience repeatedly applauded these remarks as they were delivered, and testified their satisfaction by a loud and general burst of approbation at the close.

April 2. Ther. 53°. *New Lunatic Asylum.*—Dr. B. H. Coates kindly drove me about a mile and a half west from the city, over the Schuylkill river, to visit a new lunatic asylum, now erecting

by the Trustees of the Pennsylvania Hospital, for pauper and other lunatics. The edifice is 420 feet long, is two stories high, in addition to the sunk floor, and contains a long corridor with cells on each side. It is built of sandstone-rubble, except the centre, which is cased with dressed sandstone, veined very like marble. There are two small wings, and the centre is ornamented with a dome. It stands on a gentle eminence fronting the south, in a wooded and cultivated country, and has 108 acres of land attached to it. It is said to be fire-proof, and to possess all the modern improvements for warming and ventilation; but it is not yet finished. The roof is complete, but the floors are not laid. It appears to be highly creditable to the trustees and architect under whose auspices it has been reared.

Railroads in the United States.—In conversing with an accomplished civil engineer, who had visited Europe, on the temporary character and unfinished appearance presented by the American railroads, he said that here a railroad is made in order to call forth population, commerce, and manufactures; whereas in England, they are constructed, because they are wanted by a dense, rich, and industrious population. He considered the American plan best suited to their own circumstances. Their works are sufficient to accomplish the main object—cheap and expeditious transportation. They will be improved as trade increases. Wherever the lines have been judiciously selected, commanding thoroughfares from one important point of the union to another, as from New York to Philadelphia, and from Philadelphia to Baltimore, railroads have been eminently successful.

The Academy of Natural Sciences.—I attended a meeting of the Academy this evening. It was instituted on 25th January, 1812, and incorporated in 1817 by the legislature of Pennsylvania. It has a hall at the corner of Twelfth and George streets, and a valuable and extensive collection of objects of natural history. These are displayed in upright and horizontal cases: they are ranged in accordance with the most approved systems; and their generic and specific names (wherever these can be ascertained) together with the localities and the names of the donors, are attached to each article. The "Journal of the Academy" was commenced in 1817, and continues to be published, not at stated intervals, but when valuable communications have accumulated to suffice for a number. It has reached to seven 8vo volumes, and is widely circulated among scientific persons in America and Europe. It is replete with important details in every branch of science, and is reputed to contain a greater body of facts in reference to the technical natural history of the United States than any other work. The Academy possesses also the richest library on natural history in the United States. It is indebted for a great part of its property and prosperity to its president, William Maclure, Esq., who has bestowed on it several splendid donations.*

The Pursuit of Wealth.—The Americans are taunted by the British for their exclusive devotion to the pursuit of wealth; but in this respect, as well as in many others, they are the genuine heirs of English dispositions, with a better apology for their conduct. One of the earliest injunctions of the Creator to man was, "to multi-

* "Notice of the Academy of Natural Sciences," 1837. In November last, it did me the honour to elect me a corresponding member.

ply and replenish the earth." The Americans have a fertile country of vast extent placed before them inviting them to fulfil this commandment; and it would argue mental lethargy or imbecility were they to disobey the call. But how can a wilderness be peopled and replenished without the creation of wealth? Houses must be built and furnished; clothes and implements of husbandry must be manufactured; animals must be reared; yet these are the constituent elements of wealth. The fertile soil of the west, therefore, invites the active and enterprising spirits of each generation to advance and take possession of it. Within two years after it is cleared, it places in the hands of the occupier a surplus produce after supplying his own wants. He sends this surplus to the eastern cities to be sold, and receives in exchange the various manufactured articles which constitute the conveniences and ornaments of civilised life. The demand of the west on the capital and industry of the east, is incessant and increasing. The rich lands of the west, aided by the rapid increase of population, present investments which can scarcely fail, after a few years, to yield an immense profit to the adventurer; and this legitimate drain for capital affects profits and interest, and the value of property all over the union. There are revulsions, no doubt, but the wave never recedes so far as it had advanced, and those who fail are generally men who have engaged in enterprises far beyond the measure of their capital and legitimate credit. Were the people of the east, therefore, to despise riches, and to become merely the cultivators of literature, philosophy, the fine arts, and all the social graces, they would be fit subjects for their own lunatic asylums. The *physique* must precede the *morale* in the order of nature. We must be well lodged, clothed, and nourished, and altogether physically comfortable, before we can bend our minds successfully to refinement, philosophy, and the investigations of abstract science. The people of the United States, therefore, are only fulfilling a law of nature. They are peopling and replenishing the desert, and devoting themselves to this duty with a degree of energy, assiduity, and success that is truly astonishing. It is in vain to blame their institutions or their manners for these results. They owe their origin to nature.

But while I thus hold that the Americans do not merit disapprobation for pursuing wealth as their national vocation, I regard the impulse which prompts them to do so, as one which needs to be watched, and within certain limits resisted, lest it should swallow up all other virtues. Their real prosperity depends on the co-ordinate activity of their acquisitive with their moral and intellectual faculties. If their external circumstances stimulate Acquisitiveness with a power equal to 10, they should put on a power of moral, religious, and intellectual cultivation equal to 15, to guide and restrain it. They are endeavouring to do so by their public schools; and if they succeed, they will in due season become a magnificently great nation; great equally in the possession of physical and moral civilisation.

The Americans, although highly acquisitive, are not sordid as a nation. They expend their wealth freely, and where the object meets with their approbation, they are even munificent in their donations. The sums contributed by them to religious and benevolent societies, to the building of churches and colleges, and to the support of hospitals and similar institutions, are very large. I frequently heard of strangers coming from distant parts of the country to the cities,

soliciting subscriptions to build churches, and was told that they were successful. Unitarians have repeatedly told me, that they had subscribed to build evangelical churches; but no instance was mentioned to me (though such may not be uncommon) in which an evangelical believer had contributed to the erection of a Unitarian edifice. I heard a scientific gentleman defend his countrymen and himself against the charge of excessive acquisitiveness, in the following pithy sentences: "I have always," said he, "pursued wealth, because I saw that I could accomplish nothing without it. A sordid mind is indicated by the uses which it makes of property, and not by the pursuit of it. I employ two men to assist me in my scientific analyses and experiments, and pay them \$1000 per annum. If I had not bought lots of ground which have doubled in value, I could not have done this; so that in point of fact the money acquired by my lots is devoted to the extension of science."

April 3. Ther. 50°. *Cause of the Decline of Quakerism.*—I have already mentioned that a number of individuals left the society of Friends at the time of the separation between the orthodox and the followers of Elias Hicks. A sagacious old Scotsman, who has been many years a citizen of Philadelphia, gave me a novel theory of the decline of Quakerism. "The real cause of it," said he, "is the excessive multiplication of banks. The paper currency is so abundant, and so recklessly issued, that a spirit of gambling speculation has seized the whole community, against which Quakerism cannot maintain itself. Farming is the only occupation, consistent with the simplicity of Quaker principles, which is left to them." The same individual summed up his character of the Americans, the result of forty years' observation, in these words: "They are most awful braggars; there is no end or limit to their boasting; yet they are the most active people I ever saw. If they only knew how to go right, there is nothing which they might not achieve."

Sunday Traveling.—The running of the railroad cars on Sundays from Philadelphia to Columbia, is announced and apologised for, as indispensable to overtaking the greatly extended spring trade of this season, and a promise is given, that the arrangement is only temporary, with a view to forwarding an accumulating mass of goods. In the eastern states, the steamboats and stage-coaches, except the mails, do not run on Sundays; but there are morning and evening trains on the railroads for passengers.

Franklin's Grave.—After at least ten unsuccessful attempts to find open the gate of the burial ground in Mulberry street, corner of Fifth street, in which Benjamin Franklin is interred, I succeeded in gaining admission to it to-day. The number of funerals which one sees is strikingly small for so large a city, and this indicates a young population. Franklin's grave is covered by a large marble slab, lying on the ground, on which is inscribed:

BENJAMIN	}	FRANKLIN,
AND		
DEBORAH		
		1790;

* The postulatam for which this Scotsman's theory was framed, turns out to be imaginary. Quakerism is not on the decline. The numbers of the society of Friends are annually on the increase.

and nothing more. On a similar slab, to the left, and exactly in the same form, are inscribed the words, "Richard and Sarah Bache, 1811." These were his daughter and her husband. The situation is favourable for the erection of a monument, and Franklin certainly merits, although his memory does not stand in need of, this mark of respect.

Imprisonment for Debt.—In conversing on this subject with an Englishman who has been settled for some years, and has prospered, in this country, but in whom not one English notion has been changed, he said to me—"When you go home, recommend this country as a paradise for rogues. Most of the states have abolished imprisonment for debt, and every one who chooses may issue bank notes. A well varnished story will enable any one to obtain credit; and having obtained it, there is no law to force him to pay. But for honest men this is not the country at all. Republican institutions will never succeed." He should have added, that imprisonment for debt is not abolished where fraud can be established. There are two sides to every question. I have had opportunities of observing the operation of the law of imprisonment for debt in the old country, and do not think that the United States would commit a great error in abolishing it.

A man who sells goods is pursuing his own interest fully as much as he who buys. In the keen competition to effect sales, sellers use every art of persuasion to induce their customers to buy, and also strive to obtain prices as high as possible. Many well-meaning, but weak men, and also many speculative men, are by these means drawn into purchases far beyond the limits of their regular means of selling. When the day of payment comes, the creditor trusts to the law to enforce his claim; and, through terror of a jail, the buyer, to raise the needful funds, sells his goods at a loss. By a few repetitions of this error, he becomes insolvent; but for some time after this takes place, he continues in possession of as much means and credit as to be able to proceed with his trade. He must now, however, buy and sell largely in order to raise means to meet his obligations as they become due. Acute sellers soon discover that he is in this situation; they calculate how long he will be able to proceed before his losses accumulate to such an amount as to force him to stop payment altogether; and they add per centage to per centage on the price as they reckon the day of failure to approach. If the buyer be a man of resources, he may go on for two or three years in insolvency, and during all this time the persons who sell to him are "sponging him," as they term it, by ever increasing additions to their demands. He is in such a condition, that he must sell, or fail and go to prison. He sells cheap that he may raise money to avert this catastrophe as long as possible; and in order to sell, he must buy. Thus, between buying at high, and selling at low prices, he at last arrives at the goal, and openly declares himself bankrupt.

To allow the seller, who has partly induced, and partly profited by this course of transactions, to wind up his proceedings by putting the debtor in jail, is neither just nor beneficial. If the seller be deprived of this power, he will trust to his own sagacity in selecting honest men for his customers, and he will also be more attentive to their interests. In short, instead of trusting to the law to enable him to reap the fruits of his own rapacity, he must conduct trade on higher moral and intellectual principles.

This is no imaginary representation. I have seen the whole machinery in operation, and traced its effects. One example may be mentioned in illustration. A mercantile friend told me that a Mr. B——, whom we both knew, had come to him and looked at some goods. "He had rarely dealt with me before," said my friend, "but I had judged from his forced sales that he was below par (insolvent); and from the prices at which he was purchasing from Mr. C. and Mr. D., that he must be pretty far gone. I wished, therefore, to get rid of him; and I asked ten per cent. above the market price. To my astonishment, he at once accepted my offer. He selected another parcel of goods, and asked the price. Being already farther in with him than I had intended, I added fifteen per cent. to the price of these. He did not hesitate a moment, but purchased them also. He proceeded to a third parcel, and asked the price. Being resolved now to pull him up at all hazards, I demanded twenty-five per cent. above the market price: he grumbled a little, but gave in, and desired me to send the whole purchases to his warehouse. The prices amounted to 500*l*. I was convinced that he was now in desperation, and that an immediate bankruptcy might be expected, and I closed the conference by asking him for 'security' for the payment. He turned on his heel and walked off without speaking a word; I retained the goods, and within a fortnight he was in the Gazette as a bankrupt." I subsequently had the means of tracing the transactions of Mr. B—— for several years, and observed that he had run the course before described, and that this was the last and desperate effort to maintain a regularly sinking trade.

I have already described the very strong excitement which the natural circumstances of the union present to the acquisitive propensity in the Americans. Nevertheless they are incessant in their calls for additional stimulants. They create oceans of paper currency, and proclaim the "credit system" as indispensably necessary to their very existence as a commercial people. With all deference to their judgment, it appears to me that they stand in need of checks and regulators on their acquisitiveness, instead of stimulants. The natural rate of profit is so high, and they are so active and economical, that, if they had only some adequate machinery to regulate their movements, they would advance with extraordinary rapidity to wealth. If the majority of them were sufficiently enlightened to discern (as many of the judicious and better informed among them do) their true position, and the means of promoting their real welfare, they would check their banks, their credit system, and their vast speculations, and advance more leisurely in pursuit of gain. The Scripture proclaims that he that *hasteneth* to be rich falleth into a snare; and the Americans afford striking examples of the truth of this proposition. The philosophy of the text is, that capital, time, and labour, are necessary to the production of wealth; that before we can legitimately obtain it, we must give an equivalent, and every equivalent also requires time, labour, and capital, for its production. He who hastens to be rich, therefore, tries to create wealth, or to acquire it, without complying with these natural conditions. But nature is too strong for him; he is blind to the obstacles which she presents to his success, and he falls into a snare. It is true that, in a rich and extensive country, a few individuals may, by gambling and speculation, acquire sudden wealth; but some others must lose as much. Time and labour must have been employed to

produce the wealth before it could be lost and won; and these men produce nothing. They shuffle property from one hand to another, but the nation is in no degree made richer by their speculations. All young Americans, therefore, should be trained to understand the real laws by which wealth is produced and distributed, and to submit to them as they would do to the commandments of the Bible. The natural effect of the abolition of imprisonment for debt is to render merchants more cautious whom they trust. It should check, rather than encourage, "the credit system."

While, however, the Americans appear to me to have pursued the right road in abolishing imprisonment for debt, they are, from all that I can learn, much in fault with respect to their bankrupt laws: Their laws leave debtors in possession of the power of distributing their effects among their creditors, and of conferring preferences on favourites, to an extent that is unknown in other civilised countries. Besides, there is no general bankrupt law extending over the whole union; and as each state is to the others a foreign jurisdiction, a man may be discharged of his debts in one state, and an undischarged bankrupt in another, without the possibility of remedying his condition. When imprisonment for debt is abolished, there should be a cheap, efficacious, and general law for transferring the whole property of a debtor directly to his creditors for equal distribution, and he should have no power whatever either to obstruct or regulate the operation of the law. Provision should be made, also, for his obtaining a complete discharge with consent of his creditors, or a large proportion of them, but not otherwise. At present no public notice is given of bankruptcy; so that an individual may be utterly bankrupt in New York, and the fact be unknown in Philadelphia, unless by private communication. This opens a wide door to fraud, and to unprincipled speculation. If the Americans knew their real interests, they would publish the name of every bankrupt in every town of the union, as is done in Britain, where the official intimations of bankruptcy are transferred from the London and Edinburgh Gazettes into every newspaper in the kingdom. Honest men gain by this information, for it enables them to know the speculators. Honourable merchants may once or twice become insolvent by misfortune; but there are individuals who pass their lives in swindling and bankruptcy, and the American method of concealment is admirably adapted to their purposes.

It is only a few years since a bankrupt law was passed even in Massachusetts, one of the most enlightened states in the union. On the 19th of March, 1835, a report on the subject of "insolvent debtors," by the Hon. Horace Mann, as chairman of a committee, was presented to the senate of that state. It is replete with admirable views eloquently expressed. The following sentences should be adopted as maxims by the legislatures of every civilised country:—"The committee entertain a firm conviction that the legal relation between debtor and creditor exerts a commanding influence, not only over individual and national wealth, but also over private and public morals. To establish this relation upon the foundations of natural justice, is one of the primary duties of government." * * * "Your committee will not enlarge upon the obligation and utility of making the *legal* coincident with the *moral* code. In many minds ideas of right and wrong are but a transcript of positive enactment

or judicial decision; and legal rules are their ultimate conscience. Hence, unjust laws never stop with extinguishing an individual right, or indicating an individual wrong. They fashion and adapt the general mind to injustice. They bind the foreign substance of error to the heart, until the fibres close around it, and it becomes ineradicable for ever. Erroneous principles in legislation commend the injustice they ordain; they impress the form of right upon the substance of wrong; and they withhold from truth its highest advantage—the privilege of being seen. But true legislation, which is the art of applying the rules of right to the affairs of men, should develop those rules, give them a bold and conspicuous prominence, and, illuminating them with a light of its own, make them universally legible." Effect was given, to a considerable extent, to these principles in the act for "the relief of poor prisoners," and in the "Insolvent Act" passed by the legislature of Massachusetts in 1838, chap. 163.

I find a number of vague ideas afloat among the mercantile classes here, which have become maxims, but which appear extremely questionable to a stranger. It is said that "this is a new country, and we must encourage enterprise: although we have many speculators and numerous bankruptcies, yet these are always helping forward the general advance of the country; the individuals may fail, but the results of their speculations remain, and add to the general wealth." The answer to these views is, that wealth can be created only by capital, labour, and time; and that these may be applied prudently or imprudently. The men who apply them with judgment and discretion succeed, and benefit equally themselves and their country; those who, in the employment of them, infringe every law of nature by which the creation and distribution of wealth are regulated, are speculators, and so far from their enterprises benefitting the community, the fact is directly the reverse. They waste the resources which in more prudent and skillful hands would have produced double the advantages which they bring out of them. It is true that the houses which they build, or the manufacturing which they erect, remain, and that in the course of years the wealth and population of the country advance and render them useful; but they were not wanted at the time they were built, the capital expended on them has been unprofitably locked up, and the enterprise and industry of wiser and better men, from whose hands it has been withdrawn by the speculators, have been paralysed for years. The American people appear to me to be so extremely active and enterprising, that no encouragement needs to be held out to speculators to engage in bold schemes in order to promote public prosperity. On the contrary, they will prosper more rapidly, and enjoy far greater felicity, if by their laws and institutions they will put a check on such spirits, and encourage the honest, the wise, and the prudent, to lead them forward in their commercial career.

April 4. Ther. 53°. *How to choose a Sec.*—The following anecdote is not an old Joe Miller. I relate it because, while it illustrates the kindly feeling which reigns among the members of a sect towards each other, it shows how this amiable trait of character may be taken advantage of by rogues. A bookseller, a native of Germany, came from England, settled in one of the large American cities, and began business in a moderate way. He had a stock of neatly printed bibles

that. To us it is no dilettante work, no sleek officiality; it is sheer rough death and earnest. They have brought it to the calling forth of war; horrid internecine fight, man grappling with man in fire-eyed rage—the infernal element in man called forth, to try it by that! Do that therefore; since that is the thing to be done. The successes of Cromwell seem to me a very natural thing! Since he was not shot in battle, they were an inevitable thing. That such a man, with the eye to see, with the heart to dare, should advance, from post to post, from victory to victory, till the Huntingdon farmer became, by whatever name you might call him, the acknowledged strongest man in England, virtually the King of England, requires no magic to explain it!

Truly it is a sad thing for a people, as for a man, to fall into scepticism, into dilettantism, insincerity; not to know a sincerity when they see it. For this world, and for all worlds, what curse is so fatal! The heart lying dead, the eye cannot see. What intellect remains, is merely the *vulpine* intellect. That a true King be sent them is of small use; they do not know him when sent. They say scornfully, Is this your King? The Hero wastes his heroic faculty in bootless contradiction from the unworthy; and can accomplish little. For himself he does accomplish a heroic life, which is much, which is all: but for the world he accomplishes comparatively nothing. The wild rude Sincerity, direct from Nature, is not glib in answering from the witness-box; in your small-debt *pie-powder* court, he is scouted as a counterfeit. The vulpine intellect "detects" him. For being a man worth any thousand men, the response your Knox, your Cromwell gets, is an argument for two centuries whether he was a man at all. God's greatest gift to this Earth is sneeringly flung away. The miraculous talisman is a paltry plated coin, not fit to pass in the shops as a common guinea.

Lamentable this! I say this must be remedied. Till this be remedied in some measure, there is nothing remedied. "Detect quacks?" Yes, do, for Heaven's sake; but know withal the men that are to be trusted! Till we know that, what is all our knowledge; how shall we so much as "detect?" The vulpine sharpness, which considers itself to be knowledge, and "detects" in that fashion, is far mistaken. Dupes indeed are many: but of all *dupes*, there is none so fatally situated as he who lives in undue terror of being duped. The world does exist; the world has truth in it, or it would not exist! First recognise what is true, we shall then discern what is false; and properly never till then.

"Know the men that are to be trusted?" alas! this is yet, in these days, very far from us. The sincere alone can recognise sincerity. Not a Hero only is needed, but a world fit for him; a world not of *Valets*;—the Hero comes almost in vain to it otherwise! Yes, it is far from us: but it must come; thank God, it is visibly coming. Till it do come, what have we? Ballot-boxes, suffrages, French Revolutions:—if we are as *Valets*, and do not know the Hero when we see him, what good are all these! A heroic Cromwell comes; and for a hundred and fifty years he cannot have a vote from us. Why, the insincere, unbelieving world is the *natural property* of the Quack, and of the Father of Quacks and Quackeries! Misery, confusion, unvaracity are alone possible there. By ballot-boxes we alter the *figure* of our Quack; but the substance of him continues. The *Valet-World* has to be governed by the sham-Hero, by the king merely *dressed* in King-gear. It is his; he is its! One of two things. We shall either learn to know a Hero, a true Governor and Captain, somewhat better, when we see him; or else go on to be for ever governed by the Unheroic;—had we ballot-boxes clattering at every street-corner, there were no remedy in these.

Poor Cromwell—great Cromwell! The inarticulate Prophet; Prophet who could not *speak*. Rude, confused, struggling to utter himself, with his savage depth, with his wild sincerity; and he looked so strange, among the elegant Euphuisms; dainty little Falklands, didactic Chillingworths, diplomatic Clarendons! Consider him. An outer hull of chaotic confusion, visions of the Devil, nervous dreams,

almost semi-madness; and yet such a clear determinate man's energy working in the heart of that. A kind of chaotic man. The ray as of pure starlight and fire, working in such an element of boundless hypochondria, unformed black of darkness! And yet withal this hypochondria, what was it but the very greatness of the man? The depth and tenderness of his wild affections; the quantity of *sympathy* he had with things—the quantity of insight he would yet get into the heart of things, the mastery he would yet get over things: this was his hypochondria. The man's misery, as man's misery always does, came of his greatness. Samuel Johnson, too, is that kind of man. Sorrow-stricken, half-distracted; the wide element of mournful black enveloping him—wide as the world. It is the character of a prophetic man; a man with his whole soul *seeing*, and struggling to see.

On this ground, too, I explain to myself Cromwell's reputed confusion of speech. To himself the internal meaning was sun-clear; but the material with which he was to clothe it with utterance was not there. He had *lived* silent; a great unnamed sea of Thought round him all his days; and in his way of life little call to attempt naming or uttering that. With his sharp power of vision, resolute power of action, I doubt not he could have learned to write books withal, and speak fluently enough; he did harder things than writing of books. This kind of man is precisely he who is fit for doing manfully all things you will set him on doing. Intellect is not speaking and logicising; it is seeing and ascertaining. Virtue, *Vir-tus*, manhood, *hero-hood*, is not fairspeoken immaculate regularity; it is first of all, what the Germans well name it, *Tugend* (*Taugend* *daw-ing* or *Doughtiness*), Courage and the Faculty to do. This basis of the matter Cromwell had in him.

One understands, moreover, how, though he could not speak in Parliament, he might *preach*, rhapsodic preaching; above all, how he might be great in extempore prayer. These are the free outpouring utterances of what is in the heart: method is not required in them; warmth, depth, sincerity, are all that is required. Cromwell's habit of prayer is a notable feature of him. All his great enterprises were commenced with prayer. In dark inextricable-looking difficulties, his officers and he used to assemble, and pray alternately, for hours, for days, till some definite resolution rose among them, some "door of hope," as they would name it, disclosed itself. Consider that.

In tears, in fervent prayers, and cries to the great God to have pity on them, to make His light shine before them. They, armed Soldiers of Christ, as they felt themselves to be; a little band of Christian Brothers, who had drawn the sword against a great black devouring world not Christian, but Mammonish, Devilish—they cried to God in their straits, in their extreme need, not to forsake the cause that was his. The light which now rose upon them—how could a human soul, by any means at all, get better light? Was not the purpose so formed, like to be precisely the best, wisest, the one to be followed without hesitation any more? To them it was as the shining of Heaven's own Splendor in the waste-howling darkness; the Pillar of Fire by night, that was to guide them on their desolate perilous way. Was it not such? Can a man's soul, to this hour, get guidance by any other method than intrinsically by that same—devout prostration of the earnest struggling soul before the Highest, the Giver of all Light; be such *prayer* a spoken, articulate, or be it a voiceless, or inarticulate one? There is no other method. "Hypocrisy!" One begins to be weary of all that. They who call it so, have no right to speak on such matters. They never formed a purpose, what one can call a purpose. They went out balancing expediences, plausibilities; gathering votes, advices; they never were alone with the *truth* of a thing at all. Cromwell's prayers were likely to be "eloquent," and much more than that. His was the heart of a man who *could* pray.

But indeed his actual speeches, I apprehend, were not nearly so ineloquent, incondite, as they look. We find he was, what all speakers aim to be, an

impressive speaker, even in Parliament; one who, from the first, had weight. With that rude passionate voice of his, he was always understood to mean something, and men wished to know what. He disregarded eloquence, nay, despised and disliked it; spoke always without premeditation of the words he was to use. The Reporters, too, in those days, seem to have been singularly candid; and to have given the Printer precisely what they found on their own note-paper. And withal, what a strange proof is it of Cromwell's being the premeditative ever-calculating hypocrite, acting a play before the world. That to the last he took no more charge of his Speeches! How came he not to study his words a little, before flinging them out to the public? If the words were true words, they could be left to shift for themselves.

But with regard to Cromwell's "lying," we will make one remark. This, I suppose, or something like this, to have been the nature of it. All parties found themselves deceived in him; each party understood him to be meaning *this*, heard him even say so, and behold he turns out to have been meaning *that*! He was, cry they, the chief of liars. But now, intrinsically, is not all this the inevitable fortune, not of a false man in such times, but simply of a superior man? Such a man must have *reticences* in him. If he walk wearing his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at, his journey will not extend far! There is no use for any man's taking up his abode in a house built of glass. A man always is to be himself the judge how much of his mind he will show to other men; even to those he would have work along with him. There are impertinent inquiries made: your rule is, to leave the inquirer uninformed on that matter; not, if you can help it, *misinformed*, but precisely as dark as he was! This, could one hit the right phrase of response, is what the wise and faithful man would aim to answer in such a case.

Cromwell, no doubt of it, spoke often in the dialect of small subaltern parties; uttered to them a *part* of his mind. Each little party thought him all its own. Hence their rage, one and all, to find him not of their party! Was it his blame? At all seasons of his history, he must have felt, among such people, how, if he explained to them the deeper insight he had, they must either have shuddered aghast at it, or believing it, their own little compact hypothesis must have gone wholly to wreck. They could not have worked in his province any more; nay, perhaps they could not now have worked in their own province. It is the inevitable position of a great man among small men. Small men, most active, useful, are to be seen every where, whose whole activity depends on some conviction which to you is palpably a limited one; imperfect, what we call an *error*. But would it be a kindness always, is it a duty always or often, to disturb them in that? Many a man, doing loud work in the world, stands only on some thin traditionality, conventionality; to him indubitable, to you incredible: break that beneath him, he sinks to endless depths! "I might have my hand full of truth," said Fontenelle, "and open only my little finger."

And if this be the fact even in matters of doctrine, how much more in all departments of practice. He that cannot withal *keep his mind to himself*, cannot practise any considerable thing whatever. And we call it "distimulation," all this! What would you think of calling the general of an army a dissembler, because he did not tell every corporal and private soldier, who pleased to put the question, what his thoughts were about every thing? Cromwell, I should rather say, managed all this in a manner we must admire for its perfection. An endless vortex of such questioning "corporals" rolled confusedly round him through his whole course; whom he did answer. It must have been as a great true-seeing man that he managed this, too. Not one proved falsehood, as I said; not one! Of what man that ever wound himself through such a coil of things will you say so much?

(To be continued.)

The lovers and cultivators of flowers are meditating the establishment in Philadelphia of a flower market. Some one has written us remarks, which we publish in favour of this very amiable project.

FLOWER MARKETS.

The French count among the very useful and ornamental institutions of their capital, its flower markets. There are two principal ones, held every other day, supplying the citizens fresh flowers for every morning of the week—the large open spaces upon the quays, and in front of the Madeleine church, affording convenient places of exposition and display. The rich treasures are here tastefully set out in urns, baskets, hedges, arbours—delighting the eye with infinite colours, and embalming the air with delicious fragrance. Birds are chirping upon trees, in their ornamental cages, recommending themselves to purchasers, and now and then a Flora, or other garden divinity, is seen peeping through the penumbra of a rosebush. Ornamental baskets, garden seats interwoven from withes, seeds and shoots for engrafting, make up the assortment. By these markets the French afford employment to the poor, a means of innocent gratification to the rich, improve the public taste in flowers, and bring to the highest perfection the industry and skill of their horticulturists.

Among other benefits of these markets, the idlers of society are tempted from their sickly couches into healthful exercise and recreation. How dreary and disconsolate is a morning walk in Philadelphia! A lady of delicate habits lies still till the dog star has made the day insupportable, and exercise hurtful—till she has become nervous, peevish, unhappy—till the red has died in her cheek, and she is wan and withered and ugly. And the young gentleman of leisure—what is there to lure him from his dear and soothing and fascinating morning slumbers! He, too, heedless of the song of birds and fragrant breezes, presses till midday the soft down. Why go abroad where there is no eye to see, no appetite to be gratified; where his fine genteel air and embroidered waistcoat are lost upon the idle winds.

The English, too, are lovers of flowers, equally with the French, with this difference, that the taste in France is universal, while in England they keep "Flora's prettiest smells" for the noses of the gentility. They have no flower markets, but only shows of flowers, and every English lady is a great patroness of these floral institutions, to which you pay for admittance. Flowers, too, creep in at the window of every rural cottage, and look out from every city verandah upon the street. They are also, as in Paris, an essential part of the fashionable balls, concerts and saloons; and the English have great taste in the graceful arrangement of these ornaments. I went five years ago in London to a "Tulip show," having the most splendid collection of this fair family in the world. One of the sisters, beautifully feathered, was valued at 100 guineas. Though the same sun kindles the blush in the diamond as in the rose, says Pope,

"We prize the stronger effort of his power,
And always set the gem above the flower."

Not always, says the English tulip. How much more gaily the tulip blooms when you pay a crown for admission, and when one is "Florist to Her Majesty!"

I visited also a show of lilies—an exquisite flower in its perfection, and worthy to be the emblem of a race of kings.

—Great David's son
Arrayed in all his robes and types of power,
Shone with less glory than that simple flower."

But that which throws all other exhibitions of this kind in the shade, is the English Horticultural.

For this "show," a garden is provided at Chiswick, five miles from London, and tastefully laid out into smooth lawns and walks, and here and there thickets of trees and shrubbery. Under tents, are exhibited the flowers: full bands of music are dis-

tributed in proper stations, and guinguettes, where those not content to live on this pure element, the air, find other refreshments—ham, bread and butter, ice cream, chocolate, and the everlasting tea. I surmounted the five miles to witness this *fete*, and did not repent of it. Here were twenty acres of green turf, fresh from the shears, and covered (as I learnt from the tickets left at the gate) with 14,000 persons—two thirds, of the *beau sexe*. It seemed like a rivalry between nature and art—between the animal and vegetable world. Shrubs, and sparkling flowers, in all their colours, and odours, music, and the fairest women upon the earth. The "senses ached." The day, too, was most favourable to romantic enjoyment. Fleecy clouds passing now and then over the sky, caused an intermingling of shade and sunshine, and the wind being lively and variable, the music awoke the senses, now, with a loud and thrilling melody—now, stole upon the ear as from a distance—and now, died away insensibly upon the breeze. I will not paint to you the flowers, the elegance and delicacy of tints, with which the eye was delighted, for indeed, my impression is, that our annual exhibition in Chesnut street is not generally inferior in beauty or variety, but only in quantity, to this of the English; but such a collection of vigorous and handsome men, and healthy, deep-bosomed, and beautiful women, is to be seen nowhere but in the moist and genial clime of Great Britain.

When Pluto came up to gather flowers in the sweet vale of Enna, he gathered Proserpine, and not the flowers; so would any god of taste at Chiswick.

In improving our institutions in America, we should adopt the good, and reject the bad, of all countries alike. For a floral exhibition, I can imagine no better model than this of London. Twenty acres of pretty women, with their escorts, for a single day, at half a guinea each—near 30,000 dollars! and the exhibition open several days. In an open garden, there is the enjoyment of fresh air, freedom from crowd, and beauty of perspective. The flowers are better displayed, and their colours invigorated by contrast with the green sward. For the rare, exclusive, and aristocratic pleasures, our best teachers are, indisputably, the English; but for the simple, republican, and positive enjoyments, which improve general human nature, and sweeten the common and daily intercourse of life, our instructors and the instructors for all the world, are the French.—The Philadelphia, like the London, Flora contents herself, with a display of her flowers, with the butcher's stall, and sets up in social sweetness by side of each other—tripes and tulips—a rump steak and a bouquet of roses. If there is any spot in our city sacred from mortar and brick, for heaven's sake let her have it for a Flower Market. By so doing you will furnish gratification to all, employment to many idle and destitute persons;—you will substitute public for secret meetings of pleasure—refined and liberal amusements, for those which are gross and disreputable. The French are to be imitated in this. The English do nothing for the refinement of the common world. London has, therefore, the most debased vulgar upon the face of the earth. It cannot be denied, that the poorer people of Paris are decent in their manners and dress, and graceful beyond the example of all other nations. The French open their galleries to the poor, and their Flower Markets, even on Sunday, which is perhaps wrong, or not necessary in our American cities. The English do not so desecrate religion—they gather, to be sure, in squads of five hundred at a time, around their gin palaces, pick pockets, and get drunk—men, women, and children—before breakfast; but, thank God, they do not sell and buy flowers on the Sabbath.

By its very intercourse with flowers, human nature seems to me to be improved. I have never seen beauty more attractive than at the Parisian flower-markets—so healthful and glowing with morning exercise—in colours emulating the purest tints of the rose. And the flower-girl, too—her two-penny frock hung as if by instinct upon her rounded limbs, and trying hard to hide her well-developed bosom, who, with tapering fingers, arranges you a bud and two leaves in your button hole, as if twined by the fingers of the

graces—has an urbanity and attractiveness of beauty above all the other girls of her class. The love of flowers is the universal passion, transmitted from the first man and woman. I have seen many a lady of idle fortune, find amongst her flower pots a full employment of her time, deriving constant delight from their society, growing into serene and quiet dispositions, and saving her husband many a predestinated scratched face. To favour the establishment of gardens and galleries, and other means of pleasure which are healthful and public, and which, in giving delight, tend to refinement, is assuredly a duty enjoined upon all who have charge of the public morals. Amusement and recreation are among the necessities of human nature—the affections have their wants as imperious as those of the body—in the world's cold utilities the heart withers and dies.

We have at hand materials for an abundant "Flower Market," at least once a week, and taste is not wanting for its patronage and support. But where to locate it? Some point to the front of the State House, others of the Washington Square—neither convenient; but what have we better!

With what bitterness of reproach shall we be one day censured for this stinted economy of space. At individual, a Mr. Strutt, lately has fenced with ornamental railings of iron, and covered with shrubbery and fountains, a ten acre field he owned in the suburbs, and presented it to his native town of Derby for the use of the public. Is it not a shame that our congregated wisdom has not done so much as the public spirit of this one English gentleman has accomplished with no better a name than Mr. Strutt! Besides its fifty open spaces like the Palais Royal, Paris has four gardens, the Luxemburg, the Tuilleries, Garden of Plants, and Champs Elysees, of more than a hundred acres each, in the very midst of its crowded districts. Gardens of this extent adjacent to our Chesnut street, Schuylkill or Delaware, Southward and Northern Liberties, what a change would they have wrought upon the face of this fair city! The entire squares of Philadelphia may be conveniently spread upon the Park of St. James alone; and two of these squares we owe to the folly of our predecessors burying within the precincts of the city. The Franklin and Washington squares now adding so much to our comfort and health and beauty, were grave yards before they were public walks. Insatiate Moloch!—it is not by the living, but the dead, that those delicious spots, upon which our children play so innocently and sportively, and men and women expatiate with so much delight, have been snatched from thy grim empire of brick.

Lives of the Queens of England, from the Norman Conquest. With Anecdotes of their Courts, now first published from Official Records and other Authentic Documents, private as well as public. From the second London edition, with corrections and additions. By Agnes Strickland. Vol. I. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard, 1841.

The previous historical works of Mrs. Strickland, her zeal, impartiality, industry, and her chivalrous feeling towards the heroines of the olden time, all peculiarly fitted her for the writing of the work before us. Her researches among the ancient books and archives have brought a great number of curious, interesting and important facts to light; and her perpetual reference to the descriptions, letters, conversations, &c. of contemporaneous personages give a freshness and spirit to each of these "Lives," which will constitute their principal charm and their indisputable claim to popular favour. The work will be received by scholars as an invaluable addition to English history.

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EDITED BY JOHN SANDERSON, ESQ.

PART I.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1841.

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FROM MR. GRANT'S BOOK ON THE
NESTORIAN CHRISTIANS.

Many convincing arguments are adduced by the author, to prove that the Nestorians are the veritable lost tribes of Israel. It is a highly interesting book. A great part of the country had not been explored by any preceding traveller.

"Oct. 26.—Started for the patriarch's residence at eight in the morning. Descended to the river and forded it on a horse, the first I had seen since entering the Nestorian country in the mountains. The water was waist deep, and fifty or sixty yards across. We now found a better road than I had seen for a long time before; the rock having been cut away, and regular steps chiseled out in the more precipitous and difficult places, leaving, at intervals, the excavated rock hanging over our heads."

"The patriarch, having heard of my approach, sent a horse, with some of his own men, to escort me to his dwelling, which stands far up on the mountain side. Our course continued about N.E., till we came in sight of his residence, when we recrossed the river on our right, at the mouth of a considerable creek which waters the district of Diss. A Koordish castle, the summer residence of Suleiman Bey, the second chief of the Hakary tribes, stands upon an eminence commanding this bridge, from which the mansion of the patriarch is distinctly visible, distant a little more than half a mile. A party of Koords who met us scrutinised me very closely, but offered no molestation. From a distance, I could see the patriarch looking out of his chamber window with a small spyglass, to get a view of his strange visitor from the New World."

"At half past twelve I found myself in the presence of the Patriarch of the East, the spiritual head of the Nestorian Church, who gave me a cordial welcome, but without that flow of heartless compliment and extravagant expression of pleasure which is so common in the mouth of a Persian. He said that he had been looking for a visit from some of our mission for a very long time, till he had begun to think we should never arrive; but, now that I had taken such a long and difficult journey to see him, he could not doubt that we would have given him the pleasure of an interview at an earlier day, but for an apprehension of the dangers to which I had alluded as the reason of our long delay. 'And now,' he added, 'you are doubly welcome; my heart is rejoiced that I see your face; and you will make my house your own, and regard me as your elder brother. It is a happy day for us both. May your journey be blessed.'

"The patriarch is thirty-eight years of age, above the middle stature, well proportioned, with a pleasant, expressive, and rather intelligent countenance; while his large flowing robes, his Koordish turban, and his long gray beard give him a patriarchal and venerable aspect, which is heightened by a uniformly dignified demeanour. Were it not for the youthful fire in his eye, and his vigour and activity, I should have thought him nearer fifty than thirty-eight. But his friends assured me that the hoariness of his beard and locks was that of care and not of age. His situation is certainly a difficult and responsible one, since he is, in an important sense, the temporal as well as the spiritual head of his people. To preserve harmony, and settle differences between the various tribes of his spirited mountaineers, and with the Koords by whom they are surrounded, is a labour that would tax the wisdom and patience of the greatest statesman; and I could hardly wonder that the hoar-frost of care was prematurely settling upon his locks. It was quite evident that the patriarch's anxiety extended not less to the temporal than to the spiritual wants of his flock; as his first inquiries related particularly to their political prospects, the movements in Turkey, the designs of the European powers with regard to these countries; and why they did not come and break the arm of Mohammedan power, by which many of his people had been so long oppressed, and for fear of which the main body of them were shut up in their mountain fastnesses.

"He is pacific in his disposition, and he carries his rifle in the anticipation of an encounter with the brown bear, the wolf, hyena, or wild boar of their mountains, rather than with the expectation of fighting their enemies the Koords. But, while the latter never enter the central parts of their country, they are sometimes brought into collision with them on their borders, as already noticed. Such had recently been the case in Tehoma and Jelu; and, during my visit at the patriarch's, he was called upon to decide what should be done with two Koords who had been taken by his people from a tribe that had some time before put two Nestorians to death. Blood for blood is still the law; and custom requires that a tribe be held accountable for the conduct of each of its members. Hence it mattered not whether the individuals they had taken were guilty of the murder; it was enough that they belonged to the same tribe, and by right they should die. The patriarch, however, was inclined to mercy, while his people, at the same time, must receive justice. After due deliberation and investigation of the case, the patriarch

at length decided that, inasmuch as his people had brought the captive Koords into their own houses, they had, in a sense, become their own guests, and, consequently, their lives must be spared. But they might accept a ransom from the Koords; and thus the matter was finally settled.

"During five weeks which I spent at the patriarchal mansion, I had an opportunity to see Nestorians of the greatest intelligence and influence from all parts of their mountain abodes, and to elicit from them such information as I had not an opportunity to collect in any other way. I endeavoured by every possible means to collect satisfactory statistical and other information, to which I shall have occasion to recur in other parts of this work. I also visited some of the villages and places of chief interest in the vicinity."

"I made my arrangements to proceed on my way, (to Júlamerk, situated at the west side of the Nestorian Territory.) The parting scene was truly Oriental. The patriarch presented me with a pair of scarlet *shahwars*, the wide trousers of the country, trimmed with silk, and one of the ancient manuscripts of his library. It was the New Testament, written on parchment seven hundred and forty years ago, in the old Estrangelo character. His favourite sister Helena furnished us with a store of provisions sufficient for a week, and sent me a pair of warm mittens, made by her own hands from the soft goat's-hair of the country.

Finally, a thousand blessings were invoked upon my head, and ardent wishes were expressed that I might return with associates, and commence among these mountains a similar work to that in which we were engaged upon the plain. Our last repast was finished, the parting embrace was given, and I set off towards the residence of Nooroolah Bey, the famous chief of the independent Hakary Koords. He had removed from his castle at Júlamerk, the capital, and was now living at the castle of Bash-Kalleh, nearly two days' journey from the residence of the patriarch.

"A report that robbers were on the road occasioned some alarm as I pursued my way along the banks of the Zab. But no robbers made their appearance; and I passed on without molestation to the strongly-fortified castle of the chief, which was distinctly visible, long before we reached it, from the mountain spur on which it rests.

"Most unexpectedly I found the chief upon a sickbed. He had taken a violent cold about three days before my arrival, which had brought

on inflammation and fever. I gave him medicine, and bled him, and then retired to my lodgings in the town, at the foot of the mountain on which the castle was built.

"In the evening the chief sent down word that he was very sick, and he desired that I should do something to relieve him immediately. I sent him word by his messenger that he must have patience, and wait the effects of the medicines I had given him. About midnight the messenger came again, saying that the chief was still very ill, and wished to see me. I obeyed the call promptly, following the long winding pathway that led up to the castle. The sentinels upon the ramparts were sounding the watch-cry in the rough tones of their native Koordish. We entered the outer court through wide, iron-cased folding doors. A second iron door opened into a long dark alley, which conducted to the room where the chief was lying. It was evident that he was becoming impatient; and, as I looked upon the swords, pistols, guns, spears, and daggers—the ordinary furniture of a Koordish castle—which hung around the walls of the room, I could not but think of the fate of the unfortunate Shultz, who had fallen, as it is said, by the orders of this sanguinary chief. He had the power of life and death in his hands. I knew I was entirely at his mercy; but I felt that I was under the guardian care of One who had the hearts of kings in his keeping. With a fervent aspiration for His guidance and blessing, I told the chief it was apparent that the means I had used were producing a good effect, though he needed more powerful medicine, which, for a time, would make him worse instead of better; that I could administer palliatives; but if he confided in my judgment, he would take the more severe course. He consented, and I gave him an emetic, which he promptly swallowed, after he had made some of his attendants taste of the nauseating dose to see if it was good. I remained with him during the night, and the next morning he was much relieved. He rapidly recovered, and said he owed his life to my care. I became his greatest favourite. I must sit by his side, and dip my hand in the same dish with himself. I must remain with him, or speedily return and take up my abode in his country, where he assured me I should have everything as I pleased. As I could not remain, I must leave him some of the emetics which had effected his cure.

"The chief had just heard of the case of a Koordish woman from whose eyes I removed a cataract while I was at the patriarch's residence. With a spice of the characteristic passion of her sex, she was curious to know what had been the effect of the operation, and, long before the prescribed time, she removed the bandage from her eyes. But so strange was the prospect that opened before her, that she was frightened, and immediately bound up her eyes, resolved thereafter to abide by my instructions. This story was so amusing to the chief, that he continued to divert himself by rehearsing it to his courtiers, with encomiums upon my professional skill too Oriental to repeat. He is a man of noble bearing, fine, open countenance, and he appeared to be about thirty years of age. He was very affable, and on my departure he made me a present of a horse, as an expression of his gratitude for the restoration of his health."

"The approach to Júlamerk from the river is very grand. The road rises along the face of the mountain, till at length the traveller looks down from an almost perpendicular height of

more than a thousand feet. It was a part of the road which the governor of Salmas had described in the strong figurative terms already mentioned. The castle of Júlamerk stands upon an insulated mountain, in an opening between the higher ranges. It is distant three or four miles from the river, which is visible through the opening ravine.

"The bridge leading to the patriarch's residence had been swept away a few hours before my arrival, so that I could not cross the river and visit the tribes of Jelu, Bass, and Tehoma, as I at first intended; but I was so happy as to find the patriarch a guest with Suleiman Bey, the then presiding Hakary chief of Júlamerk. My reception was most gratifying; and during ten days which I spent in the castle, all my former impressions regarding the practicability and immediate importance of a mission in the mountains were fully confirmed. The confidence and interest of the patriarch in our work appeared to be increased, and he was joined by the chief in his repeated invitations for me to remain or speedily return.

"I everywhere found myself an object of much curiosity, as I had exchanged the wide, flowing robes and turban, worn on my former visit, for my own proper costume, which I was accustomed to wear in Persia, retaining my beard to establish my identity. But the people very properly remarked that there was quite a deterioration in my appearance. I must certainly have appeared like a smaller person; as I became aware on seeing the chief habited in my Frank dress, which he put on in his harem for the amusement of his ladies."

From Carlyle's Lectures.

THE HERO AS KING.

CROMWELL, NAPOLEON, MODERN REVOLUTIONISM.

(Continued from No. 24.)

But, in fact, there are two errors, widely prevalent, which pertain to the very basis our judgments formed about such men as Cromwell; about their 'ambition,' 'falsity,' and such like. The first is what I might call substituting the goal of their career for the course and starting-point of it. The vulgar Historian of a Cromwell fancies that he had determined on being Protector of England, at the time when he was ploughing the marsh lands of Cambridgeshire. His career lay all mapped out; a program of the whole drama; which he then step by step dramatically unfolded, with all manner of cunning, deceptive dramaturgy, as he went on,—the hollow, scheming 'Углыарык,' or Play-actor that he was! This is a radical perversion; all but universal in such cases. And think for an instant how different the fact is! How much does one of us foresee of his own life? Short way ahead of us it is all dim; an unbound skein of possibilities, of apprehensions, attemptabilities, vague looming hopes. This Cromwell had not his life lying all in that fashion of Program, which he needed then, with that unfathomable cunning of his, only to enact dramatically, scene after scene! Not so. We see it so; but to him it was in no measure so. What absurdities would fall away of themselves, were this one undeniable fact kept honestly in view by History! Historians indeed will tell you that they do keep it in view;—but look whether such is practically the fact! Vulgar History as in this Cromwell's case, omits it altogether; even the best kinds of History only remember it now and then. To remember it duly, with rigorous perfection, as in the fact it stood, requires indeed a rare faculty; rare, nay impossible. A very Shakspeare for faculty; or more than Shakspeare; who could enact a brother man's biography, see with the brother man's eyes at all points of his course what

things he saw; in short, know his course and him, as few 'Historians' are like to do. Half or more of all the thick-plied perversions which distort our image of Cromwell, will disappear, if we honestly so much as try to represent them so: in sequence, as they were; not in the lump, as they are thrown down before us.

But a second error, which I think the generality commit, refers to this same 'ambition' itself. We exaggerate the ambition of Great Men; we mistake what the nature of it is. Great Men are not ambitious in that sense; he is a small poor man that is ambitious so. Examine the man who lives in misery because he does not shine above other men; who goes about producing himself, pruriently anxious about his gifts and claims; struggling to force everybody, as it were begging everybody for God's sake, to acknowledge him a great man, and set him over the heads of men! Such a creature is among the wretchedest sights seen under this sun. A great man? A poor morbid prurient empty man; fit for the ward of a hospital, than for a throne among men. I advise you to keep out of his way. He cannot walk on quiet paths; unless you will look at him, wonder at him, write paragraphs about him, he cannot live. It is the emptiness of the man, not his greatness. Because there is nothing in himself, he hungers and thirsts that you would find something in him. In good truth, I believe no great man, not so much as a genuine man who had health and real substance in him of whatever magnitude, was ever much tormented in this way.

Your Cromwell, what good could it do him to be 'noticed' by noisy crowds of people? God his Maker already noticed him. He, Cromwell, was already there; no notice would make him other than he already was. Till his hair was grown grey; and Life from the downhill slope was all seen to be limited, not infinite, but finite, and all a measurable matter how it went,—he had been content to plough the ground, and read his Bible. He in his old days could not support it any longer, without selling himself to Falsehood, that he might ride in gilt carriages to Whitehall, and have clerks with bundles of paper haunting him, "Decide this, decide that," which in utmost sorrow of heart no man can perfectly decide! What could gilt carriages do for this man? From of old, was there not in his life a weight of meaning, a terror and a splendour as of Heaven itself! His existence there as man, set him beyond the need of gilding. Death, Judgment, and Eternity: these already lay as the background of whatsoever he thought or did. All his life lay begirt as in a sea of nameless Thoughts, which no speech of a mortal could name. God's Word, as the Puritan prophets of that time had read it: this was great, and all else was little to him. To call such a man 'ambitious,' to figure him as the prurient windbag described above, seems to me the poorest solecism. Such a man will say: 'Keep your gilt carriages and buzzing mob, keep your red-tape clerks, your influentialities, your important businesses. Leave me alone; there is too much life in me already!' Old Samuel Johnson, the greatest soul in England in his day, was not ambitious. 'Corsica Boswell' flaunted at public shows with printed ribbons round his hat; but the great old Samuel staid at home. The world-wide soul wrapt up in its thoughts, in its sorrows;—what could parades and ribbons in the hat do for it!

Ah, yes, I will say again: The great silent men! Looking round on the noisy inanity of the world, words with little meaning, actions with little worth, one loves to reflect on the great Empire of Silence. The noble silent men, scattered here and there, each in his department; silently thinking, silently working; whom no Morning Newspaper makes mention of! They are the salt of the Earth. A country that has none or few of these is in a bad way. Like a forest which had no roots; which had all turned into leaves and boughs;—which must soon wither and be no forest. Wo for us, if we had nothing but what we can show, or speak.

Silence, the great Empire of Silence: higher than the stars; deeper than the Kingdoms of Death! It alone is great; all else is small.—I hope we English

which he was anxious to dispose of. After he had been established for some time, he called on an old established citizen, and told him that he thought of joining one of the religious bodies of the town, and wished to know which of them was the most influential. His friend imagined that he was in joke, and said that there was a simple way of solving that question. He took up the *directory* and showed the inquiring bookseller the lists of the directors of all the public institutions. He desired him to write down their names, and he would tell him what sects they belonged to. The bookseller accordingly folded his paper for columns, and wrote on the heads of them, "Presbyterian," "Methodist," "Catholic," "Quaker," "Baptist," "Unitarian," "Universalist," "Jew," &c., and under these heads entered the names of the directors of the institutions, according to the information of his friend. The result was a clear demonstration that the "Presbyterians" were by far the most numerous and powerful sect in the public institutions, whence the inference was drawn that in all probability they would be the most influential in the general affairs of the city. He thanked the gentleman (who still believed that it was a jest) and departed. But it was neither a joke nor a mistake. The bookseller found out which was the wealthiest presbyterian congregation, offered to join them, and presented a handsome gift to the church, and neatly bound copies of his bible to the minister and elders. He was admitted a member, was widely praised among the congregation, sold all his bibles, obtained extensive credit, had a large store and ample trade, and might have done well. But, like too many others, he speculated and ruined himself. At his bankruptcy, the rich men of the congregation were his creditors, one to the extent of \$20,000, another of \$15,000, another of \$10,000, and so forth, every man according to his means!

This is no uncommon occurrence in other countries, and it is a proof of the real Christian spirit of the individuals who are thus cheated. Having entire confidence in the efficacy of their own faith to regenerate the human mind, and being perfectly sincere themselves, they do not suspect the roguery of others. In reference to an individual of a character very similar to this, who had come from Scotland, I was asked, "How do you reconcile the strange and striking discrepancy between the religious professions and the commercial reputation of your countryman Mr. A. B.?" The explanation which I offered, and which I knew to be supported by facts, was, that in the class of persons to which Mr. A. B. belongs, the organs of Acquisitiveness, Secretiveness, and Veneration, are *plus*, and those of Conscientiousness *minus*. The large Veneration gives them a strong interest in religious worship, and to this extent their professions are sincere. It reveals to them also the power of this sentiment in other minds. Their large Secretiveness and deficient Conscientiousness, when combined with acute intellect, render them apt at swindling and deceit; and thus accomplished, they are tempted to employ the religious feeling as a means of gratifying their Acquisitiveness.

Many religious persons refuse to believe in the possibility of any individual being sincere in his religious feelings, and at the same time dishonest. They conceive that his religious professions must in such a case be entirely hypocritical. The great cause of their erroneous judgment on this subject, is that, in their con-

ception of religion, they always include morality, and hence conclude that wherever devoutness is really present, morality must necessarily be so also. They are right in holding that the Christian religion embraces both faith and practice, and that no man is a true Christian who does not "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with his God." But they err in not knowing that the natural aptitude of individual minds to discharge these three duties, depends mainly on the size of three separate cerebral organs; and that one or two of them may be small, and the third large, or *vice versa*; that, for example, the organs of Benevolence and Conscientiousness may be large, and that of Veneration small, and then the individual will be greatly disposed to justice and mercy, but very little to the externals of devotion; while in another the proportions may be reversed, and he may be greatly interested in acts of devotion, but very little addicted to honesty and goodness. When religious men shall rise above their prejudices, and use Phrenology as a means of discovering natural dispositions, they will find less difficulty than at present in discriminating between the sheep and the goats within their fold.

The Deaf and Dumb Institution.—Every Thursday at half past 3 o'clock there is a public exhibition of the manner in which the deaf and dumb are taught. This exhibition, which is well attended by the citizens, serves to support the interest of the public in the institution, and enables strangers to obtain information concerning it without interrupting the ordinary studies of the pupils. Three boys and three girls appeared. They wrote words and sentences with readiness and intelligence, illustrative of any idea or subject that was proposed to them. One of the girls told a little story, in which she employed not only words spelled by the fingers, but also signs and natural language. She was exceedingly animated. Phrenology reveals the natural attitudes, and the expressions of the features and voice, which accompany the predominating activity of many of the faculties. This is called the natural language of the faculties; it is universal wherever man exists, and could be used to great advantage in the instruction of the deaf and dumb. We visited the workshops, and saw the boys making shoes and the girls sewing. The children are numerous, and they seemed healthy and happy. Mr. Hutton, their head teacher, was gentle, quiet, kind, and intellectual in his intercourse with them.

Exclusion of Sectarianism from the Common Schools.—I have already quoted the tenth head of the public "regulations for common school districts," which provides that "the religious predilections of pupils and their parents or guardians shall be sacredly respected." It is only four or five years since this resolution was practically adopted by the board of directors of the common schools. Before that time, every teacher indoctrinated the children under his charge with his own notions. One was zealous in training up the children to be Calvinists and Presbyterians; on the floor above, a Baptist teacher was busy propagating his peculiar views; in another school a Roman Catholic teacher was infusing Catholicism, and next to him a Universalist was with equal zeal engaged in imbuing the youthful minds with his faith. The complaints of the parents were incessant, that their children were taught dangerous and heretical errors under the guise of religion; each applying these epithets to all opinions that differed from his own. At

last it was proposed to prohibit all doctrinal instruction in the common schools, and to leave to parents, pastors, and Sunday school teachers, the duty of inculcating the peculiar tenets of the different sects. At first this proposal was vigorously opposed, and described as "infidel;" each sect hoping to obtain the exclusive possession, if not of the whole, of at least a limited number, of the schools, which they should manage in their own way. All, however, stood firm in objecting to their neighbours obtaining the exclusive jurisdiction of any, as they were all supported out of a common fund, and, in the end, the exclusion of all was unanimously adopted, as the only practicable means of solving the difficulty. This rule is now in force, and is found to answer well. In the evenings of week days, as well as on Sundays, I see troops of children going to the "lecture rooms" under the churches, where they are taught the peculiarities of their faith by their several pastors.

Defective Teaching in Common Schools.—The infant school system has not flourished in Philadelphia. So far as I could discover, it has never been in operation in an efficient form, and it is now generally laid aside in the common schools. Pictures, and a few natural objects, may still be seen in some of the schools, but they are rarely if ever used. The great object aimed at, is to teach the children to read fluently. They read long passages with ease, without understanding the meaning of them. One of the female teachers, to whom I remarked this circumstance, acknowledged the fact, and said, in explanation of it, that the parents insisted on the children being rendered great readers; that they complained to the directors of the time spent in explaining words and teaching objects as being "lost;" and that the directors, to satisfy them, desired her to make them "read," and not to waste time in giving explanations. She obeyed, and certainly the children read with great fluency; but the meaning of the words is to a great extent unknown to them. In my lectures on education, I adverted to the errors of this mode of teaching, and told my audience that it reminded me of the mode of teaching English in a certain Highland school in Scotland. The children, whose vernacular tongue was Gaelic, were taught to spell, pronounce, and read English correctly and fluently, and, at a public examination, they displayed such proficiency, that the clergymen present were about to compliment the teacher publicly on his meritorious exertions, when a friend of mine, one of the proprietors of the parish, struck by the mechanical tone of the reading, put several questions to the children regarding the signification of the passages which they had read. He found them ignorant of the meaning of the words. The teacher had omitted to translate the English into Gaelic, and, although they could read and pronounce the words, they did not understand the former language.

The children in the Philadelphia schools are to some extent in a similar condition: they read works on the history of America and other subjects, the language of which is so far superior to the expressions contained in their domestic vocabulary, that, while unexplained, it is to them a foreign tongue. I urged on my audience the indispensable necessity to the welfare of the country that the education of American children should embrace solid instruction in things, and not consist of words merely; and that *training* also, or *daily discipline of the dispositions*, should be regarded as of great importance to them. I ear-

nestly advised them to invite Mr. Wilderspin to visit their country, and to show them a few good infant and training schools in operation; after seeing which, they would not long tolerate their present inefficient system. I respectfully recommend to the trustees of the Girard College, if they wish to benefit Pennsylvania, to engage Mr. Wilderspin to spend six months in organising an infant and training school in their seminary. In England, Scotland, and Ireland, the most efficient schools are those which embrace most of his principles and practice.

The Yellow Fever in Philadelphia.—Upwards of thirty years ago, (1805,) Philadelphia was visited with yellow fever, and the disease raged like a pestilence. Dr. Parrish, then a young man, volunteered to act as assistant resident physician in the Yellow Fever Hospital. He told me that he never experienced the least fear, and never was sick for a day. All the inhabitants who could leave the city had fled, and at noon it was still as at the midnight hour. The hospital was situated near the river Schuylkill, a short distance from town, and though for seven months he resided in it amidst the sick and the dying, yet he was happy. He was constantly engaged in discharging his duty, and no seven months of his life seemed to him so pure and bright in the retrospect as these. This is easily understood. He has a beautiful development of the organs of the moral sentiments, combined with fair intellect, and all these faculties glowed with beneficent and pleasing excitement. His first convalescent patient was an old woman. When he saw symptoms of recovery, he removed her into a private apartment to relieve her from the shocking spectacles of the dead and the dying which filled the public ward. She petitioned to be carried back, it was so lonely to be left by herself in a room. He complied with her request, and she recovered. The attendants became so careless, that he often saw a man, when relieved from duty, instead of going into an adjoining house prepared for him to sleep in, enter a bed from which he had just removed a dead patient, wrap himself in the bed clothes, sleep soundly, and take no harm. The Catholic priests were constant in their attendance; while the clergymen of other denominations rarely ventured within the walls. In such scenes the celibacy of the Roman Catholic priesthood has a value.*

He saw an aged priest proceed to administer extreme unction to a woman who was fast dying. She refused to repeat certain words. He told her she could not be saved unless she complied. He explained, argued, and entreated. She continued obstinate, sunk back, and died. As she expired, the old priest shed a flood of tears. Dr. Parrish was deeply affected, and said that the scene carried home to him a strong conviction of the priest's sincerity and benevolence. At a subsequent period of my residence in the United States, I had the pleasure of meeting with Dr. Caldwell, of Louisville, who mentioned that he also had resided in the Yellow Fever Hospital as an assistant physician, and that, in his opinion, the exciting causes of the disease were confined to the town of Philadelphia. Of the hospital attendants, not one who had never entered the

town was taken ill. Some who visited the town during the day were seized with the disease; and of those who slept all night in it scarcely one escaped. He never entered the town, and enjoyed perfect health.

Dr. Parrish on Liberty of Conscience.—A few years ago, a young lady wrote a letter to Dr. Parrish, who is a Hicksite Friend, in which she says—"I had no personal acquaintance with you. I never listened to your conversation on general topics, and probably never may, at any future period. But I have seen you at the couch of sickness; I have seen you, by the benignant smile of sympathy, soothing the suffering invalid, and, with accents of sweetness, cheering the room of sorrow. And, oh! I have said, Shall such a mind be inveigled into those absurdities and awful delusions, as ridiculous to every truly sober understanding, as they are dreadful to the view of any Christian! Shall such a mind be led captive in the most fearful species of enthralment, that of blasphemy and infidelity, under the imposing garb of the most refined spirituality—of the most professedly sublime and elevated religion," &c. She prays that he may become an evangelical Presbyterian.

He wrote a reply characterised by Christian benignity in its most beautiful form. "In the extensive practice of my profession," says he, "for many years I have been accustomed to view poor, frail human nature in its most unveiled forms. The longer I live, the greater is my compassion for erring humanity. I have observed, that, in the hour of deep affliction, the Episcopalian, the Presbyterian, the Methodist, Baptist, Roman Catholic, Friend, &c. &c. notwithstanding their various modes of faith, all call upon one common God and Father. Among these, none manifest more composure than the Catholic, after confession and absolution by his priest. Thou wouldst perhaps call him an idolater, when thou sawest him with the crucifix, on which his dying eye was reposing with confidence and consolation, as he was passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death. Were I in the same situation, and the priest were to offer me similar consolations, I should reject them at once, as 'absurd and ridiculous,' so far as they related to me. Yet never have I dared, at such a moment, to attempt to unsettle the mind of a Catholic by an exposition of my own religious views. I have also seen the poor despised Jew, calm and resigned on the bed of death, unshaken in the religion of his fathers. Surely these things should teach us a lesson of charity, remembering we are dust.

"I have often admired, and been humbled in beholding, the simplicity of the Gospel, as taught by our Divine Master. In the first place, he commissioned poor fishermen to be its promulgators. Does he refer us to nice theological distinctions—or are we called upon to test each other by opinions and speculations? Look at his plain directions delivered in his sermon on the Mount. Hear his positive declarations—"A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit; wherefore, by their fruits ye shall know them." And in the hour of final judgment, on what is that judgment predicated? Is it on orthodox opinions, or on practice? 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungered and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me drink, I was a stranger and ye took me in, naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and

ye visited me, in prison and ye came unto me,' &c.

"From the views now unfolded, it will be perceived, although thou art a Presbyterian and I am a Friend or Quaker, yet, with my present feelings, between us there must be no controversy. Claiming sincerity for myself, I award it fully to thee," &c.

"When I perceive the bitter fruits which are so often produced by the conflicting opinions of professing Christians, my mind is affected with sorrow; yet it is at seasons consoled by the reflection, that, happily for the human family, they are not to be finally judged by any earthly tribunal, but by a heavenly and compassionate Father, who pities his erring children; who sleeps not by day, nor slumbers by night; but who watches over us for good, and numbers the very hairs of our heads: And although justice and judgment are the habitations of his throne, yet thanksgiving and praise be ascribed unto our God, for his mercy endureth for ever."*

CHAPTER XIV.

1839.

April 7. Therm. 53°. *Spring.*—This day is agreeably warm. The apricot trees are in full blossom; the weeping willows, which abound in the public squares, are in full leaf, and the buds of the other trees are rapidly swelling; the grass, from dark russet, has become green. The stoves with which the boxes of the police-watchmen are furnished are no longer used. Every thing indicates the dawn of summer.

Fires.—The fire-engines were out this morning at seven, again at 2 P. M., and now, 10 P. M. the State House bell is announcing a third fire in the southwest part of the city. We see the sky red and lurid, and the engines are rushing and roaring past our windows. The words "roaring" or "braying" scarcely convey an idea of the hideous noise which the leader of an engine makes through a brass or tin trumpet as he advances. It is intended to sound an alarm, and to give notice to clear the streets for the passage of the procession.

April 8. Therm. 50°. *Fraud Detected.*—One of the judges mentioned to me a curious detection of a fraud which had occurred in his experience on the bench. The judge himself has been in the practice of writing his private notes in the Greek character, although in the English language. Those notes have occasionally fallen into the hands of persons who have taken them for Greek, and they gave him a reputation, which he was far from claiming, of being a great Greek scholar. On one occasion a German Jew was brought into court charged with fraudulent bankruptcy. The judge asked to see his books. "Oh," said the counsel for the Jew, "you need not take any trouble about them, for they are all written in Hebrew, and nobody can understand them." He, however, insisted on seeing them. They were produced, and were written in the Hebrew character certainly; but, judging from

* I hope that I may be excused for mentioning, to the honour of the Scottish clergy, that they ventured boldly into the Cholera Hospitals at Edinburgh, and administered consolation to the sick and dying, at a time when that disease was regarded as even more formidable than the yellow fever.

* This excellent man has gone to render his own account to the tribunal which he describes. A few days after he gave me a copy of this correspondence, I parted with him apparently in excellent health, and in a green old age. When I returned to Philadelphia, in April, 1840, he had just died. He was esteemed and beloved by men of all sects and parties in his native country, and I cannot withhold my feeble tribute of respect to his excellent qualities.

own practice, it struck him that they might nevertheless be in the German language. He asked forward a man whom he saw in court who spoke the same dialect of German as the Jew did, and made the Jew read aloud his own entries in books. The German understood every word them. The books were unraveled, and the text completely exposed.

Objections to Infant Schools.—One of the actors of the common schools informed me that he perceived the advantage of teaching by objects, but that he had laboured to introduce cabinets of natural history and philosophical apparatus into common schools, but that he met with great difficulties. The infant schools had been given because the children were found not to be prepared by them for the higher schools. Their instruction needed to be begun anew. Although they could multiply twenty by twenty by the aid of Wilderspin's board, yet when they came into higher school where no board was used, they did not multiply six by six. Although they did name a lion from his figure in a picture, and state its natural history very learnedly, they did neither spell nor read its name. I offered hypothetical explanations of these facts: first, it may have happened that the infant school teachers were themselves imperfectly informed and trained, which I considered highly probable, because I had not been able to discover a single copy of Wilderspin's work on infant schools in the city of Philadelphia. If so, the teachers may be omitted to instruct the children in words as well as objects, which is a complete departure from the true principles of infant teaching. Secondly, the masters in the higher schools may have taught words so exclusively, that children who had been trained to connect an idea with every word may have been completely at a loss when words were presented to them without pictures. He said, that his own experience had led him to the conclusion that the great obstacle to the success of infant and other schools for teaching by objects, was the want of trained and capable teachers. Some of the teachers are appointed through political influence, and have no ideas to communicate. I repeated to him the great service that Mr. Wilderspin had rendered to this much of education in Britain, and urged him to use means for obtaining his assistance.

I find that most of the directors of the public schools are men engaged in business, who mean well towards education, but who do not understand the subject. Besides, they have not sufficient time to devote to the schools. They see that their own district receives its proper proportion of the fund appropriated to education (for Philadelphia above \$200,000 annually,) and that is expended on schools; but this is nearly all they can accomplish. It is, nominally, the duty of the secretary of the commonwealth to superintend all the public schools, but as it is impossible that he can discharge this duty, he scarcely attempts to do so. *Party* enters so largely into every appointment in Pennsylvania, that there is some danger that, if a secretary for public instruction were appointed, the office might be conferred, in consideration of capacity to discharge its duties, but as a reward for political exertions. The ignorance of the people constitutes a serious obstacle to the improvement of education in this state; and to me it was curious to see the same impediments to this great cause arising here from popular ignorance, which in England flow from the hostility of the church and the aristocracy!

April 9. Ther. 55°. *A Firemen's Fight.*—

The newspapers to-day contain a report of a trial on cross bills by individuals of rival fire companies, who fought for possession of a fire-plug or station, and each has prosecuted the other for an assault!

April 10. Ther. 35°. *Effects of Democracy.*—One accustomed to European cities detects subordinate influences of the democratic principle in the American cities, which probably escape the observation of natives. The carriage way in the streets in Philadelphia is paved with round water-worn stones, apparently gathered from rivers, and is consequently rough. The foot way is beautifully paved with brick, and is very smooth. The whole traffic of the town, carried on in wheelbarrows, proceeds on the foot pavement. Even in the best streets, the citizen must give way to the wheelbarrow. The foot pavement is raised 6 or 8 inches above the carriage way, and the barrows have a little wheel fixed on a sort of outrigger in front, to enable them to mount up to the side pavement after each crossing. In European cities, all vehicles are generally confined to the carriage way.

Moyamensing Prison.—This is the name of the prison for the county of Philadelphia. It is a modern structure, and consists of solitary cells in corridors 280 feet long and three stories high. It is conducted on the same principles with the Eastern Penitentiary. The physician who kindly accompanied me in my visit, assured me that the treatment pursued in these two prisons is not injurious to health. There are no baths, cold or warm, for the prisoners, and no yard for exercise. I should imagine a warm bath once a week would produce, both morally and physically, a beneficial influence on these convicts. Their cells are thoroughly ventilated. There is an aperture in the wall on the level of the floor, communicating directly with the external atmosphere, for allowing the air to enter, and a hole in the opposite wall, just below the ceiling, for allowing it to escape into a ventilating chimney, which goes to the roof. The prisoners, however, on the different floors, contrive to converse and communicate through these lower openings. This prison also has a kind of water-closet in each cell.

Nothing has struck me more than the extensive want of this accommodation in the American cities. Every reproach ever heaped on Scotland for its barbarism in this respect, may now be transferred to the United States. Very few of the best hotels can boast of civilisation in this particular; and in Philadelphia, where there is abundance of water, there are sad deficiencies even in genteel houses. This want must be enumerated among the efficient and even important causes of bad health. The most refined and sensitive individuals of both sexes suffer great inconvenience rather than travel from twenty to fifty yards in the open air, when the thermometer is at zero, or very little above it; and to those who are labouring under intestinal affections, exposure in these frozen regions is fraught with the greatest dangers. I have heard physicians of great experience lamenting the extent of suffering that may be traced to this cause; yet they hesitate to urge publicly means for removing it, through dread of giving offence.

The Dangers of Riches.—In this city, refined, easy, social intercourse, for the sake of relaxation and enjoyment, is rather limited. The dinner hour is two or three o'clock. A hasty meal is swallowed, and the merchant returns to his counting-house, the lawyer to his briefs, and the physician to his routine of visits. Digestion is inter-

rupted by this sudden return to mental and bodily exertion, and dyspepsia extensively prevails. These various persons return home to tea; but they have neither vivacity, ideas, nor feelings, for passing the evening in easy conversation. They are pressed down in mind by a load of business which they cannot throw off, or exhausted by labour and bad digestion, so as to have little enjoyment in society. There is no idle class to cultivate society as an object. One family tried to have an easy party once a week, to keep open house in the evening, but the attempt was unsuccessful. For several weeks, a few were induced to come, then they left off coming, and so the experiment failed. Some would not go, just because it was an innovation, and because, by staying away, they could disappoint the innovators, and prevent them from establishing a practice which every one might not be disposed to adopt. If a young man inherits a fortune and follow no profession, it generally happens that in less than ten years he ruins his fortune in low pursuits. In a few years more his health is equally reduced with his estate, and he is banished from society, or admitted only on sufferance. These young men are pitied, their fate is predicted, and the prophecies are too generally realised. There is no class to sustain them in the condition of idlers, and no sinecure offices for them in the institutions of the country. The few who form exceptions to this rule are men of natural taste and refinement, who engage in literature or science as a pursuit. These are esteemed happy.

April 11. Ther. 60°. *The Maine War.*—The Monongahela packet ship has just arrived at Philadelphia, and brings the "Liverpool Standard" of the 8th March. This is the only communication from England since the news of the vote of 50,000 volunteers reached that country, and the paper is read with intense interest. It ascribes the war to the whig ministry, and depicts to the Americans the certainty of their ruin, if they go to war, just as the American papers have been, for some time, exulting in the ruin of England, as the consequence of hostilities. It is lamentable to see the two freest and most enlightened nations of the world thus gloating over the prospect of each other's destruction, in consequence of a dispute about a piece of waste land, which is not worth more in fee-simple than the value of two line-of-battle ships. It is said here that a million and a half of dollars would purchase the disputed territory out and out! The anxiety for the arrival of the Great Western, with official despatches, is great. Already the derangement in business, the fall of stocks and property, and the apprehensions of another bank suspension in this city, have cast a gloom over society, and war is already deprecated by the multitude as earnestly as, a few weeks ago, it was invoked.

Black-Foot Indians.—Mr. Catlin has kindly presented me with two skulls of Black-Foot Indians, from the base of the Rocky Mountains, sent to him by Mr. Mackenzie. They approach pretty closely to the Caucasian variety in form, but they are smaller than the skulls of the Anglo-Saxon race. The organs of Combativeness and Destructiveness are very large. The organs of Firmness and Veneration are large, while those of Benevolence and Conscientiousness are small. The anterior lobe devoted to intellect is pretty well developed. This combination indicates a ferocious, cruel, warlike disposition, the more formidable that the intellectual capacity is greater than in many of the Indian races. Dr. Morton

the 8th day of April inst., while in the prison hospital, from disease; the fatal termination of which was hastened by flogging, labour, and general harsh treatment, imposed by the agent, Elam Lynds, and Galen O. Weed, one of the keepers, and also by inexcusable neglect and want of proper care on the part of the physician, Lansingh Briggs, who reported him from time to time as well, when actually sick."

April 19. Therm. 48°. *The Election*.—This evening the democratic party celebrated its triumph with processions, banners, transparencies, illuminations, squibs and crackers. Every thing passed off without disorder.

April 21. Therm. 37°. *Sunday*.—I heard the Rev. Mr. Dewey preach an excellent sermon, in which he spoke freely and decidedly against the late manifestations of the national spirit for war, and reproved the corruptions practised at the last election. He depicted the immorality of war; but said that, when a people is absorbed in a sordid love of gain—when its political institutions are defiled by perjury and bribery—war, with all its horrors, will be a less evil than the natural fruits of such a social condition. This is a striking proof that, under the voluntary system, a preacher is not necessarily led to gloss over the imperfections of his flock.

Dr. Channing's Answer to Mr. Clay's Speech.—Dr. Channing has addressed and published a letter to Jonathan Phillips, Esq., in answer to Mr. Clay's speech on slavery. It is exciting much attention, and is an admirable production. It is full of the eloquence and energy of the moral sentiments. He introduces a powerful rebuke of the Philadelphians for burning Pennsylvania Hall because abolition meetings were held in it. The Philadelphians are beginning to be ashamed of that outrage.

April 22. Therm. 43°. *Universalists*.—The Rev. Mr. Ballou, a universalist minister from Boston, preached here yesterday, and denied the existence of the devil, and of eternal punishment. Bennett's newspaper deprecates such doctrines as extremely dangerous; for, if they be believed, there will be no check on the "Loco Focos," and the Wall street brokers!

April 23. Therm. 51°. *Tit for Tat*.—*The Chartists*.—As a set-off against the charges made by the English press against the Americans for their mob atrocities, the papers here are recording the precautions of the British ministry against the chartists. It is said that large bodies of horse, foot, and artillery, and a rocket brigade, have been sent into the manufacturing districts of England to prevent an expected appeal to arms by these men. In the United States no risings of the people in arms are necessary to obtain a redress of grievances. They accomplish their sovereign will quietly through the ballot-boxes. In England the masses are so untrained to freedom that universal suffrage would lead to revolution; but their entire exclusion from all control over the government is attended with great evils. British legislation is partial to the higher and middle classes, and, in many particulars, unjust to the people. If the latter were allowed to send fifty representatives to the house of commons, their grievances would be proclaimed and remedied. They might be authorised to elect dele-

* Before I left the United States, the officers of Sing-Sing and Auburn prisons, implicated in these charges, had either "resigned" or been removed—another proof of the speedy remedies applied to public abuses under this government.

gates by whom the direct nomination of the representatives should be effected. By some such machinery, they might be permitted to wield a reasonable degree of influence over the legislature without introducing the evils of universal suffrage. The chief recommendation of universal suffrage in America is its effect in forcing the more enlightened members of the community to exert themselves earnestly to instruct and improve the masses for their own protection. We want such an influence in Britain very much; and a limited and indirect representation of the people would be more effectual, and far more desirable, than armed insurrections. The latter probably will never cease until the former be granted.

The Licentiousness of the Press.—The following paragraph, taken from "The Boston Transcript," is another example of reprisals:—"We had heard and read much of the licentiousness of the public press of London, but had no adequate idea of its infamous extent, until we received, a short time since, from a friend in London, who sent them to us to enlighten our ignorance, six or seven copies each of 'The Crim. Con. Gazette,' and 'The Bon Ton Gazette,' papers which are sold openly in the streets for a penny a copy, and of which thousands are circulated daily. The contents of these papers are so disgusting, that we found it next to impossible to read them. We do not believe that we could have made, from the whole lot, half a column of extracts, that any Boston publisher or editor would dare to lay before his readers. And this is the garbage on which the minds of tens of thousands of the inhabitants of London feed daily."

The Park Theatre.—When we arrived in New York in September last, the public gave Mr. Wallack, the manager of the Park Theatre, a complimentary benefit at \$3 for each ticket to all parts of the house. On the 19th of April, they gave him another benefit at the same rate, and on both occasions the theatre is reported to have been crowded.

April 24. Therm. 56°. *High Prices of Provisions*.—There are great complaints in the eastern cities of the high prices of provisions, particularly of beef. In Philadelphia it costs from 8d. to 9d. a pound, and in New York from 9d. to 10d. Various causes are assigned for this unusual state of the markets. It is said by some that in 1836-7 the mania for speculation had so completely seized all classes, that even the farmers were affected by it, and abandoned tillage for trafficking in shares and lots, in consequence of which there is now a real scarcity of farm produce. Others say that, for many years past, cattle were reared and fattened in the west, then sent to the Atlantic cities, and sold cheaper there than they could be reared on the eastern border; that this led to the neglect of grazing in the east; that the west has now become so densely peopled that it consumes all its own cattle, and that this is the cause of the scarcity in the eastern cities.

Should British Dissenting Clergymen emigrate to America?—This question is often put by letters to the American clergy, and personally to individuals who have visited the United States. My advice to them is to let well alone, and stay in their own country, if they can obtain a decent livelihood. A clergyman must be born and "reared" in the United States to fit him for his situation and duties. The deficiency of domestic service—the high rents and exorbitant prices

of most manufactured and imported articles in the cities—the limited extent of social habits—the arduous labour—the strict surveillance exercised by society over official persons—and the overwhelming force of public opinion—render the United States no paradise to well educated men accustomed to social life in Britain.

April 26. Therm. 57°. *Extension of New York City*.—The speculating mania which seized this people in 1836 has left traces which it will require several years to obliterate. Large tracts of ground, cleared and levelled for building, lie waste at the north end of the city, waiting for the extension of the population. It is probable that more money has been lost and won in speculation on these "lots," than would have sufficed to cover them all with buildings. There is a substratum of truth in Cooper's descriptions of the scenes that occurred at that time, in his novel, "Home as Found."—"Can you tell us the history of this particular piece of property, Mr. Hammer?" said John Effingham to one of the most considerable auctioneers. "With great pleasure, Mr. Effingham; we know you have means, and hope you may be induced to purchase. This was the farm of old Volkert Van Brunt—five years since—off which he and his family had made a livelihood for more than a century, by selling milk. Two years since, the sons sold it to Peter Feeler for a hundred dollars an acre; or for the total sum of 5000 dollars. The next spring Mr. Feeler sold it to John Search, as keen a one as we have, for 25,000. Search sold it at private sale to Nathaniel Rise for 50,000 the next week, and Rise had parted with it to a company, before the purchase, for 112,000 cash. The map ought to be taken down, for it is now eight months since we sold it out in lots, at auction, for the gross sum of 300,000 dollars."

* * * * * "And on what is this enormous increase in value founded? Does the town extend to these fields?"—"It goes much farther, sir; that is to say, on paper. In the way of houses, it is still some miles short of them. A good deal depends on what you call a thing in this market. Now if old Volkert Van Brunt's property had been still called a farm, it would have brought a farm price; but as soon as it was surveyed into lots, and mapped——" "Mapped!"—"Yes, sir, brought into visible lines, with feet and inches. As soon as it was properly mapped, it rose to its just value. We have a good deal of the bottom of the sea that brings fair prices in consequence of being well mapped."

I was long puzzled to discover what this last statement, about selling "the bottom of the sea" at fair prices, alluded to, until I saw a large map of Manhattan Island in an apartment of the State House, New York; and sure enough a number of lots appear on it extended into the sea, at New York city, Brooklyn and Haerlem. There are intended for wharves, and were favourite subjects of speculation under the name of "water lots."

We may laugh at the Americans for these follies, but in 1814-15 they were equalled in Leith in sugar speculations, and in Edinburgh, in 1824, in building and joint-stock company adventures.

American Judges.—This evening I had the pleasure of meeting with three distinguished men who have held, or now hold, the office of judges, and they seemed to me to be well qualified to command respect in any country. One of them told me that the abolition of imprisonment for debt for small sums had produced excellent effects in the State of New York; that subsequently the measure had been extended to all

sums, and be thought that the abolition, when thus extended, had encouraged gambling speculations and fraud.

Spring.—We had a drive to-day into the country on the middle road, and returned by the Bloomingdale road. The fruit trees are in full blossom, and the forest trees are fast bursting. Spring proceeds with extraordinary rapidity, but I miss the sweet scolding of the lark which cheers the British spring. Here the groves are silent; but the plumage of the feathered race is strikingly beautiful in its colours.

The Cause of the High Prices of Provisions.—The editor of "The Pennsylvanian" says that the disease of America "is the credit system." "We have become a nation of speculators. The whole mass of society is affected with the gambling spirit; and in the pursuit of a royal road to wealth, while the head works, the hands are idle. Men will not stay to dig and to delve when impressed with the conviction that city loans or new lands will convert them into nabobs." "The disease must work out its own cure." "When men find that all cannot be rich, that speculation and this massive emigration are merely a feverish mania, and that farming and grazing for the supply of large cities, form a sure and profitable business, then, and probably not till then, will provisions be sold at reasonable rates, and preserve some degree of steadiness." This, as already mentioned, is a democratic paper, but in no country could the press address the people in bolder or sounder terms than these. The heat of last summer (1838) was excessive in the United States, which rendered provender deficient in quantity, and this also must have had a great effect on the supply, and consequently on the price, of cattle.

April 29. Ther. 55°. *The Asylum for Coloured Orphans.*—To-day we visited the Asylum in Twelfth Street for coloured orphan children. It was opened in July, 1837, and is managed by ladies. It contains between fifty and sixty negro children, of both sexes, from five or six to twelve or thirteen years of age. They are clothed, fed, boarded, and taught; and although the building is too small for so great a number, it is kept in excellent order. The children are taught on the infant school system, and performed their exercises well. They have a play-ground behind, and are encouraged to take abundance of exercise. One little child, born in slavery, and recently liberated and sent to the asylum, presented a more stupid aspect than the others sprung from free parents. This may have been the result of its condition in slavery, without intelligent companions, or other stimulants to its mental faculties. In the course of my inquiries, I learned that a considerable number of deaths had occurred within the first two years. The disease in a majority of cases was scrofula in one or other of its varied forms. It was ascribed to the scanty and improper diet of the children before admission, and to the insufficiency of nutriment contained in the regular but light food supplied in the asylum. For some time no animal food was allowed, and Indian corn meal, and brown bread made of rye and unbolted wheaten flour, were among other things largely used. One of the consequences of this kind of diet was inordinate irritation of the mucous membrane of the bowels, and almost constant diarrhoea. The orphans were so enfeebled, that many sunk under the acute and epidemic or contagious diseases peculiar to childhood, which more robust children would have passed through in safety. Both the

managers and physician became convinced of the necessity of improving the diet of the establishment. A change was accordingly made in this respect, as well as in others of equal importance, and was followed by a remarkable improvement in the health of the children. Animal food is now used four times a week in a solid form, and twice in soup. White bread, rice and milk, the vegetables of the season, &c. are abundantly supplied. It is now a year since there has been a death in the asylum, where no less than fifteen deaths occurred during the preceding eighteen months. This extraordinary exemption from mortality is not ascribed to change of diet only, but to this and other ameliorations of perhaps greater importance introduced by the enlightened and benevolent managers of the asylum. The experiment, however, has been repeatedly made of going back from the better to the poorer kinds of food, and uniformly with injurious consequences.

April 30. Ther. 54°. *General Washington's first Presidency.*—This day the Historical Society of New York celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the inauguration of General Washington as President of the United States, on the 30th April, 1789. Deputations of learned men assembled from various parts of the Union to attend the ceremony. The meeting, which was held in the Middle Dutch church, was opened with prayer; an ode, written by Mr. Bryant, was sung by the choir, and then Mr. John Quincy Adams delivered an "oration." By a very proper arrangement, ladies and the gentlemen who accompanied them were admitted first, and afterwards the doors were opened to gentlemen. Being unaccompanied by a lady, I obtained a place only in the second pew from the front of the gallery, far from the speaker. A young American, with a quid of tobacco in his cheek, who sat before me, put his feet on the seat of the pew, and sat on the board that holds the Bibles, in front of the gallery, and effectually cut off every possibility of my seeing Mr. Adams, and the distance prevented me from hearing him. I sat upwards of an hour without having caught one sentence of the "oration," which, from its effects on the audience, appeared to be eloquent. Mr. Bryant's ode was as follows:—

"Great were the hearts, and strong the minds
Of those who framed, in high debate,
The immortal league of love that binds
Our fair broad empire state with state.

"And ever hallowed be the hour,
When, as the auspicious task was done,
A nation's gift, the sword of power,
Was given to glory's unspooled son.

"That noble race is gone; the suns
Of fifty years have risen and set;
The holy links these mighty ones
Had forged and knit, are brighter yet.

"Wide—as our own free race increase—
Wide shall it stretch the elastic chain;
And bind in everlasting peace,
State after state, a mighty train."

The day was concluded by a grand public dinner of the Historical Society.

From the reports of the oration, I afterwards discovered that it was essentially an historical resumé of the political history of the United States.

"Never," says Mr. Adams, "since the creation of the globe, has such a continuous scene of prosperity and glory blessed any people as was conferred by the constitution. Yet it was most

obstinately and pertinaciously contested. Never did human foresight so completely fail as in the doubts entertained of its success. Nor Washington nor Hamilton dared to hope that it would act so well in practice as it has done. Between the 4th of March and 14th of April, 1789, Washington wrote thus to Knox:—"This delay is to me in the light of a reprieve; my feelings are like those of a culprit going to the place of execution. Without the requisite political skill, to be taken thus in the evening of life from the quiet scenes of domestic felicity, and required to take the helm of affairs and guide this untried and doubtful machine, leaves me small hope of success. I am embarking my good name in a shallow bark on an unknown and tempestuous sea; but be the voyage long or short, two things, my integrity and firmness, shall never forsake me. Whether I succeed or fail, please or displease upon other points, these the world can never deprive me of."

"Opposed to him and his principles were many eminent patriots of the revolution. They rallied under the flag of state rights; their cry was for unlimited state sovereignty, and unlimited state independency, not amenable to the Union. These denounced the best men of the day, with Washington at their head, as federalists and Tories. He was embarking upon this troublous sea a good name, unparalleled in the annals of history. In his Diary he says, 'About 10 o'clock I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life and domestic felicity.' Yet he was deceived. His progress from Mount Vernon to New York was one continuous triumphant procession. All ages, both sexes, all conditions of persons, turned out to greet their friend and preserver, and demonstrate their enthusiastic admiration of him. In passing over the Schuylkill bridge a wreath of flowers was, unconsciously to himself, dropped on his head by a blooming boy placed in a triumphal arch above him. At Trenton a band of aged matrons turned out to welcome and thank him for the defence of their property, their persons, their all—thirteen years before. The virgin daughters of those mothers strewed his path with flowers, and with a song sublime as that of Miriam hailed him as their protector, who had been the defender of their mothers.

"It is delightful to look back upon the long vista of fifty years, and see all the bright visions of hope formed by those good men more than realised; and all their despondency and doubts more than dispelled."

CHAPTER XV.

1820.

May 1. Ther. 61°. *Rent and Taxes in New York.*—A comfortable family house, of about twenty-five feet in front, and from forty to forty-five feet in depth, consisting of kitchen, dining-room, drawing-room, and bed-room floors, in a medium situation, lets at \$800, or 160*l.* of rent, and pays about \$80 per annum of taxes.

The Erie Canal.—This canal, which connects Lake Erie with New York, through the medium of the Hudson River, although only begun in 1817, has already proved too small for the extent of trade which passes through it, and a vivid discussion is proceeding in the legislature about widening and deepening it, and constructing double sets of locks; so that the stream of boats may never be interrupted except by frost. This extraordinary increase of traffic has been caused

by the rapid development of the population and resources of the western parts of the state of New York, consisting of a vast extent of rich alluvial soil now nearly all cleared and settled; and also by the rapid advance in wealth and population of the states which border on the great western lakes. The town of Buffalo, in the state of New York, is situated at the terminus of the canal where it enters Lake Erie. It has a spacious harbour, in which may be seen three-masted vessels, brigs, schooners, and from fifteen to twenty large steamboats, all plying an active trade.

"The property from other states passing into the Erie Canal by Buffalo, increased as follows in the last four years:

1835,	22,124 tons.
1836,	36,273
1837,	42,229
1838,	96,187

"The merchandise passing to the West from Buffalo, was

1835,	18,466 tons.
1836,	30,874
1837,	22,236
1838,	32,087

"The amount of wheat and flour, those great articles of western produce, increased steadily from 15,935 tons, in 1835, to 57,979 tons in 1838."*

It is only by contemplating such facts as these that one can form a conception of the extraordinary rapidity with which the western states are rising in population, industry, and wealth.

Female Lecturer on Physiology.—Mrs. Gove, a lady belonging to the Society of Friends, impressed with the great importance to the female sex of instruction in anatomy and physiology, pursued a regular course of study in these subjects, under the Professors of Boston, and then commenced lecturing on them to ladies. She was well received in Boston, and has recently lectured in New York. She is a lady of unquestioned character, and her lectures were attended by most respectable persons of her own sex in this city. No gentlemen were admitted. The advantages of this instruction are self-evident, and every real friend to human welfare must wish her success; Bennett's "Morning Herald," however, to its own deep disgrace, has published what he pretends to be reports of her lectures, pandering to the groveling feelings of the men, and alarming the delicacy of the ladies—an effectual way, in this country, to stifle any new attempt at improvement. I have inquired into the character of the lectures, of ladies who heard them, and they declare Bennett's report to be scandalous caricatures, misrepresentations, and inventions.

May 2. Ther. 65°. **Dr. Channing on War.** One of the excellent qualities of Dr. Channing is his moral intrepidity. There never was a more sincere devotee to truth than this excellent man; and, not content with enjoying it himself, he comes forth to apply it to practical use, on all occasions when legitimate opportunities occur. No one who has not visited the United States, and witnessed the prostration even of powerful minds before public opinion, can form an adequate conception of the extent of Dr. Channing's moral courage. Generally, when the public mind goes farthest wrong, it burns with the intensest vivacity, and displays the most formidable unanimity. Its ordinary leaders shrink from address-

ing it when thus excited. Dr. Channing, on the contrary, on such occasions comes forth in dauntless might. He has just published a sermon on war, delivered in the beginning of last year, with a preface adapting it to the present crisis. It is calculated to have the best effect in bringing the minds of the people to reason, and amply supports Dr. Channing's high reputation.

Lord Brougham on the Maine Boundary.—Lord Brougham, in his place in the house of peers, and in reference to the Maine boundary dispute, is reported to have said, "He had the consolation of believing, of being convinced, that we were undeniably, clearly, and manifestly in the wrong; and when a man or a nation was in the wrong, to acknowledge error did not make the case of either worse." The Americans are highly commending this acknowledgment. In a company to-day, I heard the speech discussed, when a sagacious old gentleman said, "I wish that an honest man had said so, and it would have served us more!" This remark terminated the conversation.

May 4. Ther. 43°. **Spring.**—The peach, pear, and apple trees, are profusely covered with blossoms; the foliage of the forest trees is partially unfolded, but there are no "gowans" to deck the ground in this country.

Protection to Negroes.—The House of Assembly has passed a bill to secure a trial by jury to "alleged fugitives from service in other states," *anglicæ*, slaves, before being delivered up to their masters. The claimant must prove to the satisfaction of the jury, "the identity and escape of the alleged fugitive," who shall "be defended by counsel at the expense of the state." The bill enacts, that "the alleged fugitive shall be entitled to subpoenas for his witnesses without any charge; constables serving the same shall have their fees from the country;" and "every witness summoned shall be bound to attend without fees, as in criminal cases. No claimant shall have a writ to arrest a fugitive from labour, until he shall have filed, in the office of the county clerk, a bond in the penalty of \$1000, with two sureties, conditioned to pay all costs and expenses legally chargeable against him; also the sum of \$2 per week for the support of the fugitive while in custody; also all expenses of the fugitive in case the decision shall be against the claimant; and also the sum of \$100 to the alleged fugitive and his damages." The bond may be prosecuted "by any person claiming benefit from its provisions, in the name of the people; but the people shall not be liable to costs in such suit."

This bill does credit to the House of Assembly of New York.

Public Defaulters.—The newspapers teem with instances of cashiers, tellers, and directors of banks committing enormous frauds, embezzling funds, sending false certificates of deposit into circulation, and so forth. While we were in Philadelphia, Dr. Dyott was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to the Moyamensing prison for fraudulent bankruptcy, committed by him on a gigantic scale as a banker. A committee of the legislature of Michigan has just investigated the affairs of the Bank of Ypsilanti, and reported, "that they consider the failure of the bank an instance of as glaring a fraud as was ever perpetrated in this or any other community"—and, in conclusion, report a bill for the repeal of the charter of the said bank.

Slavery, Emancipation, and Colonisation.—A correspondence has appeared in the New

York Journal of Commerce, between the Rev. Benjamin Tappan of Augusta, Maine, and F. S. Key, Esq., a lawyer of Washington, on the subjects of slavery, colonisation, and emancipation. The letters are written in an excellent spirit, and Mr. Key describes the state of slavery in impartial terms. They should be read by every one who desires to form a correct idea of the difficulties which beset slave owners, even of the most humane and upright dispositions, in accomplishing abolition. Slavery cannot permanently exist in a state bordering on a free state. When Maryland has free her slaves, Virginia, after a few years, will be compelled to follow her example, by two causes, 1st, The slaves will escape easily; and 2dly, Free labour will come in and displace them. He contemplates the irresistible advance of freedom by this process. He is a warm advocate of colonisation, because the negroes prosper in Africa; while, in the United States, emancipated slaves become immoral and wretched. The greater number of slaves whom he has seen set free have perished miserably from incapacity to maintain themselves. As a lawyer, he has assisted many slaves to obtain freedom; but very few, indeed, have improved their condition by liberty. If the men in the north would receive the slaves, and provide for them as freemen, there are a great number of slaveholders in Maryland who would willingly emancipate their negroes and send them to the north. The exertions of the abolitionists are said to have retarded emancipation and injured the slaves. A man loses caste who *deals* in slaves, or who treats them harshly.

These are a few of the topics touched on in Mr. Key's letter, and I believe that his representations contain much truth. It may be remarked, however, that there are two causes for the unsatisfactory conduct and condition of emancipated slaves in slave states: 1st, A life spent in slavery deprives the individual of self-will and self-reliance, and of those intellectual resources which are indispensable to successful exertion. 2dly, In such a society there is no legitimate place for liberated slaves. Every thing is cast in the mould of slavery, and free negroes are unwelcome residents among slaves and their masters. The masters regard their presence as calculated to render the slaves discontented, and are disposed to throw impediments in the way of their success, rather than remove them. General abolition would not be attended by these causes of failure, particularly if the slaves were previously prepared by education for freedom.

A Traveling House.—This day a wooden house, supported on large beams, mounted on four wheels, and drawn by horses, passed our windows in Broadway, in its progress from one situation in the city to another.

"The Church of the Messiah."—A handsome new Unitarian church, for the Rev. Mr. Dewy, has just been opened in Broadway. It is built of stone, and is of Gothic architecture. It has a gallery, and altogether is seated for 1500 persons, and is said to have cost \$100,000. The pews are lined with dove coloured damask; they have stuffed backs, and cushions for the seats. It has a very chaste and elegant appearance. The "Morning Herald" reports that Dr. Skinner, who has a Presbyterian church in the near neighbourhood, preached a sermon on the occasion, on the text, "Dagon appeared alongside of the ark of the covenant," and warned his congregation against the Unitarians.

May 6. Ther. 83°. **National Academy of**

* Report by Mr. Verplanck to the Senate of New York State.

Design.—We visited the fourteenth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design. The pictures consist chiefly of portraits and landscapes. A feeling for art, and a power of colouring, are conspicuous in the works; but with the exception of the pictures of Mr. Sully, Mr. Ingham, and a few others, the portraits stand low in the scale of excellence. In many of them the drawing of the heads is bad, the attitudes are stiff, and the countenances staring. The subjects look as if they were sitting for their pictures. They have put on a face for the occasion, and in many of them the expression is so full of Self-Esteem and Love of Approbation (intended for character and smartness) that the pictures are almost ludicrous.

The scheme adopted for the encouragement of art in Scotland, and which has been successful, is much wanted in the United States. A society was formed, each member of which paid at least £1 (\$5) per annum. A committee of the subscribers laid out the money in purchasing the best pictures, offered for sale by living artists at each annual exhibition. The pictures were formed into lots, and distributed among the subscribers, whose names were drawn from an urn. These pictures are now spread over all Scotland, and have increased the general taste of the people for works of art. The sum paid for pictures has in some seasons exceeded £3000, and this has afforded encouragement to the artists in the best possible form—that of remuneration for their talents and labour.

The United States are at present in a condition analogous to that of Scotland. There is no general taste for the fine arts among the people; no rich aristocracy to purchase statuary and pictures, and, therefore, no adequate encouragement to artists. Yet there are many thousands of persons who, from a favourable feeling towards art, and from the hope of gaining a prize, would willingly subscribe \$5 per annum to such a society as I have described. If the Americans will try the plan, it can scarcely fail to succeed. They have both the temperament and development of brain that will produce excellence in the fine arts, if they will only enable artists to live.

Phrenology in the Family.—The Rev. Joseph A. Warne, A. M., an Evangelical clergyman, and pastor of the church near the Museum in George street, Philadelphia, has published "Phrenology in the Family," 18mo, pp. 290; a work intended to assist parents in the education of the feelings. It points out the character and legitimate uses of each primitive feeling, the ordinary forms in which it is liable to be abused by children, and the best means of training it to proper modes of action. It is calculated to be highly useful in domestic education.

May 7. Ther. 56°. **Benevolent and Religious Societies.**—The annual meetings of the great benevolent and religious societies of the Union are now taking place in New York, and they present striking evidence that, however active the acquisitive and ambitious propensities of this people may be, their benevolent and religious sentiments are far from being dormant. The crowds of persons in attendance, and the large sums of money contributed, bespeaks a vigorous and general activity of the moral faculties.

American Anti-Slavery Society.—An abstract of the annual report was read by one of the secretaries of the society. By this document it appears that the present number of abolition societies is 1650—of which 304 are new societies,

formed since the last anniversary. The number of presses devoted or open to the discussion of slavery has increased, and now amounts to 9 weekly, 1 semi-monthly, and 2 monthly publications, from which are issued 25,000 sheets weekly, and for the support of which \$40,000 are annually received from subscribers.

American Tract Society.—The fourteenth annual report states, that during the year 1833 new publications have been stereotyped, making the whole number of the society's publications 944, of which 58 are volumes. In addition to these, 672 works, including 50 volumes, have been approved for publication abroad. Of some tracts more than 100,000 copies have been printed within the year, and of one 184,000 copies; total printed during the year, 356,000 volumes, 3,657,000 publications; 124,744,000 pages.

American Bible Society.—Abraham Keyser, Esq., the treasurer, read his annual report. The receipts during the year were \$95,126 82, and the expenditures \$98,205 31. The Rev. John C. Brigham, the corresponding secretary, announced a donation by James Douglas, Esq. of Cavers, in Scotland, to the society, of £1000 sterling. The report next alludes to the calls for supplies of the holy Scriptures in various parts of the world, to the amount of \$50,000. During the past year the issues were 134,937 copies, and the total number 2,588,285. These copies were in seventeen different languages.

Traveling Houses.—To-day I saw another wooden house of two stories, bearing on one corner "Washington Place," and on another "Greene street, traveling to a new site. Planks were laid down before it on the carriage-way, rollers were placed on the planks, and the house was dragged forward on them. The motive power was applied thus: Large iron bolts were driven deep into the ground eighty or one hundred yards in advance of the house; the bolts supported a windlass, to which was attached a strong cable, the other end of which was fastened to the house by pulleys and a hook. A horse, by turning round the windlass, wound up the cable, and the house slowly advanced on the rollers. When it was brought up to the windlass, the latter was carried forward another 100 yards, fastened to the ground, and the same operations were repeated.

May 9. Ther. 56°. **Paterson Village.**—This is a manufacturing village in New Jersey, eighteen miles from New York. We visited it by a railroad. It is built on the banks of the Passaic river, near a large fall, which supplies water-power for several important manufactories. The scenery is picturesque. We visited Mr. Colt's manufactory of rifles, which discharge eight balls in succession with one loading, also of pistols that discharge four balls. There are these numbers of barrels, which can be turned round to the same lock: Of course, when once discharged, there must be a corresponding extent of reloading; but in the Indian wars, and in cases of attack by robbers, these rifles are like loaded batteries in the hands of the assailed. The workmanship appeared to be excellent, and the number sold is said to be large.

May 12. Ther. 56°. **Religion.**—I heard the Reverend Mr. Bellows preach. He said that the vulgar notions of heaven being a place where men stand through all eternity doing nothing but singing psalms, and of hell consisting in flames, and darts, and devils, are altogether unworthy of an enlightened age. Heaven consists in the highest activity of our faculties directed to proper objects, which confers the highest delight; Hell

in the abuse of our faculties, with the consequent misery. I heard this discourse criticised by some persons as too free: others approved of it, and said that preaching in general is far behind the enlightenment of the age; and that there is a greater desire for liberal, rational, and practical sermons, in the United States, than I could infer from the character of the sermons which I usually hear.

An advertisement has appeared in the following terms:—

Christian Liberty.—The Association for the Promotion of Christian Liberty will hold its first anniversary at the Stuyvesant Institute, on Friday evening, at half past seven o'clock. The cardinal principle of the association is, that American Christians, in their religious associations, are entitled to as much liberty as they enjoy in their political associations as American citizens. Persons disposed to unite with the association, and the public generally, are respectfully invited to attend. David Hale, Leonard Crocker, Wm. C. Redfield, S. F. B. Morse, Geo. R. Haswell, Seth B. Hunt, Wm. T. Cutter, Committee.

"May 9, 1839."

The meeting was held, but, as few persons came forward to join the association, it was adjourned.

Sale of Pews.—The pews in the "Church of the Messiah" have been sold by auction, and their prices are reported in the newspapers.

There are 196 pews in the church, and they were valued at \$97,378. Of these, seventy-four in the body of the church were sold at prices varying from \$1200 to \$401, according to the size and the situation, and twenty-two in the gallery at prices ranging from \$475 to \$125. There are still 100 pews left unsold, valued at \$39,478, making with those sold, a total of \$101,298, being \$3924 above the estimated values. These sums are applied in defraying the expense of building the church. The owners of the pews contribute annually towards keeping the church in repair, supporting the minister and the choir, and defraying all other necessary expenses. The salary paid to the Reverend Mr. Dewy was stated by one of the congregation to be \$4000 per annum, with leave of absence for nine weeks, during which the congregation pays for supplying the pulpit. This is the only church about which I have been able to obtain so much information, but I presume that the Evangelical congregations are equally liberal to their pastors. The sums paid annually by individuals for church accommodation appear to be much larger in this country than in Britain.

Election Law.—On the 7th May the legislature of the state of New York passed a law to remedy the abuses complained of at the elections. It enacts, that any person swearing falsely as to his qualification, shall be guilty of perjury, and persons wilfully procuring others to swear falsely, shall be guilty of subornation of perjury; and both shall be punished accordingly. Persons attempting to influence or deter an elector in giving his vote, shall pay a fine not exceeding \$500, or suffer imprisonment not longer than one year, or both. Persons voting or offering to vote in a ward in which they do not reside, or more than once at an election, shall be punished by fine and imprisonment, or by both. Persons advising or assisting others not duly qualified to vote, shall suffer the same punishment. Any inhabitant of another state voting or offering to

vote in this state, shall be guilty of felony, and shall be confined in the state prison not more than one year, &c.

If the republican form of government be fertile in abuses, it is gratifying to observe the promptitude and energy with which checks and remedies are applied to mitigate or remove them.

May 14. Ther. 66°. *Police of New York City*.—I have more than once made remarks on the imperfections of the police system in New York, and perceive that the evil is attracting public attention. The "Journal of Commerce" contains a letter describing New York as the dirtiest city in Christendom. It complains of the huge dirty swine perambulating the foot pavements, one of which ran against the writer of the letter. They, however, he says, do great service to the city, for they eat up the animal and vegetable matter thrown out into the streets, which otherwise would breed a pestilence—in fact, they are the chief scavengers. The sting of this representation lies in its essential truth.

It is no part of the public duty of the police officers of this city to trace out and apprehend thieves and robbers who have committed depredations on private persons. A number of them exercise this vocation on the employment of the persons who are pillaged, and who either pay them fees, or engage to give them a certain proportion of the stolen property if they recover it. The police magistrates do not concern themselves in the matter, until the thief be detected and brought before them for judgment, and there is no other functionary whose duty it is to superintend the efforts of the officers to bring delinquents to justice. In short, in New York an experiment seems to be in progress to ascertain with how little of government a great city can possibly exist. I do not think that it has great cause, at present, to boast of its success.

May 16. Ther. 66°. *Phrenology*.—This day I was introduced to James J. Mapes, Esq., a scientific gentleman, residing in 461 Broadway, New York. His daughter fell from a window when she was about four years of age; her head struck against the iron bar which extended from the railing to the wall, and the skull was extensively fractured, but without rupturing the pia mater, or doing any serious injury to the brain. She was attended by Dr. Mott; a part of the skull was removed from the superior-posterior portion of the head, the integuments were drawn over the wound, and the child recovered. The part of the skull removed was that which covers the organs of Self-Esteem and Love of Approbation. She does not wear any plate over the wound; but the hair over it, like that on the other parts of the head, is fine, and is kept short. Immediately after the wound was closed, her father was struck with the variety of movements in the brain, and its great mobility during mental excitement, producing, as he said, a sensation in the hand when placed on the integuments, as if one were feeling, through a silk handkerchief, the motions of a confined leech. He felt as if there was a drawing together, swelling out, and a vermicular kind of motion in the brain; and this motion was felt in one place and became imperceptible in another, according as different impressions were made on the child's mind: but not being minutely acquainted with phrenology, he could not describe either the feelings or the precise localities in which the movements occurred. He observed also, that when the child's intellectual faculties were exerted, the brain under the wound was drawn inwards.

The child was introduced to me; she is now eight years of age, healthy and intelligent; and no external trace of the injury is visible to the eye. The form of her head is that of a superior female child: it is long, and moderately broad at the base; Secretiveness, Love of Approbation, Self-Esteem, Cautionness, and Firmness, are all large. Benevolence and Veneration are well developed, and the anterior lobe is large. I saw the pieces of the skull which had been removed. They may be three and a half by three inches in superficial extent. The skull has not been replaced. On applying my hand, I felt the brain rising and falling with the respiration, and distinctly ascertained that the organs of Self-Esteem and Love of Approbation were denuded of the skull; also a small part of Conscientiousness, and the posterior margin of Firmness. Her father mentioned that, before the accident, he considered her rather dull; but her mother (whom also I had the pleasure of seeing) did not concur in this opinion; both, however, agreed that since her recovery she had been acute, and fully equal to children of her own age in point of ability.

With the permission of her father and mother, I kept my hand for some minutes gently pressing on the external integuments over the site of the injury, and distinctly felt a considerable movement, a swelling up and pulsation, in the organs of Self-Esteem; and the same movements, but in a less degree, in those of Love of Approbation. When I began to talk to the child, she was shy and bashful, and at first would scarcely speak.* The vivid movements in Self-Esteem indicated that amidst her extreme bashfulness this organ was active. As I continued to converse with her, and succeeded in putting her at her ease, the movements in Self-Esteem decreased, while those in Love of Approbation continued. I spoke to her about her lessons and attainments, not in flattering terms, but with the design of exciting Self-Esteem; and the movements increased. Again I soothed her, and they diminished. This was repeated, and the same results ensued. Her father gave her several questions in mental arithmetic to solve: she was puzzled, and made an intellectual effort, and the peculiar movements in the organs of Self-Esteem and Love of Approbation ceased; only a gentle and equal pulsation was felt. She solved the question, and we praised her: the peculiar movements in Self-Esteem and Love of Approbation returned and increased. This experiment was repeated at least four times, with the same results. I took out a piece of paper and began to write down notes, in pencil, of what had occurred. She looked at my writing; and as all attention was now withdrawn from herself, and her mind was occupied intellectually in observing what I was doing, I placed my hand on the integuments, and only the gentle and regular pulsations of the arterial system were perceptible.

I am much indebted to Mr. Mapes, the father of the child, for permitting me not only to see this very interesting case, but to publish his name and residence, so that my remarks may be verified, or corrected if I have erred.

This case is replete with instruction in practical education. It tends, so far as one example

* "Bashfulness is the result of the fear of not acquitting one's self to advantage, and of thereby compromising one's personal dignity." *System of Phrenology*, 4th edition, p. 792.

can go, to prove that, by exercising the intellectual faculties, we do not necessarily excite the feelings; and also that each feeling must be addressed by objects related to itself before it can be called into action."

Shipwrecks.—A gentleman called on me to-day, who said that he did so in consequence of having read the observations on shipwrecks in storms contained in the "Constitution of Man." He stated that he had been bred to the sea; had served as mate, and subsequently, for four years, as master of a merchant vessel; and had, in the course of his own experience, come to the conclusion that not above one shipwreck in twenty was excusable, and that nineteen vessels out of every twenty were lost through ignorance, incapacity, or carelessness in the masters, or through avarice in the owners, who sent them to sea in an improper condition. When mate of a vessel, his captain became tipsy, and, in the very gathering of a storm, ordered the crew to set more sails. My informant took the responsibility upon himself of assuming the command of the vessel, ordered the captain below, took in all the sails except one, and trimmed the ship with the utmost expedition. He had scarcely finished, when the rising storm became a tempest; he laid the ship to, and she rode it out well. In the middle of the tempest the captain re-appeared on deck, having slept himself sober. He was astounded at the sea and the wind, and recommended that even the one sail should be taken in, but he was persuaded to allow it to stand. The captain never forgave him for having "mutinied," as he termed it; and my informant left the ship when she made her destined port in the Mediterranean.

The Franklin Fund.—I was introduced to-day to a gentleman in extensive business as a dial-plate maker; and he mentioned that the beginning of his elevation in the world was a loan of \$250 from the Franklin Fund. He speaks with great gratitude and respect of Franklin's provident generosity.

May 16. Ther. 66°. *Physical Geography of America*.—A very intelligent friend, lately a member of the house of assembly in the legislature of New York, told me that he had read with great interest an article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, by Charles Maclaren, Esq., of Edinburgh, on the physical geography, &c. of America. He regarded it as a masterly view of the physical features of this country. I told him

* Some years ago a similar case was reported by Mr. John Grattan of Belfast in the *Phrenological Journal*, vol. ix, p. 473, and vol. x, p. 11. Two fissures having the appearance of the fontanelles in children, and which looked as if there had been an absorption of the bone, had existed for at least six years in the head of a gentleman aged fifty-six. So far as Mr. Grattan could learn from mere description, they were situated—the one on the left nearly over Veneration and part of Firmness, and that on the right across part of Conscientiousness and Hope; "and I am positively assured," says Mr. G., "by his daughter, that his clerks could at any time tell when he was angry, without hearing him speak or seeing his face, but simply from the great depressions which on such occasions occurred in those fissures, or, as they termed it, 'the holes that would appear in his head;' and that she has at different times observed the same phenomenon herself." The lady states farther, that "the depressions remained so long as he was under the influence of passion; and, as it subsided, the depressions gradually disappeared." See other cases in my *System of Phrenology*, 4th edit. p. 16.

that Mr. Maclaren had never been in America; when he remarked that few readers would have discovered this to be the case.

Haerlem.—We visited some friends a few miles beyond Haerlem, in a beautiful situation overlooking the East River. The strawberries and green peas are in full blossom, and the gooseberries ready for tarts.

May 17. Therm. 63°. *Staten Island.*—We visited this lovely island, and had a drive to the old fortification and signal port, New Brighton, &c. Staten Island is the quarantine station in the bay of New York. About a quarter of a mile from the shore strong posts have been driven into the bottom of the sea, and a large platform erected on them, partly covered with a roof. Emigrants are transferred to this platform from their ships, and inspected by the health officer before being permitted to land. We saw a multitude of them on it like sheep in a pen.

May 18. Therm. 64°. *Phrenology.*—This evening I completed my second course of lectures in New York, and a committee was appointed to present resolutions.

May 19. Therm. 63°. *Dr. Channing.*—We heard the Rev. Dr. Channing preach in the church of the Messiah on the text "Blessed are the peace-makers." The church was crowded in every part. The sermon was replete with moral beauty, and the delivery was gentle, earnest, and touching. He gave a graphic view of the present state of the social, religious, and political struggles of this country. He regarded them as only the natural workings of the human mind groping its way to freedom; and anticipated that they will lead to universal love and justice, which alone can form the basis of universal peace. Civilisation is progressive, and it cannot attain to its highest condition until peace, based on benevolence, and justice, prevail. The discourse was listened to with the profoundest attention, and much spoken of afterwards.

Twenty years ago, no congregation in New York would admit Dr. Channing into its pulpit. His first sermon in this city was delivered in a private house, and his second in an anatomical lecture-room. Now, the unitarians have two handsome churches, well attended by highly respectable congregations.

I perceive that the liberality of the different sects towards each other increases in proportion to the number and standing in society of the adherents of each. In Boston, the unitarians are numerous, and belong to the first class. There I could discover no ostensible prejudice against them. The governor of the state and almost all the judges of the courts were unitarians; and among the magistrates and school directors, they were found co-operating with Calvinists and men of other sects in all public duties, without dissension or disrespect on any side. In New York, where the unitarians have only two congregations, and are of comparatively recent origin, the prejudices entertained against them by the orthodox sects are stronger; and in Philadelphia, where they are still more recent, and have only one church, the dislike of them, as a religious body, is still more conspicuously manifested. It has been remarked that sectarian hatred increases in proportion as the differences in opinion between the partisans diminish. The animosity, for instance, expressed by Calvinists against Jews is far less than that manifested against Unitarians.*

* In Scotland, where both the church and the dis-

May 20. Therm. 66°. *Phrenology.*—The committee of my class presented a series of elegant and complimentary resolutions, and requested me to sit to an artist for a model of my head, to be embossed on a silver vase which the individuals who have heard my lectures intend to present to me in token of their esteem. Nothing can exceed the kindness with which my lectures have been received in this country, and only the fear of being charged with indulging my own vanity prevents me from expressing how deeply I feel every mark of their approbation. I may remark that in the resolutions of the second classes, both in Philadelphia and New York, the foundation of phrenology in natural truth is recognised.

Fast Driving.—The thermometer stood at 83° in the shade this evening, and at this temperature innumerable gigs and carriages of all sorts were driving on the Bloomingdale road at the rate of from ten to fifteen miles an hour, amidst clouds of dust which obscured vision at the distance of a hundred yards. They were filled with parties driving for pleasure!

May 31. Therm. 63°. *A Flat-headed Indian.* I was introduced to the Reverend Jason Lee, who has been a missionary among the Indians, beyond the Rocky Mountains. He was accompanied by Thomas Adams, an Indian of about twenty years of age, of the Cloughewallah tribe, located at the falls of the Wahlamette River (the Multumoh of the maps,) about twenty-five miles from its junction with the Columbia River. The tribe presses the heads of their children by boards and hair cushions, applied to the forehead and occiput. This young man's head had been pressed. It was broader from side to side above the ears (from Secretiveness to Secretiveness) than it was long from front to back (from Individuality to Philoprogenitiveness.) The spinous process of the occipital bone was as high as to the top of the ear. The head appeared as if it had been tilted up behind, in such a manner that the forehead, although deficient in the reflecting organs, was made to stand much nearer the perpendicular than otherwise it would have done. So far as could be judged in a case of such distortion, the organs of Destructiveness, Acquisitiveness, Secretiveness, Self-Esteem, Love of Approbation, and Firmness, were very large; those of Combativeness, Philoprogenitiveness, and Adhesiveness, deficient. It was difficult to estimate the size of the moral organs, they were so displaced. The organs of the observing faculties, lying on the superciliary ridge, were fully developed; the brain at the reflecting organs was shallow and deficient, but on the left side, the organ of Causality was pretty distinctly marked. The organs of Form and Language were large.

The young man spoke English well, and had practised speaking it for two years. He was intelligent in his conversation, and said that he liked the Indian and American modes of life equally well. His face was exceedingly broad, full, and lymphatic. The predominant expression was that of Love of Approbation. There were no traces of thought in his smooth fat cheeks, but his eye was dark and mild; and, when he

seeters are almost all Calvinists, intolerance reaches its maximum; and the religious public are far from manifesting that liberal and Christian spirit which, while it holds fast by that which it regards as right, recognises its own fallibility, and admits the privilege of other men to do the same, without offering disparagement to their characters in thought, word, or deed.

smiled, the countenance was pleasing. I endeavoured to direct the conversation so as to ascertain, if possible, the extent of his intellectual powers. On all subjects that fell within the scope of the faculties of observation (the organs of which are fairly developed) he was intelligent, ready and fluent; but on others which required the aid of Comparison and Causality, he was dull, unintelligent, and destitute equally of ideas and of language. Thinking that probably he did not understand the words used on these topics, I tried to explain them; but found an obtuseness of comprehension that rendered the attempt unsuccessful. I found those intellectual powers to be of tolerable strength whose organs were fairly developed, and those to be deficient whose organs were small. Mr. Lee said that he was warm-tempered and touchy.

I explained to Mr. Lee that the convolutions of the brain in this youth might have been displaced, but not destroyed or entirely impeded in their growth, as the spinal marrow exists and performs its functions in persons afflicted with hunchbacks, although bent out of its usual direction. I requested him to carry a cast of a normal European brain with him, when he returned to his station, and to beg the medical officer of the fur company, who lives in his neighbourhood, to examine carefully the brain of these Flat-headed Indians after death, and report minutely the differences in the size and distribution of the convolutions. Mr. Lee mentioned that the tribe called by the English Flat-headed Indians do not compress the heads of their children, and that they are not flat-headed. The name is erroneously bestowed. The tribe to which this youth belongs do compress the skull in infancy.

Having no means of discovering the condition of the feelings in this young man, I requested my friend Mr. Samuel W. Dewey, who had procured this interview, to use every means of observation in his power, and to report to me on this subject. He did so, and two letters with which he favoured me are published in the *Phrenological Journal* for January, 1841. They are highly instructive, and show that those propensities and sentiments, were most active (so far as Mr. Dewey had the means of observation) the organs of which were largest in the brain.*

Mr. Lee spoke confidently of the success of missionary efforts among the Indians, and mentioned several who had been reclaimed to agriculture and Christianity. A man, he says, cannot be a Christian who is a wanderer in his habits; and he recommends that missionaries should teach the useful arts and Christianity simultaneously.

Colony of Liberia.—Mr. Matthias, Governor of the Pennsylvania and New York colony at Bassa Cove in Liberia, in Africa, was present;

* After I left New York I saw an announcement of the death, in that city, of the companion of this Flat-headed Indian, who was ill at the time of this conference. I was told that Dr. Reese attended him as his physician. This gentleman had previously published "The Humbugs of New York," among which he included phrenology; but he allowed this young man to be buried without examining his brain, or at least without reporting on it, or calling in the aid of phrenologists to do so. It is strange that those who are so confident that phrenology is a "humbug" should be so averse to producing evidence by which alone it can be proved to be so. The condition of the brain in a Flat-headed Indian is an interesting and unknown fact in physiology, and any medical man who has the means of throwing light on it, and neglect to use them, is no friend to his own profession or to general science.

and he assured me that this settlement and another of the same description are doing well. The colonists (negroes from the United States) are increasing in numbers; they support all the civilisation which they carried out with them; live in peace, and maintain law and justice. They are not attacked by the surrounding tribes. He remarked that the negroes improve in America when free, and that they improve still more in Africa when they become their own masters. I mentioned to him my estimate of the difference between them and the American Indians, and he acquiesced in my observations in regard to the qualities of the Africans.

Natural Language of Secretiveness.—In describing the head of Colonel Aaron Burr, I adverted to the large size of the organ of Secretiveness, and the deficiency of that of Conscientiousness. A writer in the "New York Mirror," in describing him, says, "He glided rather than walked; his foot had that quiet, stealthy movement which involuntarily makes one think of treachery; and, in the course of a long life, I have never met with a frank and honourable man to whom such a step was habitual." This is an excellent description of the natural language of large Secretiveness and deficient Conscientiousness, as expressed in the gait. The writer's observation is correct, that no frank and honourable man—that is, no man in whom Benevolence and Conscientiousness are larger than Secretiveness—will be found characterised by that kind of motion.

May 22. Ther. 60°. *Fire.*—The House of Refuge was burned to the ground this forenoon. It was a stirring but melancholy sight to see the whole engines of New York city, amply supplied by water from ponds outside the walls, playing for hours on the burning mass with the greatest energy, but without effect. But the building was old, and its loss is not much regretted, except for the immediate inconvenience which it occasions.

Anti-Abolition Meeting.—The town of Newark in New Jersey was taunted with manufacturing the whips with which the slaves are flogged in the south? It replied that it manufactures whips in general, and that carters use the article alleged to be employed in scourging the slaves. The inhabitants have held a meeting, James Millar, Esq., the mayor, in the chair, at which violent resolutions were passed, the last of which declares "that the subject of slavery appertains to the slave states alone—that the question of its duration or abolition belongs exclusively to them—and that the meddling interference of others is uncalled for by any considerations of public justice or of public policy." The opinion expressed in this resolution prevails generally in the United States.

CHAPTER XVI.

1839.

May 24. Ther. 60°. *West Point.*—My phrenological labours being now terminated for the season, we resolved to visit Lake George, Niagara, and Canada, and this morning at seven o'clock, embarked on board the "Avon" for West Point, where we landed at a quarter before eleven, the distance being 50 miles. The military academy belonging to the United States stands here on a platform of land elevated several hundred feet above the Hudson River, and surrounded by hills clothed to the summit with wood. No

situation can be more lovely. There are at present about 240 cadets in the establishment. They are maintained and educated in civil and military engineering at the public expense for four years, on condition that they serve the state, if called on, for four years after the expiry of their time. On the hill which rises to the west of the plateau, there is an ancient fort (Fort Putnam) in ruins, which is a picturesque object, and repays the labour of ascending it. There are monuments to Kosciusko, to Lieut-Col. Wood, who was killed in September 1814, leading a charge at Fort Erie, and to a pupil who was accidentally killed by a gun in his exercises. These objects, although all simple in themselves, being placed in appropriate situations, add to the interest of the scene. There is an excellent hotel for the accommodation of visitors; but it has been let this year by the government on the condition of total abstinence by the guests from all liquors, containing alcohol in any form. Not a drop even of beer is sold. It has, in consequence, been difficult to find a tenant, and the house is now only in the course of being fitted up. We, however, obtained a good bedroom, and dined at an excellent ordinary kept for a few officers of the establishment. Major Leslie politely conducted us through the public buildings, which are extensive and commodious; but here also the want of ventilation in the apartments forced itself upon our notice by the disagreeable effects of vitiated air. So careless are the students and attendants on this point, that I found every window close in several class-rooms which had been vacated for the day, and which were full of carbonic acid gas and the effluvia of the human body. I used the freedom to open them for my own comfort while passing through them, for which I hope to be forgiven by the students. The habit of chewing tobacco, and spitting, prevails in the hotel to a distressing extent.

May 25. Ther. 63°. *Phrenology.*—This morning we had a storm of thunder and lightning, which had a sublime effect among the mountains. It cleared off at nine o'clock, and at eleven we embarked on board of the "Champlain" for Albany. In this boat an amusing incident occurred. One of the passengers accosted me, without any preface or introduction. "You have just finished a course of lectures in New York?" "Yes, sir." "How long is it since you lectured in Syracuse?" "I was never in Syracuse in my life." The gentleman was surprised and walked away to the other end of the boat; and on his return he renewed his interrogation. "Have you any of your books with you?" "No—they are all the property of booksellers, and I take no charge of the sales." "Have any of them been printed in Europe?" "Yes, they were all printed there first." This answer caused him to turn and take another walk to a distant part of the deck. He returned, still apparently greatly puzzled. "I read your book and I have made observations, and am disposed to believe in Phrenology." "Observation is the only philosophical mode of attaining conviction." "Do you examine heads?" "I do, for my own instruction, but not publicly, or for money." He again looked puzzled. "Where is the very tall man that was with you, when you traveled through Kentucky?" "I have never been in Kentucky." I understood that you had a very tall man, of 7 feet 4 inches, and a very short man with you, in that state." "I have not traveled in this country with any man, either tall or short, and I have not even seen any man of extraordinary stature here."

At this point, the interrogator's sagacity was completely at fault. He left me, and never resumed the conversation. I afterwards discovered the cause of his enquiries. An itinerant phrenologist, named Frederick Coombs, had traveled through the western country examining heads, and, to add to the attractions of Phrenology, carried with him a giant and a dwarf, whom he exhibited as a show. This gentleman mistook me for him; nor had he been unique in this error, for a newspaper had previously been sent to me containing an intimation that "the gentleman with the giant and the dwarf is not Mr. George Combe of Edinburgh!"

Politeness to Ladies.—The Americans always give place to ladies in the stage coaches, rail-road cars, at the public tables, and in other similar situations. In the steamboat, at dinner to-day, a small incident occurred which affords an illustration of this practice. I was seated at table, with Mrs. Combe on my right hand. A gentleman, leading a lady, saw the chair next me on the left hand unoccupied. He placed his lady in it, and then requested me to rise and give him my seat. I declined to do so; on which he said, "Very well, sir, if you are so uncivil as not to give place to a lady, I shall certainly seek another place at the table;" and before I had time to utter another word of explanation, he and his lady were off beyond my reach. The plain meaning of the request appeared to me to be this: "Be so good, sir, as to leave the seat beside your lady, and give it to me that I may sit beside my lady;" but I did the gentleman injustice. After dinner, he came up to me, and said, "Sir, I owe you an apology for my remark: I did not observe that you had a lady with you: You were quite right in retaining your seat."

Political Economy.—I enjoyed some interesting conversation with a gentleman who happened to be a passenger, and who had had an opportunity of observing the evolutions of the mercantile world in the United States for many years. On my remarking that many mercantile men in the great cities of the union appeared to me to conduct their business too much in the spirit of speculation, without taking accurate and comprehensive views of causes obviously in operation, which would as certainly affect the value of their commodities, as the sun would ripen the crop in autumn, he acquiesced in the correctness of the observation, and added that many merchants dash at every thing as a speculation, and talk of "the chance" much more than of the principle in nature by which the supposed "chance" must be ruled. I described to him the effects which I had observed in Scotland to flow from too free an emission of paper money. Men were tempted by it to manufacture, and also to import goods, far beyond the demand for consumption; a rapid rise in the price of the raw material and in wages occurred; and prices of manufactured articles rose for a few months. This was called "prosperity;" but speedily the foreign exchanges became unfavourable to Britain; gold was demanded from the Bank of England to pay for the excess of imported goods; the bank, finding her coffers drained, contracted the currency; the resources of the Scottish banks in London were circumscribed; they took the alarm, lessened their discounts, called in their loans, and realised the debts due to them. The direct consequences of this were, that those individuals who had manufactured or imported on the "credit system" were forced to sell at any sacrifice in price, in order to raise funds to meet their engagements;

will long maintain our *grand talent pour le silence*. Let others that cannot do without standing on barrel-heads, to spout, and be seen of all the market place, cultivate speech exclusively,—become a most green forest without roots! Solomon says, There is a time to speak; but also a time to keep silence. Of some great silent Samuel, not urged to writing, as old Samuel Johnson says he was, by *want of money*, and nothing other, one might ask, "Why do not you oo get up and speak; promulgate your system, and your sect?"—"Truly," he will answer, "I am *continent* of my thought hitherto; I happily have yet had the ability to keep it in me, no compulsion strong enough to speak it. My 'system' is not for promulgation first of all; it is for serving myself to live by. That is the great purpose of it to me. And then the 'honour'! Alas, yes;—but as Cato said of the statue: So many statues in that Forum of ours, may it not be better if they ask, Where is Cato's statue! than say, There it is!"

But now by way of counterpoise to this of Silence, let me say that there are two kinds of ambition; one wholly blameable, the other laudable and inevitable. Nature has provided that the great silent Samuel shall not be silent too long. The selfish wish to shine over others, let it be accounted altogether poor and miserable. "Seekest thou great things, seek them not;" this is most true. And yet, I say, there is an irrepressible tendency in every man to develop himself according to the magnitude which Nature has made him of; to speak out, to act out, what Nature has laid in him. This is proper, fit, inevitable; nay, it is a duty, and even the summary of duties for a man. The meaning of life here on earth might be defined as consisting in this: To unfold your *elf*, to work what thing you have the faculty for. It is a necessity for the human being, the first law of our existence. Coleridge beautifully remarks that he infant learns to *speak* by this necessity it feels. We will say therefore, To decide about ambition, whether it is bad or not, you have two things to take into view. Not the coveting of the place alone, but the fitness of the man for the place withal: that is the question. Perhaps the place was *his*; perhaps he had a natural right, and even obligation, to seek the place! Mirabeau's ambition to be Prime Minister, how shall we blame it, if he were 'the only man in France that could have done any good there?' Hopefuller perhaps had he not so clearly *felt* how much good he could do! But a poor Necker, who could do no good, and had even felt that he could do none, yet sitting broken-hearted because they had lung him out, and he was now quit of it, well might Gibbon mourn over him.—Nature, I say, has provided simply that the silent great man shall strive to speak *vital*; too amply, rather!

Fancy, for example, you had revealed to the brave old Samuel Johnson, in his shrouded up existence, that it was possible for him to do a priceless divine work for his country and the whole world. That the perfect Heavenly Law might be made Law on this Earth, that the prayer he prayed daily, 'Thy kingdom come,' was at length to be fulfilled! If you had convinced his judgment of this; that it was possible, practicable; that he the mournful silent Samuel was called to take a part in it! Would not the whole soul of the man have flamed up into a divine clearness, into noble utterance and determination to act; casting all sorrows and misgivings under his feet, counting all affliction and contradiction small,—the whole dark element of his existence blazing into articulate advance of light and lightning! It were a true ambition this! And think now how it actually was with Cromwell. From of old, the sufferings of God's Church, true zealous Preachers of the truth lung into dungeons, whipt, set on pillories, their ears cropped off, God's Gospel-cause trodden under foot of the unworthy: all this had lain heavy on his soul. Long years he had looked upon it, in silence, in prayer; seeing no remedy on Earth; trusting well that a remedy in Heaven's goodness would come,—but such a course was false, unjust, and could not last forever. And now behold the dawn of it; after twelve years' silent waiting, all England stirs itself; here is to be once more a Parliament, the Right will get a voice for itself: inexpressible well-grounded

hope has come again into the Earth. Was not such a Parliament worth being a member of? Cromwell threw down his ploughs, and hastened thither. He spoke there,—rugged bursts of earnestness, of a self-seen truth, where we get a glimpse of them. He worked there; he fought and strove, like a strong true giant of a man, through cannon-tumult and all else,—on and on, till the Cause triumphed, its once so formidable enemies all swept from before it, and the dawn of hope had become clear light of victory and certainty. That he stood there as the strongest soul of England, the undisputed Hero of all England,—what of this? It was possible that the Law of Christ's Gospel could now establish itself in the world! The Theocracy which John Knox in his pulpit might dream of as a 'devout imagination,' this practical man, experienced in the whole chaos of most rough practice, dared to consider as capable of being *realised*. Those that were highest in Christ's Church, the devoutest wisest men, were to rule the land: in some considerable degree, it might be so and should be so. Was it not *true*, God's truth? And if *true*, was it not then the very thing to do? The strongest practical intellect in England dared to answer, Yes! This I call a noble true purpose: is it not, in its own dialect, the noblest that could enter into the heart of Statesman or man? For a Knox to take it up was something; but for a Cromwell, with his great sound sense and experience of what our world *was*,—History, I think, shows it only this once in such a degree. I account it the culminating point of Protestantism; the most heroic phasis that 'Faith in the Bible' was appointed to exhibit here below. Fancy it: that it were made manifest to one of us, how we could make the right supremely victorious over Wrong, and all that we had longed and prayed for, as the highest good to England and all lands, an attainable fact!

Well, I must say, the *vulpine* intellect, with its knowingness, its alertness and expertness in 'detecting hypocrites,' seems to me a rather sorry business. We have had but one such Statesman in England; one man, that I can get sight of, who ever had in the heart of him any such purpose at all. One man, in the course of fifteen hundred years; and this was his welcome. He had adherents by the hundred or the ten; opponents by the million. Had England rallied all round him,—England might have been a *Christian* land! As it is, vulpine knowingness sits yet at its hopeless problem, 'Given a world of Knaves, to educe an Honesty from their joint action;'—how cumbrous a problem you may see in Chancery Law-Courts, and some other places! Till at length, by Heaven's just anger, but also by Heaven's great grace, the matter begins to stagnate; and this problem is becoming to all men a *palpably* hopeless one.—

But with regard to Cromwell and his purposes: Hum-, and a multitude following him, come upon me here with an admission that Cromwell *was* sincere at first; a sincere 'Fanatic' at first, but gradually became a 'Hypocrite' as things opened round him. 'This of the Fanatic-Hypocrite is Hume's theory of it; extensively applied since,—to Mahomet and many others. Think of it seriously, you will find something in it; not much, not all, very far from all. Sincere hero-hearts do not sink in this miserable manner. The Sun flings forth impurities, gets balefully encrusted with spots; but it does not quench itself, and become no Sun at all, but a mass of Darkness! I will venture to say that such never befel a great deep Cromwell; I think, never. Nature's own lion-hearted Son; Anteus-like, his strength is got by *touching the Earth*, his mother; lift him up from the earth, lift him up into Hypocrisy, Inanity, his strength is gone. We will not assert that Cromwell was an immaculate man; that he fell into no faults, no insincerities among the rest. He was no dilettante professor of 'perfections,' 'immaculate conducts.' He was a rugged Orson, tending his rough way through actual true *work*,—doubtless with many a *fall* therein. Insincerities, faults, very many faults daily and hourly: it was too well known to him; known to God and him! The Sun was dimmed many a time: but the Sun had not himself grown a Dimness. Cromwell's last words, as

he lay waiting for death, are those of a Christian heroic man. Broken prayers to God, that He would judge him, He since man could not, in justice yet in pity. They are most touching words. He breathed out his wild great soul, its toils and sins all ended now, into the presence of his Maker, in this manner.

I, for one, will not call the man a Hypocrite! Hypocrite, mummer, the life of him a mere theatricality; empty barren quack, hungry for the shouts of mobs! The man had made obscurity do very well for him till his head was grey; and now he *was*, there as he stood recognised unblamed, the virtual King of England. Cannot a man do without King's Coaches and Cloaks? Is it such a blessedness to have clerks forever pestering you with bundles of papers in red tape? A simple Diocletian prefers planting of cabbages; a George Washington, no very immeasurable man, does the like. One would say, it is what any genuine man could do; and would do. The instant his real work were out in the matter of Kingship,—away with it!

Let us remark, meanwhile, how indispensable everywhere a *King* is, in all movements of men. It is strikingly shown, in this very war, what becomes of men when they cannot find a Chief Man, and their enemies can. The Scotch Nation was all but unanimous in Puritanism; zealous and of one mind about it, as in this English end of the Island was always far from being the case. But there was no great Cromwell among them; poor tremulous, hesitating, diplomatic Argyles and such like: none of them had a heart true enough for the truth, or durst commit himself to the truth. They had no leader; and the scattered Cavalier party in that country had one: Montrose, the noblest of all the Cavalier; an accomplished, gallant-hearted, splendid man; what one may call the Hero-Cavalier. Well, look at it: on the one hand, subjects without a King; on the other, a King without subjects! The subjects without King can do nothing; the subjectless King can do something. This Montrose, with a handful of Irish or Highland savages, few of them so much as guns in their hand, dashes at the drilled Puritan armies like a wild whirlwind; sweeps them, time after time, some five times over, from the field before him. He was at one period, for a short while, master of all Scotland. One man; but he was a man: a million zealous men, but *without* the one; they against him were powerless! Perhaps of all the persons in that Puritan struggle, from first to last, the single indispensable one was verily Cromwell. To see, and dare, and decide; to be a fixed pillar in the welter of uncertainty;—a King among them, whether they called him so or not.

Precisely here, however, lies the rub for Cromwell. His other proceedings have all found advocates, and stand generally justified; but this dismissal of the Rump Parliament and assumption of the Protectorship, is what no one can pardon him. He had fairly grown to be King in England, Chief Man of the victorious party in England: but it seems he could not do without the King's Cloak, and sold himself to perdition in order to get it. Let us see a little how this was.

England, Scotland, Ireland, all lying now subdued at the feet of the Puritan Parliament, the practical question arose, What was to be done with it? How will you govern these Nations, which Providence in a wondrous way has given up to your disposal? Clearly those hundred surviving members of the Long Parliament, who sit there as supreme authority, cannot continue forever to sit. What is to be done?—It was a question which theoretical constitution-builders may find easy to answer; but to Cromwell, looking there into the real practical facts of it, there could be none more complicated. He asked of the Parliament, What it was they would decide upon? It was for the Parliament to say. Yet the Soldiers too, however contrary to Formula, they who had purchased this victory with their blood, it seemed to them that they also should have something to say in it! We will not "for all our fighting have nothing but a little piece of paper." We understand that the Law of God's Gospel, to which He through us has given the victory, shall

establish itself, or try to establish itself, in this land!

For three years, Cromwell says, this question had been sounded in the ears of the Parliament. They could make no answer; nothing but talk, talk. Perhaps it lies in the nature of parliamentary bodies; perhaps no Parliament could in such case make any answer but even that of talk, talk. Nevertheless the question must and shall be answered. You sixty men there, becoming fast odious, even despicable, to the whole nation, whom the nation already call Rump Parliament, you cannot continue to sit there: who or what then is to follow? 'Free Parliament,' right of Election, Constitutional Formulas of one sort or the other,—the thing is a hungry Fact coming on us, which we must answer or be devoured by it! And who are you that prate of Constitutional Formulas, rights of Parliament? You have had to kill your King, to make Pride's Purges, to expel and banish by the law of the stronger whosoever would not let your Cause prosper: there are but fifty or three-score of you left there, debating in these days. Tell us what we shall do; not in the way of Formula, but of practicable Fact!

How they did finally answer, remains obscure to this day. The diligent Godwin himself admits that he cannot make it out. The likeliest is, that this poor Parliament still would not, and indeed could not dissolve and disperse; that when it came to the point of actually dispersing, they again, for the tenth or twentieth time, adjourned it,—and Cromwell's patience failed him. But we will take the favourableness hypothesis ever stated for the Parliament; the favourableness, though I believe it is not the true one, but too favourable. According to this version: At the uttermost crisis, when Cromwell and his Officers were met on the one hand, and the fifty or sixty Rump Members on the other, it was suddenly told Cromwell that the Rump in its despair was answering in a very singular way; that in their sullen envious despair, to keep out the Army at least, these men were hurrying through the House a kind of Reform Bill. Parliament to be chosen by the whole of England; equitable electoral division into districts; free suffrage, and the rest of it! A very questionable, or indeed for them an unquestionable thing. Reform Bill, free suffrage of Englishmen? Why, the Royalists themselves, silenced indeed but not exterminated, perhaps outnumber us; the great numerical majority of England was always indifferent to our Cause, merely looked at it and submitted to it. It is in weight and force, not by counting of heads, that we are the majority! And now with your Formulas and Reform Bills, the whole matter, sorely won by our swords, shall again launch itself to sea; become a mere hope, and likelihood, small even as a likelihood? And it is not a likelihood; it is a certainty, which we have won, by God's strength and our own right hands, and donow hold here. Cromwell walked down to these refractory Members; interrupted them in that rapid speed of their Reform Bill;—ordered them to begone, and talk there no more.—Can we not forgive him! Can we not understand him? John Milton, who looked on it all near at hand, could applaud him. The Reality had swept the Formulas away before it. I fancy, most men who were Realities in England might see into the necessity of that.

The strong daring man, therefore, has set all manner of Formulas and logical superficialities against him; has dared appeal to the genuine fact of this England, Whether it will support him or not? It is curious to see how he struggles to govern in some constitutional way; find some Parliament to support him; but cannot. His first Parliament, the one they call Barebones's Parliament, is, so to speak, a *Convocation of the Notables*. From all quarters of England the leading Ministers and chief Puritan Officials nominate the men most distinguished by religious reputation, influence and attachment to the true Cause: these are assembled to shape out a plan. They sanctioned what was past; shaped as they could what was to come. They were scornfully called *Barebones's Parliament*: the man's name, it seems, was not *Barebones*, but *Barbone*,—a good enough man. Nor was it a jest, their work; it was

a most serious reality,—a trial on the part of these Puritan Notables how far the Law of Christ could become the Law of this England. There were men of sense among them, men of some quality; men of deep piety I suppose the most of them were. They failed, it seems, and broke down, endeavouring to reform the Court of Chancery! They appointed Cromwell Protector, and went their ways.

(To be continued.)

THE TASK:

OR, HOW TO WIN A MISTRESS.

An Affecting Story of the Mountain of the Lovers.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

Not many years ago, we read in a book the story of a lover who was to win his mistress by carrying her to the top of a mountain, and how he did win her, and how they ended their days on the same spot.

We think the scene was in Switzerland; but the mountain, though high enough to tax his stout heart to the uttermost, must have been among the lowest. Let us fancy it a good lofty hill, in the summer time. It was, at any rate, so high that the father of the lady, a proud noble, thought it impossible for a young man, burdened, to scale it. For this reason alone, in scorn, he bade him do it, and his daughter should be his.

The peasantry assembled in the valley to witness so extraordinary a sight. They measured the mountain with their eyes; they communed with one another, and shook their heads; but all admired the young man; and some of his fellows looking at their mistress, thought they could do as much. The father was on horseback, apart and sullen, repenting that he had subjected his daughter even to the shadow of such a hazard; but he thought it would teach his inferiors a lesson.

The young man (the son of a small land proprietor, who had some pretensions to wealth, though none to nobility) stood respectful looking, but confident, rejoicing in his heart that he should win his mistress, though at the cost of a noble pain, which he could hardly think of as a pain, considering who it was he was to carry. If he died for it, he should at least have had her in his arms, and have looked her in the face. To clasp her person in that manner, was a pleasure he contemplated with such transport as is known only to real lovers; for none others know how respect heightens the joy of dispensing with formality, and how the dispensing with formality ennobles and makes greater the respect.

The lady stood by the side of her father, pale, desirous, and dreading. She thought her lover would succeed, but only because she thought him in every respect the noblest of his sex, and that nothing was too much for his valour and strength. Great fears came over her, nevertheless. She knew not what might happen in the chances common to all. She felt the bitterness of being herself the burden to him and the task; and dared neither to look at her father nor the mountain. She fixed her eyes now on the crowd (which she beheld not) and now on her hand and her fingers' ends, which she doubled up towards her with pretty pretences, the only deception she had ever used. Once or twice a daughter or a mother stepped out of the crowd, and coming up to her, notwithstanding the fears of the lord baron, kissed that hand which she knew not what to do with.

The father said, "Now, sir, put an end to this mummery;" and the lover, turning pale for the first time, took up the lady.

The spectators rejoice to see the manner in which he moves off, slow but secure, and as if to encourage his mistress, they mount the hill; they proceed well; he halts an instant before he gets midway, and seems refusing something; then ascends at a quick rate; and now, being at the midway point, shifts the lady from one side to the other. The spectators give a great shout. The baron, with an air of indifference, bites the tip of his gauntlet, and then casts on them an eye of rebuke. At the shout, the lover resumes

his way. Slow, but not feeble, is his step, yet it goes slower. He stops again, and they think they see the lady kiss him on the forehead. The women begin to tremble, but the men say he will be victorious. He resumes again; he is half-way between the middle and top; he rushes, he stops, he staggers; but he does not fall. Another shout from the men, and he resumes once more; two thirds of the remaining part of the way are conquered. They are certain the lady kisses him on the forehead and on the eyes. The women burst into tears, and the stoutest men look pale. He ascends slower than ever, but seeming to be more sure. He halts, but it is only to plant his foot to go on again; and thus he picks his way, planting his foot at every step, and then gaining ground with an effort, the lady lifts up her arms, as if to lighten him. See, he is almost at the top; he stops, he struggles, he moves sideways, taking very little steps, and bringing one foot every time close to the other. Now he is all but on the top; he halts again; he is fixed; he staggers. A groan goes through the multitude. Suddenly he turns full front towards the top; it is luckily almost a level, he staggers, but it is forward. Yes, every limb in the multitude makes a movement as if it would assist him. See; at last he is on the top, and down he falls with his burden. An enormous shout! He has won! he has won! Now he has a right to caress his mistress; and she is caressing him, for neither of them get up. If he has fainted, it is with joy, and it is in her arms.

The baron put spurs to his horse, the crowd following him. Half way he is obliged to dismount; they ascend the rest of the hill together, the crowd silent and happy, the baron ready to burst with shame and impatience. They reach the top. The lovers are face to face on the ground, the lady clasping him with both arms, his lying on each side.

"Traitor!" exclaimed the baron, "thou hast practised this feat before, on purpose to deceive me. Arise!" "You cannot expect it sir," said a worthy man, who was rich enough to speak his mind: "Samson himself might take his rest after such a deed."

"Part them!" said the baron.

Several persons went up, not to part them, but to congratulate and keep them together. These people look close; they kneel down: they bend an ear; they bury their faces upon them. "God forbid they should ever be parted more," said a venerable man: "they never can be." He turned his old face, streaming with tears, and looked up at the baron: "Sir, they are dead!"

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A physician of Edinburgh has written a sensible work entitled "*Hints to Mothers*," from which we copy some of the remarks on the physical education of girls:—

RULES FOR INVIGORATING THE CONSTITUTION.

Compare the rosy-cheeked daughters of our farmers with the greater part of the accomplished, intellectual, delicate, and nervous misses of our large towns. What has occasioned the difference? Why, you will unhesitatingly answer, the manner in which they are brought up. And what have they gained by the manner in which they have been brought up? A tolerable knowledge of several of the fine arts, music, and dancing, and a sufficiency of general learning, together with a refinement of manners, to fit them for intercourse with well-educated persons, or to appear in polished society. All this, I admit, is valuable; but what have they lost? That alone which can make the above accomplishments a source of pleasure to themselves and others—perfect health. And cannot this last be preserved at the same time that the mind is cultivated? Unquestionably it can; and it shall be my business to point out to you the means of accomplishing both these objects.

In the first place, females, from their earliest years, should be allowed those sports and amusements in the open air, so necessary to a proper development of their bodies, and which are now confined entirely to boys. Instead of being constrained to walk demurely, with measured steps, like so many matrons, they should be encouraged in running and romping at suitable times; and that the motions of their limbs may be unconstrained, their dress should be always loose and easy. For instance, until they are fourteen or fifteen years old, they should be allowed to play in the open air at least six hours every day, when the season and weather will permit. They should be allowed to run, leap, throw the ball, or play at battledore, as they please. All these exercises call the different muscles into action, strengthen the limbs, and impart a healthy tone to the different organs; the blood circulates freely, the nervous system is invigorated, and the redundant fluids are driven off by perspiration. The most suitable dress is unquestionably that which is called Turkish, consisting of trousers and a short frock; and the covering for the head should be light and cool; a straw hat answers the purpose very well. They should never be confined to their tasks to exceed six hours a day, and I am confident they will learn

more in that time, if properly managed, than they will in twelve, without sufficient exercise. Make it your own case; can you spend even eight hours a day in study, to any profit? I think not. The mind becomes weary, and then nothing is retained. How then can you suppose that the expanding faculties of children can be constantly exercised for that length of time to advantage? But admit that they can be profitably kept upon the stretch for twelve hours, and that the mental faculties can be fully developed by this means at the age of sixteen, and admit that the faculties can not only be developed, but the mind stored with a vast collection of useful knowledge; what will be the state of the neglected corporeal part, the casket which must contain this polished gem? Why, it will be yet in its infancy, imperfect in its form, and feeble for want of employment; yea, more—it will be the seat of disease, and wear the undoubted marks of premature decay. Depend upon it, too much attention is paid to the culture of the minds of children, and too little to that of their bodies. Do not misunderstand me, or suspect me of undervaluing the former, or of overrating the latter. Certainly the first can never make us happy in this world without the second. I mean, simply, that parents are too fond of forcing genius at an early age, and thus ruining the health. Some parents feel mortified, if their little ones cannot read tolerably at six, and be well acquainted with grammar and geography at ten; and they seem to forget entirely that even if all this be accomplished, there is no probability whatever of their being a single step in advance, at the age of twenty-five, of those who have not learned to read before eight, or become acquainted with grammar and geography before twelve. I do not mention this as an argument against commencing their education in infancy; far from it; for the intellect is improved and developed by exercise, as I have already said, like the body. I only wish to show that neither should be neglected, and that the perfect development of the one is not inconsistent with that of the other. But I would go one step farther, inasmuch as all enjoyment in this life, and even the full force of the mind, depend upon the entire health of the body, it would be safer to direct the principal attention to the latter, till it has arrived at maturity, than to run the risk of its being neglected in the cultivation of the former. The mind can be brought to a high pitch of excellence, even when the work is not commenced until the age of twenty; but if the body be neglected until this period, it is not only incapable of acquiring its natural powers, but speedily suffers from disease.

It is a silly notion with some persons, that if little girls are allowed to run and play at the different games now principally confined to boys, they will necessarily become rude and boisterous; and so health must be sacrificed to affected decorum. Far be it from me to wish to encourage customs or habits which would detract in the least from the gentle and amiable manners for which my fair countrywomen are deservedly celebrated. But I do insist upon it, that they may enjoy, if properly educated, a tolerable degree of Spartan health without losing female gentleness, or acquiring the masculine character of the Spartan females. It will be recollected, that I wish to give them the healthful exercises of that hardy race, with the mental refinement of the moderns. The Spartan women were accustomed, almost from infancy, to run, wrestle, throw the dart, and dance and sing. These invigorated their bodies; but then they were taught to perform these exercises half naked, and in the presence of the other sex, to which may doubtless be attributed their want of sensibility, and the masculine turn of mind which characterised them. "*Les filles de Sparte ne sont point élevées d'Athènes: on ne leur prescrit point de se tenir renfermée de filer le lain, de s'abstenir du vin et d'une nourriture trop forte; mais on leur apprend à danser, à chanter, à lutter entre elles, à courir légèrement sur le sable, à lancer, avec force, le palet ou le javelot, à faire tous leurs exercices sans voile et demi nues, en présence des rois, des magistrats, et de tous les citoyens, sans en excepter même les jeunes garçons.*"—*Voyage du Jeune Anacharsis.*

Constant exercise and amusement in the open air, then, may be set down as the first thing to be attended to in the physical education of girls as well as of boys, and when they are confined to the house by inclement weather, they should be allowed to enjoy their sports in a large airy apartment; and here I will remark, that there is no in-door exercise I can so strongly recommend as dancing, for it imparts at the same time strength to the body, and ease and gracefulness to its movements; besides, as most children who are taught dancing are very fond of it, it encourages cheerfulness and good humour, so conducive to their health, and I cannot conceive a more rational or delightful employment for a mother, when the weather confines her little ones within doors, than spending an hour or two each day at the piano, while they with happy countenances move around her in unison with the music. An hour or two may be well employed in this way, between breakfast and dinner, and the same time in the evening. In order

to derive the full benefit from this delightful exercise, so suitable for the spring time of our existence, it should be in a large room, with the windows open in mild weather, and in one without a fire in it in winter; for then your children will have fresh air, and not become immoderately heated.

Thus far have I spoken in general terms, but if I were to lay down definite rules, they would be the following: Let your children rise at six in summer, and at eight in winter. This is what they are always inclined to do, if left to themselves, and their habits are not vitiated. Let them be washed all over with a little soap and soft water. The water should be always of the temperature of the cistern or well from which it is taken. This will purify the surface, and is refreshing to the whole system in warm weather, and invigorating in cold. Let them amuse themselves a little while before breakfast, especially in the open air in summer: but the breakfast must not be deferred too long, as the appetite will become too keen, and they will eat more than they require. The breakfast should consist of milk, bread, and similar articles. Meats of all kinds, and coffee and tea, they should never taste. Between breakfast and dinner, three hours may be given to study, and the rest devoted to active sports. The dinner must not be at a fashionable hour, but from twelve to two o'clock; at all events, it should not be so late as to allow them to get excessively hungry, and should be of the simplest fare—bread, all kinds of cooked vegetables, and a very moderate allowance of animal food. In hot weather, this last should be omitted altogether, and milk substituted in its place. After dinner, three hours may again be devoted to study, and the rest of the day to active amusements. The supper should be nothing more than bread and milk, rice and milk, and food of a similar description. They should not sit up too long after supper, but retire to bed as soon as they are sleepy. This will commonly be at an early hour, if they rise when they ought to do, for young persons require more sleep than those who have arrived at maturity. They should never sleep on feathers in summer, or be too warmly covered at any time. A hair mattress is probably the best bed all the year round. Their sleeping apartment should not be confined, but airy, and every thing belonging to it should be kept in the neatest possible manner. These rules I would not only enforce while children are very small, but till they arrive at maturity. They are the means of promoting health at eighteen as well as at eight, and if properly followed up, will seldom fail of success.

Early rising is unquestionably conducive to mental as well as corporeal vigour; and it is the duty of every mother to teach her children the impropriety of indulging in sleep, when every other animal naturally obeys the summons to activity.

To every school for girls I would have attached a large play-ground, where they should amuse themselves as they please for five or six hours every day—six hours might be closely applied to their studies and needle-work, &c. They should rise early, and go to bed early, and their food should be of the simplest kind. I am decidedly in favour of Calisthenics, but exercises of this sort should never be insisted on when they grow irksome. It is necessary that the exercises should be relished, as are the ordinary

games, such as the ball, battle-dore, &c., or they will do comparatively but little good. When children are left to choose their own sports, they enjoy them most. It is very common for little girls who show any precocity of talents, to be stimulated, by every inducement that can possibly be held out to them, to extraordinary application to their studies, and when they have a fondness for learning, their health is not unfrequently sacrificed by entirely neglecting the body for the embellishment of the mind. I have often witnessed the pride and satisfaction with which parents have spoken of the intellectual acquirements of a favourite daughter, when at that moment her whole appearance bespoke to the observing eye, a constitution seriously impaired by the unremitting labour those acquirements had cost her.

(To be continued.)

From Carlyle's Lectures.

THE HERO AS KING.

CROMWELL, NAPOLEON, MODERN REVOLUTIONISM.

(Concluded from No. 25.)

The second Parliament, chosen by the rule these Notables had fixed upon, did assemble, and worked;—but got, before long, into bottomless questions as to the Protector's right, as to 'usurpation,' and so forth; and had at the earliest legal day to be dismissed. Cromwell's concluding Speech to these men is a remarkable one. Most rude, chaotic, as all his Speeches are; but most earnest-looking. You would say, it was a sincere helpless man; not used to *speech* the great inorganic thought of him, but to act it rather! A helplessness of utterance, in such bursting fullness of meaning. He talks much about 'births of Providence.' All these changes, so many victories and events, were not forethoughts, and theatrical contrivances of men, of *me* or of men; it is blind blasphemers that will persist in calling them so! He insists with a heavy sulphurous wrathful emphasis on this. As he well might! As if a Cromwell in that dark huge game he had been playing, the world wholly thrown into chaos round him, had foreseen it all, played it all off like a precontrived puppetshow by wood and wire! These things were foreseen by no man, he says; no man could tell what a day would bring forth: they were 'births of Providence,' God's finger guided us on, and we came at last to clear height of victory, God's Cause triumphant in these Nations; and you as a Parliament could assemble together, and say in what manner all this could be organized, reduced into rational feasibility among the affairs of men. You were to help with your wise counsel in doing that. "You have had such an opportunity as no Parliament in England ever had." Christ's Law, the Right and True, was to be in some measure made the Law of this land. In place of that, you have got into your idle pedantries, constitutionalities, bottomless cavillings and questionings about written laws for my coming here;—and would send the whole matter into Chaos again, because I have no Notary's parchment, but only God's voice from the battle-whirlwind, for being President among you! That opportunity is gone; and we know not when it will return. You have had your constitutional Logic; and Mammon's Law, not Christ's Law, rules yet in this land. "God be judge between you and me!" These are his final words to them: Take your your constitutional-formulas in your hand; and I my informal struggles, purposes, realities, and acts; and "God be judge between you and me!"

We said above, what shapeless, involved chaotic things these printed Speeches of Cromwell's are. *Wilfully* ambiguous, unintelligible, say the most: a hypocrite shrouding himself in confused Jesuitic jargon! To me they do not seem so. I will say rather, they afforded the first glimpses I could ever

get into the reality of this Cromwell, nay, into the possibility of him. Try to believe that he means something, search lovingly what that may be: you will find a real *speech* lying imprisoned in these broken rude tortuous utterances; a meaning in the great heart of this inarticulate man! You will, for the first time, begin to see that he was a man; not an enigmatic chimera, unintelligible to you, incredible to you. The Histories and Biographies written of this Cromwell, written in shallow sceptical generations that could not know or conceive of a deep believing man, are far more *obscure* than Cromwell's Speeches. You look through them only into the infinite vague of Black and the *Isane*. "Heats and jealousies," says Lord Clarendon himself: "heats and jealousies," mere crabbed whims, theories, and crotchets; these induced slow, sober, quiet Englishmen to lay down their ploughs and work, and fly into red fury of confused war against the best-conditioned of Kings! Try if you can find that true. Scepticism writing about Belief may have great gifts; but it is really *ultra vires* there. It is Blindness laying down the Laws of Optics.

Cromwell's third Parliament split on the same rock as his second. Ever the constitutional Formula: How came *you* there? Show us some Notary parchment! Blind pedants:—"Why, surely the same power which makes you a Parliament, that, and something more, made me a Protector!" If my Protectorship is nothing, what in the name of wonder is your Parliamentership, a reflex and creation of that?

Parliaments having failed, there remained nothing but the way of Despotism. Military Dictators, each with his district, to *coerce* the Royalist and other gainsayers, to govern them, if not by act of Parliament, then by the sword. Formula shall not carry it, while the reality is here! I will go on, protecting oppressed Protestants abroad, appointing just judges, wise managers, at home, cherishing true Gospel ministers; doing the best I can to make England a Christian England, greater than old Rome, the Queen of Protestant Christianity; I since you will not help me; I, while God leaves a life! Why did he not give it up; retire into obscurity again, since the Law would not acknowledge him? cry several. That is where they mistake. For him there was no giving of it up! Prime Ministers have governed countries, Pitt, Pombal, Choiseul; and their word was a law while it held; but this Prime Minister was one that *could not resign*. Let him once resign, Charles Stuart and the Cavaliers wanted to kill him; to kill the *Cause* and him. Once embarked, there is no retreat, no return. This Prime Minister could retire nowhere except into his tomb.

One is sorry for Cromwell in his old days. His complaint is incessant of the heavy burden Providence has laid on him. Heavy; which he must bear till death. Old Colonel Huteson, as his wife relates it, Huteson his old battle-mate, coming to see him on some indispensable business, march against his will—Cromwell "follows him to the door," in a most fraternal, domestic, conciliatory style; begs that he would be reconciled to him, his old brother in arms; says how much it grieves him to be misunderstood, deserted by true fellow-soldiers, dear to him from old: the rigorous Huteson, cased in his Presbyterian formula, sullenly goes his way. And the man's head now white; his strong arm growing weary with its long work! I think always, too, of his poor Mother, now very old, living in that Palace of his; a right brave woman; as, indeed, they lived all an honest God-fearing Household there: if she heard a shot go off, she thought it was her son killed. He had to come to her twice a day, that she might see with her own eyes that he was yet living. The poor old Mother!—What had this man gained? what had he gained? He had a life of sore *strife* and toil, to his last day. Fame, ambition, place a History! His dead body was hung in chains; his "place in History"—place in History forsooth—has been a place of ignominy, accusation, blackness, and disgrace; and here, this day, who knows if it is not rash in me to be among the first that ever ventured to pronounce him not a knave and a liar, but a

prices fell ruinously low; trade became stagnant; the "credit" men declared themselves bankrupt; and a period of great suffering ensued. He said that in the United States the same system prevailed to an inconceivable extent; and that as one phantom vanished, another was conjured up. Certain speculators now hold cotton in —, to the value of three millions of dollars, waiting for a rise. The basis of the adventure was the known fact, that last year's crop had been considerably short of an average; and, in the face of a falling market, they held on, convinced that the prices *must* rise. They acted on this single fact, without taking into consideration collateral circumstances. I remarked that the high price of provisions in Britain is a most important element in such a speculation; for it must influence the price of cotton. The mass of the British people are very important consumers of cotton fabrics: when they are forced to expend all their money in purchasing food, they must wear their old clothes, and give up buying new. They will go in rags rather than starve. He said that this very circumstance might account to some extent for the fall in the price of cotton, although the last crop was short, and that a few more incidental circumstances might entirely counteract the consequences of the short produce; but that these collateral influences were rarely considered by those whose fortunes were at stake.

Condition of New York City.—I made some remarks on the condition of the city of New York; when a gentleman observed that the cause of the disorder of the streets, pavements, police, and many other things in New York, is the aversion of the lower classes to be taxed, and the subjection of the politicians to them. At the present time, the democratic party of that city is engaged in expelling every public officer of the whig party, and substituting their own men; this they could not do, if they offended the people by taxing them. A *moral* party is much wanted—one which should advocate what is right, and care nothing about votes. Such a party would rally round the sound portion of the people, and do great good. At first they would fail; but if they had courage to persevere, they would acquire such strength that they would be in a condition to dictate terms to both of the political parties. At present, no leading man has courage to encounter the opposition of both; and the substantial interests of the country suffer.

We arrived at Albany at half past six, where we were kindly received by my brother and his wife. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the scenery through which we have passed.

May 26. Ther. 43°. *The Niskayuna Shakers.*—We drove to this Shaker settlement, situated about half way between Troy and Schenectady. The grounds are not naturally fertile, but are remarkably well cultivated. The settlement presents a number of plain-looking buildings, one of which is used as a church. In size and appearance it resembles an ordinary school-house of one story. This being Sunday, there was a large number of strangers in attendance, who came in carriages of various kinds. The male Shakers entered the church by one door, and the men by another; and the strangers were ordered to follow the same rule. We were provided with benches to sit on. At ten o'clock the Shakers appeared. The women were dressed something like Sisters of Charity; the men wore the ordinary dress of male Quakers, only their coats and hats were of the colour of dust, broader skirts and brims, and of a coarser fabric than

those usually worn by other Quakers. The women occupied one end of the floor, and the men the other. The apartment had neither pews, pulpit, desk, nor any other appendage of a church. An aged, sensible-looking man, one of their number, addressed the visitors. He told them that the Shakers are "a peculiar people;" that they were now met to worship God; that the whole human race were interested in what they were doing, and would, in God's good time, be benefited by it; that, in the mean while, their mode of worship and their manners appeared to the world to be strange; that although they knew this to be the case, they opened their doors to every visitor, and all that they required in return was that visitors should behave with common decency, and forbear from whispering and laughing. "We have provided," he continued, "spit-boxes for those who spit, or at least as many as we could, and we hope that they will try to sit near them; if not, we beg that they will not put more tobacco in their mouths, so as to render it necessary for them to spit, and that they will not dirty the floor. Chewing tobacco is a practice not followed by ourselves, and we wish to be protected from its effects."

The service began by one of the men delivering some sensible moral precepts; after which, as the day was warm, the men stripped off their coats, and laid aside their hats; while the women took off their shawls and bonnets. They then commenced singing and dancing; at the same time waving their hands, which they held in the attitude of the forefeet of the kangaroo. While singing they knelt occasionally; and, at other times, several of them took their station in the middle of the floor and sung, while the rest danced round them. Their tunes were merry measures, with strongly marked time, such as are played in farces and pantomimes. By-and-by some of them began to bend their bodies forwards, to shake from side to side, and to whirl round. A favourite motion was to let the trunk of the body drop downwards, with a sudden jerk, to one side, care being always taken to recover the perpendicular before the equilibrium was lost. The head and trunk were drawn up by another jerk. In all their shakings and contortions they never lost the step in their dance, nor ran against each other.

During these gesticulations some of the strangers laughed. One of the male Shakers, singling out a young lady whom he had observed committing this breach of decorum, addressed her thus: "Young woman, you laugh too much. We are a-worshipin' God: we want you to be quiet; that's all we desire."

The Shakers trace back their origin to the days of Oliver Cromwell; but the testimony was lost for many years, and revived in 1747 under James Wardley, a tailor, and Jane, his wife, in Bolton and Manchester, in England. They believe that the second appearance of Christ is at hand, and, in accordance with this doctrine, they enforce a total separation between the sexes. No children are born in their institution.* In 1770, Anna Leese became a distinguished leader of the sect, and declared herself to be "the Elect Lady," the woman "spoken of in Rev. xii. and the mother of all the Elect." In 1774, she, and a

* I observed in the newspapers mention made of a bill depending before the legislature of New York state, to provide for the wives and children of men who had become Shakers; but its terms were not published.

number of her followers, left Manchester, complaining of persecution, and came to New York. Being joined by others of their own faith, they settled at this place, then called Nissequenia, near Albany, where they have spread their opinions, and increased to a considerable number. They have also a large settlement near New Lebanon, twenty-five miles to the east of Albany. "They are neither Trinitarians nor Satisfactionists. They deny the imputation of Adam's sin to his posterity, the doctrine of election and reprobation, as well as the eternity of future punishment." They deny also "the resuscitation of the body," and "reject the celebration of water baptism and the Lord's Supper."*

They admit freely all who wish to join them, and subject them to probation. I was told that they receive numerous recruits from among destitute Irish mothers with families, whose husbands have died or deserted them. They cultivate the ground, and manufacture a variety of articles, which they sell in the towns. The community is prosperous and rich.

About half a dozen of the men whom we saw were past the middle period of life: they had large, round, portly figures, with regularly-formed and well developed brains, and the external aspect of good sense. They were obviously the leaders. The rest presented heads such as one generally sees in lunatic asylums, characterised by excessive predominance of some organs, and great deficiency of others. The organs of the domestic affections were strikingly deficient in some of them, but not in all. In several, Self-Esteem and Firmness were exceedingly large, combined with a narrow base of the brain, and an expression of countenance in the highest degree fanatical, dogmatical, and inflexible. In these men the nose was disproportionately long. In many the brain was below an average in size, and the men looked silly.

The heads of the women were covered by their caps; but the general size and outline could be seen through the thin muslin. The great majority of them had well-developed foreheads; but in some the head was small. Some were pretty. I distinctly remarked that those who shook, jerked, whirled round, or otherwise gave marks of being possessed, had small heads, and the expression of their countenances was maniacal or fatuous. Those individuals who had large well-shaped brains never manifested contortion, but danced, and sang, and waved their hands, and knelt and rose, all with the most perfect composure. One boy of twelve or thirteen, with a small head, but enormously large Secretiveness, jerked incessantly, so that it became fatiguing to look at him; he was in excellent health, and there was no expression of fanatical emotion in his countenance. He appeared to me to be acting a part. One man whose brain indicated a close approximation to idiocy, rolled his head, and shook incessantly. After the meeting, he continued shaking on the road home to his residence, till one of the brethren gave him a good shake, which had the effect of quieting him. The women were the greatest shakers; and their pale faces, wild looks, and flabby condition, indicated at once a low state of health, and irregular nervous excitement. The oddly formed brains indicate bizarre minds, and these produce strange actions. The sincere members of the community appeared to me to be monomaniacs on the point of their religion. In other respects they are said

* Adam's Dictionary of all Religions.

to be rational, honest, benevolent, and industrious. From the large development of Self-Esteem and Firmness, they would in other days have endured martyrdom without hesitation; but here these feelings are manifested chiefly in pretending to exclusive salvation, and setting at naught the opinions and practices of the world.

Rate of Board in Albany.—In winter the members of the legislature assemble from all parts of the state, and hold their sessions here. They live chiefly in boarding-houses and hotels. The rate for a bed-room and board, with the use of a public dining-room and reading-room, is from \$3, to \$8, \$12, and \$14 a week, according to the style of the house. Albany looks very beautiful at this season.

May 29. Ther. 63°. *Glen's Falls and Caldwell.*—Yesterday, we went by the railroad to Saratoga, which is now interesting. It has a clean and fresh appearance, and the air is aromatic from a profusion of blooming lilacs. To-day, we traveled, by a very bad road, to Glen's Falls, a village on the banks of the Hudson, where there is a great abundance of water-power, derived from a fall of 63 feet in the river. There were nine passengers inside the stage, and one on the top. One of the passengers mentioned that "Mr. — of New York had sold to a friend of his a lot of 100 acres up in this country, at \$3½ per acre. His friend bought it by a map and description. When he came to take possession, he found the lot composed entirely of rocks and stones, and lying so high, and so deeply buried in an impenetrable forest, that "even a bird could scarcely have got to it." He left it, considering himself completely cheated of his money.

At Glen's Falls, there is an old crazy bridge over the river, so unsafe that the passengers were requested to leave the stage and walk along it. The country from Saratoga to Glen's Falls is pretty well cleared and settled; but the soil is white and sandy. Many stumps of trees stand with crops growing round them. In other places, the stumps have been pulled up by a machine, like teeth drawn from a jaw, and now form substantial and picturesque fences.

The next stage brought us to *Caldwell*, a village on the shore of Lake George. This part of the road runs between hills, most of which are in a state of nature. We left Saratoga at 1 P. M. after dinner, and arrived at Caldwell at 8 P. M., the distance being 27 miles. We passed a rock where Colonel Williams was killed by the Indians during the French war, and a small insignificant pool, by the roadside, 3 miles from Lake George, named "Bloody Pond," from its having received the slain of a battle fought near it in 1755. The hotel at Caldwell proved good. It is clean and completely prepared for a rush of summer visitors. The situation is extremely beautiful, overlooking the lake.

May 30. Ther. 47°. *Lake George.*—At 7 A. M. we embarked on board the "William Caldwell," a handsome new steamboat of fifty horse power, low pressure; and sailed down Lake George. It is 34 miles long, and in its general features remarkably like Loch Lomond in Scotland. The breadth, varying from 1 to 4 miles, is the same; the distribution of small and large islands is similar; the hills which rise from the margin of the lake are of corresponding heights; with the exception of the highest peak, which at Loch Lomond is 3260 feet, and here 2200 feet, and with the farther difference, that the American hills are clothed with trees to the

summit, while the Scottish mountains are dark and bare.

We reached the northeastern extremity of the lake at half past ten; entered a coach that was in waiting; and passed along the banks of Cecilia River, which, rising from Lake George, empties itself, at the distance of a few miles, into Lake Champlain. We reached the ruins of Fort Ticonderoga on Lake Champlain; surveyed them leisurely, admired the beauty of the scenery, and listened to the stories of the battles which had here been fought between the French and the English, and latterly between the English and Americans. Afterwards, we dined at an inn in the neighbourhood of the Fort, and returned by the same road and the same steamboat in the evening to the hotel at Caldwell, highly gratified with our day's excursion.

Emancipation in Jamaica.—Few passengers were yet traveling by this route to Canada; but we met one English gentleman who had just come from Jamaica, where he had resided for several months, thence he had proceeded to New Orleans, where he entered a steamboat and came up the Mississippi and Ohio to Wheeling; and he was now on his way to Canada. He mentioned that the reports which are circulated in the United States about the effects of emancipation in Jamaica are partly true and partly false. It is true that many of the negroes may be seen idle; but it is not true that the lands in general are left uncultivated. If an estate required the labour of three hundred slaves to cultivate it successfully, free negroes labour so much more energetically, that from one hundred and fifty to two hundred of them actually accomplish the same work within the same time. The remaining hundred or hundred and fifty are still on the estate, and take their turn in labour. The practical arrangement is this—one half or two thirds of the whole labour the first three days of the week, and the remainder the other three days. The negroes enjoy the pleasures of mere existence highly; they bask in the sun surrounded by their wives and children and are happy. The wages paid to them for three days' labour, added to the produce of their grounds, suffice to supply all their wants, and they have not yet contracted artificial tastes, which would call for extra labour to procure the means of their gratification. One or two plantations may be seen uncultivated and covered with weeds; but these belong to individuals who used their slaves and apprentices so cruelly, that nearly all their negroes left them or refused to labour the moment emancipation took effect. Even on these estates, however, a few acres may be seen cultivated—the work of some domestics who were not ill-treated while slaves, and whose gratitude induces them, when free, to remain in the service even of these masters, and to raise provision for their maintenance. I have seen this account confirmed in its essential features by subsequent published reports.

The beautiful scenery through which we have travelled to-day has been the theatre of many a bloody strife, and graves are still pointed out which contain the bones of hundreds of fallen warriors. It is painful to reflect that to these spots came the flower of France and England in the hey-day of life and enjoyment, and in mad-dened fury terminated each other's existence. In looking on a battle field, I cannot help thinking of the mothers who there lost their sons, the wives bereaved of their husbands, and the children whose fathers were cut off; contemplated in such a spirit, the scene appears like an arena

in which madmen have come together and indulged their frenzied passions.

May 31. Ther. 46°. It has again become extremely cold. The Indian corn is just appearing above the ground.

June 1. Ther. 53°. *The Law.*—In all our travels in the United States, we have met with abundant evidence of the activity of the law. Lawyers abound, and courts of justice are held often, and in every locality. To-day we found a vast concourse of lawyers, doctors, and ordinary citizens, at the village of Ballston Spa, near Saratoga, attending the trial, before Judge Willard, of a young man of some fortune accused of murder. After a long trial, he was found guilty of manslaughter in the second degree.

Schenectady.—After leaving Ballston Spa by the railroad, the locomotive engine became unserviceable, and the train quietly stood still. Every car poured forth its company in alarm, like bees issuing from their hive on a serious assault. The passengers pushed the whole train backwards about a third of a mile, to a passing station, when the engine was run off the track, and a messenger was despatched to Ballston, three miles distant, for aid. After waiting an hour, one horse appeared, and we proceeded forward at a snail's pace. The evening was fine, and nature fresh and young, which made the detention less tedious. Independently of such alleviations, however, the Americans are certainly remarkable for good temper; for although there was ground for provocation in the slender supply of horse power when the engine failed, the numerous company displayed the most exemplary patience and good humour. After advancing four miles with one single horse, we obtained three, and at last arrived after dark at Schenectady. We went to the hotel near the railroad office, one of large dimensions, and of good reputation. The first thing to be done on entering an American hotel, is to go to the bar and inscribe your name in the book of arrivals, adding the name of every individual in your party. When a number of travellers arrive at the same time, the bar-keeper consults with the chamber-maid, and distributes the bed rooms according to their estimate of the condition of their guests. Single gentlemen are worst served, ladies and married persons best. I do not know whether it was observed that we were foreigners, and whether any extra attention was paid to us on this account; but in general we experienced the most unexceptionable treatment at the inns, and our accommodations were seldom otherwise than good. On the present occasion we waited longer than usual before any person came to show us to a room. At last the landlady of the house appeared; she mentioned that the chamber-maids "had gone to the circus," apologised for the delay, and did the honours herself in a very pleasing manner.

In Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, excellent gas is burned in the houses, but in the hotels visited by us since we left New York, oil lamps are extensively used. I have observed that they form a pretty accurate index to the general economy of the house. If they are clean, well trimmed, and burning brightly, the house is well kept throughout. The least neglect shows itself in them. The superintending mind which maintains a discipline that reaches them, does not allow higher objects to be neglected, or to be treated in a slovenly manner. In traveling we find the hours advertised for the starting of coaches and railroad cars to be very ill observed.

A detention of half an hour is common, sometimes of a whole hour. While we waited for the starting of a train, C—— read a letter from London which the post had just delivered. A female passenger looked over her shoulder, and attempted to read it. The hand was too cramped for her to make it out, and she turned to her companion and said aloud, "I wanted to see whether that letter was full!"

June 2. Ther. 55°. *Road to Utica.*—We started by a railroad train this morning at ten o'clock for Utica. The distance is seventy-seven miles. The railroad follows the valley of the Mohawk River. This valley in general is not above a mile broad. On the right bank of the Mohawk runs the Erie Canal, and on the left bank are the high road and the railroad, all nearly parallel to each other. The valley is inclosed on both sides by hills, apparently of 500 or 600 feet in height, partly cultivated, and partly bearing the primeval forest. The railroad consists of a single track, and no inclined plane occurs. It was commenced in 1834, and completed in 1836, at a cost of \$1,540,000, or \$20,000 per mile. It forms the second link in the great chain by railroad from Albany to Buffalo and the Falls of Niagara. The annual dividends are generally ten per cent. In the car with us were two Canada Quakers, and a person whose appearance and manners led us to suppose him to be a journeyman tradesman. For three hours they discussed the subject of a general or particular providence with good temper, and some considerable ingenuity. The mechanic maintained the doctrine, that "whatever is, is right," which the Quakers denied; but as the subject puzzled Milton's Devils in Pandemonium, it was no disparagement to the talents of my fellow-travellers that they did not succeed in throwing much additional light on its obscurities. We arrived safely at Utica at 3 P. M. and found excellent accommodation in Mr. Baggs's hotel.

June 3. Ther. 54°. The weather is cool and showery. Blossoms are still visible on the apple and pear trees; the oats and barley do not yet cover the ground so thickly as to obscure the soil; and altogether vegetation is later than it is at Edinburgh in ordinary seasons at the same period of the year.

Trenton Falls.—We hired a carriage with grasshopper springs and two horses to drive us to Trenton Falls, fifteen miles distant from Utica. No words can describe the horrible condition of the road, and yet it was a turnpike, on which toll was levied both going and returning. It runs, however, through a beautiful and fertile country, crosses a ridge of hills from which delightful views are obtained of Utica and of the valley in which the Trenton Falls are situated. The houses are neat; much of the country is cleared, and the fields are well cultivated. All seems civilized except the roads. The rural population will scarcely expend a dollar on a road which will not present them with half-yearly dividends and a saleable stock. The waste of labour, destruction of vehicles, and loss of time, are taxes which they seem not to appreciate, or rather which they evade, by using the roads only during winter snows and midsummer droughts when nature renders them passable.

The falls of the Trenton are very picturesque. The river, "the West Canada Creek," is about the same in size as the Clyde at Lanark in Scotland; its bed is cut deep into limestone, and its banks are thickly wooded. There are six falls; the uppermost the water is precipitated eight-

teen or twenty feet down an abrupt ledge into a spacious basin. In another the perpendicular descent is forty-eight feet, and in a third it is thirty-seven feet. In the others the fall is broken. The entire descent in less than five miles is 387 feet. The proprietor has cut walks, erected stairs, thrown a bridge across the river, built sheds and seats for resting and taking refreshments, excavated paths in the rock to admit the visitor to the best points of view, secured dangerous paths by chains, and established an excellent hotel; so that, altogether, the visit to the Falls is rendered highly interesting and inviting. The scenery is full of loveliness and beauty, approaching in some points to grandeur. The lime rock abounds in organic remains, and specimens of ammonites, trilobites, &c. along with rock-crystals, are exhibited at the inn. In the hotel, we found residing for a few days one of the most estimable and distinguished men of the United States, with whom we had previously become acquainted, along with several members of his family. We enjoyed the pleasure of their society; and altogether this has been a day of great gratification.

Utica.—This was the site of the old Fort Schuyler. The first settlement took place in 1789. In 1798 a village charter was granted, and in 1832 the place was incorporated into a city. It contains now nearly 10,000 inhabitants. It is regularly laid out, the streets are of good width and mostly paved, but it has no lamps. It has sixteen churches, a lyceum, an academy, a high school, a female institute, a museum, and an institution called the Young Men's Association, in which there is a library and reading-room, which are gratuitously open for the use of strangers. It contains also three banks, an insurance company, and from six to eight newspaper establishments. We found several phrenologists in the city, from whom we received much attention. They drove us to see the new Lunatic Asylum now in the course of erection by the state of New York, about a mile and a half from the town. The foundations of this institution are laid, and on a large scale. It is in the form of a square, and will inclose eleven acres of ground within its area. It is calculated to accommodate 1000 patients, paupers, and also persons who pay. Attached to it is a farm of 130 acres. The building stands on an eminence sixty-eight feet above the level of the Erie Canal, and commands a beautiful view of the surrounding country. The erection of this asylum is intrusted to commissioners, and so searching is the spirit of party, that even the management of charities cannot escape from its influence. Francis E. Spinner and Elam Lynds have been dismissed, and Anson Dart and Willet H. Shearman have been appointed commissioners in their stead, purely, it is said, on party grounds; but Captain W. Clarke, the most active of the commissioners, has in the mean time been spared. We enjoyed much hospitality and excellent society during our stay at Utica. I observed, in a newspaper there, an advertisement by Mr. Crowley, 42 Genesee Street, intimating that he professes Practical Phrenology—that he will give lessons in it on one or two evenings in every week, and that he examines heads for a fee. I did not see him.

June 5. Ther. 54°. *Journey to Syracuse.*—A railroad is in the course of construction between Utica and Syracuse, but not yet serviceable. The road was described as very bad, and we were advised by our friends to travel by the

boat on the Erie Canal. We started at eight o'clock in the morning, and proceeded at the rate of five miles an hour. The distance is fifty-three miles, and the canal runs for a part of the way through a low, marshy, unsettled, and uninteresting country. It rained the most of the day. After dinner, a brisk young man entered the boat, and in a loud voice asked if any lady or gentleman wanted to have "corns cured." He was asked his terms, and said they were half a dollar for one corn, and less for each additional. He offered to remove the corn by the root instantly, without pain, and engaged that it should never grow again. After a great deal of bargaining and bad wit, one passenger made an agreement with him to have one corn extirpated, for which he was to pay 25 cents (1s. sterling.) The operator, who was dubbed by the passengers "the Doctor," pulled out a bottle, borrowed a pen-knife, applied some sulphuric acid to the corn, received his 25 cents, paid 18 cents for his fare, and left the boat. The lent knife was destroyed by the acid, but "the Doctor" was fairly beyond reach before its owner made this discovery. The best piece of wit elicited on the occasion was a remark that this was in every sense "a toe-boat." The master of the boat told me that "the Doctor" had done a small business to-day, but that yesterday he had cleared nine dollars in the boat going east.

In most of the public conveyances, very little attention is paid to the safety of the passengers' luggage. In this boat two men were returning to Rochester, whence they had come yesterday, to inquire after their portmanteaus, which they had missed on arriving at Utica. The owners of all the public conveyances give notice that they will not be responsible for luggage; but the supreme courts in different states have decided that no individual can set aside the common law, which enforces this liability, and that the public notice is of no avail. They have, in some instances, led to the adoption of a regular plan for securing the effects of passengers, which is at once simple and effectual. Long straps of leather are used, having at their extremities loops, to which are attached pieces of tin-plate bearing numbers from one to two or three hundred. The same number is stamped on the tin plates attached to each end of these straps. When a passenger presents his luggage, one of the plates is slipped off the strap and given to him as his voucher; and the strap itself, bearing the other plate, is attached to his portmanteau. This is repeated with every piece of his luggage. At the end of the journey, the baggage master reads aloud the numbers attached to the packages, as he takes them out of the boat, car, or coach; and the owner, on producing the check-plate bearing the same number, receives the package, but not otherwise. There is no lock on the canal from Utica till within one mile of Syracuse, where three descending locks occur. We arrived at Syracuse at half past eight o'clock, and found very comfortable accommodation in the Syracuse Hotel, close beside the wharf.*

* Before we left the United States, the Syracuse and Utica railroad was completed. It is a continuation of the Utica and Schenectady railroad. It passes up the south acclivity of the Mohawk, near to, and parallel with, the Erie Canal. Its length is 53 miles. The capital stock is \$800,000. According to a statement of the president, the company received for tolls in five months \$117,614, equal to 12 per cent. on its cost, or 30 per cent. per annum. The revenue of these railroads is derived from passengers

Syracuse.—We were again greeted by several highly respectable citizens of Syracuse who have embraced phrenology, and have formed a phrenological society. One of them kindly drove us in an open carriage to Salina, a village in the neighbourhood, which has received its name from its salt springs. These have all been reserved by the state, and they yield a large revenue, applicable to the expenses of the Erie Canal. The spring was known to the Indians, and was discovered by the resort of the wild animals to drink the water. It lies near the Onondaga lake, which is fresh to the bottom. The well at Salina, which was opened twelve or thirteen years since, is seventy feet in depth, and from it brine is raised, by means of forcing pumps worked by a water-wheel, to a reservoir eighty-five feet above the Oswego Canal. It is distributed to a great number of salt-works. In the month of July, 1837, these pumps raised 482 gallons of brine in a minute, or 28,920 gallons in an hour. Its temperature during its passage from the pumps into the reservoir is 50° F. Its specific gravity is 1.11060 at 60° F. It is said that for a period of thirty-six years its strength has undergone no change. One thousand grains evaporated to a perfect dryness by heat, left the residuum of 146.50 grains. The following is the result of an analysis of this quantity of the water:—

Carbonate of lime, - - - -	0.17
Sulphate of lime, - - - -	4.72
Chloride of calcium, - - - -	1.04
Chloride of magnesium, - - - -	0.51
Chloride of sodium, or common salt, -	140.02
Oxide of iron, with a minute portion of silica and carbonate of lime, -	0.04
Carbonic acid, holding in solution the carbonate of lime and oxide of iron, -	0.09
Water, with a trace of organic matter and bromine, - - - -	853.41

1000.00

This brine contains 1130 grains of pure and perfectly dry chloride of sodium in a wine pint, and 9045 grains, or 1.29 lb. avoirdupois in a gallon. It therefore requires 43½ of these gallons to yield a bushel of salt weighing 56 lb. But as salt made by boiling usually contains not less than five per cent. of water, 41½ of these gallons will yield a bushel of salt of mercantile quality.*

There are wells also at Syracuse, Geddes, and Liverpool, and in 1835 the quantity of salt manufactured from them all amounted to 2,222,694 bushels. The individuals who manufacture the salt pay a tax to the state for the use of the springs.

Dr. Hoyt mentioned, that in the men who superintend the boiling of the salt, the *venous* blood is nearly as florid red as the arterial blood in other men. He bled one yesterday, and but for the continuous flow, he might have believed that he had punctured an artery. These men are remarkably healthy, and if sober, are rarely affected with any ailment.

Syracuse is the capital of Onondaga county.

alone. Their charters prohibit them from carrying goods, the monopoly of which the state, as proprietor of the Erie Canal, reserves to itself. In September, 1840, this stock sold in the New York market at \$117 per share of \$100.—*Tanner's Canals and Railroads*, p. 78.

* Abridged from Report by Dr. Lewis C. Beck to the Governor of the state of New York. Assembly paper, No. 900, p. 25.—20th Feb. 1838.

It contains about 800 houses and stores, several churches, two banks, a court house and jail. It appears to carry on an extensive business. We saw two Onondaga Indians, a man and woman, in the street. They have a settlement seven miles distant. These two were poorly clothed, dirty, and forlorn in their appearance; like the most abject of European beggars, only dark in the complexion. They spoke English.

Phrenology.—In the evening the Phrenological Society of Syracuse held a meeting in the Presbyterian church. I had positively declined to deliver a lecture, or to make any public exhibition, but agreed to take a part, incidentally, in the proceedings of any meeting of the society. I insisted that the public notices of the meeting should be so expressed, and they were so. On entering the church, which was filled, the president of the society led me at once to the pulpit; and announced that I would address the audience. I told him that he must begin with the ordinary business of the society; he then said, that they had no business that evening except to hear me. I was thus unexpectedly forced to extemporise without either a theme or preparation. I spoke for an hour and twenty minutes, and the people listened. The phrenologists were so much satisfied, that next morning I found that they had come to the inn, and, as a mark of respect, proposed to the landlord to settle my bill. This intended courtesy I respectfully declined, and we parted friends.

June 7. Ther. 58°. *Railroad from Syracuse to Auburn.*—This railroad was opened only on the 5th June, and we traveled on it the third morning of its operation. It was not inclosed, and the domestic animals along the line had not yet become accustomed to the appearance of the locomotive engines and trains. It was a curious study to mark the effects of our train upon them, as it rushed past. The horses in the fields generally ran away, carrying their heads erect, and their ears bent downwards and backwards; and they turned their heads alternately to the one side and the other to catch a glimpse of the dreaded enemy behind. One horse, however, turned round to us, and presented a bold and inquiring front. He erected his ears and turned them towards us, stood firm on his legs, and looked as if he would "defy the devil." The sheep and lambs fled in terrible agitation and confusion. The swine early took alarm, and tried to run from before us. When we overtook them, they endeavoured, in an ecstasy of fear, to push themselves through the fences, if there happened to be any, or into the banks. The cows fled, but were speedily breathless, and gave up in despair. A huge breeding hen rose suddenly from her brood, and put herself in an attitude of defence, without moving a step. Another hen, without a brood, flew straight up into the air, in a paroxysm of fright. Fortunately none of these animals ventured on the railroad, and we arrived at Auburn, distance 26 miles, in one hour and ten minutes, without accident or detention. In a separate car were two stout, rascally-looking convicts, chained together, under charge of an officer, going to Auburn state-prison. They were merry and reckless, and came out at the half-way station to have their last supply of tobacco and whisky, before entering on the life of temperance that awaited them in jail.

Auburn State-Prison.—We visited this prison, accompanied by his excellency Governor Seward (to whom we carried letters of introduction,) and saw its whole economy. It was com-

menced in 1816, and is built on the plan of a hollow square, inclosed by four walls each 500 feet long. The convicts labour during day in large workshops, under the close surveillance of the officers of the prison, to prevent them from conversing. After work hours, they are locked up in separate cells. They move to and from their cells, and to and from the hall in which they receive their meals, in the lock-step, and are never allowed to communicate with each other. The system of treatment is essentially the same as that pursued at Boston and Blackwell's Island, already described. Here, however, the sleeping cells are lower in the roof, and have no ventilating chimneys communicating with the open air. The convicts dined during our visit, and we saw 650 of them in a large apartment, seated at narrow tables arranged like the seats in a theatre, so that the convicts at one table looked on the backs of those at the table before. The keepers were stationed in the open passages to watch them. Their heads presented the usual development of criminals, viz., deficiency of size in many, deficiency of the moral organs in the great majority, deficiency of intellect in many, with large organs of the propensities in nearly all. One exception struck me. A man apparently above sixty presented an ample coronal region, with a good intellectual development, such as one very rarely sees in confirmed criminals. I mentioned the fact to Governor Seward, and he very obligingly made inquiries into his history. He learned that the man had been a "root doctor;" but in consequence of the removal of the late agent of the prison, and the recent appointment of Dr. Palmer in his place, no information could be obtained concerning the offence for which he had been convicted. Among the convicts was a man in respectable circumstances, who, under religious delusions, had chastised his son, a child, to such an extent that he died. He is sentenced to seven years' confinement. His intellectual organs appeared to be of average size; those of Combativeness and Destructiveness to be large; and the moral organs rather shallow and deficient. In the hospital we saw a convict who, six days before, had voluntarily chopped off his left hand. Governor Seward asked him why he had done so. "Because," said he, "it had offended against God and man, and it was borne in upon me, that if I cut it off, as commanded by the Scripture, God would forgive me, and man also." In the hospital we saw likewise an interesting man, Mr. Rathbun of Buffalo, acting in the capacity of steward. He had been engaged in gigantic building speculations in the town of Buffalo, and at Niagara Falls, and failing in resources, he was a participator in forgeries, to the extent, as we were told, of nearly a million of dollars. He was a man of great talent, and of highly popular manners, and so bold in his undertakings, that he was a general favourite with the people. It was with great difficulty that the jury could be induced to find him guilty, although the evidence was overwhelmingly clear, and the frauds enormous in their extent. At last, however, they returned a verdict against him, and he was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. He has been appointed steward of the hospital as an act of grace. He obeys the prison rules, does not presume on his former station, discharges his duties, but keeps himself quite aloof from his fellow convicts.

Captain Lynds, the late agent of the prison, is described as having been a brave officer of the army, and the father of this convict system. He

ad also managed the prison at Sing-Sing. He maintained the opinion that convicts were sent to prison to be punished, and that discipline could be maintained only by the lash. He acted on these views, and his proceedings had been so much at variance with the spirit of the age, that here arose a great public excitement on the subject, in consequence of which he had retired. Dr. Palmer had succeeded him, and the social inner, which we saw, has been instituted since his appointment. I have already expressed my opinion of the relative merits of the Auburn and Philadelphia systems.

Auburn.—After dinner, we hired a carriage and drove along the shores of the Owasco Lake, two miles from the town, and, but for an execrable road, would have enjoyed the scenery highly. Although its banks are low, the landscape of the lake is exceedingly beautiful, and this season in its prime. We visited Judge Conklin of the supreme court, who has a residence near the lake, and enjoyed much interesting conversation with him and his family. The more I see of the American judges, the higher becomes my estimate of their powers, activity, and attainments. I spoke to Judge Conklin of the nearly universal want of ventilation in the American courts. He acknowledged it to be a very great evil, and mentioned that he had suffered severely from it a few years ago, when trying an important cause in the neighbouring town. It was mid-winter, and the trial lasted eight days. The court room was crowded to excess, and there was no cranny for ventilation. He suffered so excessively from the bad air, that he opened the window directly at his back, and sat with it open during the whole days of the trial. He then drove home in an open carriage, the only one he could procure; the thermometer being at zero. He was seized with a cold which nearly proved fatal, and which did not leave him for many months.

We returned to Auburn in the evening. It is one of the most pleasing little towns we have seen, even in this land of pretty villages, and shows evident marks of prosperity. It has numerous mills and manufactories, driven by the stream which issues from the Owasco Lake. Its population now amounts to 6000. There are even churches, an academy, a presbyterian theological seminary, a museum, two banks, a court house, and a jail.

I made inquiry into the system of repairing the roads here, and was told that they are maintained by so many days labour assessed on each proprietor. It is performed in this month. The cuts are filled up with mud, and this is all that is done till the subsequent year. We saw them using the plough to mend some of the by-roads in this state.

I had the pleasure also of visiting Dr. Briggs, whose name has already been mentioned in the verdict of the coroner's inquest on the body of Louis Von Eck. He mentioned that Captain Lynds was severe on small breaches of discipline, for the very purpose of preventing greater infringements of the rules and heavier punishments; that the reports circulated were greatly exaggerated; and that, if such flogging as was described had existed, he, as physician to the prison, must have known of it, which he never did.

June 8. Therm. 65°. **Geneva.**—At Auburn we met a family from Boston traveling westward, and along with them hired an "exclusive extra," or stage coach seated for nine persons,

and drawn by four horses. We started at half past nine A. M., and found the road, although the great high-way turnpike to the west, horribly bad. Here I realised the fact of having the crown of my head rudely beaten against the top of the vehicle, so dreadful were the jolts. Seven miles west from Auburn, we crossed the Cayuga Lake on a wooden bridge one mile and eight rods in length. This lake is thirty-eight miles long, and from one to two miles broad. It is shallow, but a steam-boat navigates it daily to Ithaca, a thriving village at its head, thirty-six miles distant from the village of Cayuga, where we crossed it. Fifteen miles farther west, we entered Geneva, a small town situated on the bank of the Seneca Lake, and distinguished for its picturesque beauty. We dined here; and started again for Canandaigua, where we arrived at eight P. M., the distance being sixteen miles. Since we left Auburn the country has presented a rich soil, well cultivated, with every external indication of great prosperity among the people. C—— was feverish when we arrived at Canandaigua, in consequence of the pain occasioned by the excessive jolting which she had sustained.

Canandaigua.—This village is situated at the distance of half a mile from a beautiful lake bearing the same name, and is itself one of that class of towns which I have seen in no country except the United States. Fifty years ago, it was in the heart of the forest; now its principal street is two miles in length, with two broad side-walks, decorated with trees. The houses stand in enclosures at a little distance from the road, and are ornamented with trees, shrubs, and flowers. The street is a long succession of pretty villas, of pure white, gleaming through the richest verdure. The houses and offices are built chiefly of wood; but they have a handsome appearance. In remote situations in the United States the family burying ground may be seen, indicated by tomb-stones, in the fields or orchards, there being no general burial place except at a great distance. The living there dwell among the dead. Even in the villages, the graveyards, as they name them, are not attached to churches; but are enclosures set apart for this purpose, and unconnected with any buildings. In strolling abroad to-day, I passed the burial ground of this village, and the first tomb-stone that attracted my attention bore the following inscription. "If eternal happiness be the reward of tender love, unobtrusive piety, and the kindest charity, blessed is the spirit which once animated the lovely tenant of this sepulchre." It was the monument of a young wife, erected by her husband to her and her infant daughter.

The peculiarity of American villages consists in the beauty of the dwellings and the superior manners and education of the inhabitants compared with European villages. There is, however, not much society among themselves, but to strangers they are very hospitable. A number of Scotsmen are settled here, some of them in affluent circumstances, and their condition is such that I could not bewail their change of country. Some of them complain of trouble with their "helps;" but I strongly suspect that the meagre wages allowed to domestic servants (less than the common remuneration for labour in other departments of industry,) has much to do with these annoyances. When ample remuneration is given, I am assured that the native Americans will engage in service, and prove faithful, useful, and obliging.

In visiting a Scottish gentleman in this village, I was surprised to observe a number of pictures and articles of *vertu* which I thought I had seen before. They proved to have been the property of the late Thomas Sievwright, Esq. of Meggetland, near Edinburgh, which had been brought to sale after his death. Their present owner happened to visit that city at the time of the sale, and purchased largely. It was interesting to meet with the relics of an old acquaintance in such an unexpected situation.

The land in this neighbourhood is cleared and fertile. It sells at prices varying from \$30 to \$50 an acre, according to quality and situation. It may be let on the following terms. If the proprietor furnish only the land, a tenant will pay him one third of the produce in kind. If he furnish the land and the chief part of the stocking and seed, he will receive one half of the produce; but in either case he must sell his share and turn it into money as he best can. Money-rents for land are nearly unknown. Although the soil is excellent, the cultivation is not of a superior order. The price of labour is so high, and that of produce so low (owing to the fertility and vast extent of the new lands in the west, the produce of which is brought to the eastern cities, and keeps grain cheap,) that draining, manuring, and other expensive operations, are sparingly executed. A large crop of wheat yields forty bushels an acre; but this extent of produce is rare. The growth of wheat is much more rapid, and the straw stronger than in Britain; but in general the ear does not fill so thoroughly. The title to land is very simple. A printed form of conveyance is filled up with a description of the property, executed before witnesses, and registered in the county books, and the title is complete. Twenty-five years' possession on a written title gives an indefeasible right, excepting only the claims of minors, and of other persons *ab agendo*.

June 11. Ther. 58°. **Avon Springs.**—We proceeded to Avon village, a distance of twenty-five miles, and visited the Avon springs. The first spring is called the Avon New Bath Spring, and was discovered by the present proprietor in 1835. The depth of the well is about thirty-six feet, and the formation through which the water rises is the calciferous slate. The temperature of the water is about 50° Fahr. and the specific gravity is 1.00356. Hotels and baths have been erected at these springs, and there is a considerable and increasing resort to them by invalids.

June 12. Ther. 44°. **Indians.**—A party of Indians appeared in the village this morning, traveling in a wagon drawn by two shabby gray ponies. The driver was an Indian youth, apparently about sixteen or seventeen years of age, and rather good looking, clothed in the European style, but in clothes of various colours, obviously not made for himself. The women of the party were dressed in trousers and short gowns of cotton cloth; they wore shoes, and each had a good large thick blanket with a blue border wrapped round her person. The young man wore a fur cap, but the heads of the women were uncovered; their hair was long and twisted up behind. They were dark and very plain. They came to sell their manufactured articles. Afterwards two other Indian women came into the village; their costume was the same, only their coarse black hair hung in lank locks about their heads and necks, in savage disorder and neglect. I addressed them; but they understood no English. On my presenting them with a piece of money, they

expressed thanks by pleased looks and a slight curtesy.

June 13. Ther. 50°. *Geneseo*.—We proceeded to Geneseo, a thriving village on the high ground, which forms the eastern boundary of Geneseo valley. The view from it is beautiful and luxuriant. The Geneseo valley consists of a vast expanse of rich alluvial clay, nearly level, through which runs the Geneseo River, navigable for small boats to Lake Ontario. The name means the river of the broad valley. The country is cleared as far as the eye can reach, and carries the richest crops of wheat, and other common grains. "Geneseo flour" bears a high price in the New York market; and in all the villages in this region where there is water-power one sees large mills erected, bearing the inscription "cash for wheat." In clearing the forest, the present proprietor has spared the finest trees and left them in the most picturesque groups. The valley, seen from the village, looks like an extensive and beautiful English park.

This village is the capital of Livingston county, and contains a high school, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Methodist churches, a handsome court-house, two inns, and numerous "stores." The whole country through which we have lately passed, and also this county, lie on limestone. Beginning on the north, the rocks "are the hydraulic limestone, Onondaga and Seneca limestones, the extensive group of fossiliferous shales, succeeded by the upper black shale, the Cashaqua shale, the Gardean and Portage groups. The latter occupies only some of the high grounds in the southern part of Livingston county." For many feet in depth the Geneseo flats, as they are generally called, consist of fine sand and clay intimately mixed.

I observe, for the first time this season, barley in the ear.

June 14. Ther. 48°. June 15. Ther. 46°. The wheat begins to appear in the ear.

June 16. Ther. 50°. June 17. Ther. 52°. June 18. Ther. 71°. To-day we had the first dish of ripe cherries.

June 19. Ther. 48°. We proceeded westward to Batavia, 25 miles, in company with a highly interesting party of friends, in two "exclusive extras," and visited Batavia and Lockport. There we found a railroad which carried us to the Falls of Niagara, where we arrived on the 21st of June.

June 22. Ther. 50°. *General Scott*.—I had the pleasure of being introduced to this gentleman, whom I have formerly mentioned. He has gained the admiration of the wise and good men of all parties for his successful exertions in restraining the fierce spirit of the American borderers, and preventing them from attacking the Canadian English. He and the British officers on the Canada shore have been, and still are, on the best terms of reciprocal intercourse. To the credit of both, it is generally acknowledged that they, the men of the sword, have been the real peace-makers in this district during the last eighteen months. They have used every exertion to restrain the infuriated masses on both sides. General Scott mentioned to me that his grandfather was a Scotsman, who fought on the side of the Pretender at the battle of Culloden, and subsequently fled to America. He might have returned after the amnesty, but preferred remaining in the colonies. We had the pleasure also of making the acquaintance of General Porter, who resides here, and is the proprietor of Goat

Island, in the St. Lawrence, through which the best access has been made to the Falls.

The Western Country.—We met with two friends who had just returned by the lakes from the far west, whither they had gone on an exploratory trip for their own information. They had suffered severely from the ague, and saw almost every family affected with it, many having not yet recovered from the attacks of last autumn. They mentioned that the timber land is generally preferred to the prairies. They came to the conclusion that the "West" forms a desirable place of settlement for men of small capital, great bodily strength, and youth; but that no educated man with a competency can settle there, except by sacrificing for many years every advantage which these confer.

Niagara Falls.—We devoted four days to the enjoyment of this wonder of the world, and were not disappointed. The first impression, however, must differ in every individual, according to the natural endowments and habitual activity of his faculties. I confess the first view did not awaken those profound emotions of astonishment, sublimity, and awe in me which are generally described as its effects on visitors. I had read many descriptions and seen numerous pictures of the scene, and found its general features very much those which I had expected. It excited my intellectual faculties too entirely to allow me to experience vivid emotions. The most forcible idea suggested was that of the astonishing power of gravitation. The mass of waters rushed downwards with an indescribable momentum, and seemed to reveal to the senses the awful force of this mysterious influence. Above the falls the river runs over a bed of limestone; below them it has worn a deep channel in the rock, leaving high perpendicular walls on each side. The difference of level between the water on the upper and that on the lower beds of the rock is 158 feet 4 inches. The descending surface is perpendicular, and the whole waters of the St. Lawrence are precipitated over it in unbroken masses. The fall is fourteen miles from Lake Ontario, into which the waters flow; and it is obvious to the eye that they have excavated the deep channel all this distance,* and are still engaged in the work of excavation. By observing the progress which they have made in certain spaces of time, data have been obtained for calculating the period which must have elapsed since the work began, and that which may be still required before they shall deepen the whole course upwards to Lake Erie, about twenty miles. I became immersed in the contemplation of these ideas, and others of a similar description, all allied to reason, and it was only by degrees that the observing faculties and sentiments awakened and came into communion with the scene. They at last embraced it, dwelt on it, responded to it, thrilled with intense delight, and carried it off indelibly impressed upon the memory and imagination.

It would be in vain for me to attempt a description of the Falls; this has often been given by abler pens. I may mention, however, that after surveying them from the British side, the American side, and Goat Island in the middle of the stream, under the rays of the noontide sun of the 22d of June, and those of a bright full moon at night; after seeing the most perfect solar rainbows lying at our feet by day, and lunar rain-

* Mr. Lyell treats of this subject in his *Principles of Geology*, vol. i. p. 261, 3d edit.

bows (like the ghosts of those of the sun) by night; after listening to the legends of Indians losing command of their canoes, and being precipitated over its brow and engulfed in the whirlpool below; after frequent crossing and recrossing the foaming stream below the cataract in boats; and after descending by the Biddle staircase, and looking up to the world of water pouring down overhead; in short, after dwelling for days on its every feature,—I was far less impressed by its sublimity than by its beauty: it is full of grace and majesty, and emotions of pleasure were constantly predominant while I gazed on it. The Atlantic in the equinoctial gale of the 20th September, 1838, seen from the deck of the *Great Western*, far surpassed Niagara Falls in terrific grandeur. My companion accurately described them in the following words: "One sits and gazes one's self out of all thought, and into a delightful sort of reverie, which is interrupted only when some new effect of clouds or sunlight rouses one's attention. I can only say, that I never saw such greens nor such whites as are presented by the rushing waters—nor such graceful motions, nor such delicate veils, nor such rainbows, nor listened to such lulling sounds! And all in the midst of more beauty of accompaniment than Niagara usually receives credit for. The banks of the river are high, steep, rocky, and wooded: and the water is a cool and lovely green. Goat Island is a little Eden, and all the ways leading to the falls are judiciously laid out." The best guide to the falls is the admirable work of Mr. Ingraham of Boston. He is a man of taste and education, and passionately enamoured of the scene. We walked several miles down the river, and visited the "Rapids," but they merit no particular description. About two miles and a half below the village, the railroad approaches within a few yards of the brink of the precipitous bank of the stream, and at that spot, the falls themselves and surrounding scenery appear grouped together, and look like a living cabinet picture of the most exquisite gracefulness and beauty.

On crossing to the Canadian side, where there was a large and commodious hotel (since burned down), the first object that presented itself was a British sentinel of the 43d regiment keeping guard at the landing-place. He asked no questions, and I learned afterwards that he is posted there to prevent the British soldiers from deserting. There is no danger in crossing the river even in a small boat, for the basin which receives the cataract is so deep (supposed to be 800 feet) and so wide that the turbulence soon subsides.

Lundy's Lane.—This is the name of the village on the Canadian side of the falls, and the site of a severely contested battle between the British and Americans, fought on the 25th of July, 1814. About 870 men on each side were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners, and the Americans retired at night. No traces of the devastations now remain. I wished to obtain some information, and accosted a man sitting in a field. He was an Irishman, and said that he could not walk. I asked him why? His answer was in these words: "I was crazy, sir, and the people who had the charge of me put me into a cellar, and my feet were frozen, and afterwards cut off." "Where did this happen?" "In the town of Niagara, sir." This town is on the Canadian side, near the junction of the river with Lake Ontario. What a scene of suffering and cruel neglect was embodied in this brief narrative!

June 25. Ther. 62°. *Journey to Buffalo*.—We left Niagara Falls at half past 2 P. M., in a

railroad car, and arrived at Buffalo at 4 P. M. The distance is 22 miles. Fifty years ago, it would have appeared as incredible that we should approach to and depart from the Falls of Niagara by railroads and locomotive engines, as that the stream should run upwards; and yet this feat is accomplished. It seems so natural, now when it is done, that only on reflection and by contrast does it excite surprise. This railroad runs nearly along the right bank of the Niagara river the whole way to Buffalo, and affords admirable views of the scenery. Several islands in the stream present themselves, the largest of which, Navy Island, has been the theatre of some recent contests between the government forces and the Canadian Patriots, as they call themselves, or Rebels, as they are named by the British. The people on both sides of the river were strongly excited during the late Canadian insurrection, and the subject still continues an interesting topic of conversation. The feeling of the two nations towards each other was discussed in very reasonable terms by the passengers in the railway car. One of the Americans said, "It is not true that the British hate us. I know that they show our people a great deal of kindness and hospitality when they go over to the other side. It is only the ignorant and bigoted Tories who hate us, and they do so merely because they hate republican institutions. They have no notion what we are. I wish we could catch a parcel of them and parade them through our states, as they did Black Hawk and other Indian chiefs.* It is the only way to open their eyes, and make them see that we are men." This speech called forth a loud laugh of approbation; and it appeared to me to contain a very sensible idea. The Tories in general are kind-hearted men; and a sight of the industry, the prosperity, the order, and attention to religion that essentially reign in this vast republic, notwithstanding its faults and imperfections, would expand their sympathies, and render them less afraid of human nature when left, unguided by kings and nobles, to fulfil its destinies. The same gentleman added, that he knew it to be a fact that the British officers of the line had done every thing possible to alleviate the sufferings of the prisoners taken in the late border troubles.

American Hotels.—The hotels in the western region of New York state are on a large scale and very good; but only one basin, one tumbler, and one basin-stand, are allowed for two persons. On representing civilly, however, our British habits, we were always indulged with duplicates. The meals are served with amazing despatch. We were generally first and last at table, yet only 15 minutes, by my watch, elapsed between our sitting down and rising up. Within that time 150 persons had crammed down a breakfast. "You Europeans," said an American, "eat as if you actually enjoyed your food!" "Assuredly we do—and you Americans will never escape from

* The United States' government from time to time invites the most formidable of the Indian chiefs to visit Washington. They are received with great ceremony, conducted to all the public institutions, and afterwards invited to the large Atlantic cities, where similar honours are paid to them. Care is taken to show them the navy yards and the ships of war, the arsenals and arms; and also reviews of the best appointed militia regiments. The object of the government is to send them home with a practical conviction of the colossal power of the United States contrasted with that of their warrior bands, and it is generally accomplished.

dyspepsia and headaches until you also learn to enjoy your meals."

June 26. Therm. 65°. The village of Buffalo was burned to the ground by the English in 1814. It is now a town of 20,000 inhabitants, and carries on an extensive trade, as the eastern port on Lake Erie. Here the New York and Erie Canal has its terminus. The streets are wide, the houses substantial, and the stores numerous, of vast extent, and stocked with almost every useful and ornamental article produced by Europe and America. The newspapers reported the "Lake craft" in the following terms:—"There were in harbour this morning nineteen steamboats, two ships, one barque, seven brigs, and sixty-one schooners: in all ninety sail. Among these is not included the Julia Palmer, now being converted into a steamer. Of the steamboats, about one half are undergoing repairs or being repainted, preparatory to commencing the fall campaign—the others are taking their regular turn in the line. The sail craft are all, or nearly all, loading or unloading, and present a lively appearance." We counted seven large steamboats on the wharf, all announced as ready to sail, and containing excellent accommodation for passengers. They have public cabins and private state-rooms, and, from their large size, promise to be comfortable vessels. One of the three-masted ships was announced as belonging to the "Mill-waukie and Chicago Line," indicating that she is one of a number of regular traders. I have already mentioned that it has been found necessary to enlarge the Erie Canal. It will be made from sixty to seventy feet wide, and seven feet deep, and have double sets of locks. We may safely anticipate, from the vast extent of country with which it communicates by means of the lakes, and the astonishing rapidity with which the population increases, that at no great distance of time even these enlarged dimensions will be too small, and that full employment will be found for the railroads also, in the transportation of goods. Buffalo is probably destined to become a city of several hundred thousand inhabitants! To a spectator on the shore of Lake Erie, every thing resembles an ocean prospect. The eye is arrested by the line where the horizon meets the water; and a few hours' sail must carry the navigator far out of sight of land.

Phrenology.—There is a phrenological society here, and the subject is well understood, and extensively cultivated. I met a number of the medical members, and privately assisted at the dissection of a brain. I was told that the phrenologists are so numerous and influential, that they would experience little difficulty in getting phrenology introduced into the public schools as the philosophy of mind, if they had a work suitable for the purpose. They have only one zealous opponent, a Presbyterian clergyman, who preached against the science. They requested him to publish his discourse; but he declined to do so. In the evening an ordinary meeting of the society was held, this being one of their regular nights. Above fifty persons, ladies and gentlemen, were present, and Dr. Raymond gave an excellent demonstration of the structure of the brain. I delivered a short address, and was much gratified by the state of the science in this important place.

The Indians.—The Seneca village, settled by about 900 Indians, principally Senecas, with some Onondagas and Cayugas, lies from three to four miles southeast of Buffalo. They live on what is called an "Indian Reserve," extending

to 49,000 acres of land. I delivered a letter of introduction to Honnondeuh, one of their chiefs, from whom I obtained some interesting information. We found him living in the same hotel with ourselves.

Honnondeuh appears to be about thirty years of age: he is well formed, with features decidedly Indian, and a complexion probably one fourth white. The form of his brain indicates a cross between the Indian and white. He was sent by his father, who is an Indian, to the common school at Buffalo, and afterwards to Hamilton College, where he completed a good education. At the school and college he assumed the appellation of Thomas Strong. He speaks English like an Anglo-American, and his dress and manners are those of an American gentleman. He studied law, and at present receives a salary for acting as interpreter and agent between his tribe and the United States government. A treaty is now proceeding for the removal of his people, and of all the other Indians in the state of New York about (4000 in number,) to a territory west of the Missouri, extending to 1,800,000 acres of prairie and woodland, purchased by the United States government from the Osage Indians.

This Indian reserve approaches to within one mile of the town of Buffalo, and we saw many of the tribe in the town. Some were clothed in rags, with a tattered greatcoat above all, and were reeling drunk in the streets; others were clothed like English carters, and some like respectable tradesmen. Most of the women wore trousers, coarse cotton short gowns, and a large blanket adjusted as a robe. The men wear hats or caps; the women were bare-headed, and often bare-footed, haggard and ugly.

Another of our party asked Honnondeuh what progress the missionaries were making among his tribe? "They begin at the wrong end," said he; "they inform us how to save our souls, but do not teach us how we may improve our condition. We believe that our souls will be taken care of by the Great Spirit; we want rights, justice, civilisation first, and then we shall be glad to hear what the missionaries can do for our souls." He added that the missionaries have kept a school among them, and one of the Gospels, (of which he presented C— with a copy) is printed in the Seneca language. Great difficulty was experienced in translating it, in consequence of the great poverty of that language. I pursued this topic, and learned from him that his tribe have no words to express many of the emotions and ideas formed by means of the moral sentiments and the reflecting faculties, especially when the emotion or idea is a complex one, expressive of the activity of a group of these faculties acting in combination. These emotions and ideas themselves are unknown to them, and the translation is accomplished only by means of paraphrases, some of them of a very awkward character, and which, after all that can be done, do not suggest to the Indian the same emotions or ideas which the English words call up in the Anglo-American mind. In short, the translation, to prove successful, would require in many instances not only to express the original sense, but to evoke feelings and conceptions never previously experienced by the Indian faculties.

He does not understand the language of tribes who live at a distance. There is no perceptible affinity between his speech and theirs. He repeated to us, first in his own language and afterwards in English the speech which he made to the Osage Indians, and their answer, conveyed

through three interpreters. It consisted of a series of announcements of substantive facts; of distinct propositions; and of questions founded on these. The answer consisted of direct replies, accompanied by an assurance of amity. We asked him whether Mr. Henry Clay, or the best Indian orator, was the more eloquent. He replied that the ideas which they expressed, and the arguments which they used, were so utterly unlike, that no comparison could be made between them. "Our orators," said he, "could not find words to express, nor could our people conceive, the ideas which Mr. Clay utters. But within our own range I have heard some of our orators as eloquent as Mr. Clay." He said that they instructed some of their young men to speak as orators, or, as they called them, "interpreters."

Honnondeuh had a great deal of conversation with the ladies of our traveling party, gave them Indian names expressive of qualities, and became a great favourite with them. He acted and spoke with natural ease and dignity, and altogether conducted himself as an educated gentleman, and we treated him as such. He is not married; but he has a sister who is educated and married to an Indian.

One of our American friends, who is deeply learned in the history, and practically acquainted with the affairs of the United States, mentioned that he believed the account given to us by Honnondeuh to be substantially correct. He acknowledged that there is great injustice in the treatment of the Indians, but remarked that the evil originated with the English Government, and that the Indian affairs were in such a condition when the American Government succeeded to the English, that no other system could be followed. Besides, said he, the Indians joined the English in the war of the Revolution, and the United States conquered their territory. They conceived that they acted mildly towards them in pursuing the same course which the English had adopted previously to the contest.

Buffalo, as I have already remarked, is the scene of Mr. Rathbun's speculations. He planned the "American Hotel," in which we now reside, and it is as magnificent as a palace. It accommodates with ease 140 travellers.

June 27. Ther. 67°. *Railroad to Lewistown.* We left Buffalo at nine A. M. in a railroad car on our return to Niagara Falls. It thundered and rained plentifully, and the locomotive engine could not drag us forward. Its wheels continued revolving, but slipped on the wet rails, and we stood motionless. This railroad is twenty-three miles in length, and cost \$110,000. It has ascents in some places exceeding seventy feet in the mile. In order to save the expenditure of capital in leveling, the Americans construct their railroads with much higher gradients than the English, and, in this instance, the gradient has been carried so high as to render the road inefficient in wet weather. The company was incorporated in 1834. After many stops we obtained horses, and at half past two o'clock reached Niagara Falls. We did not remain in the village, but entered a railroad train for Lewistown, situated on the right bank of the Niagara, near its junction with Lake Ontario. We arrived there at a quarter past four P. M., and immediately embarked on board of the "Great Britain" steamship for Kingston in Upper Canada. Opposite Lewistown is Queenstown in Canada, which the Americans burned in the war of 1814. On a height above this village a handsome column has

been erected to the memory of the English general Brock, who fell there in the Battle of Queenstown. It forms an interesting feature in the landscape, which is naturally fine.*

June 28. *Oswego.—The St. Lawrence.*—The steamboat was large, and had excellent accommodations. We sailed all night, and at seven A. M. touched at the American town of Oswego, on the right bank of Lake Ontario. It lies at the mouth of the Oswego river, and we were told that here Mr. Van Buren, the present President of the United States, laid the foundation of his fortune by a speculation in lots. He purchased 600 acres of land at \$6 or \$7 an acre; afterwards sold part of it for \$70,000; and keeps the remainder, which is regarded as very valuable. The opening of the Oswego Canal, which branches off from the Erie Canal, and the consequent rise of the town, has caused this great advance in value. He has also obtained several liberal grants from the United States Government to improve its harbour. It now appears to be a flourishing place.

At two P. M. we arrived at Kingston, Upper Canada. The St. Lawrence commences here. When we were at Niagara Falls, General Scott mentioned to us that a plot was suspected to be hatching by the disaffected Canadians and their American allies to burn the British steamboats on the St. Lawrence; that he had communicated all the information he possessed on the subject to the British officers, and had also instructed the American officers to observe the strictest watch to defeat the scheme. At Kingston we entered another steamboat, and soon saw that General Scott's information was acted on. We were boarded by a British sergeant and corporal, and a party of soldiers. The sergeant mustered them on the deck, gave the words "shoulder arms," "open pans," and then went along the line and examined every lock and flint, to see that it was fit for service. The arms were then piled on deck, and we commenced our voyage. The river is here ten miles broad, strewed with a thousand islands, varying from a foot square to many hundreds of acres in extent, all covered with bushes or timber. The evening was fine, and the scene was highly picturesque as we glided among them. Their grouping and forms presented a new picture every five minutes, and all graceful and rich. At sunset the sergeant again mustered his men, and placed three sentinels; one near the paddle box on the American side; one in the stern on the same side, and one in the bow of the boat. It was moonlight. We approached a large barge lying at anchor close to the shore. "What boat, a-hoy?" cried the soldier on the bow. No answer. We approached close to her. She was a lumber boat with nobody on board. We passed Ogdensburg on the American, and Prescott on the British side, and I saw the windmill, which a short time before had been the scene of an attack.

* Before we left the United States, a disgraceful attempt was made to destroy this monument. It is a hollow pillar containing a winding stair. Some miscreants had forced open the door at the bottom, placed several barrels of gunpowder inside, closed the door, and fired the whole by a slow match. The stair was blown out at the top, and the column itself seriously rent, but not thrown from its basis. I heard the Americans express the greatest indignation against the perpetrators of this barbarity! The strictest investigations were made to discover them, but without success. The general opinion seemed to be that it was the work of one individual.

We arrived at Montreal at 7 P. M. on the 29th of June, having traveled 422 miles (the distance from Lewistown,) chiefly by steamboats, but partly by stage-coaches, in fifty hours. We remained in Montreal till eight o'clock in the evening of the 2d of July, when we embarked in the St. George, a large and commodious steamboat, and arrived at Quebec next day at 2 P. M., the distance being 180 miles.

July 4. Ther. 68°. July 5. Ther. 64°. July 6. Ther. 64°. We remained at Quebec during these days, and visited the town, the citadel, General Wolfe's monument, the Falls of Montmorenci, the Indian village of Lorette, and other objects of interest. At 9 P. M. of 6th July we embarked again for Montreal on board of the "Canada" steamboat, and in twenty-four hours completed our voyage, although we ascended the stream, and had a schooner in tow the whole way.

I offer no remarks on Canada for two reasons: first, our visit to it was short, our motions were rapid, and my means of forming correct opinions therefore deficient; secondly, The subject deeply excites party feeling in Britain, and no observations which I could offer would be of use in removing the prejudices which attend political questions. My general impression is, that Lower Canada, compared with the United States, is like senility contrasted with manly vigour; and that this is the result, first, of the ignorance of the French population; and, secondly, of a provincial government. The constitution of the United States develops, in an extraordinary degree, the faculties of its individual citizens, and the energies of its social masses; while a provincial government, by depriving both individuals and masses of political power, and vesting the ultimate disposal of the great interests of the country in a foreign and distant legislature, paralyzes the minds of its subjects, and substitutes feelings of dependence and doubt for those of self-reliance and unhesitating confidence in distant results.

July 9. Ther. 74°. *Lake Champlain, Burlington, &c.*—At 9 A. M. we left Montreal, crossed the river in a steamboat to La Prairie, traveled seventeen miles on a railroad to St. John's, and at one o'clock embarked on board of a large American steamboat, named the "White Hall," ascended the River St. John and Lake Champlain, and arrived at Burlington in the United States at 7 P. M., after a delightful day's traveling.

On reaching the first port above St. John's, a piteous scene presented itself in a party of Irish emigrants. They were going to the head of the Lake, and the captain demanded their fare. They had no money, and the captain thrust them ashore at this place amidst cries, and tears, and prayers, and every moving appeal which Irish eloquence could command. Great commiseration was excited among the passengers, and we regretted that the expulsion was completed, and the boat pushed off, to prevent their rushing on board again, before we knew what the lamentations arose from. Our compassion, however, was abated, when we were assured by the men in charge of the steamship that the emigrants had money, but were unwilling to part with it, and that they have a regular plan for accomplishing their passage without paying a cent. They go on board and are carried to the first port, before their fare is demanded, and before it is possible to put them ashore for refusing to pay. They are there thrust out, but wait at that port, and go

on board the next boat that touches at it on its passage up the lake; they are carried by it to another port, again refuse to pay, and are again put ashore. They wait there for a third boat, and repeat the same evolutions, protesting each time that they have no money. At last they accomplish the whole distance, and then laugh at the captain of the vessel which has brought them to their destination, and boast of their trickery.

July 10. Ther. 72°. 11. Ther. 64°. 12. Ther. 64°. 13. Ther. 64°. 14. Ther. 63°. In these days we visited Montpelier, Hanover, Littleton, and the White Mountains. Miss Martineau has so eloquently treated of the White Mountains, and other travellers have so frequently described the other features of our route, that I merely add that we were much gratified by the beauty of the country, the prosperity of the towns and villages, and the generally good accommodation which we found on the road.

In one of our walks in the valley which lies at the base of the White Mountains (which, by the way, are not white, except when covered with snow in winter,) a young man carrying a gun accosted us, "Do you fear the gun?" "No, if you do not point it at us." He fired at some object almost at his feet. It was a snake about two feet long. He blew its head off, and lifted up its body. He then joined us. "Have you been up Mount Washington?" (the highest peak,) said he. "No." "Perhaps you have been here before?" "No, I have not." "Perhaps you come from a pretty considerable distance." "Yes, I do." "In what direction?" "North-east." "Is it very far down east?" "Yes, a good way." He was preparing another question, when I added, "I have come across the ocean." "Oh, ay! you have come from England; that's a pretty considerable way, as I have heard my father say." "When did your father come to this country?" "Fifty years ago." He then asked me the rate at which agricultural labour was paid in England. I told him as correctly as I could the rate in Scotland. He continued, "Well, I hire by the month to do farm work with Mr. Fabian (the innkeeper,) but I get more money than that; but when I go to buy clothes and shoes, and other articles that I want, I guess that my money does not go so far as it would do in England, and that when we come to the point, how much we have in hand at the end of the year, the difference is pretty considerably less than one would at first suppose, and yet that is the main thing for a poor man to look to. I told him that he was right in supposing that most articles produced by labour were cheaper in England than in the United States. "But," said he, "they tell me that if a poor man become sick in England, nobody will attend to him." I explained to him that this was a mistake, and described the hospitals and dispensaries. I added that the greatest difference lay in this—that in England a man was sometimes idle and willing to labour, and could get no employment; but here there was work always. "Yes," said he, "that makes a great difference; men are scarce here."

I spoke to him of the pranks performed by a same bear at the inn. "On the White Mountains," said he, "I was leading my little brother, three years of age, by the hand, when I saw two young bear cubs run up a tree. I pursued them, and caught hold of one. It cried out, and its mother appeared. My little brother was now in anger. I took off my coat, and tied it by the leaves round the branch on which the young

bear sat. I descended, got a thick stick, and commenced an attack on the mother. She retreated before me. I followed her for a mile, leading my brother all the way, and then left him at a cottage. I returned to the tree. My stratagem had taken effect. The young bear had been afraid of the coat, and had not attempted to escape. I climbed up the tree, seized it, and carried it off. The mother had now returned, and its cries brought her to its rescue; but I showed a bold face with my stick, and she did not attack me, but hung upon my footsteps. I proceeded to the cottage and got assistance. We used the young bear as a decoy, and captured the mother also." These are small, dark-coloured bears, and not very formidable.

I have introduced this conversation as a fair specimen of the intelligence, enterprise, and resources of the American labouring people. There was no rudeness or presumption in the manner in which this young man put his questions to me. The predominant motive was obviously the desire of information. He lived in an inquiring age, and acted in its spirit. At the same time he was quite at ease, as all the Americans are in their intercourse with strangers.

Mosquitoes.—After the summer heat fairly sets in, the pleasures of American scenery are greatly marred by the torment of mosquitoes. At the White Mountains, they are really a very formidable evil. Abroad, they assail one in thousands, and sting by every crevice through which the skin can be reached: in the house the nuisance is not abated; and even at night, the only alternatives are to close the doors and windows and shut out both them and the fresh air, or to be stung unmercifully. Around the inn, fires of green wood were lighted to scare them away by the smoke; but with little effect. While suffering under this affliction, we read the following story in the New York Sun, and sympathised very sincerely with the unfortunate hero of it.

"A correspondent writes us, concerning the mosquitoes of Michigan, that a man who lived near Grand River, being in the woods, was exceedingly annoyed by mosquitoes, and took shelter under an inverted potash kettle. His first emotions of joy for his happy deliverance and secure asylum were hardly over, when the mosquitoes, having scented him, began to drive their probosces through the kettle; fortunately he had a hammer in his pocket, and he clenched them down as fast as they came through, until at last such a host of them were fastened to the poor man's domicile, that they rose and flew away with it, leaving him shelterless!"

Portland in Maine.—We left the White Mountains on the 16th of July, and descended through the "Notch," a highly romantic pass made by a narrow cleft in the mountains. In many parts its features are grand and awful, rising almost to the sublime. After a few miles of rapid declivity, the valley opens, and the mountains diminish in height. The scenery, however, continues very beautiful. We reached Conway, 36 miles distant, at half past 7 P. M. We found a pleasant clean inn and attentive host. On the 17th we drove to Portland in Maine, 55 miles, through a gently undulating country, much of it still unsettled, and the crops so late that barley is only now coming into the ear, and oats are still less advanced. Very little wheat is sown. In the valley of the Connecticut we saw numerous maple trees, each with a little trough standing at its root, into which their sap is received

for the purpose of making sugar; but we have seen few or none in Maine. Wild strawberries and wild raspberries every where abound, and occasionally dishes of them are presented at table in the inns. Portland is a beautiful town of 16,000 inhabitants, lying in a fine bay; it owns a great number of vessels, which are chartered out to merchants in most parts of the Union, and make voyages all over the globe. Its own commerce is not extensive; but so many of these vessels arrive for orders and repairs, that its harbour presents an array of ships, unexpected both in numbers and tonnage.

We drove to Cape Cottage, on Casco Bay, where we enjoyed sea breezes and beautiful scenery for eight of the hottest weeks of the season.

CHAPTER XVI.

1839.

July 18. *Cape Cottage.*—Ever since we left New York, we have been looking for some calm and cool retreat in which to spend the remainder of the summer. We happened to take up a Portland newspaper which contained an advertisement of the accommodations and *agréments* presented by Cape Cottage, situated in the neighbourhood of this town, and they seemed to be so exactly what we wanted, that we have come hither to inspect them. To our great joy, they even exceed the description, and are in every respect to our mind. We have, therefore, engaged apartments here for several weeks.

Rammohun Roy.—This individual presents an interesting object of study to the phrenologist. We possess an authentic cast of his head taken after his death in England; and it is distinguished from the heads of his countrymen (of whose skulls the Phrenological Society in Edinburgh has upwards of fifty specimens) in the following particulars. It is considerably larger; and the development of the moral and intellectual organs in particular is decidedly superior to that which is presented by any other Hindoo skull in the collection. Causality, and also Benevolence, Firmness, and Conscientiousness, are large and far above their average size in Hindoo heads.

I have unexpectedly met with a clear, condensed, and authentic account of his moral and intellectual qualities, which I now present to the reader.

Rammohun Roy having been assailed in "Travels in South-Eastern Asia, &c., by Howard Malcolm," has been defended by William Adam, formerly missionary in Bengal, in the Christian Examiner and General Review for July, 1839, published in Boston. Mr. Adam says that Rammohun Roy "promoted the establishment of the Hindoo College by the wealthy Hindoos of Calcutta, at the suggestion of European gentlemen, by remaining silent and inactive at a time when the prejudice against him ran very high among his countrymen, and when he was assured by his European friends that his interference and support would prove more hurtful than salutary, by alarming the jealousy and calling into activity the bigotry and intolerance of his opponents. He gave valuable suggestions to Lord Amherst, the governor-general, when the Government Sanscrit College was about to be established. He pointed out the comparative worthlessness of much of what is called Hindoo learning, and the value and importance of the pure and useful science of Europe to his coun-

trymen. Subsequently, he built expensive school rooms, and established a school at his own cost, for the more useful branches of native learning, the English language, and its science and literature. The latter department only went into operation. He gave his cordial and zealous support to Mr. Duff in the establishment of the institution in Calcutta connected with the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland for the promotion of native education. He encouraged a wealthy friend and adherent to establish a large English school on his estate in one of the interior districts of Bengal, and to place it under the superintendence of the General Assembly's missionaries. To Lord William Bentinck, governor general of India, in the first place, and in the highest sense, must be ascribed the honour of abolishing the practice of Hindoo widows burning themselves on their husband's funeral piles; but next to him it belongs to Rammohun Roy. Previous to the act of abolition, from 300 to 400 widows were burned annually. Long before this period Rammohun Roy had endeavoured to awaken the attention of government and of the European community to the monstrous evil. He wrote pamphlets in English and Bengalee proving that it was not an essential doctrine of the Hindoo religion. He also exposed the modern abuses of the rite, the application of stupefying drugs and force to prevent them from escaping from the pile. With little aid from others, amid many discouragements, he pursued his course, and lived to see the prohibition enacted as a law.

"Born a Hindoo of the Hindoos, as Paul was a Hebrew of the Hebrews, he had every inducement to acquiesce in the system of religion which, by divine right, gave him so distinguished and privileged a place; but in early life he freed himself from the shackles of idolatry, and opened his mind to the grand and elevating idea of the Universal Father, which he retained with firm conviction to his latest breath. Nor was this a barren conviction. His mind expanded in benevolence towards all his brethren of mankind, and his life was spent in their service. With an original capacity for metaphysical reasoning, refined and strengthened by cultivation in the school of Hindoo logic, he employed his profound and various learning to attack the complicated system of Hindoo idolatry, which, in Calcutta, we consider that he chiefly has contributed to shake to its foundations, although the time is probably yet far distant when it will wholly disappear from even a single city of India. In this controversy even Christian missionaries have been glad to avail themselves of the resources brought into use by his acute mind, and to borrow arrows from his quiver without acknowledgment. He laboured, as we have shown, in the cause of education. He laboured to protect the rights, and to save the lives of Hindoo widows. He took a deep interest in every political movement throughout the civilised world favourable to civil and political liberty. He laboured in conversation, and by writing, through the medium of the press, and by evidence given before parliamentary committees during his residence in England, to give a right direction to the measures then in progress for the future government of British India. In his whole career we see the good as well as the great man, the patriot and philanthropist as well as the philosopher; and the effect of such a career, and of such an example, is not to be measured in the narrow spirit of sectarianism, inspired by those who opposed and

counteracted him in life, and who now, since the grave has closed over him, would depreciate and misrepresent his labours." P. 400.

The Mosquitoes.—I am now blind in one eye, and lame in both feet, from mosquito bites. We rise at five o'clock in the morning, and see the sun ascend in beautiful majesty from the Atlantic Ocean, which is spread beneath our windows. We breakfast at seven, dine at one, drink tea at six, and go to bed at nine o'clock. My time is spent in preparing the MS. of my lectures on Moral Philosophy for the press, in reading, and in maintaining correspondence with my friends in Europe and the United States. But for the mosquitoes, this place would be a paradise of beauty and delight.

July 29. Ther. 66°. *Public Affairs.*—The remarks made on 25th May, are already verified. The Great Western has arrived from England, and brings the following intelligence. The drain on the Bank of England for gold to pay for grain imported from the continent of Europe has proceeded steadily for several months, until at last, the bank, in order to contract its circulation and recall the specie, has raised the rate of interest on bills discounted to 5½ per cent. This has led to a contraction of discounts by the country banks in England. Commerce and manufactures are embarrassed, and the prices of commodities are rapidly falling. From this and other causes, the demand for cotton has greatly decreased, and the prices have given way. The fall in this article not only gives a severe blow to the American cotton speculators, but is seriously affecting the interests of the whole Union. The very large quantity of goods lately imported from Europe into the United States must be paid for by means of sales, in the French and English markets, of cotton, flour, or public securities. Flour has become depressed in consequence of the expectation at present entertained of a good crop in England; cotton also has decreased in value; and American securities have become unsaleable in consequence of the great scarcity of money in Britain, and the embarrassments which are anticipated to ensue from these combined causes. The rate of exchange is turning rapidly against the United States, which increases the amount of their debts to England; and a general crisis is expected.

The Firemen.—"The Pennsylvanian" of 22d June contains a letter from "A Father," pointing out, in forcible terms, the great evils occasioned to the morals and habits of young men by the "infatuation of fire engines." He says that all his apprentices who did not join fire companies did well in business; but that those who did join them, to the number of thirty-one, generally became unsteady and went to ruin.

The American Press.—The New York Evening Post, speaking of the personalities which not unfrequently disgrace the columns of the American press, remarks: "The Philadelphia newspaper press is certainly superior to ours in the general decency with which it is conducted, and we have no doubt that the general reputation of its conductors is proportionably higher in the community." In so far as my means of observation extend, I fully concur in the remarks of the Evening Post. The press of Philadelphia in its editorial articles, appeared to me to stand in a creditable position in regard equally to morals, knowledge, and literary attainments.

The Owner's Rights in a Pew.—I have already mentioned, that when an American church is built, the pews are generally sold by public

auction, and that each purchaser becomes absolute proprietor of his pew. Several questions have been tried in the courts of law regarding the nature of the right acquired by the purchaser. It has been decided, that a pew is *real estate*, and is governed by the laws relating to that species of property. The control of it does not lie with the majority of the pew-holders. They can determine as to the management of the building, and impose assessments, in certain cases, for keeping it in repair; but they cannot prescribe to the owner the manner in which he shall use his pew. A proprietor in a church became dissatisfied with the minister, boarded over his pew, and threatened, if the minister did not resign, to keep pigs in it. He was rich and self-willed, and would have executed his threat. The minister resigned. The remedy would have been found in an action for abatement of nuisance, at the instance of the conterminous proprietors. Another pew-owner in the most fashionable part of a church was offended with his neighbour, and let his pew to a family of negroes, on condition that they should possess it. They did so, and the other proprietors, finding there was no remedy for this in law, bought up his right at a very high price. The Boston Times reports the following case, which has recently occurred:—"On the 4th of July last, Mr. James Jackson of Middleborough, nailed up his pew in church at that place, and covered it over with boards, painted over with red ochre, in order, as he said, to prevent its being used for the dissemination of locofocoism, by Mr. Hallet, then editor of the Boston Advocate. Some of the town's people broke into the pew and used it, in consequence of which the owner sued the trespassers, and recovered nominal damages of one cent, he having expressly stated, that he desired nothing more than a verdict to establish his right of property." A general law should be enacted to restrain the right of property in pews within the limits of decency and common sense.*

A School for Good Little Boys.—The following advertisement struck me as curious, from the contrast which it presents to the treatment of children in Scotland forty years ago. When I entered the High School of Edinburgh, the worthy preceptor, Mr. Luke Fraser, could scarcely be said to teach. He prescribed to us lessons to be learned, and if we did not repeat them, he flogged us heartily. Such an essential element did the flogging constitute in our education, that when the pupils of the high school of those days meet, they still ask each other, under what teacher did you "suffer?" It is refreshing to see so vast an improvement in the treatment of youth as this advertisement bespeaks:—

Juvenile Boarding School.—For small boys, at the six-milestone, Bloomingdale (Ninth street), New York. It is located on Dr. V. Mott's beautiful mansion-grounds, with extensive privileges. There is a bathing-room in the house; or the boys can bathe in the river, and be taught to swim by a competent person. The premises furnish an abundance of the finest fruits, cherries, currants, raspberries, strawberries, gooseberries, apples, pears, &c. In addition, the boys are furnished with a fine stock of rabbits, Guinea pigs, pigeons, turtles, hens, &c. The best in-

* We cannot pretend to say that the odd fashion of using one's pew, as described in the text, is a Yankee notion; but it may with truth be said, that such an exhibition of a man's right of property has rarely if ever been witnessed in more southern parts.

struction is provided, and the maternal superintendence is not surpassed. The house having been found too small, a handsome addition and many improvements have just been made, in order to accommodate a few more boys."

The Massachusetts Fifteen Gallon Law.—A regular legal opposition to this law is proceeding in the courts at Boston. The rum-dealers continue openly to retail rum in small quantities in defiance of the statute; they are prosecuted by the attorney-general before the municipal court, and fined; they refuse to pay, and are committed to prison amidst large assemblages of people, and breaches of the peace are dreaded. After the condemnation of George C. Jacobs to pay a fine of \$10 and costs, he was allowed to go at large on a bond for his reappearance on a future day, and the mob moved towards the store of a gentleman who had, on a previous occasion, acted as complainant and witness against a rum-seller, with the obvious design of destroying his property.

"But the mayor, the marshal, and the sheriff were on the spot, and exerted themselves to preserve order. Many active police officers mingled among the crowd, and when a person was particularly disorderly, he was seized and conveyed to the watchhouse. A number of disorderly persons were thus taken away, which had the effect of preventing the ebullition of passion which many anticipated. There was, however, a good deal of noise, cheers, and hurrahs, and it was obvious that nothing but the presence of a strong civil force, and the knowledge that the military would appear immediately if called upon, prevented scenes of riot."—*Mercantile Journal*.

Temperance.—The late report of the New York City Temperance Society states that the number of licensed liquor shops in that city in 1828 was 3162; in 1838, with a much increased population, 2507.

There were in the State of New York alone, in 1825, 1129 distilleries; the number is now reduced to about 200. In 1837, there were in operation in the city of New York and vicinity 17 large grain distilleries; now there are but nine. In 1837, 32,680,000, $\frac{27}{100}$ gallons of first proof domestic spirits were inspected in this city; in 1838, 18,049,000 $\frac{18}{100}$ gallons, being 14,633,000 gallons less than in the preceeding year, or a falling off of more than 33 per cent., and greater than double the decrease of any previous year.

In the importations of distilled liquor into the port of New York the last year, there was also a decrease of 25 per cent. And it is worthy of notice, that, according to the latest returns of the Secretary of the Treasury, in 1837, there was a decrease of 1,285,084 gallons of wine, as compared with the importations of 1836.—*June 1839.*

Education.—The American newspapers report that the house of commons lately passed, by a majority of two, a grant of 30,000*l.* for the purposes of education, but that the lords threw out the measure; and that the bishops and peers waited on the queen, and presented an address remonstrating against the appropriation of some other moneys granted for educational purposes, because it was to be bestowed by the privy council for the benefit of all sects. It is further mentioned that, in the month of June last, Lord John Russell, in his place in the house of commons, announced "that government had abandoned the plan of national education which it had intended to introduce (normal schools). So much cla-

mour had been raised against it, and such great and persevering efforts had been made to excite an adverse feeling to it throughout the country, that it would be unadvisable to proceed farther with it." In the course of my travels in the United States, and also in letters, I have frequently been asked what this means. To the Americans it appears altogether incomprehensible. I cannot at present explain it.

Aug. 5. Ther. 61°. *De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America."*—Before leaving Scotland I had perused this work with much interest and instruction, and I have now completed a second reading of the American edition, with notes by John C. Spencer, Esq., Secretary of State for New York, appended to it in correction and elucidation of the text. After having lived nearly a year under the institutions of which it treats, I perceive its merits still more clearly than before. I have heard lawyers, politicians, philosophers, and intelligent men of every class, commend this work as the most correct and profound that has been written by any foreigner on the United States, and in this opinion I fully concur. M. De Tocqueville's powers of observation are admirable; his accuracy is astonishing (for Mr. Spencer's notes do not convict him of any fundamental errors affecting the general value of the work); his talent for analysis is great; while his depth and comprehensiveness place him in the first class of philosophical thinkers. Add to these great qualities an inflexible honesty that turns neither to the right hand nor to the left, and that never slumbers, but presides equally over his statements of fact, his estimates of manners, and his logical deductions. He certainly has no equal among the authors who have written on the United States. Those who desire to understand the theory and practice of the American institutions, and even the existing manners, need go to no other source. The only point in which I perceive a deficiency is a want of a philosophy of mind that might have enabled him to penetrate more clearly into the future. In the United States a vast moral experiment is in progress. He perceives its magnitude and importance, and the embarrassments with which it is beset; but he does not equally well appreciate the relation in which the phenomena stand to the human faculties, or divine their ultimate effect on American civilisation. The reader rises from the perusal of his work embarrassed by fears and doubts. It appears to me that phrenology enables us to dispel much darkness from the horizon, and to view the future progress of the United States in a more favourable light than that in which it is regarded in his pages.

He censures American manners and institutions with nearly as much severity as many English writers whose works have been heartily abused by the American press, yet his book is spoken of with uniform respect. Two reasons may be assigned for this difference of treatment. First, His candour disarms resentment. Every honest mind perceives that he is actuated by the love of truth alone, and that, if facts be disagreeable, he is not answerable for their effects. Secondly, His work is philosophical, and is not generally read by the American people. It is not necessary, therefore, for the press to abuse it in order to gratify the public taste.

Captain Marryat's "Diary" has just appeared, and the American newspapers are busy abusing him: Mrs. Trollope, Captain Hamilton, Captain Basil Hall, Mrs. Butler, and Miss Martineau, all come in for a fresh vituperation. The Portland

Advertiser however, praises De Tocqueville, and blames the Americans for not reading his work. It strikes me that many of the provincial American newspapers abuse Captain Marryat without having even seen his work. The New York newspapers quoted it on its first appearance in that city, and poured forth torrents of invective against it. As soon as these papers reached the distant states, the press of every hamlet produced an original criticism of the work, condemning it without measure and without mercy. From what I have learned regarding the slow circulation of books into distant parts, I am led strongly to suspect that in many instances these discourses were founded solely on the New York texts and materials; and that the principle is boldly acted on that it is a safe rule to condemn every work which speaks disparagingly of the United States, without enquiring very minutely into either its merits or details.

Libraries in Steamboats.—Almost every English and Scottish, and probably Irish steamboat, has a library for the use of the passengers, free. I have never seen a library at all in an American steamboat except in the "Whitehall" on Lake Champlain, and the terms of reading were a deposit of two dollars, and payment of twelve and a half cents for the use of each volume. I saw nobody using the library on these terms.

Aug. 13. Ther. 61°. *Maine Loan.*—I formerly mentioned that the legislature of Maine had voted \$800,000 to defend the disputed territory against England, and that the treasurer of the state had applied in New York for the money without success. He is now advertising for loans on state bonds for \$1000 (200*l.* sterling,) bearing interest at six per cent., and redeemable in four, six, or eight years, in the option of the lender. He mentions several banks where his bonds may be obtained. There seems no great risk of Maine raising a large army when her finances are so circumscribed. It is probably a fortunate circumstance for this young, but prosperous and rising state, that the commercial difficulties of the present crisis have prevented her from engulfing herself in debt. Her efforts never could have settled the boundary question, and she is wise to entrust her interests to the government of the United States.

Long Island Pauper Schools.—I have already adverted to the defective accommodation provided for the pauper children in the Long Island schools. It is gratifying to perceive the promptitude with which evils are remedied in the United States. I perceive that on 17th August, the grand jury for the city of New York, among other matters demanding improvement, called attention to these schools.

"The 'nurseries' at the Long Island farm contain 516 boys, 172 girls, 12 men, and 76 women—total, 776. The buildings at the farm are deemed, by the grand inquest, both insufficient and unsuitable to accommodate the large number of children collected there.

"They would recommend that suitable fire-proof buildings be erected on Randall's Island (belonging to the corporation) when practicable, and that this establishment be removed there.

"They regret that cases of ophthalmia still exist among the children, and would recommend that an entire separation, in a distinct building, and at a proper distance, should take place of the persons afflicted with this disease, and prompt measures be taken to eradicate it if possible. They believe that motives of humanity toward the children and those connected with the esta-

blishment as physicians and nurses, as well as economy, call for this arrangement."

August 15. 'Ther. 55°. *Puseyism in New York*.—The New York Review is the organ of the Episcopalians of that city, and it follows closely in the footsteps of the church of England. The 19th number contains a long and elaborate defence of the Oxford "Tracts for the Times," "On Baptism," "The Holy Communion," "Who has authority to administer the Sacraments?" "The kind of prayers that may be offered for the dead," and "The authority of tradition as a guide in religious faith and practice." The reviewer defends the tracts in all points except with regard to prayers for the dead. The perusal of this disquisition is like reading a collection of treatises of the middle ages, written by the schoolmen. The views which it defends are sadly out of place in the United States. The Review itself is fruitlessly labouring to introduce into America the sentiments and ideas which the progress of knowledge is expelling from Great Britain.

In an article in the same number on 'Thomas Carlyle's History of the French Revolution (which it commends), the reviewer observes, that "we see among all (Americans) of every political creed, and every religious faith, a disposition to bring the universe of thought, sentiment, and feeling to the touchstone of the understanding. We are sadly afraid of mysteries." * * "The higher powers shrink and wither in the shallow soil of man's wisdom and the philosophy of the understanding." "The land in which the mass rules is not the free land; that is the home of freedom where the truth rules."† * * *

"The French revolution wrote upon our earth in letters of blood and fire, that as it is with the individual, so is it with the nation; that to trust in the wisdom of man, to rely upon the understanding of man, to leave the mysterious and cling to the intelligible only, to give up faith and confide in sight only, to substitute the love of happiness for the sense of duty, and the equality of the whole for the Christian brotherhood of the whole,—is to take the sure way to crime and disappointment, and slavery and self-reproach." p. 135.

The French revolution taught a lesson the very opposite of that which is here ascribed to it. For centuries before that event, the Roman Catholic clergy had fed the minds of the common people of France with "mysteries," and taught them to give up the "wisdom of man," and to cling to the unintelligible. The people under their guidance had carefully shunned "the philosophy of the understanding," and yielded in all things to their priests. It is true that before the revolution, the philosophers of France had thrown off this yoke; but the people at large had not done so. That event found them still in the profound ignorance into which they had been allowed by the clergy to fall; and what were the consequences? It was not the emancipated phi-

losophers who perpetrated the horrors of that tragedy; but the common people; the rude, ignorant, uninstructed mass; the men who, with their ancestors, had for centuries been left to the sole guidance of the priests, and who by them, for their own ease and aggrandisement, had been kept in grovelling ignorance and disgraceful superstition.

The reviewer observes, "We (the American people) are not safe from those causes which we suppose to have given its dreadful character to the French Revolution." "This cause was the want of reverence. In feudal times, reverence was universal, except, perhaps, among a few of the best informed. As the world has grown older, the veneration for things formerly venerated has disappeared, because too often acquaintance has proved them to be undeserving; and, while the old objects have ceased to be venerated, new objects deserving reverence, have not been brought before us." These are sensible remarks, but who would have expected to see a writer who could state them so clearly, proposing *Puseyism* as a new object deserving to be venerated! "In addition to this," he continues, "the success which attended analysis and logic, as applied to matter, and many old prejudices and habits, has given us an undue faith in these processes; and men, incline to trust and rely upon no truths save those reached through logic and analysis." This remark is not equally sound with that which preceded it. Correctly stated, the proposition should stand thus: Men decline to receive any doctrine as truth which *directly contradicts* logic and analysis; and hence they reject Puseyism and its consequences. The reviewer proceeds: "In the United States, all favours the growth of confidence in the intelligible only; of reliance upon the tangible, the useful, the comprehensible. Efforts have been made from time to time to introduce among us more faith and reverence, and if we are not mistaken, there is reason to think there is a philosophy now in progress that will help to sustain these efforts; but as yet the favourers of reverence are few and scattered, separated by religious, or political, or social differences,—and the want of respect and veneration presents daily greater and greater dangers. Children do not reverence their parents, chiefly because these parents reverence nothing themselves. How can a father hope to be respected, who never expresses, by word or act, respect for his fellow-men or his Maker? Independence is, in our land, mistaken for freedom." p. 133. He accuses Jefferson of having been tainted with French principles, and concludes thus: "We do think our country, then, in danger of becoming irreverent, religious, and sensual, rather than spiritual."

The facts here stated, in regard to the present condition of the American mind, are to a considerable extent true; but the remedy proposed of introducing Puseyism and the "mysterious" is preposterous. By tracing the cause of the evil we may arrive at a more rational perception of a remedy. The following views are offered with all deference to the reviewer's opinions.

At the time of the American revolution the Federal leaders were men of great talent, honour, and integrity; but they had been educated in the monarchical principles of England. The people, even after they became republicans, continued to feel that respect for wealth and rank which their English training had impressed upon their minds, and they allowed the federalists to rule. The federalists, following the example of the aristo-

cracy and the clergy in England, did nothing to raise the character and intelligence of the people. In the progress of time this generation died out, and a new generation appeared. They discovered their own power, and made efforts to wield it, and finally triumphed in the election of Jefferson to the presidential chair. While these events were taking place, neither the new leaders of the people, nor the defeated federalists, made any adequate efforts to raise the standard of public intelligence. They neither educated intellectually nor trained morally the people; but left them to their own efforts, and to those of the clergy. After the peace of 1815, the federal party was entirely ruined. They descended from their high pretensions, yielded up much of their heaven of aristocracy, and amalgamated with the best of the republicans, and then took the name of whigs; but still they did nothing effectually to educate the people.

After a few years, the wilder democrats, who had been extinguished by this coalition, had the sagacity to discover that the people might be flattered and seduced away from the whigs, and they came forth with democratical doctrines far below the amalgamated whig creed, as this creed had been below the federal. They triumphed in the election of General Jackson, and still continue to hold power. The very foundation of their victory was the want of reverence in the people for old names, old doctrines, and old measures; but will Puseyism bring them back to venerate these? Assuredly not. The error committed has been in following, for too long a period, the pernicious example of the church and aristocracy of England,—that of neglecting to prepare the minds of the people by education, for wielding with success the vast power which the American institutions have committed to their hands.

It is true that the education of the people is now attracting serious attention; but it is only recently that this has been the case. The active generation at present on the stage is greatly under-educated in reference to their political powers and their duties, and fifty years from the present time must elapse before the real effects of the American institutions can be fairly judged of by their influence on an instructed generation. Even at this day, notwithstanding all past experience, the conviction is not general among the whig party, that their only chance of retaining power (for they may gain it by accident for a time) lies in raising the mental condition of the people up to that degree of intelligence which will enable them to understand the moral and political principles on which the welfare of nations is founded, and in *training* them to act in accordance with these. It is true that even the purely selfish among the rich have discovered that they are in the hands of the masses, whose ignorance and excitability alarm them. They are, therefore, at last seriously desirous to educate them for self-preservation, if from no higher motive; just as they would desire to pare the claws of a wild beast that had unfortunately got into the drawing-room, and could not be expelled;—but do not many of them still linger over the condition of European society with regret, and lament in their hearts that the people are their masters, and that they cannot do without them?

So far from the attempt being successful to bring back the people to reverence the mere wealth of the rich, or to invest the clergy with a mysterious sanctity, it will now only excite ridicule. The rich and the clergy must bring their

† This obviously means,—where the theological opinions of the reviewer rule. The remarks in the text remind me of an argument stated by one of the established clergymen of Glasgow, at a church extension meeting. It was the duty, he said, of the civil magistrate to endow the true religion. "It is asked, how is he to know which is the true religion? I answer, we are the teachers of the truth." The sentiment was addressed to his own flock, who loudly applauded this clear and satisfactory solution of the difficulty! The partisans of every other sect would have done the same.

genuinely honest man! Peace to him. Did he not, in spite of all, accomplish much for us? We walk smoothly over his great heroic life; step over his body sunk in the ditch there. We need not spurn it, as we step on it!—Let the Hero rest. It was not to *men's* judgment that he appealed; nor have men judged him very well.

Precisely a century and a year after this of Puritanism had got itself hushed up into decent composure, and its results made smooth, in 1688, there broke out a far deeper explosion, much more difficult to hush up, known to all mortals, and like to be long known, by the name of French Revolution. It is properly the third and final act of Protestantism; the explosive confused return of mankind to Reality and Fact, now that they were perishing of Semblance and Sham. We call our English Puritanism the second act: "Well, then, the Bible is true; let us go by the Bible!" "In Church," said Luther; "In Church and State," said Cromwell, "let us go by what actually is God's Truth." Men have to return to reality; they cannot live on semblance. The French Revolution, or third act, we may well call the final one; for lower than that, savage *Sanctulotism* men cannot go. They stand there on the nakedest haggard Fact, undeniable in all seasons and circumstances; and may and must begin again confidently to build up from that. The French explosion, like the English one, got its King,—who had no Notary parchment to show for himself. We have still to glance for a moment at Napoleon, our second modern King.

Napoleon does by no means seem to me so great a man as Cromwell. His enormous victories which reached over all Europe, while Cromwell abode mainly in our little England, are but as the high *stilts* on which the man is seen standing; the stature of the man is not altered thereby. I find in him no such *sincerity* as in Cromwell; only a far inferior sort. No silent walking, through long years, with the Awful, Unnameable of this Universe; "walking with God," as he called it; and faith and strength in that alone: *latent* thought and valour, content to lie latent, then burst out as in a blaze of Heaven's lightning! Napoleon lived in an age when God was no longer believed; the meaning of all Silence, Latency, was thought to be Nonentity: he had to begin not out of the Puritan Bible, but out of poor *Sceptical Encyclopedies*. This was the length the man carried it. Meritorious to get so far. His compact, prompt, every-way articulate character is in itself perhaps small, compared with our great chaotic *inarticulate* Cromwell's. Instead of "*dumb* Prophet struggling to speak," we have a portentous mixture of the Quack withal! Hume's notion of the Fanatic-Hypocrite, with such truth as it has, will apply much better to Napoleon, than it did to Cromwell, to Mahomet or the like,—where, indeed, taken strictly, it has hardly any truth at all. An element of blameable ambition shows itself, from the first, in this man; gets the victory over him at last, and involves him and his work in ruin.

"False as a bulletin" became a proverb in Napoleon's time. He makes what excuse he could for it: that it was necessary to mislead the enemy, to keep up his own men's courage, and so forth. On the whole, these are no excuses. A man in no case has any liberty to tell lies. It had been in the long-run better for Napoleon, too, if he had not told any. In fact, if a man have any purpose reaching beyond the hour and day, meant to be found extant *next* day, what good can it ever be to promulgate lies? The lies are found out; ruinous penalty is exacted for them. No man will believe the liar next time even when he speaks truth, when it is of the last importance that he be believed. The old cry of wolf!—A Lie is no-thing; you cannot of nothing make something; you make *nothing* at last, and lose your labour in the bargain.

Yet Napoleon had a sincerity: we are to distinguish between what is superficial and what is fundamental in insincerity. Across these outer manœuvres and quackeries of his which were many and most blameable, let us discern withal that the man had a certain instinctive ineradicable feeling for reality; and did base himself upon fact, so long as he had any

basis. He has an instinct of Nature better than his culture was. His *savans*, Bourrienne tells us, in that voyage to Egypt, were one evening busily occupied arguing that there could be no God. They had proved it, to their satisfaction, by all manner of logic. Napoleon looking up into the stars, answers, "Very ingenious, Messieurs: but *who made* all that?" The Atheistic logic runs off from him like water; the great Fact stares him in the face: "Who made all that?" So, too, in Practice: he, as every man that can be great, or have victory in this world, sees, through all entanglements, the practical heart of the matter; drives straight towards that. When the steward of his Tuilleries Palace was exhibiting the new upholstery, with praises and demonstration how glorious it was, and how cheap withal, Napoleon, making little answer, asked for a pair of scissors, clipped one of the gold tassels from a window-curtain, put it in his pocket, and walked on. Some days afterwards, he produced it at the right moment, to the horror of his upholstery functionary: it was not gold but tinsel! In Saint Helena, it is notable how he still, to his last days, insists on the practical, the real. "Why talk and complain; above all, why quarrel with one another? There is no *resultat* in it; it comes to nothing that one can do. Say nothing, if one can do nothing!" He speaks often so, to his poor discontented followers; he is like a piece of silent strength in the middle of their morbid querulousness there.

And accordingly was there not what we can call a *faith* in him, genuine so far as it went? That this new enormous Democracy, asserting itself here in the French Revolution, is an insuppressible Fact, which the whole world, with its old forces and institutions, cannot put down: this was a true insight of his, and took his conscience and enthusiasm along with it,—a *faith*. And did he not interpret the dim purport of it well? "*La carrière ouverte aux talens*, The implements to him who can handle them;" this actually is the truth, and even the whole truth; it includes whatever the French Revolution, or any Revolution, could mean. Napoleon, in his first period, was a true Democrat. And yet by the nature of him, fostered, too, by his military trade, he knew that Democracy, if it were a true thing at all, could not be an anarchy: the man had a heart-hatred for anarchy. On that twentieth of June (1792), Bourrienne and he sat in a coffee-house, as the mob rolled by: Napoleon expresses the deepest contempt for persons in authority that they do not restrain this rabble. On the 10th of August, he wonders why there is no man to command these poor Swiss; they would conquer if there were. Such a faith in Democracy, yet hatred of anarchy, it is that carries Napoleon through all his great work. Through his brilliant Italian Campaigns, onwards to the Peace of Leoben, one would say his inspiration is: "Triumph to the French Revolution; assertion of it against these Austrian Simulacra that pretend to call it a Simulacrum!" Withal, however, he feels, and has a right to feel, how necessary a strong Authority is; how the Revolution cannot prosper or last without such. To bridle in that great devouring, self-devouring French Revolution; to *tame* it, so that its intrinsic purpose can be made good, that it may become *organic*, and be able to live among other organisms and *formed* things, not as a wasting destruction alone: is not this still what he partly aimed at, as the true purport of his life; nay, what he actually managed to do? Through Wagrams, Austerlitzes; triumph after triumph,—he triumphed so far. There was an eye to see in this man, a soul to dare and do. He rose naturally to be the King. All men saw that he *was* such. The common soldiers used to say on the march: "These babbling *Avocats*, up at Paris; all talk and no work! What wonder it runs all wrong! We shall have to go and put our *Petit Caporal* there!" They went, and put him there; they and France at large. Chief-consulship, Emperorship, victory over Europe; till the poor Lieutenant of *La Pèrre*, not unnaturally, might seem to himself the greatest of all men that had been in the world for some ages.

But at this point, I think, the fatal charlatan-element got the upper hand. He apostatised from his

old faith in Facts, took to believing in *Semblances*; strove to connect himself with Austrian Dynasties, Popedom, with the old false Feudalities which he once saw clearly to be false; considered that *he* would found "his Dynasty," and so forth; that the enormous French Revolution meant only that! The man was "given up to strong delusion that he should believe a lie;" a fearful but most sure thing. He did not know true from false now when he looked at them,—the fearfullest penalty a man pays for yielding to untruth of heart. *Self* and false ambition had now become his god: *self*-deception once yielded to, all other deceptions follow naturally more and more. What a paltry patch-work of theatrical paper-mantles, tinsel, and mummery, had this man wrapt his own reality in, thinking to make it more real thereby! His hollow Pope's-Concordat, pretending to be a re-establishment of Catholicism, felt by himself to be the method of extirpating it, "*la vaccine de la religion*;" his ceremonial Coronations, consecrations by the old Italian Chimera in Notre-Dame there,— "wanting nothing to complete the pomp of it," as Augereau said, "nothing but the half-million men who had died to put an end to all that!" Cromwell's Inauguration was by the Sword and Bible; what we must call a genuinely *true* one. Sword and Bible was borne before him, without any chimera: were not these the *real* emblems of Puritanism: its true decoration and insignia? It had used them both in a very real manner, and pretended to stand by them now! But this poor Napoleon mistook: he believed too much in the *Dupeability* of men; saw no fact deeper in man than Hunger and this! He was mistaken. Like a man that should build upon cloud: his house and he fall down in confused wreck, and depart out of the world.

Alas! in all of us this charlatan-element exists; and *might* be developed, were the temptation strong enough. "Lead us not into temptation!" But it is fatal, I say, that it *be* developed. The thing into which it enters as a cognisable ingredient is doomed to be altogether transitory; and however huge it may *look*, is in itself small. Napoleon's working, accordingly, what was it with all the noise it made? A flash as of gunpowder wide-spread; a blazing up as of dry heath. For an hour, the whole Universe seems wrapt in smoke and flame; but only for an hour. It goes out: the Universe with its old mountains and streams, its stars above and kind soil beneath, is still there.

The Duke of Weimar told his friends always, To be of courage; this Napoleonism was *unjust*, a falsehood, and could not last. It is true doctrine. The heavier this Napoleon trampled on the world, holding it tyrannously down, the fiercer would the world's recoil against him be, one day. Injustice pays itself with frightful compound-interest. I am not sure but he had better have lost his best park of artillery, or had his best regiment drowned in the sea, than shot that poor German Bookeeller, Palm! It was a palpable, tyrannous, murderous injustice, which no man, let him paint an inch thick, could make out to be other. It burnt deep into the hearts of men, it and the like of it; suppressed fire flashed in the eyes of men, as they thought of it,—waiting their day! Which day *came*: Germany rose round him. What Napoleon *did*, will in the long-run amount to what he did *justly*; what Nature with her laws will sanction. To what of reality was in him; to that and nothing more. The rest was all smoke and waste. *La carrière ouverte aux talens*: that great true Message which has yet to articulate and fulfil itself every where, he left in a most inarticulate state. He was a great *ébauche*, rude-draught; as, indeed, what great man is not! Left in *too* rude a state, alas!

His notions of the world, as he expresses them there at St. Helena, are almost tragical to consider. He seems to feel the most unaffected surprise that it has all gone so; that he is flung out on the rock here, and the World is still moving on its axis. France is great, and all-great; and at bottom, he is France. England itself, he says, is by Nature only an appendage of France; "another Isle of Oleron to France." So it was *by Nature*, by Napoleon-Nature; and yet look how in fact—*HERE AM I!* He

cannot understand it: inconceivable that the reality has not corresponded to his programme of it; that France was not all great, that he was not France. "Strong delusion," that he should believe the thing to be which is not! The compact, clear-seeing, decisive Italian nature of him, strong, genuine, which he once had, has enveloped itself, half dissolved itself, in a turbid atmosphere of French Fanfaronade. The world was not disposed to be trodden down underfoot; to be bound into masses, and built together, as he liked, for a pedestal to France and him: the world had quite other purposes in view! Napoleon's astonishment is extreme. But, alas! what help now? He had gone that way of his; and Nature also had gone her way. Having once parted with Reality, he tumbles helpless in Vacuity; no rescue for him. He had to sink there, mournfully as man seldom did; and break his great heart, and die—this poor Napoleon: a great implement too soon wasted, till it was useless: our last Great Man!

Our last, in a double sense. For here, finally, these wild roamings of ours, through so many times and places, in search and study of Heroes, are to terminate. I am sorry for it: there was pleasure for me in this business, if also much pain. It is a great subject, and a most grave and wide one, this which, not to be too grave about it, I have named *Acroworship*. It enters deeply, as I think, into the secret of Mankind's ways and vilest interests in this world, and is well worth explaining at present. With six months, instead of six days, we might have done better. I promised to break ground on it; I know not whether I have even managed to do that. I have had to tear it up in the rudest manner in order to get into it at all. Often enough, with these abrupt utterances thrown out isolated, unexplained, has your tolerance been put to the trial. Tolerance, patient candour, all-hoping favour and kindness, which I will not speak of at present. The accomplished and distinguished, the beautiful, the wise, something of what is best in England, have listened patiently to my rude words. With many feelings, I heartily thank you all; and say, Good be with you all!

From Addison's *Damascus and Palmyra*.

GREEK FETE.

I was called at half past six o'clock in the morning to go and see a Greek fete outside the town. On arriving at the bridge, called the Caravan bridge, over the ancient Meles, close to the Turkish burying ground, and in the midst of beautiful gardens, we found a motley collection of Franks, Turks, Armenians, and Jews. There were Armenian women in their white mantles, drawn partly over the face; and manoeuvred by two or three, who had some pretensions to beauty, with all the art of experienced coquettes. Greek girls in their scarlet caps and blue tassels, and Frank women, a mixed race of all nations, in the latest imported Parisian mode. There was the Armenian in his loose robe and extraordinary head-dress, called the calpack, like an immense pincushion; the Turk in his flowing turban and pelisse lined with sable; the Greek in his scarlet cap, and the mixed Frank population, cutting a poor figure in their long frock coats and black beaver hats. In a fine, fresh, green looking garden, filled with lettuces and cucumbers, and in walks bordered by the orange, the pomegranate, the fig-tree, were numerous parties, eating their breakfasts of bread, meat, and little fish, pickled in barrels; at the bottom of the garden was an old woman with a knife, cutting off orange blossoms and distributing them among a crowd of girls. Seating ourselves under a tree, we called for a pipe and coffee. There were no Turkish ladies to be seen; they are not allowed to mix in such entertainments; and although the Turks seem well enough pleased to contemplate the unveiled charms of the Greek and Frank women, yet they would on no account afford their own the same privilege of being looked at and admired. Many of the women are placed under the superintending care of an old hag, who is responsible for their actions,

and under whose guidance they walk in gardens and environs of the town. Then it is that some young Frank, who chances to pass the troop, when the old woman is at their head in front, may perhaps be gratified by seeing the veil for an instant removed, and a pretty laughing face exposed to view, and a pair of eyes which tell tales.

LINES.

BY LADY JERVIS.

I am never alone—at early dawn,
When the lark pours her joyous notes on high,
When the diamond dew-drop gems the lawn,
And the daisy opens her tearful eye—
I am never alone—with fragrant hair,
The Spirit of the first young Hour is there.

In one loud pæan our songs arise—
"Thanks to our God for the earth and skies,
For the early dawn, the glittering dews,
For the heaven of song, the glow of hues,
For the life, the light, the love we share,
Thanks! thanks! for the thoughts of praise and prayer."

I am never alone—at warm noon-day,
When the breeze is drunk by the scorching heat,
When the lark hath hushed his thrilling lay,
And the flowers shut up their odours sweet—
I am never alone—beside me lies
The Spirit of the Wood, with deep dark eyes.

My heart is stilled with flower and bird,
My soul is with that spirit heard:
Low, soft as summer's breath arise—
"Thanks to our God for the earth and skies,
For the glowing noon, the cooling glade,
For the sweets of rest, the calm of shade;
For the life, the love, the peace we share,
Thanks! thanks! for the thoughts of praise and prayer."

I am never alone—at evening's close,
When the twittering birds bid earth good night,
When the insect hums round the laurel-rose,
And the bat flies low in the dim twilight—
I am never alone—on bended knee
The Spirit of the Night-wind prays with me.

NEW BOOKS.

Biography and Poetical Remains of the late Margaret Miller Davidson. By WASHINGTON IRVING. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard, 1841.

This was a labour of love. There is the same affinity between the character and genius of this youthful poetess and her biographer, which existed in the case of Kirke White and his biographer, Southey. In each case the task of recovering and embalming the remains of a deceased favourite, encasing them in the amber of their own beautiful creations, has been executed with an affectionate solicitude which does honour to the author's heart.

Margaret Miller Davidson was the sister of Lucretia Davidson, celebrated for her poetical talents and lamented for her early death. Margaret had the same peculiarities of character and talent, the same moral and physical constitution, as her sister; and like her died in early life. Her literary remains were entrusted to Mr. Irving by her mother, not less on account of his intimacy with the family, than his taste and judgment as an editor. The Memoir occupies 152 pages of the volume; the Remains 207 pages, nearly all in verse.

Parents should read this volume. It conveys a very decisive warning against permitting the precocious talent of the young and delicate to develop itself by strong intellectual stimulants to the neglect of physical culture. This subject has not hitherto attracted much attention. But it is important, inasmuch as we every year behold numbers sinking early into the tomb, whose lives might have been preserved by a careful attention to the equilibrium of mental and physical development.

The Moral Influence, Dangers, and Duties, connected with Great Cities. By JOHN TODD. Philadelphia: Smith & Peck, corner of Arch and Third streets, 1841.

The author of the *Student's Manual* could not have exerted his peculiar talents for moral instruction in a more fertile field than he has selected in the present instance, and his usual vivid, fresh, and highly practical manner was never exhibited to better advantage than in this volume. We commend it to readers of all classes, as a book full of excellent instruction.

A Practical Treatise on the Human Teeth: showing the Causes of their Destruction, and the Means of their Preservation. By WILLIAM ROBERTSON. With plates. First American from the second London edition. 8vo. Philadelphia, 1841. Lea & Blanchard.

This work is not addressed solely to the professional dentist, but to the public at large. It is written in such a manner as to be wholly intelligible; and although some of the author's views—in regard to the production of decay in the teeth—may admit of dispute, he conveys information that must be valuable to all. He states specifically in the preface to the first edition, that one of his objects, "indeed, the chief one," was to make the non-professional reader acquainted with the nature and progress of caries, and with the preventive and remedial measures which it is necessary to adopt, and that, therefore, he has entered no farther into the consideration of the anatomical structure of the teeth, and of the parts connected with them, than appeared to him to be absolutely necessary, in order to make that part of the subject clear and intelligible.

The work will furnish useful hints to every one who is solicitous—and who is not—to preserve the integrity of the important organs of which it treats.

Lectures on Universalism. By REV. JOEL PARKER. D. D. New York: John S. Taylor & Co., 1841.

This is a reprint of a very popular book on polemical theology, published several years since. The new edition is remodeled so as to reply to recent arguments adduced in favour of universalism. Of its merits as a theological argument, we can hardly be expected to offer a very elaborate notice. It is, like all Mr. Taylor's publications, very handsomely printed and bound.

This work is for sale at the bookstore of Mr. R. L. H. George, Fifth street, above Chesnut.

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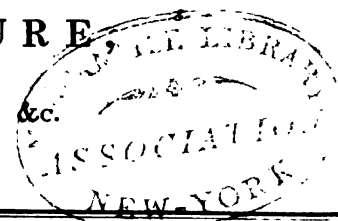
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EDITED BY JOHN SANDERSON, ESQ.



PART I.

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RULES FOR INVIGORATING THE CONSTITUTION.

(Concluded from No. 23.)

In 1829, I was consulted respecting the health of Miss Fisher. She had from the age of six or seven, exhibited uncommon abilities for a child, and though one of a large family, was decidedly a favourite of her father, who was a man of highly respectable literary attainments. Conscious, as she must have been at an early period, of his fondness, it seemed the greatest pleasure of her life to merit his approving smile; and as nothing pleased him so much as her rapid progress in learning, she gave her whole soul to her studies with a devotedness truly astonishing. When eight years old, the quantity of poetry she had committed to memory, and rehearsed with a great deal of taste and expression, was almost incredible, and as she sat upon her father's knee, repeating the sweet strains of Cowper, Hemans, and others, it was easy to see the mingled emotions of pleasure and parental affection which they excited.

I pass over several years with the bare mention of her uniform success in obtaining the first prizes at school, and come to a period that has a more immediate bearing on our subject. Miss Fisher attained her eighteenth year, was rather all, but very spare and delicate: her complexion was fair, and her large blue veins were very apparent about her neck and arms; her eye was animated and full of expression; her voice, in ordinary conversation, was peculiarly soft and melodious, and the remarkable sweetness of her temper was perceptible at the first glance. Her person I will not minutely describe—it would be dwelling too long upon the casket, when the gem it contains should at once rivet the attention.

Her mind was truly a gem of the first order, possessing those native qualities which alone can give intrinsic value. It had received all the improvement which the most unwearied labour could bestow upon it, or even a father's heart could desire, and now shone forth in all the perfection of its splendour. But, alas! it was like the meteor's blaze which appears for a moment, and then vanishes for ever. Her father had indeed gained a prodigy, but lost a child. Need I tell the sad sequel of her tale—it is what all have witnessed, and what may be told of thousands. A slight cough gave the first warning of the impending calamity, and her whole appearance exhibited, to the practised eye, a constitution ruined by neglect of exercise and incessant application to study; and the advances of that relentless disease, consumption, were indeed too visible; but

assuming all the mildness and gentleness of character for which its victim was remarkable, it seemed to take from her all fears of its certain consequences and final termination. Still her fondness for those intellectual pursuits which had so much embellished the spiritual part, while its frail covering had been gradually fretted out, was unabated; still she seemed wrapt in a bright vision that was ere long to be interrupted, and could with difficulty be induced to pay any attention to her health. Why should she? She felt no pain, and she could discover in herself no indications of disease. A slight cold would account for her cough—her appetite was as usual—her spirits were undiminished—and to convince her that a fatal disease was already fastening upon her, was to convince her against the evidence of her own senses.

Still, however, the destroyer was gaining ground, but so silently, so stealthily, that no alarm was excited; indeed, he seemed to fascinate the object of his wiles as the serpent does the harmless bird that it decoys to destruction, beguiling her with the mock roses and lilies under which he lay concealed, till she should yield unhesitatingly to his deadly embrace.

Among all the diseases that prey upon human life, none are so false and deceitful as consumption. It singles out the fairest and most delicate part of the creation for its victims, and, alas! too often foils all the exertions and ingenuity of man to arrest its progress. Inflammations, fevers, and a host of other maladies, attack us openly, and with a degree of boldness that at once puts us on our guard; but consumption is a concealed enemy, that silently and unsuspectingly gets possession of the citadel, and slowly carries on the work of destruction at the very seat of life.

But I am wandering from my subject, and fain would I leave the rest untold. Though short, it is full of melancholy—though the fate of thousands, it is not the less replete with painful interest; for who can behold one so young, so intellectual, and so lovely, decked with false roses as for her bridal, and calmly and unconcernedly descending step by step to the gloomy mansion, and not be moved? Suffice it to say, no human efforts could delay the fatal moment, but her lovely spirit shone brightly to the very last, and when its frail tenement was no longer worthy to retain it, it was gently released almost without a struggle or a moan.

Before closing my remarks on the education of females, I will give you a case which has appeared to me well calculated to show the pernicious effects of misguided parental affection, and the power of nature in repairing in some

measure the injury she has sustained under certain circumstances. Such cases are undoubtedly rare, for either the health is irreparably destroyed by similar treatment during childhood, or else the condition of the individual prevents the application of the only efficacious remedy.

Mrs. Robertson was born of very respectable parents, both of whom were remarkably amiable, and she had the misfortune to be the oldest of several children. Her mother was one of those anxious, timid women, always looking out for sickness and accidents, and excessively alarmed at the most trifling indication of disease, or the least casualty. She early imbibed the idea that her first-born, Fanny, had an excessively delicate constitution, and would require all the care and assiduity that could possibly be bestowed upon her, to bring her to maturity. This probably arose in some measure from her being rather smaller than most children, and from her having been occasionally visited by some of the complaints peculiar to infancy.

If Fanny coughed or cried, or was disinclined to eat, or was restless at night, her mother was sure she was ill, and flew immediately to the medicine chest for hive syrup, paregoric, or castor oil; and if the child did not soon appear entirely well in spite of this dosing, the doctor was summoned forthwith. She was not allowed to breathe the fresh air, even in mild weather, for fear of croup, and her stomach was kept so constantly disturbed by some of the aforesaid remedies, that nothing like healthy digestion took place; flatulence, acidity, and colic pains were the consequence, and these were invariably attributed to a naturally weak stomach, forbidding the use of any thing but barley-water and arrow-root.

In spite of all these hindrances she grew up, but was in reality a very feeble girl. How could she be otherwise? But what is a little remarkable is, that the mother so completely concentrated all her anxious fears and unwearied attention in this first object of a mother's affection, that her other children, though brought up with sufficient care, completely escaped her pernicious officiousness, and were comparatively robust. The mother concluded from their general health that they were blessed with good constitutions, and required but little nursing; and as Fanny was the idol to whom all her sacrifices were offered, the younger sisters were early taught to wait upon their elder, and being allowed to exercise, eat, drink, and sleep something as nature dictated, they grew up healthy girls.

It is not a little surprising that with all this petting, confinement, and dosing, which com-

monly sours the temper, poor Fanny should have been tolerably good-natured, not to say amiable; but she was one of the most kind-hearted, affectionate beings I ever saw; and though her frame was very feeble, she was perfectly free from any thing like disease. She was a living evidence of the extent to which nature will be sometimes thwarted in her purposes, though she is more frequently quick to avenge man's mischievous interference in her works. Left to herself, she rarely fails to perfect what she has commenced, but often interrupted, she indignantly casts her task from her, as unworthy of being accomplished.

At nineteen, Fanny was married to a man of excellent character, who did all a kind-hearted husband could do to make her happy. This, as will appear, was no easy matter. When I became their physician, which was at an early period of my practice, they had two children, and Fanny was almost constantly requiring my attendance. She was never in my opinion dangerously ill, but incessantly complaining. She was very thin, pale, and feeble; and the least agitation brought on the most distressing nervous attacks, but I never could discover that she had any fixed malady. She was often shut up in her room for weeks together, with little or no appetite, sleepless nights, and, altogether, in a most pitiable state of weakness. She thought she had at different times all the diseases which "flesh is heir to," except, perhaps, small-pox, yellow fever, hydrophobia, and a few others; and often, often believed herself at the very point of death.

It would be utterly impossible for me to enumerate the different times I have been summoned to her, with an assurance on the part of the messenger that she would not be alive at my arrival unless I went with the greatest possible despatch. But strange as it may seem, in every instance I found her a little relieved, though told that had I been a few moments sooner, I should have thought her nearly in her last agonies.

The fact was, her nervous system was so irritable, that the veriest trifle agitated her, and then she would work herself into the belief that her last moment had come. I am convinced it was no affection or deception on her part, for nothing could be more foreign to her character than to practise either. Her sufferings were all real to her, for which reason I had patience with her, and did all I could to calm and relieve her; and her husband, good man, looked upon her in exactly the same light that I did, and instead of exercising any harshness, did every thing in his power to please her, for the least appearance of dissatisfaction gave such pain to her sensitive mind, that he found it best as much as possible to avoid it.

All my arguments failed to induce her to take regular exercise abroad, a thing, indeed, that she never had done; and though I strongly advised her not to drink tea, she found such temporary satisfaction from it, that she could not resolve to lay it aside. She told me that she knew strong tea was poison to her, and that if sufficiently strong, it would render her for a time delirious, yet she insisted that weak tea was not hurtful to her, and furthermore, that she could not live without it.

This was odd reasoning: for according to this principle a poisonous substance may destroy life if taken in a certain quantity, but habitually taken in minute doses, it is not only harmless but conducive to health.

Fanny was a fond mother, and whenever either of her children happened to be at all indisposed, her fears were immediately transferred from herself to them, and she became really one of the most unhappy beings imaginable. She could neither eat, sleep, nor for a moment leave them, till she fancied they were better, and then, exhausted by her anxiety and exertions, she inevitably took to her bed, which she sometimes could not leave again for weeks.

When consulted by her, the first question she usually put to me was—"Well, doctor, is it possible for me ever to recover?" An assurance from me that she was not in a dangerous state, commonly produced the reply, "I have always been so feeble that I am sure I cannot survive a great while; and it appears to me that every ill turn is more severe than that which preceded it."

She would sometimes ask me with the greatest solemnity of manner, if I thought she would live many days; and I have not unfrequently found it very difficult to maintain my gravity in answering her.

To have lightly treated her fears, would have been to wound her feelings, and irretrievably lose her confidence. Her mental sufferings were exceedingly great; and knowing, as I did, that they depended upon the debility of the body, I had no disposition to ridicule them, or to think them undeserving my attention and sympathy.

It was melancholy thus to see a young female deprived of health, and of almost every enjoyment of life, and dragging out a painful existence in consequence of the misplaced cares of one of the best-disposed mothers, and without any probability of her being essentially benefited by any prescriptions.

But at length a reverse of fortune, as most persons would call it, proved to be any thing but a reverse to her, and did more than all the medicine that could be advised.

Her husband sustained some losses, and was compelled to seek a less expensive mode of living. He sold his property for the benefit of his creditors, and with the trifle which remained to him, emigrated to America, where he purchased a piece of land, erected a log-house, into which he moved his family, and applied himself to the task of clearing up a new farm.

His wife saw the necessity of the change, and did not murmur; but it was hard for her to leave the neighbourhood of that affectionate mother to whom she thought she owed a debt of gratitude she could never be able to cancel, but to whom, in fact, she owed all her sufferings.

To keep even a single servant now was out of the question, and she was compelled by stern necessity, to make exertion which she had never before attempted. The affairs of her little log-tenement were to be managed by her, or not at all; and I must do her the credit to say, considering the life she had always lived, and the extreme delicacy of her frame, she commenced her domestic labours with a degree of fortitude that was really surprising. At first she could do but little at a time, without lying down to rest herself; and many were the hours spent in tears, and dark bodings of the future. But her health and strength slowly improved, and though she now and then gave up and took to her bed, the state of her house soon forced her from it, and after struggling on in this way for nearly two years, she at length found herself sufficiently strong to conduct the concerns with considerable ease; and her husband, discovering that her exertions were doing her more good than all the doctors,

thought it most prudent not to ease her burdens, except by kind and encouraging language, and finally saw her in the enjoyment of tolerable health, justly considering the loss of property and the hardships it had brought upon them, the greatest blessing he could have received. That bad health in this instance was entirely the effect of early habits, was fairly proved.

From the North American Review.

LAURA BRIDGMAN,

THE CHILD OF ONE SENSE.

Laura Bridgman, born in Hanover, New Hampshire, in December, 1829, was a sprightly infant, but of feeble constitution, and subject to severe fits, all she was a year and a half old. For six months from that time, her health materially improved, and in this interval, according to the account now given by her family, her infantile capacities were rapidly developed. At two years of age,

"Suddenly she sickened again; her disease raged with great violence during five weeks, when her eyes and ears were inflamed, suppurated, and their contents were discharged. But though sight and hearing were gone for ever, the poor child's sufferings were not ended; fever raged during seven weeks; for five months she was kept in a bed in a darkened room; it was a year before she could walk unsupported, and two years before she could sit up all day." It was now observed that her sense of smell was almost entirely destroyed; and, consequently, that her taste was much blunted.

"It was not until four years of age, that the poor child's bodily health seemed restored, and she was able to enter upon her apprenticeship of life and the world."

The account of her progress till her eighth year, as being obtained at second hand, is brief and general.

"As soon as she could walk, she began to explore the room, and then the house; she became familiar with the form, density, weight, and heat, of every article she could lay her hands upon. She followed her mother, and felt of her hands and arms, as she was occupied about the house; and her disposition to imitate led her to repeat every thing herself. She even learned to sew a little, and to knit.

"Her affections, too, began to expand, and seemed to be lavished upon the members of the family with peculiar force.

"But the means of communication with her were very limited; she could only be told to go to a place by being pushed; or to come to one by a sign of drawing her. Patting her gently on the head signified approbation; on the back, disapprobation.

"She showed every disposition to learn, and manifestly began to use a natural language of her own; she had a sign to express her idea of each member of the family; as drawing her fingers down each side of her face, to allude to the whiskers of one; twirling her hand around, in imitation of the motion of the spinning wheel, for another; and so on. But although she received all the aid that a kind mother could bestow, she soon began to give proof of the importance of language to the development of human character: caressing and chiding will do for infants and dogs, but not for children; and by the time Laura was seven years old, the moral effects of her privation began to appear. There was nothing to control her will but the absolute power of another, and humanity revolts at this; she had already begun to disregard all but the sterner nature of her father; and it was evident, that as the propensities should increase with her physical growth, so would the difficulty of restraining them increase."

In October, 1837, she was brought to the Institution for the Blind in Boston.

"For a while, she was much bewildered; and after waiting about two weeks, until she became acquainted with her new locality, and somewhat familiar with the inmates, the attempt was made to give her knowledge of arbitrary signs, by which she could interchange thoughts with others.

"The first experiments were made by taking articles in common use, such as knives, forks,

own maxims and pretensions "to the touchstone of the understanding;" they must abandon "the mysteries" in so far as it relates to the affairs of this world, and attend to that "wisdom" which God has impressed on the material and moral world. It has been my humble endeavour, in "The Constitution of Man," in my "Moral Philosophy," and in my lectures, to convince the people that there are not two "wisdoms" relative to this world, human and divine, but one wisdom, which is altogether of God—which is written in the frame-work of the external universe, and in our own bodies and minds, as well as in the Bible; and that unless they study this wisdom, and act according to it, they cannot prosper in this life. Their present want of reverence may be traced to their deficiency in intellectual education and moral training. The present generation scarcely knows any wisdom superior to its own; but the wisdom of God, when properly taught to them, will render them at once reverential and independent.

The impediments in the way of extending a sound and truly valuable education to the people of America are very great. The first step towards accomplishing this end must be to institute normal schools for the instruction of the teachers, not only in the proper subjects to be taught, but in the best modes of teaching. The assertion that this is necessary, is resented by nine out of every ten of the actual teachers as a personal insult; and they find it no difficult matter to induce the parents of the children to participate in their feelings. Again, many authors and publishers are interested in the existing school books; and to say that some of them are ill adapted for instruction, is to affect the interests of their owners, and render these individuals secret or declared enemies. There are numerous zealous, vigilant, and influential clergymen, each advocating peculiar sectarian views of Christianity; and to expound a principle in mental philosophy or morals which threatens, even in the most remote degree, to clash with their particular interpretations of Scripture, excites their alarm and rouses their hostility. These various interests send forth under-currents of discontent, which wait only the occasion of some tangible act on the part of the friends of education that may be plausibly condemned or successfully misrepresented, when they immediately combine and form a powerful stream of public opposition to the best efforts of the true friends of the people. The only means of removing all these obstacles is the steadfast address of information and reason to the people, in a spirit which will bear in meekness a thousand disappointments, and still persevere in the path of ultimate success.

August 23. Therm. 60°. *The Church of Scotland and Education.*—In Britain the cause of education has still greater obstacles to contend with. The Edinburgh newspapers contain a report of a meeting held in the Assembly Rooms of that city on the 8th of July, at which the subject of national education was discussed. The company were admitted by tickets, and the Rev. Dr. Muir was called to the chair. The "Central Society" for promoting education (which advocates a national system of education universally applicable by avoiding sectarian teaching), and the evidence of Mr. James Simpson on that subject, given before a committee of the house of commons, were severely commented on. Dr. Muir is reported to have said, that "what excited alarm in his mind on the present occasion, was the remarkable coincidence that had taken place

between the opinions of these philosophical educationists and the projects of education which had been issued by the government." Mr. Balfour, the minister of Colinton, moved the first resolution, "to the effect that the education of youth ought to be vested in the ministers of the Established Church," which was seconded by Mr. Johnston. Mr. John Wood, of the Sessional School, moved a resolution expressing thanks to God for the "parochial school system, superintended by the parochial minister, and in which the Bible was received as the basis of all instruction." He declared his dissent from Mr. Simpson's views of education, and commented in "severe terms on the monstrous consequences to which this would lead." Mr. Swinton of Inverleith Row moved that an address be presented to her majesty, and that petitions "be sent to both houses of parliament deprecating the proposed measure" of government to establish an educational system open to all sects. These resolutions were adopted.

I introduce this subject to my American readers as a practical example of the nature and mode of action of an Established Church. It is a single sect, endowed by the government, and placed in possession of ecclesiastical power extending over the whole kingdom, and professing articles of belief sanctioned by act of parliament. It is chained in its position by legal fetters. Theology may gather new lights from science—from profounder erudition in the clergy, or from increasing civilisation in the people; but the law-enacted creed cannot admit one ray of light into its dogmas. When the clergy of an established church see the public mind advancing in knowledge, and in the practice of the Christian virtues of mutual forbearance, justice, and benevolence, they take the alarm for the safety of their own pretensions to supremacy. They discover that, if the people should be educated in useful knowledge, and induced to practise that precept of Christianity which teaches us to "love our neighbours as ourselves," their exclusive dominion would be wrested from them; and they, therefore, leave no effort untried to secure to themselves the education and training of the young, with a view to bind them to their chariot wheels through life.

Since the reformation, the church has had the charge of the education of the people both in England and in Scotland. On the 5th of July, 1839, the Marquis of Lansdowne, in the house of lords, presented a graphic picture of the success with which the church has discharged this duty in England. In Kent, said he, the maniac Thom had induced the people to receive him as one of the Messrs. Rothschild, the rich bankers; as the King of Jerusalem; as the Earl of Devon; and lately in the sacred character of the Saviour of mankind; "and in each of these characters he was implicitly believed and blindly followed, by the greater proportion of the whole population of three or four parishes." "In two or three instances the most infatuated of his followers are the very masters and mistresses of the village schools! Kent was not singular in its ignorance. He believed that in his own immediate neighbourhood, in the west of England, it would only require the appearance of another Thom to give rise to a similar exhibition of fanaticism."

If the common people had been invested with any degree of political power, or had enjoyed any legal and constitutional means by which they could have brought the evils of their ignorance to bear on the enjoyments of the aristocracy and the

clergy, would they have been allowed to fall into such a state of mental degradation? No! At present, they have no way of making this ignorance influence the comforts of the rich, except by open violations of the law, such as burning corn-stacks and other property. The chartists have lately destroyed houses and shops in Birmingham to the value of 40,000*l.* sterling. For these offences they are imprisoned, banished, or executed; meanwhile the clergy and aristocracy continue to oppose the only practicable scheme of averting such catastrophes—that of universal education. In the United States, the ignorance of the masses operates through the medium of the ballot-box, and it is filling the wealthy with so much terror for their own safety, that they are as ardently desirous to educate the people, as the majority of the English peers and clergy are to prevent the accomplishment of such an object. Can the Church of England then be safely trusted with the education of the masses in future? Two reasons forbid it. *First*, Two fifths of the people are dissenters, and the *nation* includes the whole; and, *secondly*, the spirit of the Church of England is avowedly conservative of all corporate and social privileges, and it is therefore hostile to the elevation of the masses into that condition of intelligence and morality which will render them fit to send representatives of their own feelings and interests into the legislative assemblies of the country, and thereby to destroy all unjust advantages, enjoyed exclusively by particular classes. No body of men should be entrusted with *national* education, who do not conscientiously desire to advance both the mental and physical condition of the people, without regard to the consequences of their improvement on the privileges of those who are now their superiors. An enlightened and moral people will grant *justice* to all, and no class has any title to more.

In Scotland, the clergy have as little reason to boast of their success in national education. Their folds also include only three fifths of the population, and they have therefore no right to direct the education of the whole. Besides, it is confessed by themselves that they shamefully neglected both the spiritual and the temporal education of the people during seventy years of the last century; and Dr. Chalmers lately proclaimed that the large towns in particular of Scotland are overrun by "unexcavated heathens." Dr. Spurzheim, when he last visited Scotland, remarked that the Scots appeared to him to be the most priest-ridden nation in Europe; Spain and Portugal not excepted. After having seen other countries, I can understand the force of this observation. One of the disadvantages of Scotland is her remote situation, and the consequent limited intercourse of the majority of her people with foreign nations. She has grown up as a little world within herself. She tries her church, her clergy, her schools, her opinions in general, by no standard but her own cherished prepossessions; and she finds them perfect. In Protestant Germany, Switzerland, and the United States, the darker features of Calvinism are softening. Scotland clings to them all; and with perfect self-complacency, charges these other nations with "backsliding from the truth." This is precisely what the Spaniards and Portuguese have long done in regard to their opinions, under the guidance of their priests. The clergy and political partisans in Scotland take advantage of this tendency to self-admiration, and by assuring the people that they are the most orthodox Christians in the world, they rivet the chains of bigotry

and intolerance round the necks of the enthralled listeners by their own hands. In the United States, the system of education which has called forth the petition from the church party in Edinburgh to the queen, has been in actual operation, and with the best effect, for years. The state provides for *all* the people, secular education and instruction in those moral departments of Christianity in which all sects are agreed, and it leaves to parents and pastors of every sect the duty of indoctrinating the young in their own peculiar tenets. The state recognises no sect as wiser, or better, or sounder than the others, but leaves the people to judge of their merits, and to support them according to the dictates of their own consciences and understandings. The consequences are—extremely little religious animosity; churches supported by voluntary zeal so numerous that in New England, and in the cities generally over the Union, there is one for every thousand inhabitants; and a clergy so industrious that a large proportion of them actually sacrifice their health, and some their lives, in the discharge of their duties. The churches, moreover, are far more handsome and comfortable in their accommodations, and much better filled, than those of the establishment in Scotland. Meanwhile the whole country is actively engaged in the work of education. It is no wonder, then, that the people of the United States look with astonishment at the proceedings of our established clergy in regard to education, and that they sympathise with the working classes, when they complain of “the great opposition given to a grant of 30,000*l.* for the education of the poor, in contrast with the little opposition to a grant of 70,000*l.* for building a riding house for the queen.”*

Supply of Ice to Calcutta.—American enterprise has led to the regular supply of Calcutta with ice from the United States as an article of commerce. A gentleman of Boston, who owns a ship of 400 tons employed in this trade, described to me the process of loading the ship. In the month of February, the ice is cut into square blocks and built regularly up in the hold till it is quite full. The interstices between the blocks, and also the sides and a few inches at the bottom of the vessel, are filled with husks of rye, and the whole forms a compact mass. The hatches are then closed, and the hold is rendered as nearly air-tight as possible. About one fourth of the whole quantity shipped melts in the voyage. The moisture trickles down and is pumped out with the bilge water; the remaining three fourths are delivered in Calcutta. The trade yields a fair profit.

The New York City Humane and Criminal Institutions.—The female penitentiary at Bellevue contains 71 convicts. The female penitentiary at Blackwell's Island contains 224. The male penitentiary at the latter place contains 232 convicts. The house of refuge contains 158 boys and 58 girls—total 216. The lunatic asylum on Blackwell's Island contains 200 persons—95 men and 105 women. There are in the almshouse at Bellevue 2432 persons—1167 natives of this country, and 1265 foreigners.†

* Address by the general convention of the working classes to the middle classes.

† The almshouse is the refuge for the paupers of the city; and this return confirms two facts which I have already adverted to, namely, that the aggregate number of paupers in the American cities is small compared with that in British cities, and that a large proportion of them are foreigners. In regard to the

The city prison contains 128—95 men and 33 women—16 of whom are in the debtors' department. The “nurseries” at the Long Island farm contain 776 persons—516 boys, 172 girls, 12 men and 76 women.—*September, 1830.*

Mercantile Honour in New York.—“A dispute has been carried on in some of the papers as to the amount of mercantile honour in New York. Our opinion is, that there are in New York some of the biggest rascals that go unhanged. Besides these, there are a good many little rascals, some of whom were born here, but most of them received their education in other places. Further, there are a great many very well behaved gentlemanly people engaged in trade.”—*New York Journal of Commerce, 20th July, 1839.* This is an honest, and apparently a very correct, statement of the case.

August 31. Ther. 51°. *Law as to Challenge.*—It has been decided in Philadelphia that a challenge to fight with fists is an indictable offence; in *The Commonwealth v. Caleb Whitehead*, before Judge Todd and jury, 15th of August, 1839. The judge remarked that this is not an indictable offence in England, and that the point has never hitherto been decided in Pennsylvania, but that, after hearing able pleadings by the counsel in the case, he is of opinion that it is an indictable offence, and ruled accordingly. The jury returned a verdict of guilty.

A Storm.—Last night the wind increased to a heavy gale from the north and northeast, accompanied by a tremendous rain. Cape Cottage, a frame house of three stories, clapboarded, vibrated to its foundations, and our bed shook beneath us. The rain streamed through the roof, penetrated the room above ours, and fell in large drops on our floor. The windows leaked, and the winds roared through our apartments, as if they had been *Æolus's* cave. The storm continues this day, and the sea comes rolling in from the Atlantic, in stupendous waves, and breaks with terrific grandeur against the rugged cliffs that skirt the shore.

Captain Marryat's Diary.—I have perused the American reprint of this work. It is a special pleading against the Americans, and not an impartial judgment on their character and institutions. His section on religion is a strange combination of illogical ideas. He represents the multiplication of sects as fatal to religion. This, however, is contradicted by facts. His argument amounts to this: that if we leave the human mind free, with reason and the Bible as its only guides, to form its own opinions, and institute its own ceremonies in religion, the consequence will be simply the multiplication of errors; but he should have explained how the selecting of one sect, and declaring it by act of parliament to be the depositary of the only true faith, will

charge formerly alluded to, made against the managers of St. Cuthbert's charity workhouse in Edinburgh of shipping paupers to the United States, in order to free themselves from the burden of maintaining them, I find that I understated their defence. Mr. Johnston paid the agents at Liverpool for the ship “*Chieftain*” the head-money which is exacted from every individual going from Great Britain to New York, for himself and his apprentices and servants. The captain of the vessel neglected to report him and his people at New York on their arrival, and to pay the “head-money,” in consequence of which Mr. Johnston was carried before the mayor, Mr. Clark, and fined in 500 dollars, and imprisoned because he was unable to pay or give bail for that sum. This was regarded even in New York as an outrage on justice.

coufer on its doctrines the character of unquestionable truth. Does the act which provides bounties for those who believe in the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England, and penalties for those who do not believe in them, render them infallibly true? The lesson which the multitude of sects conveys to my mind is, that those points in which they all agree must be clearly revealed in the Bible, and must therefore constitute the essence of Christianity, while those regarding which they differ widely, must be not so explicitly unfolded, and be therefore less essential to human salvation. The progress of discussion in the United States is diminishing the points of difference, and increasing those of agreement. For example, the eternal perdition of infants is now given up by all, or nearly all sects, whereas a century ago this was a favourite orthodox article of belief. Again, the doctrine of the total corruption of human nature is now in the progress of being abandoned or modified by the different sects; which also was a fundamental element in all sound belief half a century ago. Other modifications are in progress, some of which I shall take a subsequent opportunity of stating.

Captain Marryat accuses American juries of accepting bribes. I have never heard this mentioned by the Americans themselves as a defect in the working of their institutions, and I have no means of knowing to what extent the evil, if it do exist, prevails. But, without meaning in the least to palliate the iniquity of it, I may be allowed to remind Captain Marryat that a short time ago, even in the reformed parliament of Great Britain, the members of the house of commons, the chosen of the land, when acting in the character of judges on committees on disputed elections, disregarded, in the most shameless manner, all law, evidence, and justice, and voted the Tories for the Tory candidates, and the Whigs for the Whig candidates, without a single exception, till the abuse roused the indignation of the honest men of all parties over the whole empire, and was at last corrected. The American juries are often composed of ignorant men in humble circumstances; whereas these committees consisted of men of the first rank, fortune and education in the country.

He mentions a judge who acquitted a female convicted of theft because she was “a pretty girl.” We could have told him in Scotland of a sheriff, only lately deceased, who was so great an admirer of the fair sex, that, according to common report, when he sat as judge in the small debt court, he decided in favour of the lady, whether plaintiff or defendant, the moment he saw her head-gear, as she passed through the crowd to come to the bar, and without waiting to discover whether she was old or young, plain or pretty, or to hear either what she claimed or what she resisted. Such stories have in general just so much truth in them as to render them amusing expositions of the foibles of the individuals of whom they are narrated; but it is absurd to cite them as traits of national character.

Sept. 3. *Aurora Borealis.*—This evening at half past seven we saw a beautiful aurora borealis. In the zenith its top was exactly like the centre of a splendid canopy, from which its rays, some of them of a deep purple colour, seemed to descend to the horizon. I afterwards read in the newspapers that on the evening of the same day the same appearances had been seen at London, New York, and New Orleans! As there is a difference of nearly six hours between London and New Orleans, this aurora must have retained

is form and colours for an extraordinary length of time. The sun must have been shining on New Orleans when the aurora was observed in its greatest splendour in London! Its height must have been great, for it was seen precisely at the same hour in the same part of the heavens, and presenting the same appearances, in New York and Portland in Maine, which are more than 300 miles apart.

Sept. 10. Ther. 65°. *Sunday*.—In New York it has recently been decided that it is unlawful to sell newspapers in the street on Sunday.

The Amistad Schooner.—For some days a long, low, black schooner, of a very suspicious appearance, was observed hovering off the American coast, and she has at last been captured in Long Island Sound. She was filled with negroes lately brought from the coast of Africa to Havana, a Spanish city, and sold there as slaves to a Spaniard, who hired this vessel to carry them to his estate in Cuba. They rose on the captain and killed him and one of his crew; several others fled from the vessel in a boat, and the rest, including their purchaser, they saved alive. They commanded them to steer for Africa, which they did during the day, as the negroes knew that Africa lay to the south, and the sun showed them the direction; but during the night they invariably steered north, until they came to Long Island coast. A vigorous discussion is proceeding in the American newspapers, whether these men are murderers and pirates, or noble asserters of their invaded rights.

Sept. 11. Ther. 61°. *Dr. Sewall, the Anti-Phrenologist*.—I formerly mentioned that I had stated to this gentleman that he erred in regard not only to the truth or merits of phrenology, as to which he had as good a right to form a judgment as any phrenologist, but in respect to the subject itself, and that the representation given of it in his work entitled "Errors of Phrenology exposed," was a tissue of mistakes of his own; upon which he had expressed the possibility of his revising his opinions. A second edition of his book has since appeared, in which the old misrepresentations are retained. Not only so, but the same errors in quotation are carefully preserved. As an example of his accuracy in point of doctrine, I cite the following words from my *Elements of Phrenology*, in which the real phrenological views are stated, and I shall then introduce his representation of them. "The phrenologist never compares intellectual ability with the size of the brain in general; for a fundamental principle of the science is, that different parts of the brain have different functions, and that hence the same absolute quantity of brain, if consisting of intellectual organs, may be connected with the highest genius, while, if consisting of the animal organs, lying in the basilar and occipital regions of the head, it may indicate the most fearful energy of the lower propensities." *Elements of Phrenology*, p. 151. With this passage before his eyes, Dr. Sewall represents us as saying that, "If a small head be connected with a powerful intellect, it only proves that the brain, though small, is well organised, and acts with uncommon energy!" p. 46.

The following will suffice as a specimen of his representation of facts:—"When all these fail," says he, "in furnishing a satisfactory explanation, another method still more amusing is sometimes resorted to in relieving Phrenology from embarrassment. It may be illustrated by the following facts: There is a celebrated divine

now living in Scotland equally distinguished for his amiable disposition, his gigantic powers of mind, and the great moral influence which he exerts upon the Christian world. This individual, it is said, has the organ of Destructiveness very largely developed, and not having any counteracting organ very large, it is contended by those who are acquainted with the fact, that he manifests his inherent disposition to murder, by his mighty efforts to destroy vice, and break down systems of error. In this way he gratifies his propensity to shed blood." By the words "it is said," as well as by the whole context, Dr. Sewall obviously affirms that this is a statement or representation given by Phrenologists. It is a pure fiction! No such statement, or any thing resembling it, is known to me to exist in the whole literature of Phrenology. Dr. Sewall cites no authority for it whatever.

Finally, Dr. Spurzheim carried with him to America several diseased skulls of uncommon thickness, which he showed in his lectures in elucidation of the rule, that in making observations we must select healthy individuals not past the prime of life, because in disease and old age the skull does not indicate the size of the brain. After his death his collection was sold, and one of these skulls came into Dr. Warren's possession, who sent it to Dr. Sewall. He has lithographed it and presented it to his readers without mentioning the rule now stated, or the use which Dr. Spurzheim made of the skull. In some regions this specimen is more than an inch thick! Dr. Sewall introduces drawings of four other skulls differing very widely from each other in thickness, but instead of mentioning the age and state of health of each of them (which he dared not do, because such information would have destroyed his own argument,) he leaves his unskilled readers to infer that they are all normal skulls. His own words are, "The history of the intellectual character of the individuals whose crania are here delineated I shall not detail, as the only object of introducing them is to show the natural and insurmountable obstacles which exist in ascertaining the amount of brain by the measurement or inspection of the living head. Such a history would be entirely irrelevant, as it could in no way aid the Phrenologist in his examination. The difference of their thickness furnishes impressive evidence of the impossibility of ascertaining the volume of the brain by the rules of Phrenology!" It is difficult to decide whether the disingenuousness or the indiscretion of this statement is most conspicuous, for Dr. Sewall is a professor of anatomy, and he certainly knows that the cases in question are exceptions to the general rule, and that in making the foregoing statement he is at issue not only with Phrenologists, but with high anatomical and non-phrenological authorities. Magendie of Paris, for example, who is hostile to Phrenology, has said that the "volume of the brain is generally in direct proportion to the capacity of the mind;" and that "the only way of estimating the volume of the brain in a living person is to measure the dimensions of the skull; every other means, even that proposed by Camper, is uncertain." And Dr. John Gordon, the opponent of Phrenology, in the 49th number of the *Edinburgh Review*, says—"But we will acquiesce implicitly for the present in the proposition (familiar to physiologists long before the ages of Gall and Spurzheim,)

* Compendium of Physiology, Milligan's Translation, p. 104. Edit. 1836.

that there is in most instances a general correspondence between the size of the cranium and the quantity of cerebrum; that large heads usually contain large brains, and small heads small brains." p. 246.

It is not my intention to present any answer to Dr. Sewall's lucubrations; this has already been done in a very effectual manner by Dr. Caldwell in his "Phrenology vindicated," and by Dr. Bell in his *Eclectic Journal of Medicine*; but this second edition is fortified with a new species of evidence, which deserves some attention. Dr. Sewall presented his work to several distinguished men, who knew nothing of Phrenology, but whose opinions are influential in the United States, and obtained their opinions of his book and the science. They wrote him complimentary letters in return, praising his book, and condemning Phrenology as untrue and dangerous, and he has printed these letters in the front of his new edition! This was a cruel hoax perpetrated by him on these respectable men.

Several of the English magazines, and also a Berlin journal, annoyed at the progress of Phrenology, which they had authoritatively condemned, hailed Dr. Sewall's lectures as a grand support to their own hostile opinions, and proclaimed them as a complete refutation of the science. I wish them joy of their ally.

Dr. Channing and the Edinburgh Review.

There are two classes of moralists of very different characters. In the one the intellect is powerful, and the moral sentiments relatively feeble. Men thus constituted regard utility as the standard of virtue, and draw their moral maxims chiefly from the dictates of their understandings, much in the same manner as they deduce mathematical conclusions. Paley is a representative of this class. In the other, the moral sentiments are equal to, or preponderate over, the intellectual faculties. Men of this class first feel the right, the true, and the beautiful, by a species of intuition, and then employ their intellectual faculties to give specific form and expression to their moral impressions. Dr. Channing appears to me to belong to this class; Fenelon, also, was one of them. Critics, like other men, approve of works which embody their own style of thinking, and condemn those produced by minds different from their own. Dr. Channing has been particularly unfortunate in respect to the individuals to whom his works are said to have been committed for criticism in the *Edinburgh Review*. The first notice of them, which appeared in October 1829, is understood to have been written by the late William Hazlitt. Hazlitt had a vigorous intellect, and considerable Ideality, but he appears to have been deficient in some of the moral organs, particularly Conscientiousness. This faculty produces the love of the simple, the true, and the consistent. Hazlitt had no taste for these, but rejoiced in paradoxes. Conscientiousness, Veneration, and Benevolence, when powerful, imbue the mind with meekness, philanthropy, and a sincere respect for, and trust in, human virtue. Hazlitt laboured under the affliction of disappointed ambition, envy, ill-nature, and distrust of mankind. He was no better qualified, therefore, to appreciate Dr. Channing's genius and writing, than a critic deficient in Time, Tune, and Ideality, would have been to discover and describe the peculiar excellences of Mozart's Requiem. Accordingly, his review is a tissue of small objections, written in a querulous, dogmatical, and contentious spirit, while scarcely a gleam of Dr. Channing's highest quali-

ties appears to have penetrated his mind. The most profound and correct portion of Dr. Channing's character of Napoleon, that in which he traces the grand errors of the Emperor's life and his ultimate downfall, to his insensibility to justice, was to Hazlitt altogether incomprehensible, and he recognises neither truth nor depth in the idea. He entirely overlooks it.

Another criticism of Dr. Channing's works appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for April, 1839, which is ascribed to Lord Brougham. If Hazlitt was ill-qualified to appreciate Dr. Channing's genius, Lord Brougham was not much better fitted to do so. To some of Hazlitt's defects he added deficiency of Ideality. Blind to the numberless beauties both of thought and expression in Dr. Channing's "Remarks on Fénélon," written upwards of twenty years ago, he seized on some small defects in its style, pointed out these in a cynical tone, and passed without notice the best as well as the most recent of the author's productions. The time was when the *Edinburgh Review* was the advocate of freedom of thought, and the patron of high minded principle. Dr. Channing's fame has risen far above the sphere of its influence either for good or evil; but for its own sake, it should not have been found in the ranks of his detractors. His character of Napoleon was worthy of its commendation, even in its brightest days, and he had many other claims to its respect. He was a clergyman, and yet the enemy of creeds, because they fetter the understanding and prevent the progress of the mind in moral and theological science; he was an American citizen, and subject to the whole influence of public opinion, which, in his country, is described as a tyranny, yet he braved that opinion with the most admirable courage, and sacrificed popularity and influence to the calls of duty. His appeal to the American public against the admission of Texas into the Union, is one of the soundest political treatises in point of principle, the loftiest in moral tone, and the most eloquent in composition, in the English language, and it had a prodigious effect; nevertheless, it was written altogether on the unpopular side, and few men in the Union would have ventured to brave opinion as he did in addressing to his countrymen such plain and fervid language, in condemnation of a favourite scheme. Again, his bold and eloquent denunciations of slavery have reared up hosts of enemies against him, and added another claim to the respect of all the generous and good for his talents and his intrepidity. Finally, while the whole Union was excited with a vivid passion for war against England about the Maine boundary, and Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster, and other political leaders, either fanned the flame, or stood aloof and saw it rage, Dr. Channing again stepped forth, and, in an admirable sermon against war, appealed to the reason of his countrymen, even in the midst of their fiercest excitement, in favour of peace, and of the interests of civilisation. These great services, not to his country alone, but to mankind, had all been performed, and their blessed effects were discernible on the public mind, when the review ascribed to Lord Brougham appeared in the United States. Its paltry exposition of defects in the style of one of his oldest essays, and its contemptuous estimate of the merits of the most intrepid and eloquent advocate of the supremacy of moral principle, in public as well as private affairs, and of the rights of the oppressed, was unworthy of a liberal and enlightened critic. Dr. Channing, moreover, was

a Unitarian, a sect which is not powerful in the United States, and which is much vilified by the orthodox in Britain; and yet he dared to encounter the prejudices of his countrymen when the orthodox in general took counsel of discretion.

The extent of this merit cannot be appreciated by those who have not lived in the United States. The *New York Evangelist* says, "The truth is, that ministers are so dependent upon the money-making part, and so easily influenced by the fashionable part of their congregations, that, however forcibly they may preach against sin in general, there is a great want of that moral courage which will point out particular and popular sins, and say to their audiences, 'Ye are the men.'" Dr. Channing has not only said to his countrymen, "Ye are the men," but has represented to them in the boldest manner the principles which they, as Christians, are bound to follow; regardless equally of "the money-making" and "fashionable" portions of his congregation and the community at large.

If the *Edinburgh Review* had come forward in a spirit worthy of its own principles and of its former fame, and added its influence to give effect to these generous efforts, it would not indeed have raised Dr. Channing's reputation on either side of the Atlantic, for happily this is beyond its control, but would have done credit to itself and the country which gives it birth. The course which it has actually followed, has gratified the enemies of Dr. Channing in America, encouraged them in their depreciation of his talents and usefulness, and made the friends of moral, religious, and political freedom lament the decay of what once was the vigorous champion of the great and the good.

CHAPTER XVIII.

1839.

Sept. 12. Ther. 55°. *Cape Cottage*.—We have now resided eight weeks in this delightful retreat, and I borrow the description of it from C——'s letter to a friend. "Here you may picture us quietly seated in our summer retreat, a handsome, rather large cottage, built of wood, clap-boarded, and painted white, with those green outside window-shutters which give such an air of coolness and neatness to New England cottages in general. Cape Cottage stands upon Cape Elizabeth, a projecting point, jutting out into Casco Bay, and forming one of its extremities. It lies three miles and a half from Portland, whether by a good road or by the sea. Casco Bay is full of islands beautifully grouped; common report states them to amount to 300, but the fisherman whose boat we hire to carry us among them, limits their number to 43. Portland Harbour, which is formed by an indentation in the land, is protected from the Atlantic on all sides by these islands, through which, however, several channels allow ships to approach it from various points. Nothing can exceed the picturesque beauty of the vessels when appearing and disappearing through these openings. The harbour is defended by two forts, named after natives of Portland, Fort Preble, on the main land, and opposite to it on an island, Fort Scammel. The Americans have improved the name of the cape, by changing the Indian 'Pooduc' into 'Cape Elizabeth'; but they have been less successful with the islands, to three of which they have given the unpoetical appellations of 'Hog,'

'House,' and 'Bang.' The main channel to the harbour lies in front of our windows, at the distance of a hundred yards. It is about one mile broad, and is bounded on the opposite side by Hog Island. We enjoy a view of the vessels bound to and from Portland, and certainly no craft can look better under a soft southern breeze and a bright sun; for their sprightly elegant forms glide like nautilus shells on a ground of lapis lazuli, with their white sails unsullied by dirt or coal smoke.

"The coast is rocky, and not unlike that of Cullercoats on our own northeastern shore. The rocks are of mica-slate, which is not always a very picturesque formation; but here they contain iron, which, by rusting, has subjected them to disintegration, and the waves have torn them into manifold forms, and strewn them about in a thousand fantastic groups. They seem as if fashioned for the very purpose of delighting the idler; you may scramble over them for miles, and every pinnacle will afford you a varied view: or you may sit under their shade, screened from all winds and from the sun at every hour of the day. Here you may ruminate on ocean, earth, and heaven, and, if fond of adventure, you may, by indulging in a little absence of mind, be surrounded by the tide, and become a living statue ornamenting a craggy point of rock, till the falling waters set you free. From this grandeur of devastation and disorder, you are brought by a sweep of the coast into a sweet, placid, little bay, where you would think the miniature waves could never swell into fury, and yet we have seen the Atlantic, when roused by a northeasterly gale, pour terrific masses of water into those seemingly peaceful retreats.

"The place is essentially scenic: every white sail that starts out from behind a jutting rock makes you think that an adventure ought to belong to it, and every man who takes up a fishing rod, and places himself on an eminence, however common looking before, is immediately transformed into a picturesque object, and is invested with interest. Although Nature has not endowed me with those strong perceptive faculties that constitute enthusiasts in scenery, yet a fine prospect appeals also to the moral part of our nature, and leads us, by a process too rapid for analysis, from physical to mental beauty, and to its Author, Infinite Goodness. I can seldom recall to my mind's eye, as some persons can, any scene, however lovely or however dear, but through my mind's affections, it may be long remembered. I sit on these rocks and recall the songs of the sea that I used to hear in my dear native land, and among them comes oftentimes that sweet ode of Mrs. Hemans, "The Treasures of the Deep," in the tones of my own fascinating cousin Mrs. A——.

"The land that skirts the coast is like our English downs, grassy and gently undulating, with here a projecting rock and there a little pool. It affords pasture to cattle, sheep, and horses, and is all open to the footsteps of the wanderer. Beyond this, the country is divided into small farms, the possessors of which are also many of them fishermen, whose neat white cottages gleam forth from amidst brushwood, tall Indian corn, and rather stunted trees. As we range along the shore, one ear drinks in the murmur of the waves and the splashing of oars, whilst the other feeds on the notes of American robins, the sharpening of scythes, and the lowing of herds.

"These rural sounds, I am sorry to say, are not always pleasant. In a ramble I took a few

days ago, I was distressed by the peculiarly plaintive tone in which a cow, standing alone by a barn, was lowing. 'What's the matter with her?' I asked of a man who leaned over the wall. 'Calf killed,' was his abrupt reply; and as he spoke he spread a fresh skin on the wall. The poor mother recognised it, ran up to it, began licking it, and smelling to the little hoofs that hung down; she then looked into the man's face and lowed most piteously; and again caressed the remains of her lost darling! 'She'll go on that way for four or five days,' said her master; and sure enough it was so, for I never passed that way, for more days than four, that I did not hear her plaintive tones.

"A profusion of wild flowers, some of which are cultivated in gardens at home, may be gathered on the downs and in the fields. Our parlour is generally adorned with bouquets of them, including fragrant dog-roses that grow even in the clefts of the rocks quite down to the margin of the tide. Wild raspberries, of excellent quality, wild strawberries, and the whortleberry, or Scottish "blaeberry," abound every where. 'They, and excellent sea-fishing, attract numerous parties of pleasure from Portland, who arrive, some in handsome barges by the bay, others in equipages of all varieties of form by the road; they spend a few hours rambling singly or in groups, give liveliness to the scene, and return home in the evening. The fields also are alive with grasshoppers, large and small, which hop into your face without ceremony, and are often brought home and hung up in one's closet in some fold of dress, from which they skip forth next morning much to their own gratification and to our surprise. Besides the shrill chirping, which is the only sound uttered by our English grasshoppers, some of these emit a noise like that of castanets in action, or the tapping with an iron-shod walking stick on a hard stone. Nobody can tell me whether this sound proceeds from the cicadæ; but, from watching them, I perceive that the individuals which make it are larger than their chirping brothers. As you walk along, you encounter also whole clouds of primrose-coloured butterflies, and pale blue dragon-flies. These are harmless; I wish we could say as much of those blood-thirsty mosquitoes, which infest us every where, and seem as if sent to remind us, amidst all these sweets, that we are still in a world of mingled good and evil. My poor husband has lain on the sofa for three weeks, lamed with their bites on his ankles, and is only now again able to walk. My own eyes have often been closed up for days by the mountainous swellings with which they have been encircled, but, thanks to Providence, the mosquitoes have generally taken them in turns, and left me one at a time fit for use. We have learned, however, to exclude them from our rooms. We have nailed catgut muslin over every window, through which they find it difficult to squeeze even their slender bodies; and this, with ablutions of camphorated spirits, nearly frees us from their indoor intrusion.

"We have hired a horse and gig from Captain —, (a respectable butcher in Portland,) and had delightful drives into the country. The ground in general, within 10 or 12 miles of our cottage, is pleasing and rural, without being either rich or highly cultivated, and in this dry season most of the roads are good. Every drive brings us within sight of the ocean or the bay, at one point or another; and three tall snow-white towers, crowned with lanterns, and used

as lighthouses, are pretty objects in the scene. The condition of the country and people is obviously behind that of the rural population in Connecticut and Massachusetts; but the abundance of spruce firs, generally grouped in small masses, the undulating and verdant surface, and the detached farm-houses and offices, constantly remind me of England, and, in many points of view, of the "Park" of some great earl. Here you seldom see a cottage, however small, that is not brilliant with white paint, and verdant with green shutters, and without something like a garden about it, producing a pleasing impression of cleanliness and comfort.

"A few days ago some one brought up to the house a portion of common sea-weed, which, by a freak of nature, had grown into the exact similitude of a lady's mantelet or cloak, such as have been lately worn in the world of fashion. It was double, and trimmed round with what was doubtless intended for an embroidered flouncing, since it had regular holes in it like what our grandmothers called punching. It was of a very becoming form, I assure you: they are not uncommon here, both of green and brown colours, so we may suit our complexions in the article, which, perhaps, some mermaid mantua-maker has sent up, in hopes to decoy the poor thoughtless lovers of finery to her emporium below the waves!

"But it is time that I should introduce you to the interior of our cottage. It would never do for an American rural retreat; for although a 'public house,' as they name a hotel, it is of such moderate dimensions, that the family of one of the ministers of Portland, that of a senator from Maine to Congress, and ourselves, with the landlord and his family, fill it. This is exactly to our taste, but would be very humdrum to those who rejoice in the crowds of Saratoga, or the White Sulphur Springs of Virginia. At breakfast, dinner, and tea, we form a very agreeable family party, and, as we have our separate parlors, we have retirement at command when desired. We find our fellow-boarders, as we are called here, excellent and agreeable society. The senator has been in England, and, when in Edinburgh, visited Sir Walter Scott, to whom he carried letters of introduction. Sir Walter played off a little hoax on him, which he never discovered till we told him of it. The 'Great Unknown' took him, as his friend, to a public entertainment, given on the occasion of the coronation of William IV., and placed him near Mr. Blackwood, the celebrated bookseller, who was then a bailie, and wore a massive gold chain round his neck, as an insignium of office. Sir Walter introduced the American to Mr. Blackwood, and whispered into his ear, 'You must always call him *my lord*; he is a bailie!' The senator did as he was directed, and it was only on my husband telling him that a bailie is not styled 'my lord' in Edinburgh that he became aware of the trick. 'Oh, then,' said he, laughing, 'the humorous baronet has been playing off the Yankee against the bailie, and enjoying the joke all the while in his sleeve.' Add to this society visits from various friends in Portland, and from one of the best of Boston's accomplished sons—one engaged in kindred pursuits with my husband, who has come hither and spent several days with us, and you have a picture of our social parties.

"We boast of no finery in our cottage, but it will vie with a palace for order and cleanliness; our fare is not such as would suit a London al-

derman, but it is abundant, savory, and well-cooked. Air, exercise, and minds agreeably occupied, yet void of care, give an exquisite relish to our dinners of fresh fish, (cunners and pollcks caught by the rod on the rocks, by the master of the inn, his son, or their boys,) our 'chowder,' or fish-soup, our young Indian corn, and our squash—the last a very delicate vegetable, I assure you, notwithstanding its frightfully vulgar name. Fowls, turkeys, beef, veal, and mutton, make up our fare, and we are in no danger of suffering want either of substance or variety in our meals.

"You hear much of the want of respect and other faults in the manners of the people here, and, perhaps, if you had seen our hostess quietly keep the seat in our room in which I found her this morning, and heard her tell me, while I was standing before her, that she was trying my air-cushion, and continue to ask various questions about it, without rising, you would have imagined that this was a confirmation of the fact: But in incidents of this kind the *manner* is every thing. Our hostess is a naturally genteel woman, and had not the slightest idea of intruding; her curiosity to understand the nature of the air-cushion bespoke an active intelligence, of which we enjoy the advantage in her management of the general affairs of her household. Besides, in this country, such freedoms do not constitute marks of disrespect, and every land should be tried by its own laws of politeness. Those stiff-necked persons who cannot turn to the right or the left as the road bends, had better stay at home, and enjoy their rigid postures in their own chimney-corners. At the same time, I must remark that in this country, where equality is the birth-right of all, *manners* should form a much more important branch of education than they do. There are many persons who, through thoughtlessness, or selfishness, or mere ignorance, are in the habit of committing offences against delicacy, refinement, and common sense. These certainly should be taught, with all possible celerity and assiduity, that in a state of society where all ranks may mingle together, and where the lowest may be found in juxtaposition with the highest, *all* are bound to conduct themselves so that they shall not be an annoyance to any. My husband tells them pithily that if they be all sovereigns, as they claim to be, they are bound to be all gentlemen. I go so far with this idea that I maintain that this not only should, but, by proper training in childhood, *might* be the case in all societies. Look at the manners of the poorest children who have been well trained in one of Wilderspin's infant schools; they are inoffensive and well bred, and the sum of their own enjoyment is not diminished by this accomplishment: Nay, it is increased; for good breeding is the consequence of the education of the moral sentiments, which leads to refinement as well as to virtue. We often hear of an aristocracy of intellect. I wish that all over the world we saw an aristocracy of good breeding: If such existed, political equality would not be far distant.

"But I am writing a dissertation, when I meant only to give you a description. I must introduce you, then, to mine host's eldest daughter Tabby. She is an excellent, sensible, and obliging young woman, and between her and me there have been amicable interchanges of books and other civilities. Her collection of books comprises Byron, Moore, Mrs. Hemans, &c. in poetry; a full and well written history of the North American Indian tribes; a description of Herculaneum and Pompeii; a History of all

Religions, and many other works. Well, 'Tabby has just come in to borrow a dress for a pattern; to which I made her most welcome. I mention this incident only to assure you that it may be done, and has been done, without the least shadow of that offensive familiarity which has been attributed to such a request by some of our English historians of American manners. I am quite sure that Tabby would have had pleasure in lending me any of her patterns, and thinks that in borrowing mine she but increases the sum of general enjoyment without in the least deducting from particular advantage. It was a pleasure to me to oblige her; and I can testify besides, that there was no domestic duty which could add to my comfort, which Tabby did not as cheerfully perform as if she had never either owned a work on poetry or borrowed the pattern of a piece of dress.

"The youngest daughter of this family might sit for a picture of Laura or Beatrice. Her face is lovely, with the real golden hair parted from her smooth white brow, and the very peculiarly rich chesnut coloured eyes, which are so rare and so beautiful. This girl, if her form were equal to her face, would be one of the fairest creatures I have seen in this land of fair ones. These girls, and the fishermen, and the boys who attend to the horses and carriages that come here, may be seen strolling together among the wild raspberries, or conversing familiarly under the large portico (with which all American inns are furnished,) a perfect specimen of equality; but if you imagine by this that the girls permit, or the men offer, rude jesting, romping, or other improprieties of behaviour, you commit the error of supposing them to be, in manners and feelings, the exact counterparts of our own people of the same station, which is not the case. Their 'sovereignty' has at least taught them self-respect, and this is a great means of insuring respect from others.

"It is a great comfort to us to be served by the landlord's daughters, and by his wife as cook; for the want of 'help' is as great an evil here as in other parts of the Union. A lady of note, in speaking to me of the flourishing state of the cotton factories at Saco, fifteen miles from Portland, said, 'If you want to know the real aristocracy of this country, look at the factory girls;—they will not come to us as servants—they make us work much harder in our kitchens than they do at their spinning-jennies. It would be all fair if we and they could ride and tie; but absolutely it is we who are the domestic drudges.' This you will think is a sad picture of life in a democracy, but, as you are a benevolent lady, perhaps the cause of it may lessen your regrets. These factory girls are the daughters of small proprietors who farm their own lands, or of respectable tradesmen; they engage in labour to make up a little purse for marriage, or to help an old father and mother, and they naturally prefer that kind of work which yields them the best return. The factory owners pay them two, or two and a half dollars a week of wages, and, in domestic service, they could not obtain much above one-half of this sum.

"If you are not tired of my descriptions, I will introduce you to two more of our friends and companions—fine young Newfoundland Dash, with an ingenuous earnest countenance, ever watching for our casting sticks into the bay that he may swim and bring them back; and little stuffy Yorick, with eyes so clear that I think they must be made of Labrador pebbles, and whose bark is the most perfect expression of self-importance, seemingly

uttered to warn the meaner crowd to preserve their proper distance.

"How do we spend our time? In reading, writing, walking, driving, talking, scrambling, and sitting amidst those delicious rocks, in balmy air! The hours fly like minutes, and the days like hours. One amusement of my husband's amuses me. You must know that Portland is a great port for 'the lumber trade'—Anglicè, the log and deal trade; and the coast of the bay is literally strewn with deal-ends and fragments of wood of all shapes and sizes. He gathers those that suit his purpose, fashions them with his knife into the form of ships, fits rudders and masts to them, uses the outer surface of birch bark for sails, and sends them forth into the bay or the Atlantic, as the wind answers. We see them scudding joyously before the gentle southwest wind out into the ocean. If any of them reach your coast, capture them and condemn them as lawful prizes. Another of our amusements is watching the great 'sea-serpent.' I think that we have found out what perhaps has given rise to some of the stories you may have read about it. One night there was a brisk gale from the southwest, and the appearance of stormy weather. In the morning the porpoises came rolling into this harbour in great numbers, and some of them of enormous size. They followed each other in a long straight line, and as the backs of a dozen of them in different parts of this line shot up, at the same moment, a small stretch of imagination could supply solid substance to the watery spaces between them, and thus picture them as one continuous creature. Our host, who is a sensible man, gravely asked if we had seen the 'sea-serpent,' 'who,' said he, 'with his family, is reported to be somewhere off this coast.' I heard him put the same question to a chance fisherman who answered as gravely, 'Oh yes, we've run along side of him for ten miles!' The only drawback, besides the mosquitoes, to our enjoyment, is periodical visitations of dense fogs. They come so regularly every Monday, that we at last reckon them as due on that day. They blot out by their leaden vapour all our lovely islands, bays, roses, cliffs, and even the foaming surge, as if they had never been. One day, as I stood under the portico, the mist opened for a few seconds, just sufficient to show the steam-boat from Boston, like a dim ghost, dripping with the heavy fog, and labouring most disconsolately into port; having, as we afterwards heard, been obliged twice to take refuge on her voyage. She gave us one melancholy glance and groan, and was again shrouded from our view.

"12th September. This afternoon, dear —, we must bid adieu to our pretty cottage and all its *agrémens*. I have taken my last look of those rocks and waves, and grassy seats, and sunny islands, and I am sad to part with them! It is strange to find one's affections taken captive by a place which one could see only for a few weeks, and which we must leave without the remotest prospect of ever revisiting it; but so it is—our affections answer to the calls of their objects, and leave reason to decide in its own way on the wisdom of their doing so. I have stored my memory with images of goodness, peace, and beauty, and so, my dear Casco Bay, I will not repent of knowing you, though I must leave you behind. You are lying in a glorious sunshine on our last interview, and I carry off your last smile of loveliness as that by which you shall hereafter live in my memory and affections—adieu, I am," &c. C. C.

September 12. Ther. 55°. Portland.—This afternoon we left Cape Cottage, and came in a fine barge with two sails to Portland. The evening was delightful, the sea smooth, and the wind fair. The town looked beautiful as we approached it by water. It stands on the slope of a ridge, and from the manner in which it is built, looks very large for its population, which is only 16,000 inhabitants. We remained six days in the town, and enjoyed the hospitality of many friends, who had formed our acquaintance at the Cottage. The society of Portland appeared to us to be very agreeable, and free from form and ceremony. We were entertained at dinner, tea, and evening parties, every day that we remained, and felt new regrets in leaving so many kind and interesting friends.

Phrenology.—Among other gentlemen in Portland who take an interest in Phrenology we became acquainted with Mr. John Neal, a lawyer and a distinguished author in the United States. He gave me "The New England Galaxy for January and February 1835," to read, on account of the report which it contains of a trial of a boy, in whose defence he had pleaded and led evidence, avowedly on phrenological principles. The case was the following:—

In the month of July 1834, a boy of nine years of age, named Major Mitchell, the natural son of a poor woman living at Durham, 23 miles from Portland, actuated by some provocation offered to him by David F. Crawford, a boy of eight years of age, induced this boy by threats and promises, to go with him into a wood to get some flags. When there, Mitchell beat Crawford with his fists, then stripped off his clothes, bound him to a tree with the suspenders of his breeches, and flogged him with twigs from head to foot to the effusion of his blood, and then attempted to drown him in a pool. Crawford at last escaped from his hands, and arrived at home lacerated and naked. Mr. Neal finding the boy Mitchell prosecuted criminally by the Commonwealth, and friendless, undertook his defence. He learned from his mother that, "when about a week old, he fell off a high chest on the floor, and was taken up for dead. He struck on the top of his head, and when lifted his hands were clenched and his head swollen." He had been at school, but had never advanced beyond spelling words of one syllable. His head presented a very large development of Destructiveness, also large Acquisitiveness and Secretiveness, deficient moral organs, but a fair development of the anterior lobe. Mr. Neal considered that his brain had been injured, and that he was partially idiotic.

The defence was 1st, The deficiency of evidence of the facts; 2dly, The great improbability of the alleged mutilation having been perpetrated by the accused; and 3dly, That his conduct, if according to the accusation, proceeded from injuries sustained by his brain in his infancy. The second defence rested on the trifling nature of the wound, as observed when the boy came home, and the fact that one of Crawford's brothers was deficient naturally in this respect, where it was probable that this boy was so too. The third defence was supported by medical authorities and testimony.

Mr. Neal proposed to put in as evidence, "Spurzheim on Insanity," voce Fatuity, p. 104 of the first American edition: "Combe's System of Phrenology, case of E. S." &c.; but he was met by the objection, that in the case of *Ware v. Ware*, 8 Grem. l. 56, the supreme court had decided, that "medical books of the highest authority

ty" were not competent evidence. He called Dr. Jesse W. Mighles as a witness, who testified as follows: "I am a believer in Phrenology as a science. Great changes have taken place in the treatment of insanity, as well as in the mode of dissecting the brain, since that work (Dr. Spurzheim's) appeared. I have examined the prisoner's head; there is something remarkable in it—a very unnatural *depression*. I presume it is congenital. All heads are more or less deficient in symmetry, but the *want* of symmetry *here* is quite remarkable. I have examined it repeatedly before, and had come to the conclusion long ago, before I was called, that some injury had probably happened to it. The right ear is lower than the left, and there is a considerable protuberance on that side. An injury to the muscle of that ear caused by a fall or blow on the head, might naturally produce these appearances. Certain functions of the brain may cease in consequence of a blow—the functional power (of a part) may be destroyed, while the rest continue undisturbed. Such is the doctrine of the books, and I believe it."

Cross-examined.—"I do not speak of this destruction of the functional power of the brain in part, while other parts continue uninjured, from experience. Change of moral or intellectual character might appear a twelvemonth after the injury, from irritation or inflammation."

Mr. Neal proceeded to ask certain questions at the witness as a phrenologist. The Attorney General objected, and Mr. Neal maintained his right. "At this moment the court interfered and asked a question, which resulted in a declaration by the witness, that he could not, of his *own knowledge*, say that such and such enlargements of a given organ would produce a correspondent change of character. He *believed*, although he did not *know* of his own knowledge, that a blow on the head might change the character of the individual in some particulars, though it left him unaltered, undisturbed in others."

Justice Emery charged the jury. "He commented in a clear and lucid manner on the whole testimony." "But it is said" (he continued) "that the head has a large peculiar formation called the organ of Destructiveness. There is no disposition to keep out of courts of justice *true science*, but, on the contrary, to pay it marked deference. If a question were raised here as to a fact committed in the East Indies, and by two persons it should be said to have been full moon at the time, and *astronomers* should be called who should demonstrate from calculations, that there could not have been a full moon at that time, it would be proper evidence for a jury. So, if *dyers* be called as to the effect of chemical combinations upon colours; or if *physicians* be called to show the effects of poison upon the human frame, such is competent testimony. But when it shall have been demonstrated by proof like this, that a bump here, or a bump there, shall affect the mind, either to destroy the powers of mind, or decidedly to alter its character, then, and not till then, will such become proper evidence to be submitted to a jury. Where people do not speak from *knowledge*, we cannot suffer a *mere theory* to go as evidence to a jury; especially where one says he is a believer in the system, and has no personal knowledge upon the subject. Our decisions are made in the day-light, and the jury are judges of the law as well as of facts."

The jury found the prisoner guilty on both counts, and sentenced him to nine years' con-

finement at hard labour in the State Prison at Thomaston. "The boy showed no emotion. The same downcast look—the same unalterable countenance—the same dull and sleepy eye—the same stoop, and the same half-open mouth characterised him from the first to the last moment of his trial." Mr. Neal concludes—"I am sure that he understood little or nothing of what he saw, though he told me he did, appeared grateful, and promised to be a good boy when he got to Thomaston."—"They give you enough to eat there, don't they?" was his only remark, when told that he should be in prison as long as all his life previous to his sentence."

To Mr. Neal is due the merit of being the first barrister, so far as my information extends, who has had the courage to bring phrenology directly into a court of law, and to plead upon its principles. The case was very unfavourable for him—first, from the want of direct evidence of the boy's head having been injured; and, secondly, from Dr. Mighles not having had a practical knowledge of the science. Judge Emery's charge was obviously correct, in the circumstances of the case; but the principles which he lays down convey an instructive lesson to phrenological physicians to obtain practical knowledge by observation, and not to rest satisfied with conviction founded on mere testimony or philosophical adaptation. If Dr. Mighles had observed nature, he would have been able to describe the peculiarities of the head more accurately and intelligently, and to say positively whether the head was necessarily that of an idiot, or imbecile boy, or not. He would also have been better able to distinguish between a swelling caused by a blow on a muscle, and one arising from the prominence of a part of the skull caused by the development of brain beneath; and, in this latter case, he would have been better able to bear *direct* evidence to the connection subsisting between this fact and the boy's vicious dispositions. If he had possessed practical knowledge, he would have been better able also to distinguish a congenital deformity of head from one caused by an external injury, and to point out the bearing of each of them upon the case before him; and, lastly, he would have spoken with the weight of an observer *interpreting nature*, or narrating facts of which extensive and scientific observation had put him in possession, instead of appearing before the jury as a reader merely, resting his conviction and testimony on statements and arguments contained in books, which books other men of respectable reputation are pleased to treat with ridicule or disrespect. The phrenologists who have observed nature know that, most probably, he was in the right; but they have no direct guarantee that he was so in this individual case (which *they* have not seen), and, consequently, even they must hold the judge fully justified in refusing to place any reliance on such evidence.

In making these remarks, I have in view solely the application of phrenology to future cases, and do not at all blame Dr. Mighles. He probably never contemplated that he would be called on to make such a solemn use of his phrenological knowledge, and he deserves credit for having had the courage to avow his conviction and state his impressions, when judicially summoned to do so, undismayed by that terror of public opinion which makes cowards of so many able men, when the merits of phrenology are in question.

Jeremy Bentham.—Mr. Neal, when a young man, lived for some time in the house of the late

Jeremy Bentham in London, and he mentioned the following anecdote of him. "Mr. Bentham," said he, "had no objection to be known to the world *precisely as he was*. I frequently amused him for a moment or two by imitating some of his peculiarities of speech, walk, and gesture, and he actually invited Matthews to dine with him, because I thought that a true Bentham on the stage by Matthews would be well received by the public. He regarded it as sitting for a picture, a live picture, and was tickled with the idea. What the result of the negotiation between him and Matthews was, I do not know, farther than this, that Matthews never saw him to my knowledge." This occurred in December, 1826, and is mentioned in a Memoir of Bentham published by Mr. Neal. I told Mr. Neal that the cast of Mr. Bentham's head, taken after death, shows an excessive development of the organ of Love of Approbation. Mr. Neal remarked that Mr. B. "would not bear contradiction from any one except Mr. Doane the barrister, one of his secretaries, and myself. Every body also flattered him to his face—if not by downright eulogy, by submissiveness or unquestioning acquiescence." There is proof of this in every page of the Memoir above referred to. When he understood that Mr. Neal was keeping notes of his conversations, he desired him to write them out every night, and made him read them to him in the morning!

Sept. 18. Ther. 42°. *Phrenology.*—To-day I assisted at the dissection of a brain in presence of Dr. Rea, Dr. Mighles, Mr. Neal, and a number of other gentlemen, who take an interest in phrenology. Dr. Rea mentioned to me that he had attended a woman who became insane on account of the death of her son, and attempted to drown herself. The head was hotter at the organ of Philoprogenitiveness than in any other part. He cupped her at that part, put on a blister and an issue a little below, and cured her. She is now well.

In the evening, at 7 P. M., we left Portland in the steamboat for Boston, and sailed past Cape Cottage and the scenes which we had so abundantly enjoyed. We took our last look of them with regret, and breathed forth our best wishes for the success and happiness of our late excellent host and his amiable family. Next morning at seven o'clock, after a prosperous voyage, we entered Boston bay and harbour, and found them bathed in sunshine, and beauty, and alive, in every direction, with white sails and gliding forms.

Sept. 23. Ther. 59°. *Hartford in Connecticut.*—We traveled by the railroad from Boston to Worcester, and by the stage from Worcester to Springfield, and thence to Hartford by the Connecticut river, and arrived here after a very pleasant journey. We met with interesting companions in the public vehicles, and were overwhelmed with kindness at Springfield during our brief stay. The country appeared as picturesque and beautiful as it did last year on our first arrival. New England bears well a repeated inspection, nay, a scrutiny.

Phrenology.—It had been my intention, when I came to the United States, to lecture in Baltimore in October of this year, and then to proceed to Cincinnati and Louisville, and deliver courses in these cities during the winter of 1839—40; but, as already mentioned, no class could be mustered in Baltimore, and the same obstacle has presented itself in Cincinnati. Before I left New York in May, Dr. Gross, from that city, called

for me, and was authorised to announce that I should lecture in Cincinnati, if wanted. He gave public notice on his return, but apparently met with so little success that I never heard from him, or from any one else on the subject. I therefore accepted an invitation to deliver a course of twelve lectures on Phrenology in Hartford, one of the two capitals of the state of Connecticut. Its population is about 10,000 persons, who are employed chiefly in trade. I am now preparing for my course.

Advertisements.—The "Courier and Enquirer" of New York, states, that, between the 14th September, 1838, and the 14th September, 1839, it published 143,428 *new* advertisements, or 464 a day!

The Banks.—The signs of coming adversity are thickening. The United States Bank continued selling bills of exchange on London at par ($9\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.) when the banks in New York demanded and obtained 10 and $10\frac{1}{2}$, or from 10s. to 20s. per cent. of premium. This excited much speculation, and a new occurrence has raised this into astonishment. The United States Bank has lately sold its own post notes, payable at long dates, in Boston, to the extent of \$800,000, at a discount equal to 16 and 18 per cent. per annum. The sales were readily effected, as the credit of the bank was undoubted; but the seller proceeded to the Boston banks, in whose notes the purchases were paid for, and immediately drew specie from them for the whole amount! This, it is said, has been shipped to England to enable the bank's agent there to retire its drafts sold to the public at par! The effect has been to paralyse trade in Boston. The banks, drained of their specie, are contracting their issues, and fearing farther disasters. The shares of the United States Bank, which were lately sold at \$118 for the share of \$100, have now fallen to par.

Miss Martineau and the Ladies of Boston.—Miss Martineau has excited great indignation in New England by certain expressions in her book, which are here interpreted to amount to an accusation of drinking against the ladies of Boston. We have never seen any thing that could lead us to suspect the existence of such a vice; and have enquired what could give rise to the statement. One of our chance fellow-passengers, who is extensively acquainted in that city and New York, said that she knew some American ladies who indulge in as many as three glasses of wine after dinner, and then, by means of lavender and cordials, support a state of artificial excitement during the remainder of the evening. "This," she said, "I call drinking." I must leave the ladies to settle this delicate point among themselves; I can only testify that it was not my fortune to meet with any of these excited fair ones, in any part of New England.

Sept. 24. Ther. 46°. **The Amistad Africans.**—The case of the Africans, captured in the "long, low, black schooner" in Long Island Sound, is exciting an extraordinary degree of interest. The advocates of abolition represent them as heroes who have nobly risen against their oppressors, and recovered their freedom at the hazard of their lives; while the patrons of slavery designate them as pirates, murderers, and banditti, and call for their trial and execution. We visited them this day in the jail at Hartford, in which they have been placed, waiting the disposal of the courts of law. They are all young, and three of them are children. Several seemed to be in bad health, but the rest were robust and

cheerful. They are genuine Africans, and little more than three months have elapsed since they left their native shores. Their heads present great varieties of form as well as of size. Several have small heads, even for Africans; some short and broad heads, with high foreheads, but with very little longitudinal extent in the anterior lobe. Their leader Cinquez or Jinquez, who killed the captain of the schooner, is a well made man of 24 or 25 years of age. His head is long from the front to the back, and rises high above the ear, particularly in the regions of Self-Esteem, and Firmness. The breadth is moderate, and Destructiveness is large, but not excessive. Benevolence and Veneration are well marked, and rise above the lateral organs; but the coronal region altogether is narrow. The anterior lobe also is narrow; but it is long from front to back. The middle perpendicular portion, including Comparison and Eventuality, is decidedly large. Individuality is full. The temperament seems to be nervous-bilious. This size and form of brain indicate considerable mental power, decision, self-reliance, prompt perception, and readiness of action.

The Supreme Court of Connecticut has just decided that it has no jurisdiction over these Africans, and that it lies within the district court to dispose of them. They are well treated, and defended by able counsel, who are paid by public subscriptions.

Sept. 25. Ther. 52°. **The Militia.**—There was a grand muster of militia here to-day. Some of the companies looked quite military, while others certainly were only citizen soldiers in appearance. The mounted officers, dressed in blue coats and white breeches, with abundance of lace, large cocked hats and white feathers, by dint of galloping and prancing supported their military pretensions extremely well. I feel a respect for citizen soldiers, notwithstanding their awkwardness, because they are powerless for evil and aggression, and become always the more formidable the more real occasion there is for their services.

The Late War.—These soldiers remind me of a "history of the late war (that of 1812) between the United States and Great Britain, by H. M. Brackenridge," which I have read. It is ably and temperately written. I heard a distinguished American citizen remark as follows in reference to this war: "We had abundance of provocation to justify it, but I never could help regretting the time we took to declare it. We had suffered great injuries both from the French and the British, which we had long submitted to; and there was something ungenerous to my feelings in our selecting that moment (the 19th of June, 1812) to commence it. Napoleon was then at the summit of his power, and was marching, as every one believed, to the subjugation of Russia, while England alone maintained the cause of humanity and freedom. We chose that moment to join the side of the conqueror, and throw our weight into the scale against Britain." This observation appeared to me to express admirably the real merits of the question which party was to blame for the commencement of that contest. The war itself was conducted by us in the worst spirit. The battles on the lakes, the bombarding and ravaging of the towns on the Atlantic coast, the burning of the Capitol at Washington, and the conflicts between single ships, chiefly frigates, had, every one of them, the tendency to inflict misery on individuals, and to kindle the most rancorous feelings between the

nations, but to decide nothing. After having been on the field of some of these battles, and read the narratives of all of them, and having contrasted the small numbers of men engaged in them (from 500 to 3000), with the enormous extent of territory and resources of the United States and of Britain, they reminded me of nothing but two furious women scratching each other's cheeks and tearing each other's hair. They bore no reasonable relation to the only conceivable object of war, that of compelling either nation to yield. The attack by the British on New Orleans appears to me to have been the only part of their operations that was worthy of their fame; I mean the object aimed at in that enterprise, and not the manner in which it was conducted. If the British had captured New Orleans and closed the Mississippi, they might have occasioned serious embarrassment to the Americans; but, as far as I can discover, no other of their projects, although successful, would have carried any important consequences in its train. The command of the Canada lakes would have enabled them to defend that province, which, however, was in no danger from the Americans, for their force never was capable of making conquests. Victory on the lakes might have enabled the British to retard the settlement of some of the American western states, but only in a small degree, for these were accessible by the Ohio, the Mississippi, and the Wabash, independently of the lake navigation.

The British of those days seem to have been actuated by an unbecoming hatred and contempt of the Americans. This last feeling led to most of the defeats which they sustained, both by land and sea; and the same sentiment still lingers among many of the British aristocracy, who exercise a great influence over the destinies of England. I have already explained, that the Americans are really a war-loving, if not a warlike nation, and it would be well that the British understood their real character. It may appear to be an unpatriotic opinion, but my impression is, that, in a fair combat, either by sea or land, of man to man, and gun to gun, the Americans, after acquiring discipline and experience, would beat the British; and the reasons of my opinion are these:—The two nations belong to the same stock, and are equal in physical organisation. The instinct of self-preservation is the motive which induces men to shun danger and to run from a fight, and bravery is in proportion to the motives which can be thrown into the opposite scale. The masses which compose fleets and armies are drawn from the humbler classes of society. In Britain, these have little education, no sphere of political action, no influential compatriots to sound their praises or to cover them with shame on their return as conquerors or cowards. They have no field of ambition to excite their individual energies before they become soldiers or sailors, and when they have embraced these professions the road to high preferment is closed against them. Their motives to fight, therefore, are derived from their native force of character and discipline. In native qualities the Americans are their equals, and in all other motives, except discipline, their superiors. There is more mental activity, a greater range of interests and ideas, a more influential public opinion, and a far wider field of ambition, operating in the case of the American seaman, militia man, and volunteer, than in that of the British sailor or soldier. The discipline on shore will at first be inferior in the Americans; because the British

constitution renders discipline almost natural to British soldiers, while that of America trains her population to an aversion to subordination. At the commencement of a war, therefore, the British, with equal numbers, will be more than a match for the Americans; but every day will diminish the disparity. The singular feature, in the case of the Americans, is, that victory or defeat equally tends to increase their belligerent efficiency. A large and influential portion of the people was at first opposed to the war of 1812 against England, and some of the New England states actually refused to march their militia towards Canada on the requisition of the general government; but first the triumphs of the American frigates, and finally the burning of the Capitol at Washington, and the ravaging of their coasts, rendered them not only unanimous but enthusiastically devoted to the war; and if it had continued longer, their energy and efficiency would have rapidly increased.

The Americans are engaged in avocations which prosper most in peace; they are devoted to gain, and averse to subjection to authority. As formerly observed, therefore, although they are full of warlike predilections, these circumstances present strong practical checks on their indulging in the gratifications of war. Add to these impediments the fact, that, after one of the political parties has identified itself with a war, its opponents will make "political capital" out of every thing connected with it; in other words, however just or necessary hostilities may be, they will operate on the feelings of the people against the war, for the sake of destroying their political adversaries. Thus, immediately after the commencement of a contest, and while it is yet known to the people chiefly in the form of burdensome taxes, interruption to trade, and destruction of credit, there will always be a powerful opposition to it, and great distraction in the national councils. At this stage of hostilities the United States government will appear powerless, and the union seem to be on the eve of dissolution; but only let the contest fairly begin, and let either victory or defeat visit the American arms, and in the exact ratio of the pressure from without will be the condensation of public sentiment within. In short, the American nation, like a steel spring, seems to have no energy, when it is fully expanded, but it gathers strength with every ounce of pressure that is applied to it. Its territory is so vast, and its climates so various, that it forms a world within itself; and although a European maritime war would cause great loss and misery to the Atlantic cities, it could not materially affect, far less permanently destroy, the general prosperity of the union.

I sincerely trust that the days of war between the United States and Britain are gone by, never to return; but if the mad passions of either should provoke hostilities, Britain seems to me to have only one course to pursue that will effectually lead to peace. She should act not only justly but generously in the conduct of the war, so as to enlist the sympathies of the good in America in her favour; she should avoid all petty attacks that would serve to irritate public sentiment without the possibility of producing any great results; never engage the Americans without a force sufficient to insure victory: block up their ports, and leave them without petty injuries to excite resentment, without victories to gratify national vanity, and without the pressure of external danger to alarm them for their national safety: in short, let the war be conducted as one of blockad-

ing on the sea coast, and self-defence in Canada, and not as one of attack and aggression, and the Americans will sooner come to reason under this administration than under any other. They will suffer loss and annoyance, and yet have no strong passion excited to counterbalance the irritation which these will produce. They are a people impatient of small evils, but capable of meeting great ones with a heroic spirit. They cannot aggressively injure Britain; for their whole institutions render them feeble for conquest; and their attempts on Canada, unless aided by the native population, would be easily repelled. Even should they conquer that province, it is more than probable that they would render as essential a service to the British nation as they did when they achieved their own independence. I repeat, however, that a war between these two nations would be a disgrace to the civilisation of the nineteenth century, and an event which every enlightened American and Briton must deprecate and deplore.

The New England Voice.—It has frequently been remarked, that the people of the New England states have a peculiar intonation of voice, which distinguishes them from Europeans and other Americans; but I have rarely found any of themselves who recognised the difference. They have occasionally asked me to define it, which it was not easy to do; but I found this method the shortest and most successful with them on this point. I said, "Do you discover that I am Scottish?" "Yes, very easily." "How?" "By your tone, accent, and manner." "Then, by the same means, I discover that you are Yankee; and your peculiarities are as strongly marked as mine." They comprehended this illustration at once. Their voice is nasal, hard, and unmusical, except when corrected by a refined education.

Sept. 27. Ther. 38°. *Phrenology.*—Dr. Brigham kindly undertook the arrangement of the course of lectures in Hartford. The number of lectures has been reduced from sixteen to twelve, of two hours each, and the fee from five to three dollars. I delivered the first lecture this evening, and the attendance was fifty subscribers, twenty visitors, and twelve complimentary hearers. At 6 P. M. the thermometer stood at 65°, a rise of 27° since the morning.

Sept. 29. Ther. 40°. *Sunday.*—We heard the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet preach a sound but moderate orthodox discourse in the Rev. Dr. Hawes' church. Dr. Hawes is a Presbyterian congregationalist, and has a large church, well filled, and a most respectable congregation. Connecticut has retained her Calvinism more unbroken than perhaps any other state in the union. There are now, however, both Unitarian and Universalist congregations within her boundaries. She is celebrated also for the severity of her ancient moral and religious code, known under the name of "the Blue Laws;" and although there has been a great relaxation in modern times, a trace of the olden spirit is still discernible. The 250th hymn, used in the church which we attended today, contains these lines:—

"Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell;
Let stubborn sinners fear,
Ye must be driven from earth, and dwell,
A long forever, there.
See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face;
And thou, my soul, look downward too,
And sing recovering grace."

These lines embody the very soul of Destructiveness and Self-Esteem.

Education and Phrenology.—This state possesses a large school fund, the produce of western lands claimed by Connecticut under an old title, and allowed by congress; but she has yet made small progress in applying it systematically and with effect. The legislature, however, has appointed a superintendent of public schools; and Mr. Barnard, the gentleman who now holds the office, entertains enlightened views on the subject of education, and is anxious to improve not only the mode of teaching, but the things taught in the common schools of the state. He had heard of the value attached to my lectures on Phrenology in relation to education, in the three great cities of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, and regretted that so small a number of the inhabitants of Hartford had taken an interest in them.

Several causes are mentioned as accounting for this circumstance. Two itinerant phrenologists have commenced lectures in Hartford since my course was announced; one of them lectures free, as an inducement to the people to pay him fees for examining their heads; and another admits the public at a very low price. The free lectures are crowded, and those for which a fee is demanded are slenderly attended. Besides these two, there have been other phrenological lecturers here during the summer, who have fleeced the people of their money, and left little knowledge in its stead. Farther, the people are accustomed to hear lectures free, and have no idea of paying any serious sum for instruction. They are treated to a new topic, if not a new lecturer, every night, and do not comprehend the advantage of following out any subject in a scientific form, through a series of lectures. Besides, they are all able to read and write; and between scraps of information picked up from these desultory lectures, from newspapers, and from the speeches of politicians, and the absence of any class possessing high literary or philosophical attainments, they believe themselves to be exceedingly well informed. Finally, the propagation of opinion, except on political subjects, is difficult and slow in the United States. Every state presents a focus of interests that engage the chief attention of its own citizens; while every town and hamlet has a set of particular interests that excite contests and discussions, and fill the local newspapers with small details. Hence, the great body of the people of Hartford, although readers of newspapers, seem to know little of the interest excited among the friends of education by my lectures in the large cities, although two of them, Boston and New York, are little more than a hundred miles distant from Hartford; or if they know, they pay little deference to the opinions expressed in these cities. I mention these facts, not from feelings of individual vanity or disappointment, but because they are illustrative of the condition of the public mind, and are not confined to Hartford, but are general over the union. I have found by experience, that moral opinion travels more rapidly and certainly in Great Britain and Ireland. So little progress has yet been made by the people of the United States in regard to a correct appreciation of what constitutes a good education, and of its value to them, that an opposition is at this moment hatching in Massachusetts against the Board of Education of that state. Some democratic politicians hope to catch a few votes by persuading the ignorant that that system of state education is an infringement of private rights; they maintain that a free people have a right to educate their children in their

own way, without superintendence; for they cannot say that the Board of Education exercises any control over them; it has no power except that of moral suasion. The board may recommend, but cannot enforce any thing. Some divines also, I am told, in that state, are sounding the alarm among their flocks, that the Board of Education is the harbinger of infidelity.

Oct. 1. Ther. 32°. *Phrenology*.—Having been requested by Mr. Barnard to repeat my first and second lectures to the members of the Young Men's Institute, and to admit them to the course on reduced terms, I agreed to do so, and gave him *carte blanche* as to terms. This evening I delivered the first lecture to them free, and was honoured with an attendance of 360 ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Barnard addressed them after the lecture, told them that arrangements had been made, by which they might be admitted to the whole course on their paying one dollar, and the lecture-fund of the institute would pay fifty cents additional for each who should attend; and he recommended to them to avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing the philosophy of phrenology and its application to education explained.

Oct. 2. Ther. 40°. This evening I repeated my second lecture to the members of the Young Men's Institute, and thirty-five individuals attended.

The People of Connecticut.—In conversing with a gentleman from a neighbouring state about the population of Connecticut, I was told that their Calvinistic education, and external circumstances, had rendered them moral, industrious, and frugal; so much so that they are distinguished for the absence of serious crimes, for general propriety of deportment, and for the comfort and respectability of their outward circumstances; but that they are accused by their neighbours of some degree of narrow-mindedness. Like the Americans in general, however, although they are keen in the pursuit of wealth, and economical in its application, they are generous when an object which excites their sympathies is presented to them. They contribute handsomely to charitable institutions. Dr. Howe mentioned that he raised \$1200 here very easily for the Institution for the Blind in Boston; and this year \$2200 were raised by a "ladies' fair" for charitable purposes. Twenty hearers of a favourite minister subscribed \$300, purchased a pianoforte, and presented it to his daughter. There is a "sewing society" also in this town, consisting of young ladies, who meet once a week at each other's houses, at 2 P. M., and sew and gossip till 7 o'clock, when a number of young gentlemen drop in and close the evening with music and a dance. They have adopted an orphan child, which is boarded, clothed and educated at their expense; their needlework providing the necessary funds. I was told that they avoid waltzing, and even playing waltzes, these being regarded as sinful.

Religious Denominations in Connecticut.—The population of this state is estimated at upwards of 300,000. Its sects are the following:—"The Congregationalists have 232 churches, 277 ministers, including 49 who have no pastoral charge, and about 40,000 communicants. The Calvinistic Baptists have 98 churches, 77 ordained ministers, 20 licentiates, and upwards of 10,000 communicants. The Episcopalians have 63 ministers, and about 7000 members. The Methodists had, in 1833, 40 ministers, and 7000 members. There is a considerable number of

Universalist Societies, two Unitarian, two or three Roman Catholic, several Free-will Baptist, a few Friends, a few Sandemanians, and one Society of Shakers."—*Chronicle of the Church, Newhaven, 18th Oct. 1839.*

Oct. 4. Ther. 54°. *The Politicians*.—The Whigs and Democrats are equally dishonest as politicians; that is to say, they flatter, coax, and mislead the people to get into power; but they pass better laws, and act on purer principles, when assembled in the legislature, than any one could expect, judging from their conduct while candidates for office. The explanation is, that all profess the love of virtue and the people; and, when in power, they feel that any flagrant dishonesty, or unprincipled selfishness, would instantly be exposed by their opponents, and made use of as a lever to turn them out of place. The corruption, moreover, is chiefly in the towns. The farmers and country voters are deceived or misled, but not bribed. They look at the conduct of their rulers without bias or blind partiality; and even the most unprincipled politicians are afraid to commit too glaring iniquities before their eyes. In all the states this class is composed, to a great extent, of proprietors of the soil; and it forms a large proportion of the constituency of the whole United States. If it were better educated, it would serve as a sheet-anchor to their institutions; and, even in its present condition of imperfect enlightenment, it arrests the politicians of either party when their measures have obviously deviated too far from the line of common sense, and especially from that which leads to public prosperity.

Oct. 9. Ther. 48°. *Fires*.—There have been two enormous fires in New York and Philadelphia. The loss in New York is stated at one million, and that in Philadelphia at \$1,400,000.

Mrs. Sigourney.—I borrow the following remarks from C——'s journal:—"We have several times seen Mrs. Sigourney, the American Hemans, and spent an evening at her house. Her history is very interesting, and would prepossess one in her favour, even although disjoined from the talents she has shown. She was a pattern of filial piety, and in the other relations of life has been not less exemplary. One evidence of her excellent qualities is presented by the many warm and sincere friends whom she has attached. Her appearance is pleasing, and her manners entirely natural and unassuming. Her talent for poetry was manifested at a very early age, and was promising even from the first, though a comparison of her juvenile productions with those of her matured intellect shows a considerable improvement. She resembles Mrs. Hemans in being eminently the poetess of the affections; every object and incident creative of human sentiment, or ministering to attachment, finds a responsive note on her truly sweet and feminine lyre. Her prose works, on education and other kindred topics, deserve, and have obtained, a conspicuous place in the literature of her country; and, whatever the merits of her writings may be comparatively with those of other authors, she may justly claim the praise of never having published a line which morality or gentle womanhood need blush to own. She conducts a periodical (an annual) named the 'Religious Souvenir,' of which I have not had an opportunity of judging; but it is popular, and, I believe, has a wide circulation."

Oct. 10. Ther. 54°. *The Bank Suspensions*.—News has arrived that the United States Bank, and most of the banks of Pennsylvania and Mary-

land, have suspended cash payments. The United States Bank stock has fallen to \$97 in New York, and the utmost consternation prevails. In Hartford the public mind is quiet, and they have confidence in their own banks, but a deep anxiety is visible on the countenances of the men of property. The banks are prohibited by law from paying dividends during their suspension; and as the losses of the fire insurance companies will suspend their dividends, many persons whose capital is invested in the stocks of these institutions, will suffer great privation through the want of their incomes. Besides, the commercial transactions of the whole Union are deeply affected by the derangement of the exchange. The arrival of every post and steamboat from New York is watched with intense anxiety, to learn whether the banks in that city mean to suspend.

It may be proper to mention, for the information of readers who are not old enough to recollect the suspension of specie payments by the Bank of England, that a bank-suspension does not necessarily imply a bankruptcy. The Pennsylvania banks proceed with their business as usual, only they decline to pay specie for their obligations. The consequence is, that their bank-notes are at eleven per cent. discount in New York, where the banks continue to redeem their obligations in specie.

The Deaf and Dumb.—I conversed with the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, who for many years was the principal of the American Asylum for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb, about the mental condition of these individuals, and he dissented from Miss Martineau's views regarding them, expressed in one of her works on America. He considers that the knowledge which they possess, if they be well educated, is both extensive and precise; and that, if they be well trained, they are in general amiable and happy in their dispositions.

Phrenology: Natural Language.—Every propensity and sentiment of the mind, when predominantly active, produces a peculiar tone in the voice, expression in the eye and countenance, and also a peculiar attitude and gait. This is the natural language by which its activity is made known, and, when strongly marked, it is recognised and understood in all ages and countries. Lavater's system of physiognomy was founded on this fact in nature; but it was imperfect, because he did not know the primitive faculties which the various expressions noted by him indicated, and he also introduced, as signs of mental character, the hard parts of the face, which do not owe their form to the state of the brain. Phrenology reveals the functions of the primitive faculties, and enables us to connect peculiar expressions of voice, countenance, and gait, with the active condition of particular powers, and also of particular groups of them, and thus renders physiognomy, or natural language, a branch of the philosophy of mind. The Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, without the aid of phrenology, but from extensive practical observation and experience, has been led to the conclusion that these natural signs may be taught with manifest advantage to children in general, as a branch of education. In the Literary and Theological Review, No. II. for June, 1834, he published an article entitled "On the Language of Signs" as "auxiliary to the Christian Missionary." "It is quite practicable," says he, "to convey by the countenance, signs, and gestures, the import not only of all the terms employed to denote the various objects of nature

and art, and the multifarious business and concerns of common life, but also those relating to the process of abstraction and generalisation, to the passions and emotions of the heart, and to the powers and faculties of the understanding; or, in other words, the language of the countenance, signs, and gestures, is an accurate, significant, and copious medium of thought. Instances have occurred in the instruction of the deaf and dumb, in which, in the space of two years, 5000 words have been taught to several intelligent pupils, who were previously entirely ignorant of them and of *all language*, excepting that of their own natural signs, together with a command of written language, which would place them on an equality, with regard to the expression of their ideas, with the most intelligent persons among those heathen nations who have nothing but an oral language."

These views are not, in his case, purely theoretical, but founded on experience. He adduces some examples in support of them. "In the summer of 1818, a Chinese young man passed through Hartford, Connecticut. He was so ignorant of the English language that he could not express in it his most common wants. As principal of the deaf and dumb asylum of that place, I invited the stranger to spend an evening within its walls, and introduced him to Mr. Laurent Clerc, the celebrated deaf and dumb pupil of the Abbé Sicard, and at that time an assistant teacher in the asylum. The object of this introduction was to ascertain to what extent Mr. Clerc, who was entirely ignorant of the Chinese language, could conduct an intelligent conversation with the foreigner by signs and gestures merely. The result of the experiment surprised all who were present. Mr. Clerc learned from the Chinese many interesting facts respecting the place of his nativity, his parents, and their family, his former pursuits in his own country, his residence in the United States, and his notions regarding God and a future state. By the aid of appropriate signs, also, Mr. Clerc ascertained the meaning of about twenty Chinese words." P. 201. I asked Mr. Gallaudet how he knew that Mr. Clerc's inferences were correct, and he told me that in this and all the other instances mentioned in the article in question, he had ascertained either from interpreters or dictionaries that they were so.

"About a year afterwards," he adds, "I visited Cornwall, in Connecticut, where upwards of twenty heathen youths were at that time receiving education under the patronage of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions." He propounded questions to them by signs. "For example: Thomas Hoopoo, a native of Owhyhee, was asked if his parents were living; how many brothers and sisters he had; when he left his native shores; whether his countrymen worshipped idols and sacrificed human victims; how the women were treated by the men; what was the climate of his country; what its productions; with many enquiries of a similar nature, all of which he well comprehended, and to many of which he replied by signs. The meaning, too, of a number of Owhyhean words was ascertained by signs merely, and found to correspond with the import which had been previously assigned to them in a dictionary which had been for some time preparing in the school; and, indeed, in a variety of instances, the most correct meaning of such words was established, by the medium of signs, in a more satisfactory way than had been previously attempted."

"Opportunities have occurred of intercourse

by signs between the native Indians of our country, who have visited the institution for the deaf and dumb, and the instructors (of the pupils), the results of which, in a greater or less degree, have corresponded with those mentioned above."

"May not this curious language of signs and gestures be made subservient to the speedy acquisition of the oral language of people, who have no written or printed language, by the Christian missionary, or to the communication to them of his own language, or to their mutual intercourse with each other, not only on ordinary, but on the most momentous topics, even while they are entirely ignorant of each other's spoken language?"

To many persons these representations may appear almost incredible, but I obtained some explanations which render them more comprehensible. Mr. Gallaudet conversed by signs with the Africans of the Amistad, and learned many particulars of their history and opinions, and afterwards ascertained from an interpreter of their language that his inferences were correct. For example, to discover whether they recognised a God, he assumed the natural language of veneration, looked up as if beseeching and adoring, and pointed to the sky. "Goolly!" said the Africans, "Goolly, Goolly!" then, looking grave, they imitated thunder, uttering the words "Goolly -- Bung! Bung!" There could be no doubt that they gave their name for God.

The exposition of the natural language of the faculties given in my lectures, led to these remarks. Mr. Gallaudet considers that it would essentially benefit children to teach them the natural language of the faculties at the time when they learn to read. The meaning of many words, particularly those which signify emotions, could be conveyed to them more effectually by this medium than by any other. In exhibiting the natural language of any faculty, the faculty itself is called into action, and teaching the natural language will thus become an important auxiliary in training children to virtue. He has the testimony of his own experience in favour of this view. In showing to his deaf and dumb pupils the natural language of Benevolence, Veneration, and the other higher sentiments, he was conscious that these faculties became more active and were cultivated in himself. In his pupils the effect was equally decisive. When they were out of humour, the bland look of Benevolence, and the resigned expression of Veneration, if perseveringly exhibited to them, rarely failed to restore their equanimity and cheerfulness.

I owe to Mr. Gallaudet the first clear view of the importance of natural language in common education.

A great part of his natural language is the same with that taught by phrenologists, both being drawn from nature.*

Many years ago Mr. G. went to Edinburgh to study under Mr. Kinniburgh, the teacher of the deaf and dumb in that city; but Mr. Braidwood had placed him under a bond, with a large

* In visiting the institution for the deaf and dumb, I mentioned to Mr. Gallaudet that, when a boy attending the High School of Edinburgh, I had learned the finger-alphabet, and could use it readily, but that my mother had told me that speaking with the fingers was forbidden in Scripture, and I have given it up and forgotten it. He was surprised to hear of this prohibition; but he subsequently found the verse to which I alluded in Proverbs, ch. vi. v. 12—"A naughty person, a wicked man, walketh with a forward mouth. He winketh with his eyes, he speaketh with his feet, he teacheth with his fingers."

penalty, not to instruct teachers for eight years. He and the directors threw open the institution to Mr. Gallaudet, and allowed him to see every thing, including the lessons that were given to the pupils, but they observed the terms of the bond, and gave him no direct instruction. He then went to Paris and studied under the Abbé Sicard. His system of signs is described in the *Encyclopædia Americana*. Mr. G. prefers the single-hand alphabet. It is as precise and expressive as the double-hand alphabet, and can be used when one hand is disabled or otherwise employed.

Oct. 12. Ther. 48°. *The Temperaments*.—To-day I gave an exercise on the temperaments, which was well attended. The predominating temperaments were the sanguine-bilious and the nervous-bilious: There were a few instances of nervous-bilious-lymphatic.

Taxes.—The revenue of the general government of the United States is almost all derived from custom-house duties, the post-office, and sales of public lands. The taxes paid by the particular states, and also by the counties and townships, are raised in a very simple manner. Select men, or assessors, are appointed in different districts by the citizens. They estimate the whole property, real and personal, of each individual. In Connecticut the annual revenue of the property thus estimated is assumed to be six per cent., and the taxes are imposed in the form of an income-tax on it. The sum total of all the taxes payable in Connecticut, exclusive of the duties to the United States' government, amounts to about four per cent. on this estimated revenue. The select men are changed from time to time, and the circumstances of each citizen are so well known that the assessments on the whole are fairly imposed. The rule generally followed is to assume a pretty large amount of property to belong to each individual, and to leave him to prove by his books and affidavit that the estimate is too high. Assuming the whole free property of a citizen to amount to \$20,000, or 4000*l*. sterling, the revenue of this sum at six per cent. would be \$1200; four per cent. on which would amount to \$48, or nearly 10*l*. sterling, being the aggregate amount of all the taxes on an income of 240*l*. sterling per annum.

Oct. 13. Ther. 54°. *Sunday*.—We heard a sound orthodox discourse in Dr. Hawes' Church from a young clergyman, but were disappointed in not hearing Dr. Hawes himself. An American gentleman, who had traveled much on the Continent of Europe, and to whom I remarked the similarity which exists between a Sunday in Scotland and in Connecticut, observed, that he had been much struck at first with the difference of a Continental Sabbath from both. If a French family, said he, of the most respectable character, should come from Paris to Connecticut, and follow here the practices which they had been accustomed to observe from their infancy at home on Sundays, they would, by our laws, be liable to fine and imprisonment, and if they did not take warning in time, they might, by an accidental outburst of popular feelings, be chased out of the state, or lynched! The kingdom of heaven, we may hope, will ultimately receive at least all the Christian nations, if not the whole family of mankind; and it appears strange that they should find it so difficult to tolerate each other's habits on earth!

Oct. 15. Ther. 51°. *Effects of the Institutions of England and America*.—I lately conversed with an American gentleman, the father

of a family and the owner of a princely estate, all cleared and improved, on the different effects which the institutions of England and those of the United States produce on men placed in circumstances like his. We were led to the conversation by reading the remarks of Baron Perignon, in his "Vingt Jours à Londres," at the coronation of Queen Victoria, in which he says—"Here I make an observation which relates to the manners of this country of aristocracy and liberty, and which establishes an immense difference between them and the French. In France, the two cries of the Revolution were, no privileges (*point de privilèges*), equality for all (*pour tous l'égalité*.) In England, on the contrary, all is privilege, and one may almost say that there is no equality. In this country, each has his rank, each his caste—he looks above and below him, that he may not step too high, nor descend too low; and there is no condition, however bad it may be, in which he does not find something to satisfy his pride in being able to class himself above some other person." The "Court Journal" of 11th May, 1839, after quoting this passage, adds—"These remarks are certainly well founded. England is essentially an aristocratic country;—every class is an aristocracy of itself, forming, as it were, an *'imperium in imperio'*, preserving its own importance, and affecting an exclusiveness as respects those of lower station. It is the extensive prevalence of this principle that precludes the possibility of equality, and which is a bar to that familiarity which exists in France, and prevails, indeed, even between domestics and those they serve."

I asked my friend, who had been in Britain, what, if his princely domain had been situated in England, the great object of his ambition would have been? "Tell me your opinion first," said he. "Well, then," said I, "in all probability you would have been intriguing at court, or throwing your whole influence into the scale of one or other of the political parties, and bargaining for a peerage, to gratify your vanity. You would have executed an entail to transmit your property to your eldest son and his heirs;—and, in short, you would have been occupied chiefly with projects of private or family ambition." He replied, that "he could well understand the powerful influence of the English institutions in giving a selfish direction to the ambition of an individual placed in circumstances like his, and in inducing him to attempt to secure high rank to himself, and permanent wealth to his remote posterity; but that in the United States all such projects would be visionary dreams. Our institutions," he continued, "produce a higher aim. I know perfectly that, under them, my property must be divided. It will make all my own children rich; but it will be again subdivided among their children; and in less than a century it will, in all probability, have passed entirely into other hands, and no trace of it as a domain, or of us as a family, in the English sense, will be left. This makes me feel that I can best serve my posterity by employing my present influence in improving the institutions and general condition of my country. If the United States shall preserve their freedom, and increase in intelligence and virtue, as it is my earnest desire that they should do, then I know that my posterity will enjoy the best field for the exercise of their own talents and virtues, and that every one of them will command that extent of fortune, consideration, and happiness, which his qualities will deserve; and I desire for them no better inheritance."

In point of fact, the effect is precisely what is here described. This gentleman exercises a generous and refined hospitality, without pretension or parade, and devotes his time and fortune to the improvement of the public institutions of the state in which he resides. Among other objects, he has aided very efficiently the friends of education, in obtaining a law passed which provides for the establishment of a library in connection with every common school district. He appeared to me to be a nobler character than an Englishman scrambling for a peerage, as the reward of political subservency, to gratify his individual ambition.

The Eglington Tournament.—At the time when the preceding conversation occurred, the New York newspapers contained pretty extensive reports of the Eglington Tournament. The ordinary Americans, who have no distinct notion of the state of society in Britain, cannot comprehend it. How any men, not insane, could expend such large sums of money in such pure Tom-foolery, appears to them very mysterious. The intelligent Americans express their gratitude to Providence that they have no titled and wealthy aristocracy to play such childish and fantastic tricks, and ask me whether there are not numerous poor and ignorant persons in Scotland for whose instruction 40,000*l.* or 50,000*l.* might have been better employed than in getting up this pageant. "The tyranny of public opinion" would prevent any similar waste of resources in the United States, although individuals could be found willing to indulge in it.

Education in the State of New York.—One of the most common errors, in my opinion, committed by foreigners who write about America, as well as by the Americans themselves, is greatly to over estimate the educational attainments of the people. The provision in money made by the law for the instruction of all classes is large compared with such countries as Britain or Austria, but, contrasted with what is necessary to bestow a really good education on the people, it is still very deficient. The farmers, for example, are indisposed to dispense with the services of their older children, during the busy season of agricultural labour, nor are they generally in circumstances to admit of it. It is extremely difficult, therefore, to keep open district schools (except for very young children, taught by females for a small compensation) for more than four or five months in the year. A school district in the rural parts of New York state contains only from ten to twenty families. Allowing \$350 or \$400 per annum to be a moderate remuneration for a qualified teacher (and this is less than a carpenter or blacksmith would earn,) it is nearly impossible to raise this amount from so small a number of persons, most of whom are in moderate circumstances. At present, the sum raised for the salaries of common school teachers is only \$12 50 cents (or 2*l.* 13*s.*) per month for each teacher, this being, according to the report of the superintendent of common schools, the average compensation given in the state of New York in 1836 to male teachers. If the people would have properly qualified teachers, the sum that would need to be raised is from \$70 to \$100 per month, for each of them, as the school term might be longer or shorter. This the people will not pay, and the consequence is, that the education received by probably nineteen twentieths of the children, in the agricultural districts, owing to the condition of most of the common schools, is defective in the extreme; nor can

there be any decided improvement in the condition of the schools without an improvement in salary, and in the literary attainments and professional skill of the teachers.

To supply, in some degree, this great defect, a law was passed in the state of New York, about four years ago, empowering each school district in the state to tax itself to the amount of \$20 for the first year, and \$10 for each subsequent year, for the purchase of books for a district library. There are 10,207 districts in the whole state, and the work of forming these libraries is begun by the friends of education, and is a popular measure. Some of the clergy, however, object to it, because it appears to assume that "the mere intellectual instruction of a community will necessarily tend to reform that community," a principle which they do not admit.

Phrenology enables us to perceive that intellectual instruction will not cultivate the moral and religious sentiments, and that only sedulous training, added to intellectual instruction, will lead to virtuous conduct. The Americans need proper normal schools in which their teachers may be instructed in the philosophy of mind, and in the art of training and teaching, and they must also pay them handsomely, before they will command good education. If the Americans were animated by an enlightened patriotism, they would submit to a large taxation to accomplish this object, because on its fulfilment will depend the future peace and prosperity of their country.

A few years ago Mr. Robert Cunningham, formerly Principal of the Edinburgh Institution for Languages, Mathematics, &c. a full account of which is given in President Bache's interesting Report on Education in Europe, was compelled by the state of his health to relinquish his situation. Having spent his two months' vacation in 1835 in visiting the principal schools of Prussia, and the same period of the subsequent year in an educational tour in France and Switzerland, he had become deeply interested in the subject of Normal Schools, and on the failure of his health, partly with a view to its recovery, and partly in the hope of being instrumental in introducing Normal Schools into America, he visited the United States. After traveling over the Eastern and Middle States, and visiting the principal schools, he was induced, by the hope of carrying out his ulterior object, to accept an appointment as Professor of Ancient Languages in Lafayette College, Pennsylvania. Here he laboured for nearly two years, endeavouring by every means in his power to arouse public attention to the subject of Normal Schools, and to obtain support in carrying out his views. Disappointed in his expectation, he received in the interim an invitation to return to Scotland, and to become Rector of the Normal Seminary at Glasgow, at a salary of £300 (\$1500) per annum, which situation he now fills with great credit to himself and advantage to his country. As similar institutions are much wanted in the United States, he has, at my request, kindly prepared for this work an interesting description of the one over which he presides.

* See the American Annals of Education, vol. vi. p. 441.

spoons, keys, &c., and pasting upon them labels with their names printed in raised letters. These she felt of very carefully, and soon, of course, distinguished that the crooked lines *spoon*, differed as much from the crooked lines *key*, as the spoon differed from the key in form.

"Then small detached labels, with the same words printed upon them, were put into her hands; and she soon observed that they were similar to the ones pasted on the articles. She showed her perception of this similarity by laying the label *key* upon the key, and the label *spoon* upon the spoon. She was encouraged here by the natural sign of approbation, patting on the head.

"After a while, instead of labels, the individual letters were given to her on detached bits of paper; they were arranged side by side, so as to spell *book*, *key*, &c.; then they were mixed up in a heap, and a sign was made for her to arrange them herself, so as to express the words *book*, *key*, &c., and she did so.

"Hitherto, the process had been mechanical, and the success about as great as teaching a very knowing dog a variety of tricks. The poor child had sat in mute amazement, and patiently imitated every thing her teacher did: but now the truth began to flash upon her—her intellect began to work—she perceived that here was a way by which she could herself make up a sign of any thing that was in her own mind, and show it to another mind, and at once her countenance lighted up with a human expression; it was no longer a dog, or parrot—it was an immortal spirit, eagerly seizing upon a new link of union with other spirits! I could almost fix upon the moment when this truth dawned upon her mind, and spread its light to her countenance; I saw that the great obstacle was overcome, and that henceforward nothing but patient and persevering, but plain and straightforward efforts were to be used.

"The result thus far is quickly related, and easily conceived; but not so was the process; for many weeks of apparently unprofitable labour were passed, before it was effected.

"When it was said above that a sign was made, it was intended to say that the action was performed by her teacher, she feeling of his hands, and then imitating the motion.

"The next step was to procure a set of metal types, with the different letters of the alphabet cast upon their ends; also a board, in which were square holes, into which holes she could set the types, so that the letters on their ends could alone be felt above the surface.

"Then, on any article being handed to her, for instance, a pencil, or a watch, she would select the component letters, and arrange them on her board, and read them with apparent pleasure.

"She was exercised for several weeks in this way, until her vocabulary became extensive; and then the important step was taken of teaching her how to represent the different letters by the position of her fingers, instead of the cumbrous apparatus of the board and types. She accomplished this speedily, and easily, for her intellect had begun to work in aid of her teacher, and her progress was rapid."

She had been six months at the institution, when her mother came to visit her.

"The mother stood some time, gazing with over-flowing eyes upon her unfortunate child, who, all unconscious of her presence, was playing about the room. Presently Laura ran against her, and at once began feeling of her hands, examining her dress, and trying to find out if she knew her; but not succeeding in this, she turned away as from a stranger, and the poor woman could not conceal the pang she felt, finding that her beloved child did not know her.

"She then gave Laura a string of beads which she used to wear at home, which were recognised by the child at once, who, with much joy, put them around her neck, and sought me eagerly, to say she understood the string was from her home.

"The mother now tried to caress her, but poor Laura repelled her, preferring to be with her acquaintances.

"Another article from home was now given her, and she began to look much interested: she examined the stranger much closer, and gave me to un-

derstand she knew she came from Hanover; she even endured her caresses, but would leave her with indifference at the slightest signal. The distress of the mother was now painful to behold; for, although she had feared that she should not be recognised, the painful reality of being treated with cold indifference by a darling child, was too much for a woman's nature to bear.

"After a while, on the mother taking hold of her again, a vague idea seemed to flit across Laura's mind that this could not be a stranger; she therefore felt of her hands very eagerly, while her countenance assumed an expression of intense interest—she became very pale, and then suddenly red—hope seemed struggling with doubt and anxiety, and never were contending emotions more strongly painted upon the human face; at this moment of painful uncertainty, the mother drew her close to her side, and kissed her fondly, when at once the truth flashed upon the child, and all mistrust and anxiety disappeared from her face, as with an expression of exceeding joy she eagerly nestled to the bosom of her parent, and yielded herself to her fond embraces.

"After this, the beads were all unheeded; the playthings which were offered to her were utterly disregarded; her playmates, for whom but a moment before she gladly left the stranger, now vainly strove to pull her from her mother; and though she yielded her usual instantaneous obedience to my signal to follow me, it was evidently with painful reluctance. She clung close to me, as if bewildered and fearful; and when, after a moment, I took her to her mother, she sprang to her arms, and clung to her with eager joy."

The parting scene evinced alike her tenderness, intelligence, and resolution.

"Laura accompanied her mother to the door, clinging close to her all the way, until they arrived at the threshold, where she paused and felt around, to ascertain who was near her. Perceiving the matron, of whom she is very fond, she grasped her with one hand, holding on convulsively to her mother with the other, and thus she stood for a moment—then she dropped her mother's hand—put her handkerchief to her eyes, and turning round, clung sobbing to the matron, while her mother departed, with emotions as deep as those of her child."

At the end of the year 1839, when she had been a little more than two years at the institution, her proficiency was thus described:—

"Having mastered the manual alphabet of the deaf-mutes, and learned to spell readily the names of every thing within her reach, she was then taught words expressive of positive qualities, as, *hardness*, *softness*; and she readily learned to express the quality, by connecting the adjectives *hard* or *soft* with the substantive; though she generally followed what one would suppose to be the natural order in the succession of ideas, by placing the substantive first.

"It was found too difficult, however, then to make her understand any general expression of quality, as *hardness*, *softness*, in the abstract. Indeed, this is a process of mind most difficult of performance to any, especially to deaf-mutes.

"Next she was taught those expressions of relation to place, which she could understand. For instance, a ring was taken and placed on a box, then the words were spelt to her, and she repeated them from imitation. Then the ring was placed on a hat, and a sign given her to spell; she spelt, *ring on box*—but being checked, and the right words given, she immediately began to exercise her judgment, and, as usual, seemed intently thinking. Then the same was repeated with a bag, a desk, and a great many other things, until at last she learned that she must name the thing on which the article was.

"Then the same article was put into the box, and the words 'ring in box' given to her. This puzzled her for many minutes, and she made many mistakes; for instance, after she had learned to say correctly whether the ring was on or in a box, a drawer, a hat, a bucket, &c., if she were asked, 'where is house, or matron,' she would say, 'in box.' Cross-questioning, however, is seldom necessary to ascertain whether she really understands the force of the words she is learning; for when the true meaning dawns upon her mind, the light spreads to her countenance.

"In this case, the perception seemed instantaneous, and the natural sign by which she expressed it, was peculiar and striking; she spelt on, then laid her hand on the other; then she spelt into, and enclosed one hand within the other.

"She easily acquired a knowledge and use of active verbs, especially those expressive of *tangible action*; as to *walk*, to *run*, to *sew*, to *shake*.

"At first, of course, no distinction could be made of mood and tense; she used the words in a general sense, and according to the order of her *sense of ideas*. Thus, in asking some one to give her bread, she would first use the word expressive of the leading idea, and say, *Bread, give, Laura*. If she wanted water, she would say, *Water, drink, Laura*.

"Soon, however, she learned the use of the auxiliary verbs, of the difference of past, present, and future tense. For instance, here is an early sentence: *Keller is sick—when will Keller well*; the use of *be* she had not acquired.

"Having acquired the use of substantives, adjectives, verbs, prepositions, and conjunctions, it was thought time to make the experiment of trying to teach her to *write*, and to show her that she might communicate her ideas to persons not in contact with her.

"It was amusing to witness the mute amazement with which she submitted to the process, the docility with which she imitated every motion, and the perseverance with which she moved her pencil over and over again in the same track, until she could form the letter. But when at last the idea dawned upon her, that by this mysterious process she could make other people understand what she thought, her joy was boundless.

"Never did a child apply more eagerly and joyfully to any task, than she did to this; and in a few months she could make every letter distinctly, and separate words from each other; and she actually wrote, unaided, a legible letter to her mother, in which she expressed the idea of her being well, and of her expectation of going home in a few weeks. It was indeed a very rude and imperfect letter, couched in the language which a prattling infant would use. Still it shadowed forth, and expressed to her mother the ideas that were passing in her own mind.

"She is familiar with the processes of addition and subtraction in small numbers. Subtraction of one number from another puzzled her for a time; but by help of objects she accomplished it. She can count and conceive objects to about one hundred in number; to express an indefinitely great number, or more than she can count, she says *hundred*. If she thought a friend was to be absent many years, she would say, *will come hundred Sundays*—meaning weeks. She is pretty accurate in measuring time, and seems to have an intuitive tendency to do it. Unaided by the changes of night and day, by the light, or the sound of any timepiece, she nevertheless divides time pretty accurately.

"With the days of the week, and the week itself as a whole, she is perfectly familiar. For instance, if asked what day will it be in fifteen days more, she readily names the day of the week. The day she divides by the commencement and end of school, by the recesses, and by the arrival of meal-times.

"Those persons who hold that the capacity of perceiving and measuring the lapse of time is an innate and distinct faculty of the mind, may deem it an important fact that Laura can evidently measure time so accurately, as to distinguish between a half and whole note of music.

"Her judgment of distances, and of relations of place, is very accurate. She will rise from her seat, go straight towards a door, put out her hand just at the right time, and grasp the handle with precision."

The first prodigious difficulties thus happily overcome, her progress during the last year, which completed the eleventh year of her age, was, of course, more rapid.

"A perceptible change has taken place in the size and shape of her head; and though unfortunately the measurement taken two years ago has been mislaid, every one who has been well acquainted with her, notices a marked increase in the size of the fore-

She is now just eleven years old; and her height is four feet four inches and seven tenths. Her head measures twenty inches and eight tenths in circumference, in a line drawn around it, and passing over the prominences of the parietal, and those of the frontal bones; above this line the head rises one inch and one tenth, and is broad and full. The measurement is four inches from one orifice of the ear to the other; and from the occipital spine to the root of the nose, it is seven inches.

"Nothing has occurred to indicate the slightest perception of light or sound, or any hope of it; and although some of those who are much with her, suppose that her smell is more acute than it was, even this seems very doubtful.

"It is true that she sometimes applies things to her nose, but often it is merely in imitation of the blind children about her; and it is unaccompanied by that peculiar lighting up of the countenance which is observable whenever she discovers any new quality in an object.

"The progress which she has made in intellectual acquirements, can be fully appreciated by those only who have seen her frequently. The improvement, however, is made evident by her greater command of language; and by the conception which she now has of the force of parts of speech, which last year she did not use in her simple sentences; for instance, of pronouns, which she has begun to use within six months. Last spring, returning fatigued from her journey home, she complained of a pain in her side, and on being asked what caused it, she used these words, *Laura did go to see mother, ride did make Laura side ache, horse was wrong, did not run softly*. If she were now to express the same thing, she would say, *I did go to see mother, ride did make my side ache*. This will be seen by an extract from one of her teachers' diary of last month:—Dec. 18th. To-day Laura asked me 'what is voice?' I told her as well as I could, that it was an impression made upon another when people talk with their mouth. She then said, '*I do not voice*.' I said, 'can you talk with your mouth?' Answer, '*No*.' 'Why?' 'Because I am very deaf and dumb.' 'Can you see?' '*No*; because I am blind, I did not talk with fingers when I came with my mother, doctor did teach me on fork—what was on fork?' I told her paper was fixed on forks; she then said, '*I did learn to read much with types. Doctor did teach me in nursery. Druilla was very sick all over*.'

"It will be observed that these words are all spelled correctly; and, indeed, her accuracy in this respect is remarkable. She requires to have a word spelled to her only once, or twice at most, and she will seldom fail to spell it right ever afterwards.

"She easily learned the difference between the singular and plural form, but was inclined for some time to apply the rule of adding *s*, universally. For instance, at her first lesson she had the words *arm*, *arms*, *hand*, *hands*, &c.; then being asked to form the plural of *box*, she said *box s*, &c., and for a long time she would form the plural by the general rule, as *lady*, *lady s*, &c.

"The word *or*, insignificant as it seems, has been a stumbling-block to Laura up to this day.

"With pronouns she had very little difficulty. It was thought best at first to talk with her as one does with an infant; and she learned to reply in the same way. *Laura want water, give Laura water*; but she readily learned to substitute the pronoun, and now says *give me water—I want water*, &c. Indeed, she will not allow persons to address her in the third person, but instantly corrects them, being proud to show her knowledge.

"She learned the difference between present and past tense the last year, but made use of the auxiliaries; during this year, she has learned the method of inflecting the verb. In this process, too, her perfect simplicity rebukes the clumsy irregularity of our language; she learned *jump*, *jumped*—*walk*, *walked*, &c., until she had an idea of the mode of forming the imperfect tense, but when she came to the word *see*, she insisted that it should be *seed*, in the imperfect; and after this, upon going down to dinner, she asked if it was *eat*—*eated*, but being told it was *ate*, she seemed to try to express the idea that

this transposition of letters was not only wrong, but ludicrous, for she laughed heartily."

"The most recent exercises have been upon those words which require attention to one's own mental operations, such as *remember*, *forget*, *expect*, *hope*, &c.

"Greater difficulties have been experienced in these than in her former lessons, but they have been so far surmounted that she uses many words of this kind, with a correct perception of their meaning.

"Her idea of oral conversation, it seems to me, is that people make signs with the mouth and lips, as she does with her fingers."

"When Laura first began to use words, she evidently had no idea of any other use, than to express the individual existence of things, as *book*, *spoon*, &c. The sense of touch had, of course, given her an idea of their existence, and of their individual characteristics; but one would suppose that specific differences would have been suggested to her also; that is, that in feeling of many books, spoons, &c., she would have reflected that some were large, some small, some heavy, some light, and been ready to use words expressive of the specific or generic character. But it would seem not to have been so, and her first use of the words *great*, *small*, *heavy*, &c., was to express merely individual peculiarities; *great book* was to her the double name of a particular book; *heavy stone* was one particular stone; she did not consider these terms as expressive of substantive specific differences, or any differences of quality; the words *great* and *heavy* were not considered abstractly, as the name of a general quality, but they were blended in her mind with the name of the objects in which they existed. At least, such seemed to me to be the case, and it was not until some time after, that the habit of abstraction enabled her to apply words of generic signification in their proper way.

"This view is confirmed by the fact, that when she learned that persons had both individual and family names, she supposed that the same rule must apply to inanimate things, and asked earnestly what was the other name for *chair*, *table*, &c.

"The moral qualities of her nature have also developed themselves more clearly. She is remarkably correct in her deportment; and few children of her age evince so much sense of propriety in regard to appearance. Never, by any possibility, is she seen out of her room with her dress disordered; and if by chance any spot of dirt is pointed out to her on her person, or any little rent in her dress, she discovers a sense of shame, and hastens to remove it.

"She is never discovered in an attitude or an action, at which the most fastidious would revolt, but is remarkable for neatness, order, and propriety.

"There is one fact which is hard to explain in any way; it is the difference of her deportment to persons of different sex. This was observable when she was seven years old. She is very affectionate, and when with her friends of her own sex, she is constantly clinging to them, and often kissing and caressing them; and when she meets with strange ladies, she very soon becomes familiar, examines very freely their dress, and readily allows them to caress her. But with those of the other sex it is entirely different, and she repels every approach to familiarity. She is attached, indeed, to some, and is fond of being with them; but she will not sit upon their knee, for instance, or allow them to take her round the waist, or submit to those innocent familiarities which it is common to take with children of her age."

"She seems to have also, a remarkable degree of conscientiousness, for one of her age; she respects the rights of others, and will insist upon her own.

"She is fond of acquiring property, and seems to have an idea of ownership of things which she has long since laid aside, and no longer uses. She has never been known to take any thing belonging to another; and never but in one or two instances to tell a falsehood, and then only under strong temptation. Great care, indeed has been taken, not to terrify her by punishment, or to make it so severe, as to tempt her to avoid it by duplicity, as children so often do.

"When she has done wrong, her teacher lets her know that she is grieved, and the tender nature of the child is shown by the ready tears of contrition,

and the earnest assurances of amendment, with which she strives to comfort those whom she has pained.

"When she has done any thing wrong, and grieved her teacher, she does not strive to conceal it from her little companions, but communicates it to them, tells them '*it is wrong*,' and says, '*I am a poor love wrong girl*.'

"It has been remarked in former reports, that she can distinguish different degrees of intellect in others, and that she soon regarded almost with contempt, a new comer, when, after a few days, she discovered her weakness of mind. This unamiable part of her character has been more strongly developed during the past year.

She is fond of having other children noticed and caressed by the teachers and those whom she respects; but this must not be carried too far, or she becomes jealous. She wants to have her share, which, if not the lion's, is the greater part; and if she does not get it, she says, '*My mother will love me*.'

"Her tendency to imitation is so strong, that it leads her to actions which must be entirely incomprehensible to her, and which can give her no other pleasure than the gratification of an internal faculty. She has been known to sit for half an hour, holding a book before her sightless eyes, and moving her lips, as she has observed seeing people do when reading.

"Her social feelings, and her affections, are very strong; and when she is sitting at work, or at her studies, by the side of one of her little friends, she will break off from her task every few moments, to hug and kiss them with an earnestness and warmth that is touching to behold.

"When left alone, she occupies and apparently amuses herself, and seems quite contented; and so strong seems to be the natural tendency of thought to put on the garb of language, that she often soliloquises in the *finger language*, slow and tedious as it is. But it is only when alone, that she is quiet; for if she becomes sensible of the presence of any one near her, she is restless until she can sit close beside them, hold their hand, and converse with them by sign.

"She does not cry from vexation and disappointment, like other children, but only from grief. If she receives a blow by accident, or hurts herself she laughs and jumps about, as if trying to drown the pain by muscular action. If the pain is severe, she does not go to her teachers, or companions for sympathy, but on the contrary tries to get away by herself, and then seems to give vent to a feeling of spite, by throwing herself about violently, and roughly handling whatever she gets hold of.

"Twice only have tears been drawn from her by the severity of pain, and then she ran away, as if ashamed of crying for an accidental injury. But the fountain of her tears is by no means dried up, as is seen when her companions are in pain, or her teacher is grieved.

"In her intellectual character, it is pleasing to observe an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and a quiet perception of the relations of things. In her moral character, it is beautiful to behold her continual gladness, her keen enjoyment of existence, her expansive love, her unhesitating confidence, her sympathy with suffering, her conscientiousness, truthfulness, and hopefulness.

"No religious feeling, properly so called, has developed itself; nor is it yet time, perhaps, to look for it. But she has shown a disposition to respect those who have power and knowledge, and to love those who have goodness; and when her perceptive faculties shall have taken cognizance of the operations of nature, and she shall be accustomed to trace effects to their causes, then may her veneration be turned to Him who is almighty, her respect to Him who is omniscient, and her love to Him who is all goodness and love!

"Until then, I shall not deem it wise, by premature effort, to incur the risk of giving her ideas of God, which would be alike unworthy of his character, and fatal to her peace.

"I should fear that she might personify him in a way too common with children, who clothe him with unworthy, and sometimes grotesque attributes, which their subsequently developed reason condemns, but strives in vain to correct."

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FEMALE EDUCATION.

A great deal has been said of the original difference of capacity between men and women; as if women were more quick, and men more judicious—as if women were more remarkable or delicacy of association, and men for stronger powers of attention. All this, we confess, appears to us very fanciful. That there is a difference in the understandings of the men and the women we every day meet with, every body, we suppose, must perceive; but there is none surely which may not be accounted for by the difference of circumstances in which they have been placed, without referring to any conjectural difference of original conformation of mind. As long as boys and girls run about in the dirt, and rundle hoops together, they are both precisely alike. If you catch up one half of these creatures, and train them to a particular set of actions and opinions, and the other half to a perfectly opposite set, of course their understandings will differ, as one or the other sort of occupations has called this or that talent into action. There is surely no occasion to go into any deeper or more abstruse reasoning in order to explain so very simple a phenomenon. Taking it, then, for granted, that nature has been as bountiful of understanding to one sex as the other, it is incumbent on us to consider what are the principal objections commonly made against the communication of a greater share of knowledge to women than commonly falls to their lot at present; for though it may be doubted whether women should earn all that men learn, the immense disparity which now exists between their knowledge, we should hardly think could admit of any rational defence. It is not easy to imagine that there can be any just cause why a woman of forty should be more ignorant than a boy of twelve years of age. If there be any good at all in female ignorance, this (to use a very colloquial phrase) is surely too much of a good thing.

Something in this question must depend, no doubt, upon the leisure which either sex enjoys for the cultivation of their understandings;—and we cannot help thinking, that women have fully as much, if not more, idle time upon their hands, than men. Women are excluded from all the serious business of the world: men are lawyers, physicians, clergymen, apothecaries, and justices of the peace—sources of exertion which consume a great deal more time than producing and rearing children; so that, if the thing is a thing that ought to be done—if the attainments of literature are objects really worthy the attention of females, they cannot plead the want of leisure as

an excuse for indolence and neglect. The lawyer who passes his day in exasperating the bickerings of Roe and Doe, is certainly as much engaged as his lady who has the whole of the morning before her to correct the children and pay the bills. The apothecary, who rushes from an act of phlebotomy in the western parts of the town to insinuate a bolus in the east, is surely as completely absorbed as that fortunate female who is darning the garment, or preparing the repast of her Æsculapius at home; and, in every degree and situation of life, it seems that men must necessarily be exposed to more serious demands upon their time and attention than can possibly be the case with respect to the other sex. We are speaking always of the fair demands which ought to be made upon the time and attention of women; for, as the matter now stands, the time of women is considered as worth nothing at all. Daughters are kept to occupations in sewing, patching, mantua-making, and mending, by which it is impossible they can earn ten-pence a day. The intellectual improvement of women is considered to be of such subordinate importance, that twenty pounds paid for needle-work would give to a whole family leisure to acquire a fund of real knowledge. They are kept with nimble fingers and vacant understandings, till the season for improvement is utterly passed away, and all chance of forming more important habits completely lost. We do not therefore say that women have more leisure than men, if it be necessary they should lead the life of artisans; but we make this assertion only upon the supposition, that it is of some importance women should be instructed; and that many ordinary occupations, for which a little money will find a better substitute, should be sacrificed to this consideration.

We bar, in this discussion, any objection which proceeds from the mere novelty of teaching women more than they are already taught. It may be useless that their education should be improved, or it may be pernicious; and these are the fair grounds on which the question may be argued. But those who cannot bring their minds to consider such an unusual extension of knowledge, without connecting with it some sensation of the ludicrous, should remember, that, in the progress from absolute ignorance, there is a period when cultivation of mind is new to every rank and description of persons. A century ago, who would have believed that country gentlemen could be brought to read and spell with the ease and accuracy which we now so frequently remark,—or supposed that they could be carried up even to the elements of an-

cient and modern history? Nothing is more common, or more stupid, than to take the actual for the possible—to believe that all which is, is all which can be; first to laugh at every proposed deviation from practice as impossible—then, when it is carried into effect, to be astonished that it did not take place before.

It is said that the effect of knowledge is to make women pedantic and affected; and that nothing can be more offensive than to see a woman stepping out of the natural modesty of her sex, to make an ostentatious display of her literary attainments. This may be true enough; but the answer is so trite and obvious, that we are almost ashamed to make it. All affectation and display proceed from the supposition of possessing something better than the rest of the world possesses. Nobody is vain of possessing two legs and two arms;—because that is the precise quantity of either sort of limb which every body possesses. Who ever heard a lady boast that she understood French?—For no other reason, that we know of, but because every body in these days does understand French; and though there may be some disgrace in being ignorant of that language, there is little or no merit in its acquisition. Diffuse knowledge generally among women, and you will at once cure the conceit which knowledge occasions while it is rare. Vanity and conceit we shall of course witness in men and women as long as the world endures: but by multiplying the attainments upon which these feelings are founded, you increase the difficulty of indulging them, and render them much more tolerable, by making them the proofs of a much higher merit. When learning ceases to be uncommon among women, learned women will cease to be affected.

A great many of the lesser and more obscure duties of life necessarily devolve upon the female sex. The arrangement of all household matters, and the care of children in their early infancy, must of course depend upon them. Now, there is a very general notion, that the moment we put the education of women upon a better footing than it is at present, at that moment there will be an end of all domestic economy—women will once suffer women to eat of knowledge, the rest of the family reduced to the same kind of factory diet. These, and a number of other referable to one great and common error—that man does every thing, and that every thing is done by man;—nothing; and that every thing is done by positive institution, rather than by nature. Can any thing, for example, be more perfectly absurd than to suppose, that the perpetual solicitude which a mother

children depends upon her ignorance of Greek and Mathematics; and that she would desert an infant for a quadratic equation? We seem to imagine, that we can break in pieces the solemn institution of nature by the little laws of a boarding-school; and that the existence of the human race depends upon teaching women a little more or a little less;—that Cimærian ignorance can aid parental affection, or the circle of arts and sciences produce its destruction. In the same manner, we forget the principles upon which the love of order, arrangement, and all the arts of economy depend. They depend not upon ignorance nor idleness; but upon the poverty, confusion, and ruin which would ensue from neglecting them. Add to these principles, the love of what is beautiful and magnificent, and the vanity of display;—and there can surely be no reasonable doubt, but that the order and economy of private life is amply secured from the perilous inroads of knowledge.

We would fain know, too, if knowledge is to produce such baneful effects upon the maternal and the household virtues, why this influence has not already been felt? Women are much better educated now than they were a century ago; but they are by no means less remarkable for attention to the arrangements of their household, or less inclined to discharge the offices of parental affection. It would be very easy to show, that the same objection has been made at all times to every improvement in the education of both sexes, and all ranks,—and been as uniformly and completely refuted by experience. A great part of the objections made to the education of women are rather objections made to human nature than to the female sex; for it is surely true, that knowledge, where it produces any bad effects at all, does as much mischief to one sex as to the other,—and gives birth to fully as much arrogance, inattention to common affairs, and eccentricity among men, as it does among women. But it by no means follows, that you get rid of vanity and self-conceit because you get rid of learning. Self-complacency can never want an excuse; and the best way to make it more tolerable, and more useful, is to give it as high and as dignified an object as possible. But at all events, it is unfair to bring forward against a part of the world an objection which is equally powerful against the whole. When foolish women think they have any distinction, they are apt to be proud of it; so are foolish men. But we appeal to any one who has lived with cultivated persons of either sex, whether he has not witnessed as much pedantry, as much wrongheadedness, as much arrogance, and certainly a great deal more rudeness, produced by learning in men than in women: therefore, we should make the accusation general—or dismiss it altogether; though, with respect to pedantry, the learned are certainly a little unfortunate, that so very emphatic a word, which is occasionally applicable to all men embarked eagerly in any pursuit, should be reserved exclusively for them: for, as pedantry is an ostentatious obtrusion of knowledge, in which those who hear us cannot sympathise, it is a fault of which soldiers, sailors, sportsmen, gamblers, cultivators, and all men engaged in a particular occupation, are quite as guilty as scholars; but they have the good fortune to have the vice only of pedantry,—while scholars have both the vice and the name for it too.—*Rev. Sydney Smith.*

(To be continued.)

MARGARET DAVIDSON.

There is no example on record of two such specimens, in the same family, of precocious genius, as Lucretia and Margaret Davidson. The following lines were composed by the latter on leaving her home, in the tenth year of her age:—

That dear old home, where passed my childish years,
When fond affection wiped my infant tears!
Where first I learn'd from whence my blessings came,
And lisped, in faltering tones, a mother's name!

That dear old home, where memory fondly clings,
Where eager fancy spreads her soaring wings;
Around whose scenes my thoughts delight to stray,
And pass the hours in pleasing dreams away!

Oh, shall I ne'er behold thy waves again,
My native lake, my beautiful Champlain!
Shall I no more above thy ripples bend
In sweet communion with my childhood's friend?

Shall I no more behold thy rolling wave,
The patriot's cradle, and the warrior's grave?
Thy mountains, tinged with daylight's parting glow?
Thy islets, mirror'd in the stream below?

Back! back!—thou present, robed in shadows lie,
And rise, thou past, before my raptur'd eye!
Fancy shall gild the frowning lapse between,
And memory's hand shall paint the glowing scene!

Lo! how the view beneath her pencil grows!
The flow'et blooms, the winding streamlet flows;
With former friends I trace my footsteps o'er,
And muse, delighted, on my own green shore!

Alas! it fades—the fairy dream is past!
Dissolved the veil by sportive fancy cast.
Oh why should thus our brightest dreams depart,
And scenes illusive cheat the longing heart?

Where'er through future life my steps may roam,
I ne'er shall find a spot like thee, my home;
With all my joys the thought of thee shall blend,
And join'd with thee, shall rise my childhood's friend.

The elder sister died when Margaret was in her second year. "On ascending the skies, it seemed," says her mother, "as if her poetic mantle fell, like a robe of light, upon her infant sister." Margaret died in 1838, aged fifteen years and eight months. The following is the affecting account giving in Mr. Irving's sketch of the last illness and premature death of this interesting girl, so gifted beyond the common allotment of human beings. A young brother had preceded her to the grave only a few months.

The anguish of the mother was still more intense, as she saw her bright and beautiful, but perishable offspring thus, one by one, snatched away from her. "My own weak frame," says she, (in a letter to Miss Sedgwick,) "was unable longer to sustain the effects of long watching and deep grief. I had not only lost my lovely boy, but I felt a strong conviction that I must soon resign my Margaret; or rather, that she would soon follow me to a premature grave. Although she still persisted in the belief that she was well, the irritating cough, the hectic flush, (so often mistaken for the bloom of health,) and hurried beating of the heart, confirmed me in this belief, and I sank under this accumulated load of affliction. For three weeks I hovered upon the borders of the grave, and when I arose, it was to witness the rupture of a blood vessel in her lungs, caused by exertions to suppress a cough. Oh! it was agony to see her thus! I was compelled to conceal every appearance of alarm, lest the agitation of her mind should produce fatal consequences.

"The best of medical aid was called in, but the physicians gave no hope; they considered it a deep-seated case of pulmonary consumption. All that could be done was to alleviate the symptoms, and protract life as long as possible by lessening the excitement of the system." When Mrs. Davidson

returned to the bedside, after an interview with the physicians, she was regarded with an anxious, searching look by the lovely little sufferer, but not a question was made. Margaret seemed fearful of receiving a discouraging reply, and "lay, all pale and still, (except when agitated by the cough,) striving to calm the tumult of her thoughts," while her mother seated herself by her pillow, trembling with weakness and sorrow. Long and anxious were the days and nights spent in watching over her. Every sudden movement or emotion excited the hemorrhage. "Not a murmur escaped her lips," says her mother, "not during her protracted suffering. 'How are you, love! how have you rested during the night?' 'Well, dear mamma; I have slept sweetly.' I have been night after night beside her restless couch, wiped the cold dew from her brow, and kissed her faded cheek in all the agony of grief, while she unconsciously slept on; or if she did awake, her calm, sweet smile, which seemed to emanate from heaven, had, spite of my remembrance, lighted my heart with hope. Except when very ill, she was ever a bright dreamer. Her visions were usually of an unearthly cast; about heaven and angels. She was wandering among the stars; her sainted sisters were her pioneers; her cherub brother walked hand in hand with her through the gardens of paradise! I was always an early riser, but after Margaret began to decline, I never disturbed her until time to rise for breakfast, a season of social intercourse in which she delighted to unite, and from which she was never willing to be absent. Often when I have spoken to her, she would exclaim, 'Mother, you have disturbed the brightest vision that ever mortal was blessed with! I was in the midst of such scenes of delight! Cannot I have time to finish my dream?' And when I told her how long it was until breakfast, 'It will do,' she would say, and again lose herself in her bright imaginings; for she considered these as moments of inspiration rather than sleep. She told me it was not sleep. I never knew but one, except Margaret, who enjoyed this delightful and mysterious source of happiness, that one was her departed sister Lucretia. When awaking from these reveries, an almost ethereal light played about her eye, which seemed to irradiate her whole face. A holy calm pervaded her manner, and, in truth, she looked more like an angel who had been communing with kindred spirits in the world of light, than any thing of a grosser nature."

There seems, indeed, scarce any thing of earth in her compositions; all is heaven. Her juvenile poems, and even conversations, are but impressive joys and sympathies that gush out from the abundance of her inspirations. At three years, "the stars shone like the eyes of angels," and she prays God "to make her wings that she may fly to her departed sister." At eight years, a little piece to her brother begins with the following stanza:—

Yon island see! so fair and bright,
Like gems upon the azure sea,
The waters dance like forms of light,
And waft my brother dear from me.

"Her meekness and patience, and her even cheerful bearing, were unexampled. But when she was assured that all the tender and endearing ties which bound her to earth were about to be severed, when she saw that life and all its bright visions were fading from her eyes—that she was standing at the entrance of the dark valley which must be traversed in her way to the eternal world, the struggle was great, but brief—she caught the hem of her Saviour's robe, and meekly bowed to the mandate of her God. Since the beginning of August, I had watched this tender blossom with intense anxiety, and marked her decline with a breaking heart; and although from that time until the period of her departure, I never spent a whole night in bed, my excitement was so strong that I was unconscious of the want of sleep. Oh, my dear madam, the whole course of her decline was so unlike any other death-bed scene I ever witnessed; there was nothing of the gloom

CHAPTER XIX.

1839.

Oct. 17. Ther. 59°. *Schools.*—The secretary of the American Common School Society "estimates the total number of children in the United States between the ages of four and sixteen years at 3,500,000; and of this number 600,000 do not enjoy the benefits of a common school education." (*Chronicle of the Church.*)

Oct. 21. Ther. 38°. We attended the Episcopal church and heard Mr. Burgess preach. The church is well appointed and well filled, and the music was excellent. They use an improved prayer book.

Ridicule of Public Characters.—The Americans indulge extensively in ridicule of the governors and other men set in authority over them. The judges and clergy appear to be the only public characters who escape from this outrage. The practice exerts an evil influence on the minds of the people themselves. It diminishes their Veneration and fosters their Self-Esteem, and is without a shadow of apology. The subjects of despots are often forced, by an irresistible and irresponsible power, to groan under the administration of weak or wicked men, and have no means of escaping from their inflictions, or even of solacing themselves amidst their sufferings, except by venting their displeasure in satire and wit. In America the people choose their own magistrates of all grades; and in Connecticut the judges for a long series of years were nominated every six months, and even now they are elected annually. It seems a reasonable expectation that the electors should reverence the objects of their own choice, at least while they permit them to retain power; but the minority, who do not concur in the appointment, take revenge for their disappointment by lampooning the individuals who have obtained the suffrages of the majority. They plead the example of England in extenuation of this conduct. In England, the person and character of the sovereign are sacred by law, but the ministers are delivered over to the public as objects of unbounded invective and derision. In the United States, the people themselves are the sovereigns, and they are as sacred as the queen in England. No newspapers, or orators, dare to proclaim their ignorance, their fickleness, their love of money, or any of their other imperfections. The president of the Union and the governors of the states are merely their executive magistrates or ministers, and, like their prototypes in Britain, they are abandoned to the abuse and ridicule of all.

Salaries of the Judges.—The judges of Connecticut, as before mentioned, were for many years elected by the people half-yearly, and now they are elected annually. So forcibly, however, does habit, and the tendency to acquiescence in established arrangements operate, that the judges are regularly re-elected, and are allowed to serve till they reach seventy years of age, when they are no longer eligible. In fact, an annual appointment is very nearly as secure a tenure of office as one for life, unless the incumbent be guilty of glaring incapacity or misconduct. The salaries, however, in this state are so small that they present no temptation to a lawyer, in even moderate practice, to leave the bar and ascend the bench. The chief justice receives only \$1100 per annum of salary, and the four associate justices \$1050 each. The salary of the governor of the state is \$1100. An instance occurred, not many years ago, of a chief justice, a

man of talent and high legal accomplishments, whose family increased to such an extent, that he could not maintain and educate them on his salary. He resigned his office, returned to the bar, and speedily doubled or tripled his income. The Americans respect men of wealth; and as there are now many persons in Connecticut, in no very exalted station, whose incomes are double or triple those of the judges, the latter are liable to be looked down on by vulgar minds on account of their poverty. They are also unquestionably open to strong influences from popular opinion. Nevertheless, the testimony of good and able men here is strong in favour of their intelligence, uprightness, and independence.

Slavery.—I conversed with a gentleman who passed a winter in Bermuda, when there were many Negro slaves on the island. None, however, had been imported for more than fifty years before the time of his visit, and during that interval they had been educated, well treated, and employed as pilots, and in other offices of trust. He said that they were finely-formed men, their features had improved, and their countenances had lost the heavy African expression. They not only looked but actually were intelligent. This shows the capability of the Negro race of improvement by cultivation.

Washington College.—This is the name of the college in Hartford. In 1840 the number of students was—resident graduates, 13; seniors, 14; juniors, 13; Sophomores, 29; freshmen, 14. Total, 83.

Oct. 22. Therm. 22°. *State Prison at Weathersfield.*—To-day I visited this state prison, situated a few miles from Hartford, with six or seven gentlemen who have attended my lectures. Among them were the Rev. Principal Totten of Washington College, the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, Dr. A. Brigham, and others. It is conducted on the principles adopted in the state prisons at Boston and Auburn already described. There are nearly 200 prisoners at present on the books. They sleep in separate cells, but labour in large workshops, back to back, and in presence of keepers, who prevent speech or communication. The prison yields about \$7000 per annum of profit to the state, a satisfactory proof that it is managed with vigour and economy. I here learned a curious fact illustrative of the Connecticut character. By the existing statutes, adultery is a crime punishable by three years' imprisonment and hard labour in the state prison. The law is rarely executed against ladies and gentlemen who go astray; but when an idle pauper becomes a burden on the city's funds, it is not uncommon to permit a few facilities for the commission of this crime to encompass him;—if he err he is tried, condemned, and sent to the state prison, where his morals are corrected, and he is forced to maintain himself.

Moral Responsibility.—In the course of my lectures in Hartford, I had stated and illustrated the difference between the heads of men who are habitual criminals, and those who are virtuously disposed, and impressed on the minds of my audience the peculiar forms and proportions of the animal, moral, and intellectual regions of the brain which distinguish these two classes, and also those which are found in the intermediate class in whom the three regions are nearly in equilibrium. Mr. Pillsbury, the superintendent of the prison, brought a criminal into his office, without speaking one word concerning his crime or history. I declined to examine his head myself, but requested the gentlemen who

accompanied me to do so, engaging to correct their observations, if they erred. They proceeded with the examination, and stated the inferences which they drew respecting the natural dispositions of the individual. Mr. Pillsbury then read from a manuscript paper, which he had prepared before we came, the character as known to him. The coincidence between the two was complete. The prisoner was withdrawn, another was introduced, and the same process was gone through, with the same result in regard to him. So with a third, and a fourth. Among the criminals, there were striking differences in intellect, and in some of the feelings, which were correctly stated by the observers.

These experiments, I repeat, were made by the gentlemen who accompanied me, some of whom were evangelical clergymen, of the highest reputation. They inferred the dispositions from their own perceptions of the forms of the heads. They recognised the great deficiencies in the moral organs, and the predominance of the animal organs, in those individuals whom Mr. Pillsbury pronounced to be, in his opinion, incorrigible; for the question was solemnly put to him by Dr. Brigham, whether he found any of the prisoners to be irreclaimable under the existing system of treatment, and he acknowledged that he did. One of the individuals who was examined had been thirty years in the state prison, under four different sentences, and in him the moral region of the brain was exceedingly deficient. I respectfully pressed upon the attention of the reverend gentlemen, that the facts which they had observed were institutions of the Creator, and that it was in vain for man to be angry with them, to deny them, or to esteem them of light importance.

Mr. Pillsbury added that he could not trace above one in fifty criminals who was thoroughly corrected, and the reformed were young offenders committed for not less than five years for the first time. A shorter confinement led them directly back to crime. More offenders against the person than against property are reformed.

In treating of the difference between the functions of Individuality, which observes things that exist, and those of Eventuality, which observes motion, or active phenomena, I had mentioned in my lectures that a spectator of a military review, who has large Individuality and small Eventuality, will observe and remember the details of the uniforms, and other physical appearances of the men, but overlook and forget the evolutions; while another spectator with large Eventuality and deficient Individuality will observe and recollect the evolutions, but overlook and forget all the minute particulars in dress and appearance. It having been observed that Mr. Pillsbury's head presented this last combination, Mr. Gallaudet, without giving any explanation of his object, asked him whether in seeing a review, he would observe and recollect best the appearance of the men or the evolutions. He replied instantly, "The evolutions."

Oct. 23. Ther. 32°. *The Bearing of Phrenology on Scripture.*—The facts before mentioned have led several members of my class to serious reflections on the relation between Phrenology and the prevalent interpretations of Scripture. I have repeated to them what I have said to all others, that Nature will not bend, nor will she cease to operate, and that if they discover any discrepancies between her truths and their own interpretations of the Bible, these interpre-

tations must be corrected and brought into harmony with nature.

I afterwards learned that a relaxation of the principles of Calvinism has already taken place in the theology of Connecticut, which renders the views of the human mind presented by Phrenology less formidable to the divines of that state than to those of the Church of Scotland. Dr. Taylor, Professor of Divinity in Yale College, celebrated as one of the most orthodox institutions in the Union, has for some years abandoned the doctrine of the total corruption of human nature, and been supported by a large majority of the clergy of the state. Dr. Tyler now leads the orthodox, or total-corruption party, and has been enabled to found a new theological seminary at Windsor, on the Connecticut, which numbers seventeen or eighteen students. I have looked into the controversy on this subject, and find the following statement of Dr. Taylor's views given by himself in a letter addressed to Dr. Hawes, of Hartford, dated the 1st of February, 1832:—

"I do *not* believe," says he, "that the posterity of Adam are, in the proper sense of the language, guilty of his sin; or that the ill-desert of that sin is truly theirs; or that they are punished for that sin. But I do believe, that, by the wise and holy constitution of God, all mankind, in consequence of Adam's sin, become sinners by their own act.

"I do *not* believe that the nature of the human mind, which God creates, is itself sinful; or that God punishes men for the nature which he creates; or that sin pertains to any thing in the mind which precedes all conscious mental action, and which is neither a matter of consciousness nor of knowledge. But I do believe that sin, universally, is no other than selfishness, or a preference of one's self to all others—of some inferior good to God; that this free voluntary preference is a permanent principle of action in all the unconverted, and that this is sin, and all that in the Scriptures is meant by sin. I also believe, that such is the nature of the human mind, that it becomes the occasion of universal sin in men in all the appropriate circumstances of their existence; and that, therefore, they are truly and properly said to be sinners by nature."

The phrenological doctrine, that every faculty is manifested by a distinct organ; that the Creator constituted the organ, and ordained its functions; that therefore each is good in itself, and has a legitimate sphere of action; but that each is also liable to be abused, and that abuses constitute sin, approaches closely to Dr. Taylor's views, as expressed in the preceding letter. There is a general opinion abroad that Dr. Taylor is still progressive in his opinions, and that he will announce farther modifications of Calvinism. Those who embrace liberal opinions in theology say, that they expect him still farther to purify the faith of Connecticut; while those who adhere to the ancient creed express their fears that the extent of his *backslidings* is not yet fully developed.

Oct. 24. Ther. 51°. *The Hartford Retreat*.—This is a lunatic asylum beautifully situated, and having 17 acres of ground attached to it. The patients perform no labour, and the classification is very imperfect; nevertheless Dr. Fuller the physician mentioned that the cures amount to 90 per cent. of the recent cases. He told me that a part of the head which he had pointed out (Concentrativeness) is always small in the incurably insane, or that it becomes small if the disease be continued; and that, when that part is

large, he expects recovery. This was new to me, and I record it, to call the attention of phrenologists to the subject. Dr. Brigham, who accompanied me, pointed out a case of mania proceeding from disease of the cerebellum, which he had successfully treated by local depletion in that region.

Oct. 25. Ther. 48°. *Phrenology*.—I delivered the last lecture of my course, and a committee was appointed to present resolutions.

Oct. 26. Ther. 47°. The committee waited upon me, and presented the resolutions. Tickets were, at my request, presented to the editors of all the periodicals published in Hartford, who, as I was informed, attended the lectures. They did not, so far as I observed, notice them during their progress, and I was told that the cause of their silence was the fear of giving offence by either approving or disapproving. After the close of the course, "The Congregationalist" printed a favourable notice, but avoided offering any opinion on the merits of Phrenology.

The Deaf and Dumb Institution.—We visited this institution along with Mr. Gallaudet. The United States' government gave a donation in its favour of a township of land in Alabama, which has been sold, and the proceeds invested; and it is thereby enabled to provide food, lodging, and tuition, for its pupils, for the annual payment by each of \$100, or 20*l.* sterling. Mr. Gallaudet called our attention to the happy expression of the countenances of the pupils, and again differed from Miss Martineau in his opinion of the mental condition of the deaf and dumb. He regards it quite possible, when their natural talents and dispositions are good, to educate them, and to train their dispositions thoroughly. We saw them perform a variety of exercises, indicating great intelligence and mental resources.

I gave Mr. Gallaudet the proposition, that, "many years ago, Columbus discovered America," to be communicated by signs merely, without finger-spelling or the use of any language except that of the countenance and gestures, to his former pupil David. In our presence he made a variety of signs, and David wrote, "A long time ago Columbus sailed west and discovered America." The communication made to David was, that, "a long time ago a great man sailed west," &c.; he supplied the name from his general reading. Mr. G. next mentioned to us, that he would communicate by signs also, without words, that "the American leaders signed the Declaration of Independence." He made a variety of gesticulations, and David wrote, "John Hancock advised them to make war with England and be independent." David has a large anterior lobe of the brain and very large organ of Imitation, with an excellent development of the moral organs, and a sanguine and nervous temperament. He is now one of the assistant teachers of the institution, and supports his aged mother out of his salary. When he was a child, she lamented over his deafness, and regarded him as her greatest burden. He is now her only stay.

We saw also Julia Brace, who is blind, deaf, and dumb. The anterior lobe of her brain is well developed, indicating natural intellectual talent, but the coronal region is rather deficient. She has great acuteness in smell and touch; and delivered our handkerchiefs to us by smell, after they had been mixed, and we had changed places. She examined C——'s dress from her bonnet to her shoes, most carefully, by touch. She dresses herself, makes her own bed, and does up her

own hair; but she has received very little instruction, and seems unhappy. She has neither occupation nor amusement. As she has large organs of Time, I recommended that she should be taught to beat time for her entertainment. The deaf and dumb pupils here dance with pleasure and success.

Oct. 27. Ther. 53°. *The Pulpit*.—To-day we heard the Rev. Dr. Hawes preach. His text was in Matthew, vi. 19. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth," &c. He is the eminent Congregationalist minister to whom Dr. Taylor's letter before quoted was addressed. He agrees with Dr. Taylor in his opinions about original sin. He preached a bold, liberal, and practical sermon, in relation to the commercial crisis which has just occurred. He told his congregation that a character made up of deep anxieties about dollars and cents could not be pleasing to God; that the wealth of many of them was about to be swept away; and that, from their natural reluctance to part with it, strong temptations to act dishonestly would arise; but he exhorted them to part with all freely except their integrity. God required them to pay all they owed, to the last cent, and if they did so, so far as they had the means, and preserved their honour, they would be more worthy than if they parted with conscience, and had the whole world as their own. He said that there is something fundamentally wrong in the "credit system" of this country. Only one young man in twelve who begins business in New York succeeds and becomes rich: the rest pass through speculation and various fortunes to bankruptcy and ultimate ruin. "The crash which is now heard at a distance will soon reach you, and the labouring poor will be thrown out of employment, and they must rely on you for subsistence. The missionaries whom you have sent abroad will look to you for a continuation of your supplies; you must not abandon them in the wilderness. You can answer these calls only by retrenchment. Calculate the sums you spend on sumptuous clothing, elegant furniture, and costly entertainments, and lop off part in time, and prepare the saving for these calls. Do not despond. When all your accumulations are gone, you will have your fertile land, your bright sun, your strong arms; and if you preserve also a pure conscience, you will still have the best blessings of life, and you know that God will never cease to be gracious." This is merely a faint outline of the discourse, written down from memory after my return home from the church. In tone, matter, and manner, it was bold, searching, honest, yet sympathetic and encouraging—such, in short, as sermons should generally be. It bore the directest reference to real life, and applied Christianity to practical duties. Instead of being forgotten as soon as uttered, as many sermons are, my impression is that it will be distinctly remembered in Hartford long after the present day.

Hartford.—The situation of Hartford is very beautiful, and many of the citizens live in detached villas surrounded by grass plots and shrubberies, situated on gentle eminences commanding extensive views of the valley of the Connecticut and the hills by which it is bounded. The custom of being over-housed is said to prevail here extensively. I was told that the annual expenditure in many of these large and handsome villas will not exceed \$1500 (£300 sterling) per annum. In England they would suffice for the accommodation of families possessing £1500 or \$7500 a year.

Oct. 28. Ther. 48°. We left Hartford with sincere respect for the kind friends whose society we had enjoyed, and, at 2 P. M., sailed up the river for Springfield. The water in the Connecticut is now very low, and, although the steamboat is small and draws little water, we could not pass the rapids, but entered and passed through a canal six miles long. We rose by three locks of ten feet in height each, and again entered the river. The steamboat has its wheel and paddles in the stern. In the canal we moved at the rate of six miles an hour, and the surge was not greater than I have seen raised by a tow-boat going at the same rate. For ten days past the weather has been, and still continues to be, clear, calm, and mild. The rich tints of autumn render the woods gorgeously beautiful, and the whole scenery is exceedingly picturesque. We arrived at Springfield at half-past six.

Oct. 29. Ther. 40°. To Worcester and Boston.—This day, at half-past eleven, we started for Worcester by the railroad, which has been opened since we traveled to Springfield a month ago. Yesterday a stray horse had its legs and head cut off on this railroad by the engine, and the night before a cart had left a cart with stones standing on the track, against which a train loaded with merchandise had run in the dark and been smashed to pieces. We hoped to be more fortunate, and were so; but, although we encountered no danger, our patience was sufficiently tried. About ten miles from Springfield we came to a dead "fix," and the whole train stood motionless for three long hours, enlivened only by occasional walks in the sunshine, and visits to a cake store, the whole stock of eatables in which was in time consumed, the price of them having risen from hour to hour in proportion to the demand. The advance was equal to at least 250 per cent. between the first sales and the last. The cause of our detention was the non-arrival of the train from Worcester, which, from there being only a single track of rails, could pass our train here and nowhere else. We heard nothing of its fate, and expected it to arrive every minute till four o'clock, when at last an express on horseback came up, and announced that it had broken down, but that it was now cleared off the rails, and that we might advance. Again I admired the patience and good humour of the American passengers, which never forsook them in all this tedious detention. A clergyman, of some pretty liberal sect, but whose name I did not learn, knew me, and spent two hours of this time in discussing the attributes, power, and foreknowledge of the Deity—the laws of nature and Phrenology—often in language to which I could attach no definite ideas. When he raised his hat, I saw that he possessed very moderate organs of Causality; yet he was acute in all the perceptions that related to Individuality and Eventuality: he seemed also to be sincere and amiable; and, having a high nervous temperament, he delighted in metaphysical discussions, although he was not fitted by nature to excel in this field of philosophy. At 6 P. M. we arrived at Worcester; but here we found ourselves in another "fix." The afternoon train from Boston does not arrive till 7 P. M., and we could not proceed to that city until it appeared. It was now dark, and for another hour and a half the passengers sat with exemplary patience in the cars. At half-past seven P. M. we started again, and arrived in Boston, without farther impediment, about ten o'clock, with pretty good appetites, as we had breakfasted at half-past seven in the morning,

and been allowed no meal since that hour. The car was seated for fifty-six passengers, and contained at least thirty. There was no aperture for ventilation, and, when night came, the company insisted on shutting every window to keep out the cold. A few who, like us, preferred cool air to suffocation, congregated at one end, where we opened two windows for our relief.

Oct. 30. 1840. Ther. 40°. Boston.—*Phrenology*.—Some weeks ago the friends of education in Boston sent me an invitation to return and deliver a second course of lectures on Phrenology, in this city; and they have secured an audience, hired a chapel, in Philip's Place, Tremont street, and made all other necessary arrangements for my accommodation.

Education.—A course of weekly lectures is now in the progress of being delivered gratis by the educated gentlemen of Boston to the assistant teachers of the common schools. To-day, we heard Mr. Mann deliver an excellent address on "corporal punishment." The hall in Tremont Row was crowded. He drew a striking picture of the different mental conditions of the children who are assembled in the common schools. They not only differ in their natural dispositions, but at home some may have been spoiled and indulged in their every whim; others may have been taught by example to swear, to lie, and to steal; others may have been beaten unmercifully and capriciously, and have known no law except that of force. The schoolmaster is called on to reduce this mass of discordant elements to order, and to infuse into it the spirit of disobedience, attention, exertion, self-command, and mutual respect. He did not think that in the present state of the civilisation of Boston, corporal punishment could be entirely dispensed with in common schools. He, however, deprecated its excessive use. There were teachers, he said, who, if consulted about the situation of a school-house, would plant it at the side of a birch-grove, "not for the sake of the shade, but of the substance." In his view, the minimum of infliction would indicate the maximum of qualification in the teacher for his duties. He recommended that corporal punishment should always be inflicted in private, because the imagination exaggerates its terrors, while familiarity lessens them: that the rod should be used in solemnity and sorrow, and never in passion; and that the quantity of punishment should be such as to render it a real chastisement, but never cruel. He entered into a philosophical exposition of the objects of punishment, and of its effects on children of different natural dispositions. His discourse contained, also, admirable illustrations of his principles, in which wit and logic were gracefully combined, and the whole was interspersed with passages of touching eloquence. Altogether the lecture was a moral and intellectual treat.

The Sub-Treasury Law.—I have repeatedly expressed my humble opinion that the democratic party is in the right with regard to instituting a national treasury, with sub-treasurers, in various parts of the union, who shall receive the revenue of the United States in specie, and lock it up in strong boxes until needed, and who shall be punished as felons if they embezzle any part of it. They are labouring hard, through the newspapers, in the speeches of their orators, and by lectures specially devoted to the subject, to unfold to the public the principles which regulate the currency, the evils of excessive bank issues, and irredeemable paper; and, altogether, they afford on this subject an example of sound sense, real

patriotism, and respect for the understandings of the people, which cannot be sufficiently commended. The whigs meet their arguments by declamations about the evils into which the democrats have brought the country; they ascribe the present universal derangement of the currency, the stagnation of trade, and the general bankruptcy which prevails, to the "hard cash" principles of Van Buren and his party; and promise them "credit," wealth, and plenty, if they will turn the democrats out of office and put them in. The imperfectly educated people understand little of abstract reasoning; they are rarely capable of tracing a principle in political economy through present evil to distant good, while they are captivated by promises of future prosperity, and readily believe in what they wish to be true, viz. that whig rule will restore banks, credit, wealth, and general happiness. They are going rapidly round to the whig side.

Nov. 3. Ther. 38°. We went to Dr. Channing's church in Federal street to-day, Sunday, but he did not preach. A stranger officiated in his stead. As soon as the sun sets, we hear the piano fortes, and the ladies' voices singing in full activity. Dr. Tuckerman, well known for his highly philanthropic exertions in consoling and reclaiming the vicious poor of Boston, is extremely ill of consumption, and we were not allowed to see him when we called. He is much esteemed, and his illness is deeply regretted.

Nov. 5. Ther. 27°. *Orestes Augustus Brownson*.—This gentleman was originally a preacher, and afterwards became a politician; and his mental fertility and originality are so great that, two years ago, he established "The Boston Quarterly Review" to afford a vent for his thoughts. He has not only conducted, but essentially written it since. In his eighth number for October 1839, an article appeared on the "Education of the People." "Religion and politics," says he, "do in fact embrace all the interests and concerns of human beings, in all their multiplied relations." * * "If, then, we are to have in the commonwealth a system of popular education, which shall answer the legitimate purposes of education, we must have a system which shall embrace both religion and politics." (p. 402.) Mr. Brownson is a warm democrat, and his object is avowedly to undermine the Board of Education. He objects to the board because it recommends the teaching of Christianity "so far, and only so far, as it is common to all sects." "This," says he, "if it mean any thing, means nothing at all." "There is, in fact, no common ground between all the various religious denominations in this country, on which an educationalist may plant himself. The difference between a Unitarian and a Calvinist is fundamental. They start from different premises." "The gospel of Jesus Christ is 'another gospel,' as expounded by the one, from what it is as expounded by the other." "If we come into politics, we encounter the same difficulty. What doctrines on the destiny of society will these normal schools inculcate? If any in this commonwealth at present, they must be whig doctrines, for none but whigs can be professors in these schools. Now the whig doctrines on society are directly hostile to the democratic doctrines. Whiggism is but another name for Hobbism. It is based on materialism, and is atheistical in its logical tendencies!"

These latter words would serve admirably well for a motto to a pamphlet by the Bishop of Exeter against national education; but my object

in noticing Mr. Brownson's article is to make a few remarks on the insidious course of argument by which he (the friend and advocate of "equal rights and social equality," as he calls himself) labours to destroy the most beneficial institution for the welfare of the people which his country can boast of. His argument, reduced to a logical form, appears to me to be the following:—"All education," says he, "that is worth any thing, is either religious or political." But there is no common ground in Christianity in which all sects can meet, and as our "equal rights" prohibit any one sect from enforcing its doctrines on all, therefore there can be no religious education by the state. Again: This commonwealth is nearly equally divided between the whig and democratic opinions. "Equal rights" prohibit either party from enforcing its peculiar principles on all the children of the state: therefore there can be no "political" education. As, however, all good education must be either religious or political, and as neither of these can possibly be accomplished in Massachusetts, there can be no education by the state at all.

Such, accordingly, is Mr. Brownson's avowed conclusion; and there is a remarkable harmony between the results reached by the ultra-democratic and by the ultra-tory party in England, when arguing on the subject of the education of the people. It is explained by the unity of their objects; both desire to keep the people in ignorance, that they may use them—the tories as docile labourers and administrators to the comfort and luxury of genteel life, and the ultra-democratic politicians as stepping-stones to power. One aim of this article was obviously to foment the opposition to the Board of Education, which I have already mentioned as being secretly hatching; but I am told that it is so completely ultra in its propositions, that Mr. Brownson has defeated his own object.

The only public education which he advocates is that of grown people by means of the pulpit and lyceum. He has some good remarks on the necessity of the pulpit extending the range of its interests, and embracing the affairs of this world in a far more direct manner than it has hitherto done; and I have heard the same idea frequently thrown out by men of various religious opinions in the United States. He urges also the advantage of making the lectures in the lyceums embrace man's moral and social nature, or politics. He ministers to the Self-Esteem of the uneducated mass; for he tells them that they are wiser than the government, and says that it is the duty of the rulers to receive instruction from the people, and not to pretend to give it. "Democracy," says he, "is based on the fundamental truth, that there is an element of the supernatural in every man, placing him in relation with universal and absolute truth; that there is a true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world; that a portion of the spirit of God is given unto every man to profit withal. Democracy rests, therefore, on spiritualism, and is of necessity a believer in God and in Christ. Nothing but spiritualism has the requisite unity and universality to meet the wants of the masses." p. 406.

This paragraph shows what Mr. Brownson means by his charges of irreligion against the whigs. They regard the human faculties as standing in need of education. This, in his opinion, is atheism and materialism. He maintains that "there is an element of the supernatural in every man, placing him in relation with uni-

versal and absolute truth," which is spiritualism and true religion. In other words, this "element of the supernatural" means the unenlightened and untrained impulses of the human faculties, ever ready to take on whatever impressions, and to move in whatever directions, men of bold and ardent minds choose to communicate to them. It was this "element of the supernatural" which enabled the maniac Thom to persuade the people of Kent that he was Jesus Christ, and to induce them to die in testimony of their belief. So far from its being true that "there is no common ground between all the various religious denominations in this country," the contrary may with more reason be maintained; namely, that here, where no men are bribed by privileges and endowments to profess opinions which they do not believe to be true, but where the mind is left in freedom to deal with Scripture according to its own perceptions of truth, those views in which all sects of intelligent and well-informed men are agreed must really constitute Christianity, and those in regard to which there "is no common ground between them" must be non-essentials. The "Christian Examiner" for July, 1839, observes that, "ever since the apostolic days, the tendency has been to make the metaphysical view of Christ the essential and only important one. However a few may have felt, the mass of Christians have held the moral view of Christ wholly subordinate. Men have never been martyred because they held too low notions of the Saviour's character. His character has formed no subject for creeds. But creeds have almost always been filled with speculations as to his nature. To sustain particular views on this point, no efforts, no penalties, have been thought too great. For this churches have hurled denunciations against heretics; for this the inquisition has dug dungeons, and armies have been arrayed with hostile banners, and the sky of Christendom been red with the flames of martyrdom. Christians often have not merely ceased to imitate, but have ceased to think of the character of Christ, in contentions about his nature." Do not these remarks forcibly embody the proposition, that Christian sects have never disputed concerning the excellence of the precepts and the practical conduct of Jesus Christ? and do these form no "common ground" between them, on which to base a religious education? These precepts and that example also, be it observed, relate, to a great extent, to *human conduct in this world*, with which alone states and governments are entitled to interfere. The metaphysical and abstract opinions about which the great differences exist, have reference chiefly to man's destiny in a future state, and regarding them every individual is entitled, by the principles consecrated at the reformation, to judge exclusively for himself.

If the people of the United States fairly understood Phrenology, these attempts to perpetuate their ignorance, in order to render them the enthralled slaves of selfish and ambitious politicians, would rouse their warmest indignation. Phrenology represents our various faculties as general powers or capacities merely, each having at once an extensive sphere of legitimate action, and a still wider field of abuse. Education is the process of communicating to these faculties instruction how they may best accomplish their own gratifications, or how they may avoid evil and pursue good. The faculties have all innate activity, and in acting they will infallibly produce either good or evil; evil, if left blind and unguided; good, if enlightened and trained to virtue.

In a busy life, education must begin early, otherwise it can never be accomplished well. Every individual in a civilised community, to borrow from a friend a forcible illustration, is a copartner for life with all the other members of that community: the social body having thus a direct interest in the ability and inclination of every member to discharge his duty, and to observe the laws of the copartnery, is entitled to insist on every one of them submitting to that degree of instruction which is necessary to render him fit for his situation. In other words, every state has the right to instruct and train its members as to accomplish them for their secular duties, while it has no title to interfere with their private judgments concerning the best means of ensuring their safety in a future life.

The "London Morning Advertiser" of 10th Oct. 1839, mentions, that "At a public meeting held in the Tower Hamlets, it was stated by Mr. H. Althans, the advocate of education, that, when the new Lancasterian school was opened in Bethnal Green, a few weeks ago, out of 300 boys above the age of ten years, who presented themselves for admittance, no fewer than 173 were found to be utterly ignorant of every letter of the English alphabet." This is trusting to the inward light on the great scale, and may probably satisfy Mr. Brownson; but if, by the law of England, these 300 boys had had the prospect of voting in the election of the queen, the judges, and the clergy, as well as of the members of the two house of parliament, and of all the civic functionaries, it is highly probable that the bishops would have done more for their instruction, and that the house of peers would not have thrown out the bill for granting 30,000*l.* for normal schools.

Nov. 17. Ther. 33°. *Insanity*.—In my lectures, after describing the healthy states of the mental faculties, I have added remarks on the effects of disease in the organs on their manifestations, and by this means endeavoured to convey to my audiences rational ideas of the causes and nature of insanity. A gentleman, whom I met with in society this evening, told me that this part of my course is particularly interesting and consolatory to him. A near relative of his is insane, and he finds that the lectures are clearing up to his understanding the phenomena of the deranged mind which he had observed, but which he could not previously comprehend; and he now understands also how a cure may be effected in insanity as well as in any other disease. He expressed his conviction, also, that the diffusion of these views among the people will have a great effect in dispelling the ideas of horror and mystery which are so generally connected with insanity, and which, in his own case, he feels to constitute no small portion of the evil. In my last lecture, I remarked that there is no raving or violence in a well conducted lunatic asylum, except when particular patients are labouring under diseased excitement of Combativeness and Destructiveness, and that such cases are rare, and the excitement generally of short duration. He recognised the correctness of this description from his own visits to the asylum, and wished that the public could comprehend it, that their sympathies for the insane might be divested of terror. There is more proper feeling about insanity in the United States, so far as my observations extend, than in Britain; the relatives of persons affected generally view it as a disease, and are more rarely ashamed of it as a disgrace.

The Law.—In Massachusetts conveying

is reduced to its simplest elements, and the records of deeds, with the exception of two volumes, are complete, from the foundation of the colony to the present day. Nevertheless, vexatious questions about titles occur here, as in other countries, only not in such great numbers. By the law of this state, an administrator must obtain a license from the proper court to sell the real estate of a person deceased, and it is effectual for only one year; but it may be renewed if necessary on application. Some years ago, an administrator, in strict conformity with the law, sold some valuable property by auction, within the year, and received the price, but, by some oversight, omitted to subscribe the deed of conveyance till three days after its expiration. The heir of the deceased now claims the property, which has risen much in value, and declines to refund the price. The chancery powers of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts are not complete, and, if the title should be set aside, it will require some dexterity so to shape the claim for indemnification against the heir as to reach him effectually. If the case should be brought into the chancery department of the Supreme Court of the United States, there would be no difficulty, for its powers are universal to redress all wrongs.

Taxation.—In Boston, the middle class of citizens pays most taxes, and contributes most liberally to charitable institutions. The city taxation is much higher than that for state purposes, and, like the state taxes, is levied on the whole estimated property, real and personal, of each citizen. Some rich men, to avoid this, live beyond the limits of the city, where they display the symbols of their wealth, and come to town to transact business in humble stores or counting-houses. By this means they withdraw much of their property from taxation for civic purposes. There are other very rich men who continually migrate from state to state, and live in hotels and boarding-houses, to avoid taxation. At the same time, other rich men make a munificent use of their wealth. Mr. Dwight has presented \$10,000 to the state, to be expended in instituting normal schools, as an inducement to the legislature to grant an equal sum. Before this gift, no normal school existed in Massachusetts.

Nov. 10. Ther. 27°. *The Swedenborgians.*—To-day we attended divine worship in the Swedenborgian chapel. It accommodates five or six hundred persons, is commodious and neatly fitted up, and generally well filled. There is something extremely amiable and spiritual in the mental condition of this class of Christians, and their service was refined and soothing. They have a spiritual interpretation for every incident and doctrine in Scripture. Wonder, Individuality, and Comparison, seemed to be predominant organs in most of the congregations.

Nov. 11. Ther. 22°. *New York Election.*—The democratic party have triumphed in the election of the members of the legislature for the city of New York, by a majority of fifteen hundred. The newspapers of that city belonging to both parties acknowledge that it has been conducted with order and decorum, and that the result fairly expresses the opinion of the majority. This election took place under the amended law, and it affords a striking example of the power of a democracy to rectify its own errors; for the civic election last April was marked by disgraceful and wholesale bribery and perjury by both parties.

In the state of New York, the Whigs have elected the governor and the majority of both

houses of the legislature; so that the Democrats have the ascendancy in the city alone.

Boston Election. The License-Law.—This is the election day in the city of Boston for the governor and other officers of the state and the members of the legislature; and I went to a polling station to observe the proceedings. All was order and good humour, but opinion is sadly distracted about the license-law, and these differences are now about to operate on the legislature through the medium of the ballot-box. I have already mentioned that, by moral agitation alone, the cause of temperance had made so great a progress in Massachusetts, that, in 1838, the legislature had passed an act, in which both Whigs and Democrats concurred, prohibiting the sale of any liquors, containing alcohol, in less quantities than fifteen gallons except by special license; that the law was opposed from the first by several friends of temperance as going too far, and as being erroneous in principle; and that it was subsequently evaded by devices, opposed by the rum-dealers by passive resistance, and finally assailed by appeals to juries to disregard it as unconstitutional. The attorney-general of the state struggled hard against all these forms of hostility to the law, and obtained many convictions against offenders in spite of them; but now the question comes to be decided by the people of the whole state. This is done by their voting for candidates pledged to their various opinions, and even political differences have given way, in a slight degree, to zeal for or against the license-law. At the poll-to-day, I found a "regular Whig ticket" containing a list of candidates all Whigs, and a "regular Democratic ticket" all Democrats: both made up without reference to the temperance question; a "Union Liberal ticket," containing candidates all Whigs, but the one half temperance and the other half anti-temperance men, or, as a friend wittily said, a "ticket composed of a glass of rum and a glass of water" alternately. There is a "Whig temperance ticket," the candidates in which are all both Whigs and temperance advocates, a "Democratic temperance ticket" in which they are all Democrats and friends of temperance. Besides these, there was a "Liberal Whig" ticket, an "Independent Democratic" ticket, a "Union Temperance" ticket, and an "Abolition" ticket, the precise meaning of some of which I did not learn. I may here anticipate events subsequent in time, in order to complete this subject at this its most interesting crisis. The result of this day's election all over the state was, that the Whig governor, Edward Everett, was removed, and Mr. Marcus Morton, a Democratic judge, was chosen governor by a majority of one; the Whigs maintained their ascendancy in the senate and house of assembly, but by a diminished majority; and when the houses met, one of their first acts was to repeal the license-law by nearly a unanimous vote.

Mr. Everett retired from office on 1st January, 1840, and I was told by some of his friends that, within a few days after the loss of his election was announced, he received nearly a hundred and fifty letters from political adherents, expressing their deep regret that they had not gone to the poll on the day of election, because they had considered his return so certain that one vote could be of no importance to his cause! The path of duty in such cases is plain. Every citizen who wishes well to a public man is bound to vote for him. It is a strange perversion of morals to argue that because other men will discharge their duty, I may safely neglect mine. In answer

to my enquiries, what cause had led to Mr. Everett's exclusion from office, three were mentioned: *First*, He had studied so assiduously to please all, and offend none, that he had taken no decided part on the question of the license-law, and had not allowed himself to be clearly ranked either with its supporters or opponents. If he had taken either side, he would have been more decidedly supported: *Secondly*, The circumstance of his being a Unitarian always carried some orthodox votes against him; and, *thirdly*, he had been four years in office, and some part of the people become impatient of the continued supremacy of one individual, and like to practise "rotation in office."

The first of these reasons, I believe, was the one which chiefly operated against Mr. Everett; yet, according to sound constitutional principles, his conduct was right. He held the situation of chief magistrate, and possessed a veto on the acts of the legislature: To have declared himself the ally of a particular side of a question that would certainly come before the legislature in its next session, would have been tantamount to intimating that the members of the legislature might save themselves the trouble of discussing it; for his negative could extinguish all enactments inconsistent with his declared opinions.

Mr. Marcus Morton, it is said, has stood on the Democratic ticket for governor of this state for fourteen years, and is now elected for the first time, and by a majority of one! He is described to be an able lawyer and an honest man.

Nov. 13. Ther. 33°. *Ventilation of Schools.*—When Mr. Elliott, the present mayor of Boston, entered on his office on the 1st January last, he delivered a public address, in which, among other improvements, he strongly advocated the necessity of ventilating the common school houses. Effect has been given to his recommendation in a new school house which I this day visited. The ceilings of the rooms are high. In winter a large supply of air, heated by a brick furnace to a moderate temperature, is introduced, and it is let off by five or six separate flues in different parts of the room, which can be opened and shut at pleasure. In each of the rooms the temperature, regulated by a thermometer, was 67° F., the external air being 35°. The garret which used to be lost, has, at Dr. Howe's suggestion, been floored and plastered, and furnished with swinging ropes; and in bad weather the children play in it during the intervals of teaching. All the seats have backs. The teachers told me, that since they have occupied this school house, the vivacity and capacity of the scholars have obviously been raised, and their own health and energy increased.

The advantage of not separating the sexes in their hours of recreation, is forcibly illustrated by the following statement extracted from Mr. Stow's excellent work on the "Training System."—"In a large Foundling Hospital, in the south of Ireland, the boys and girls, from infancy, are permitted (not compelled) to play together, and the result has been, to the knowledge of the superintendents and directors, that only three girls had gone astray in sixteen years; many had given proofs of decided piety; and a large proportion of the females had gone out into service, and otherwise settled in life. Whereas, in Dublin and elsewhere, where the females in hospitals and charity schools are strictly excluded from the other sex during the whole course of their residence in these institutions, the number that had almost immediately gone astray on their leaving

the hospitals was lamentable in the extreme."—p. 82. Mr. Stow's work, and that of Wilderspin, are worthy of the attention of every person interested in education.

CHAPTER XX.

Nov. 14. Ther. 41°. *Mr. Lalor's Prize Essay on Education* has arrived in Boston, and I hear it very highly commended. It recognises the benefits which phrenologists have conferred on the cause, and I am told that, coming to America, backed by the approval of the Central Society of Education in London, it will give additional weight to the views which this science unfolds in regard to teaching and training the young.

The Chartists.—A friend brought to me "The Western Messenger," vol. vii. No. VI. published in Cincinnati in October, 1839, and requested me to read the first article, on "The Chartists," and to give him my opinion whether it fairly represented their case. I have read it, and, while it shows a want of correct information on some important points, it contains a great deal of truth, and truth which, read here at a distance from the prejudices which obscure one's judgment at home, makes me blush for my country. It points out forcibly the unjust taxation of Britain, by which property is exempted, and consumable articles loaded with duties, throwing the chief burden on the poor, who by their numbers are the great consumers. It describes the ill-regulated condition of the jails, and the tyranny of the magistrates, who all belong to the aristocratic class, in committing the poor to these prisons for the most trifling offences, and also in exacting heavy bail from James Lovett and Joseph Collins, the chartist leaders. It exposes the sufferings of the manufacturing population, quoting the reports of the commissioners on the Factory System, and Bulwer's England and the English. It represents the poor-law improvement act as an additional oppression on the poor, but this is a mistake; it accuses the Whigs, as a party, of being as averse to further reform as the Tories, another error; it regards the Chartists as in the right, and as justified in taking up arms; the latter, a view from which the wisest philanthropists, who know the whole circumstances, will dissent.

I mentioned to my friend that, in June 1838, I had visited Warwick jail, and could confirm the charges made against it. I saw untried prisoners confined in the society of convicted felons, and subjected to the same severity of prison discipline. They were ranked up in the court-yard with the condemned, to be gazed on and recognised by visitors, and I had observed one young man of respectable dress and gentlemanly appearance, said to be a clerk in a shop in Birmingham, and still untried, who looked as if he wished the ground to open and swallow him up, so ashamed was he of his condition, yet in the eye of the law he was still innocent! In the society of thieves and prostitutes condemned to transportation to New South Wales, I saw a girl of eight or nine years of age, sentenced to imprisonment for having stolen a flower from a flower-pot in a low window in the town, the owner of the flower-pot being a relative of the magistrate who committed the child.* Such facts,

* I mention these cases from memory, and have no note of the names, but similar facts are not rare.

I say, made me ashamed of my country, and showed how callously the rich rule when the poor have no legitimate means of making their grievances felt by their masters. If these magistrates had been elected by the people by ballot, such outrages to humanity and justice could not have long existed.

The grand obstacle to the remedy of these evils is the ignorance of the people. In those few instances in which the elective franchise has been preserved to them, they have sold themselves shamefully for sums of money to the highest bidder, and, in the late commotions, they talked of obtaining their rights by physical force. This alarms the middle classes, and affords the aristocracy decent pretences for coercing them by law, and opposing their instruction. The middle classes of society, in whose hands the supreme political power is now lodged, are also so imperfectly educated, that they fear the people and worship their superiors in rank, wealth, and titles. "The greatest enemy of the political conduct of the House of Lords," says a recent critic, "submits to their superiority of rank as he would do to the ordinances of nature; and often thinks any amount of toil and watching repaid by a nod of recognition from one of their number." This spirit must be changed before justice will be done to the people in Britain; and the middle classes must open their sympathies to the wrongs of the poor, and insist on justice for all.

Nov. 16. Ther. 42°. *Domestic Servants.*—A lady told us that her mother, seeing the annoyances suffered from bad servants, had, on her first entering on housekeeping, resolved that her luxury should consist in good servants; that she lived in a humbler house than many of her neighbours of the same income, but sought out first-rate "helps" and paid them high wages. She has been uniformly well served, and one servant has been in her family for twenty-five years. A few other ladies testified to a similar experience.

Endowments for Education.—A Mr. Smithson of London has left \$500,000 to the Government of the United States, to be employed in extending the limits of knowledge among men, or for some similar purpose: and a Mr. Lowell has lately left a large sum to the city of Boston for providing gratuitous lectures to the people. It is questionable how far legacies for these purposes do good. It is in vain to expect that the general education of the people can be accomplished by means of legacies. They need instruction from competent lecturers, and they will never obtain these, until they consent to pay them. Legacies induce the people to think that they should not compensate lecturers by themselves paying for instruction; and while this idea prevails, a body of professional lecturers can never be found. Gifts of money to provide lecture-rooms and apparatus may be extremely useful, because these will furnish the physical accommodations for lecturing, and enable the

In the "Globe" of 21st September, 1840, a case is referred to in which the Rev. James Barker, clerk, prosecuted a boy named Thomas Bridge for damaging his fence to the value of one halfpenny. Robert Webb, aged twelve years, testified that the accused pulled some hazel-nuts from the hedge of the prosecutor, but it was not proved that he had damaged the fence. The prosecution, therefore, failed; but the penalty, if the boy had been found guilty, might have been confinement in the county jail for two months, including the tread-mill.—"*Newmarket Petty Sessions.*"

lecturers to lower their terms; but the remuneration for the instruction given should be contributed by the people themselves. Legacies to endow lecturers on education, whose business it should be to act as missionaries to rouse the people to do their own duty, may also, in the present state of human knowledge, be beneficial. No part of the Smithsonian Fund is to be applied to ordinary teaching, but all is to be dedicated to institutions of a scientific character, calculated to extend the boundaries of knowledge.

Infant Schools.—I find several attempts are in progress in Boston to work out the system of teaching and training which is adapted to infant schools, and to a certain extent they are successful; but nearly the whole processes are invented by the sagacity of a few individuals. Wilderspin's work, and the other manuals for infant-school teaching, are not reprinted in this country, and the originals are not in general circulation. I have advised some of the friends of education to invite Wilderspin to come to the United States and show them these schools in really efficient operation; but they fear public opinion, which will not sanction such a step. Public opinion exerts a troublesome influence in many respects in this country. It will not favour infant schools, until they shall be seen in successful action; yet it will not countenance the best means of accomplishing this demonstration. It frowns and opposes, and insists on being convinced, and leaves to philanthropic individuals the expense, toil, and risk of achieving the public good. If they be successful, it will then deign to smile; if not, it will visit them with obloquy. It is so powerful, also, that individuals find it extremely difficult to act without its support. Owing to the want of its sanction children cannot be easily collected into these infant schools. The parents are afraid of ridicule from their neighbours, or of something wrong, or at least unusual, being taught to their offspring, and decline to send them.

Nov. 17. Ther. 38°. We heard a discourse in the church in Chauncy Place, preached by the Rev. Mr. Dewey of New York, on the character of Job. Mr. Dewey is here on the invitation of the Society for diffusing Useful Knowledge, and has delivered several lectures to large audiences.

In society this evening I heard a great deal of sensible discussion about the present condition of public affairs. The recent increase of the democratic party in Massachusetts is variously accounted for. The hostility to the license-law is regarded as its chief cause. Both Whigs and Democrats concurred in enacting this law, because it was at first extremely popular; but no sooner did its stringency begin to give offence than the Democrats made "political capital" out of it; that is to say, they ascribed the law to the Whigs, and constituted themselves its vigorous opponents; and they have turned that capital to good account. It is true that the Whigs had a majority in the legislature which passed it, and could have stifled it, but it is equally certain that the Democrats as a party did not oppose it, while they believed that the people were in its favour. I perceive, however, that some of the profounder men of the Whig party desecry in the event other influences. They acknowledge that the true democratic principle is advancing, and has much influenced this election, and that the days when the wealth and education of Massachusetts were permitted to govern it are fast passing away. This appears to me to be a natural result of the present condition of American society. No ad-

quate foundation for an aristocracy of birth or wealth is afforded by the institutions of this country, and the intelligence of the people has reached that point at which they are capable of combination, and have become aware of their own power. The Whigs, therefore, should throw themselves cordially into the arms of the people, and, by advancing their improvement in every way, become their leaders on higher principles than those of mere wealth and station.

I hear some sagacious persons also remarking that the present extreme embarrassments of commerce will do good, because nothing but the want of physical means will prevent this people from going too far a-head in pursuit of gain. They are deficient in self-control; and things so often "right themselves," that much is taken away from the effect of the lessons of experience. This last observation is correct. The natural sources of prosperity in this country, in abundance of fertile land, great ingenuity, ceaseless activity, and economy, are so great, that all classes recover from the prostrations caused by their errors in an incredibly short space of time.

Nov. 18. Ther. 37°. *The Planet Venus*.—To-day, at half past eleven o'clock A. M. we saw the planet Venus shining brightly in a clear sky, the sun shining at the same time. She was a little west of south. Multitudes of people were standing in the streets gazing at the spectacle. Some said that they had seen stars in sunlight before, but to most of them the spectacle seemed to be new.

Nov. 20. Ther. 27°. *Phrenology*.—The friends of education have requested me to deliver one lecture to the assistant teachers, and three lectures in the Odeon Theatre, at the end of my present course, to which I have with great pleasure acceded.

Portrait of Sir Walter Scott.—In visiting Mr. Ticknor, in Park street, we saw an original portrait of Sir Walter Scott painted at Abbotford in 1824, by Leslie, the celebrated American artist. It is a most truthful representation of the original man, and the head appeared to me to be perfect. As a work of art, also, it will stand investigation, although in this respect it is surpassed by one or two portraits of him by other artists. Taking it for all in all, however, those who look on this picture have all but seen Sir Walter Scott himself. It represents him in his short green coat, his usual dress in the country. Having seen Sir Walter frequently in the Court of Session for more than five and twenty years, and having minutely studied his head, I was much gratified to see such a faithful representation of it as this picture presents.

Nov. 21. Ther. 21°. *Phrenology and Animal Magnetism*.—A brother lecturer introduced himself to me to-day, and gave me his own history as follows: Originally he kept a store, and while in this employment became a little acquainted with Phrenology. He examined the heads of his customers; his interest increased; and he then began to study it in books. He afterwards gave up the store, and commenced lecturer, head-examiner, and magnetizer. He gives three lectures; the first free, at which he examines heads to excite interest. He charges 12½ cents (6½d.) to every person who attends each of the subsequent lectures, and he examines heads privately for fees. In all his lectures he gives his audience facts. "If," said he, "you were to address them with reason, you would never see them after the first lecture." Out of a village of 1500 inhabitants he generally drew from

two to three hundred dollars in a week. He was a pure specimen of a Yankee. His temperament was sanguine, bilious, and nervous, indicating great activity; his head was of moderate size, the organs of the observing faculties were large, and those of reflection moderate. I expressed my fears that his mode of proceeding did injury to Phrenology in public estimation as a science. He said that he believed it did so with the better educated classes, but that the people would not receive it in any other way. These facts indicate the condition of the public mind in the rural districts of the United States.

Jeffreys' Respirator.—Last year I exhibited one of these respirators at the end of my lecture on Physical Education in Boston, and described its structure and use. I did the same in New York and Philadelphia. They were previously unknown. I perceive that they are now coming into use in Boston.

Evidences of Christianity.—In conversing with an American clergyman to-day, he remarked that the men who affirmed that they felt no difficulty about the evidences of Christianity, were either incapable of thinking, or hypocrites. In his opinion, the evidence was attended with many difficulties, and they were great either way. "There was too much evidence to enable a reflecting mind to reject Christianity, and too little fully to satisfy the understanding when independently applied to its investigation. I remarked that it appeared to me that all the practical portions of Christianity were daily gaining strength from the development of science and the progress of civilisation. Free trade and free institutions are examples of the maxim, "Love your neighbour as yourself" carried into effect on the large scale. The importance attached to doctrinal points will probably diminish in proportion as men become sufficiently civilised to practise the precepts. The doctrines also will one day undergo a new investigation when they come to be considered in relation to the functions of the brain. One point is certain, that all that is true will gain ground; and only error is in danger of suffering from free discussion. My esteem for both the intellect and honesty of this divine was increased by his candour.

Nov. 23. Ther. 12½°. *The Winter*.—The weather continues brilliantly clear. In the forenoon, the wind from the northwest is high and cutting, but it lulls in the evening and during night. The sun rises at ten minutes past seven, and shines directly into our windows. At 8 P. M. we have a large anthracite coal fire made up; it burns bright all night; it keeps the temperature in our bed-room at 58°; and is still a good fire in the morning when we rise. We leave a portion of the window open all night to supply the room with fresh air; and altogether suffer less from cold than in Scotland.

Africans and Indians.—Some time ago, I communicated to a scientific friend, whose opportunities of observation have been ample, and whose powers of analysis are profound, the ideas which I entertained of the African and native American Indian races, such, nearly, as I have formerly described them. He has expressed his opinions by letter to the following effect:—"Your views respecting the intellectual capacity and general character of the African race do not, I think, differ very materially from my own. Your estimate of them is certainly higher than mine, though not perhaps very strikingly so. And had you had as free access to masses of them, especially of those fresh from their native

country,* as I have had, I feel persuaded that the difference in our opinions respecting them would have been less. That they are superior to the North American Indians in their moral and social qualities, and therefore in their *tameableness*, cannot be doubted. But that they are superior in intellect I am not yet prepared very positively to affirm. Nor would I affirm the opposite. That our Indians are in all the attributes of mind greatly above some of the African varieties is certain. This is especially true as relates to the Boschesemen and other tribes of the Hottentot race. They and the Papuans are such miserable representatives of humanity, that it would puzzle a jury of naturalists to decide to which they are most nearly allied, the genus *Homo*, or the genus *Simia*. All that I have ever very strenuously contended for on this subject is, that the Caucasian race is constitutionally, greatly, and irreversibly superior to the other races of man. And of this I am as fully satisfied as I am that the *Caballus equus* is superior to the *Caballus asinus*, zebra, or quagga. And the superiority is explained and substantiated by Phrenology."

Teachers.—I delivered a lecture to the assistant school teachers, and other persons interested in education, and had a large audience. The subject of the lecture was the question, Does the mind manifest a plurality of faculties differing from each other in functions and relative strength, or is there only one general power equally susceptible of all emotions, and equally applicable to all pursuits? I pointed out the great difference that would ensue in practical teaching, according as the one or other theory was embraced. After the lecture, the teacher of a distinguished private seminary mentioned to me that, in consequence of the views which he had derived from my lectures on Phrenology last year, he had ventilated his school, alternated the studies, and increased the intervals of relaxation, and had found the health of himself and his scholars improved, their powers of application increased, and greater enjoyment imparted to them all. I mention these little incidents to encourage others.

The Rights of Women.—It is currently reported that at the late election of the state officers of Massachusetts, about one hundred votes were given in favour of Mrs. Maria Ann Chapman as governor, or rather "governess," of the state. This is a lady of superior talent and amiable qualities, who has distinguished herself as an abolitionist. I have never been able to learn in an authentic form to what extent votes were really given for her; or whether they were bestowed in earnest, in recognition of the rights of women, or as a hoax; but from the way in which the fact is mentioned, I am inclined to believe that some votes have been given for Mrs. Chapman. As Victoria governs England with great éclat, there are persons who think that there is no good reason why Mrs. Chapman should not govern Massachusetts; more especially as her people could remove her at the end of the first, or any subsequent year, if she did not give them satisfaction, which Victoria's subjects cannot do.

Nov. 24. Ther. 31°. *The Rev. Mr. Pierpont*.—Mr. Pierpont is distinguished in America and in Europe for his poetical talent. He is the author, among other excellent pieces, of the

* My friend is correct in this remark. The Africans of the Amistad, who were only a few months from their native shores, presented heads, on the whole, inferior to the negroes whom I had previously seen in the United States.

celebrated song "The Pilgrim Fathers." A majority of the pew-holders of his church lately decided that his reply to some charges brought against him by certain of his hearers is satisfactory, and he continues his ministrations. The charges were in fact ridiculous, his real offence having been his ardour in the temperance cause. In his "Reply," he gives some amusing illustrations of these accusations. "I adverted," says he, "to the fact that casks of rum bearing the Boston brand might be seen lying on the wharves of Smyrna, and was led to inquire whether, if one of our merchant vessels carries missionaries to Asia in the cabin, and New England rum in the hold, the influence of the new world is, on the whole, a blessing to the old, if with our religion she takes our rum?" * * "I proposed to them from the pulpit the question, Whether is nearer the kingdom of God the sober believer in Mahomet, or the drunken believer in Jesus?" His congregation consisted to a great extent of distillers, one of whom led the opposition against him. Speaking of this individual, he says, "He heeded not the hail from Hollis' Street pulpit that rattled upon the copper of his still—his still, 'whose worm dieth not, and whose fire is not quenched,' even on the Christian Sabbath!"

Another of the charges against him was that he followed "an imported mountebank," which was understood by him to mean condemnation of his attachment to Dr. Spurzheim and Phrenology. In a beautiful apostrophe to the "Shade of the lamented Spurzheim," he answers this accusation. "Thou wast honoured in thy life as few in this land have been. Thou wast honoured in thy death and in thy funeral obsequies as, in this generation, no other man has been. The munificent merchant of Boston who gave thy bones a resting-place in the sacred shades of Mount Auburn, and placed over them that beautiful copy of the tomb of Scipio, was content to cut thy name upon its front as thine only epitaph; feeling, that wherever science was honoured, or philosophy loved, no other could be needed. It was left for the chairman of a committee of Hollis' street society to express his own views of this philosophy, and thy worth; and under the name of 'Spurzheim' he writes, 'THE IMPORTED MOUNTBANK.'"

"Yes, gentlemen, I have entered somewhat into the 'exciting topic' of Phrenology. I was a hearer of Dr. Spurzheim, and have been since, and mean to be again, a hearer of the lectures of George Combe. To these two 'imported mountebanks' I feel myself more indebted for instruction in the philosophy of mind, and upon the conditions of the healthy manifestation of the mental powers, than to all other men, living or dead."*

* I was surprised at the observation that Dr. Spurzheim's monument was reared by "a munificent merchant in Boston." I learned, on inquiry, that at the time of Dr. Spurzheim's death, when the sympathy was strong, a good many small sums were subscribed by the citizens of Boston for this purpose, but, that when the money came to be demanded two years afterwards to pay the artist, the feeling had died away, and some difficulty was experienced in making the collection. Mr. William Sturgis, a merchant, a man of large fortune and generous spirit, no Phrenologist, but a great admirer of moral worth, and who had taken a deep interest in Dr. Spurzheim as a man, requested that these efforts should cease, and paid the requisite sum. \$1000, out of his own pocket. The Phrenological Society of Boston presented him with a copy of all Dr. Spurzheim's works, with a handsome letter expressive of their

It was subsequently stated in the Boston newspapers that it was not Dr. Spurzheim, but Mr. George Thompson the antislavery lecturer, who was meant by the "imported mountebank" in the publication of Mr. Pierpont's opponents. Mr. Pierpont had repeatedly offered to his congregation to submit his conduct to an "ecclesiastical council," but the discontented members declined this appeal. This is the ordinary way of settling differences between pastors and their people. The accusers and the accused name a number of clergymen of the same persuasion with themselves, as umpires; they subscribe a regular bond of arbitration to them, and the courts of law enforce the decision given upon it.

We heard Mr. Pierpont preach to-day from the text, "Try all things, hold fast that which is good." The sermon contained a regular and very able discussion of the nature, aim, and modes of action, of the two spirits of "Reform" and "Conservatism," which are so active in the world. Both are implied in the text. "Try all things" is the maxim of the determined reformer. "Hold fast by that which is good" should satisfy the most timid Conservative. The error committed by many reformers consists, not in "trying all things," but in not "holding fast by that which is good;" while the error of Conservatism lies in holding fast by that which is only comparatively good, and refusing to try any thing with a view to making it better. Conservatism resisted printing as a substitute for writing in the manufacture of books; it resisted the substitution of mechanical power for human and animal labour; it resisted Christianity as superseding Heathenism; it resisted the Reformation and clung to Popery. Both spirits are necessary for the welfare of the world, and our object should be to prevent either from becoming the sole motive of action. The text is unlimited in its application; we are commanded to "try all things." There is no truth so thoroughly established, and no custom so sanctioned by time, as to have any legitimate claim to exemption from trial. The world is progressive, and new generations are constantly appearing on the stage: if we wish to strengthen the minds of the young we should permit, nay encourage them to "try," by the tests of reason and Scripture, all the doctrines and observances which we teach them. If these be "good," they will stand only the faster by being "tried" again and again; and if they cannot undergo this scrutiny, they are not "good," and we should not ask the young to receive them as true.

Nov. 25. Ther. 57°. Mr. Abbott Lawrence. This gentleman was lately chosen as one of the representatives of Massachusetts to Congress. We visited him this evening, before his departure for Washington. He is a man in whom the moral and intellectual qualities are happily blended; he is much esteemed, and full of patriotism in the best sense of the word. He labours assiduously to raise the moral and intellectual condition of his countrymen, in the belief that if they excel in these qualities all other things will be added unto them. In my journal of this date, I find these words written: "He is in horror at the prospect of the bad air in the chambers at Washington. I urged him to make a motion to

esteem and gratitude, which was published in the Boston newspapers at the time, but the notice of it had not reached me. The name of Mr. William Sturgis will descend honourably to posterity associated with that of Dr. Spurzheim.

have them ventilated." When this was written, he appeared to be in a green old age, apparently under or about sixty. He went to Washington; engaged warmly in his duties; and within three months was taken seriously ill. His life was despaired of; and after long and protracted suffering, he escaped by only a hair's-breadth from the grave. Before we left America he was under the necessity of resigning his seat on account of his health, and retiring into private life! Perhaps the bad ventilation had some influence in producing this deplorable result.

The Weather.—In the early part of the day the thermometer rose to 70° F. The wind was in the south, and much rain fell; but before sunset the wind changed, and the sky became clear. At 10 P. M. it was freezing. Next morning the thermometer stood at 11°.

Nov. 27. Ther. 24°. This evening I concluded my second course of lectures.

Nov. 28. Ther. 23°. Thanksgiving Day.—I heard Mr. Gannet, Dr. Channing's colleague, preach to-day in his church in Federal street. His text was, "Do all to the glory of God." He said, that "Thanksgiving Day" presented one of the few occasions on which politics could legitimately be introduced into the pulpit. As religious principle should regulate every action of life, political action formed no exception. He strongly condemned the practice of voting with one's party in opposition to the conscientious dictates of individual judgment. He insisted on the necessity of every man in this country bringing his conscience and his understanding to the study of political questions before deciding on them, as he would do in any other matter of serious import, that he may do justice to himself and to society, by exercising an enlightened and salutary influence on public affairs. He denounced all political frauds, lying, slandering of opponents, and unscrupulous arguments, as forbidden by Christianity. The sermon was sound, bold, and forcible. In the other services, there was presiding good taste and Christian sentiment towards all nations on the earth.

Nov. 29. Phrenology and Education.—The remark was occasionally made to me by persons who had heard my lectures on Education, without having attended those on Phrenology, that the views presented were so sound and luminous that I should have done much more good if I had omitted Phrenology, and delivered them simply as founded on common sense. This, said they, would have saved the lectures from the prejudices which exist in so many minds against Phrenology, and which render them suspicious of every doctrine and practice springing out of it. My answers were, first, That a knowledge of the influence of the organs on the power of manifesting the mental faculties, is a fundamental requisite to the right understanding of the subject of education. Secondly, That to have withheld this important knowledge, because it was unpopular, would have been improper and uncandid. By following such a course I should also have been extending the impression already produced by too many disingenuous phrenologists, that the science is worthless, and that the soundest views of education may be obtained without its aid, which I know not to be the case. Thirdly, That such conduct would have been unjust and injurious towards the founders and defenders of Phrenology. It would have been appropriating to myself the fruits, and leaving to them not only the toil but the obloquy of having raised them. Fourthly, That lectures on education, founded on Phrenology

gy, make a deeper and more permanent impression on the understanding than if based on mere common sense, and can be more certainly and successfully carried into practice. Every man's common sense differs from that of his neighbour. In New England, I had visited a common school, the head master of which told me, that he devoted one half of his whole hours of teaching to arithmetic and mathematics, because he had discovered that pupils who excelled in those branches soon became proficient in every other, such as grammar, geography, and repetitions. No phrenologist could have held such views, because he must have known that arithmetic and mathematics depend on different organs from those which take cognisance of language, grammar, and general reasoning. I observed that the organs on which arithmetic and mathematics depend predominated over the other intellectual organs in this person's own head, in consequence of which he could teach these branches with most ease and success, and his common sense led him to conclude that all his pupils were similarly constituted to himself. When teachers rely solely on common sense and their own experience, they act merely on the suggestions of their strongest propensities, sentiments, and intellectual faculties, whatever these may be, without reference to the differences which exist between their minds and those of their pupils. Phrenology presents a scientific guide to all.

Nov. 20. *St. Andrew's Day.*—By invitation from the office-bearers, I attended the celebration of the hundred and eighty-second anniversary of the Scots Charitable Society of Boston, held in the Pavilion Hotel. Mr. W. H. Wilson was in the chair, and Mr. John L. Miller acted as Vice President. The room was ornamented with transparencies of St. Andrew, St. George, and St. Patrick; and other emblems and memorials of the "Father Land." Mr. Everett the governor of the state, Mr. Elliot the Mayor of the city, Thomas Colley Grattan, Esq., the British Consul (author of "High-ways and By-ways,") and a number of other distinguished guests, were present. The history of this society is interesting. On the 6th of January 1657, a few Scotsmen of the town of Boston associated themselves together for the purpose of raising funds for the relief of their poor and distressed countrymen, and the records of their proceedings have been preserved for nearly the whole intervening period between that date and the present time. The resolution founding the association is expressed in singularly solemn and forcible religious phraseology. "We look for the assistance of the Great God, who can bring small beginnings to greater perfection than we, for the present, can think of or expect; and we likewise hope that God, who hath the hearts of all men in his hand, and can turn them which way soever he pleases, will double our spirits upon them (that shall come after us,) and make them more zealous for his glory, and the mutual good one of another than we." In 1684 their numbers being considerably increased, they assumed the form of a regular society. "The society thus constituted, continued in existence until the breaking out of the troubles of the Revolution, when, on account of the loyalty of its members, who, desiring to fight neither against their native or adopted country, all retired either to the Provinces or to Great Britain. After the declaration of Independence was acknowledged by Great Britain, many of the former members of the society returned to their old homes, and in the year 1784" they obtained

a charter re-establishing the society. The society continued to flourish until the war of 1812-13-14, when it suffered severely, and it afterwards "continued a languishing existence for fifteen years." It again, however, revived, and is now in a flourishing condition. It has been the means of alleviating much misery; and it forms a striking and cheering example of the inherent vitality of a good principle. Almost every other institution of this state, religious, civil, and judicial, has been destroyed and reconstructed again and again since this society was founded, but it has lived through all vicissitudes, and risen from its ashes even when it seemed to have been finally extinguished by adversity.

Besides Scotsmen, the company consisted of Englishmen, Irishmen, and Americans; and nothing could be more pleasing than to observe the tact and good sense with which, in the expression of their national feelings, each of these sections avoided all extravagance and matter of offence to their neighbours. The only jar which struck on my mind was in hearing the Governor of Massachusetts, with great good nature, join in singing the Queen's anthem, and, allusion to her enemies, giving utterance to the sentiment "confound their politics," "frustrate their knavish tricks;" more especially as he was lately in great danger himself of being forced to become one of her enemies when the "Maine troubles" wore a threatening aspect. Victoria, or rather her counsellors, are not so infallible as to render it certain that she is always in the right in her quarrels; and even, independently of this consideration, good taste would dictate that, to render the anthem perfect, it should be purified of the manifestations of Self-Esteem and Destructiveness which are implied in these words.

The health of Governor Everett was given by the chairman, and received with great cordiality. In returning thanks, he delivered an appropriate, classical, and eloquent address. The delivery was graceful, animated, and fluent. He describes the Scottish character in the chastest language, and with nice discrimination, he adverts felicitously to the leading incidents in the history of the country, and enumerates her distinguished writers with a just critical acumen, showing altogether a highly cultivated, well-stored, and accomplished mind.

Mr. Grattan also delivered a speech full of fervid eloquence and generous sentiment; and the proceedings of the whole evening constituted a highly intellectual treat. Champagne was constantly administered by the servants after the cloth was drawn, but the company used it, and all the other wines and liquors, in most exemplary moderation.

Dec. 1. Ther. 40°. *A Scottish Sacrament.* Burns, in his "Holy Fair," has rendered a Scottish sacrament in the country famous in all parts of the world where his dialect is understood; but I was struck with the description of the same solemnity in a city, given by an American gentleman of serious habits and a cultivated mind, who had visited Edinburgh about thirty years ago. The subject was introduced by his asking me whether the same state of things continued to exist which he witnessed at that time. I asked him what he particularly alluded to, when he gave me the following picture of his impressions: He happened to be in Edinburgh in the week of the sacrament, and was introduced to the Rev. Dr. Campbell, long since deceased. The solemnity of the Thursday's fast day; the long and serious discourse delivered on the Satur-

day; the extreme solemnity of the Sunday's dispensation of the bread and wine, and the deep impressiveness of the Monday's prayers and preaching, appeared to him more than reverential; they were awful. His mind was depressed by the terrible images and sentiments which had been constantly brought before it during these days. The clergymen also who officiated, as well as the congregation who listened, seemed to him to be broken down under a sense of guilt and apprehension of punishment. He was invited to dine on the Monday, after the close of the exercises, with Dr. Campbell and his brother clergymen who had assisted him on the occasion. He at first shrunk from accepting the invitation. He conceived that the evening would be passed in practically carrying out the awful admonitions of the previous days, and that every man would be found searching deeper and deeper into his own heart, drawing forth another and yet another sin, and casting it from him. As, however, he had received so much kindness from the reverend doctor who gave the invitation, he considered it his duty to accept it. He entered the house with the most solemn feelings, and prepared his mind to meet his friends in harmony with the spirit which he believed to pervade them. He was surprised to see a bright and benignant smile on Dr. Campbell's countenance, and was speedily introduced to the late Rev. Dr. Ireland, and a whole circle of other doctors in divinity. They all looked differently from what he had expected. They seemed to be happy, smiling, and good natured. Dinner was served, the cloth withdrawn, and the servants left the room, when forthwith there broke forth bursts of merriment, droll stories, an universal hilarity that appeared to him like the opening of the clouds and the sudden gleam of sunbeams after the awful darkness of a thunder tempest. The bottles circulated freely, first port and sherry, and by and by a call was made for the "mountain dew." This was compounded into "toddy," and the mirth grew more vivacious; the stories deepened in a certain kind of interest; the confines of good and evil seemed constantly threatening to intermingle; and only at a pretty advanced hour in the evening did this joyous and jovial party separate. He was then young, and unused to the ways of the world, but he had often reflected on the subject since. He had come to the conclusion that in the one scene the ministers were acting in their professional, and in the other in their natural capacities; and he did not think the less of the Scottish clergy from his having been permitted by this incident to see them in their natural condition. He had been brought up in different views of Christianity himself, but he rejoiced to see that the austere doctrines of their church had left their social qualities unblighted and unimpaired; and that they were amiable, cheerful, kind-hearted, and sensible men. I told my friend, that no very marked change has taken place in these particulars in modern times. The Scottish clergy regard the "Monday's dinner" after the sacrament as the only remnant of the "carnival" that is left to them, and they think it no sin to enjoy it as such.*

* Since my return to Scotland, I have been assured by a friend who has frequently attended these "Monday dinners" in Edinburgh, that within the last ten or fifteen years a most decided improvement has, in some quarters, taken place. The description in the text was accurate at its own date, and my Scottish readers will judge how far it continues generally to be so.

Dec. 2. *Quackery*.—In conversing with a gentleman on the great extent to which this evil appears to prevail in the United States, so far as one can judge from the advertisements in the newspapers, he said that quackery extends through all departments of business; even in lecturing, said he, "it abounds so extensively, that prudent people pay no attention to certificates, none to resolutions, and none to newspaper reports, because all these can be obtained by impudence and money; often they are forged; and the only mode of treating them according to their deserts is to regard them with utter neglect. This operates against the man of talents and sound acquirements, until, by extensive and persevering efforts, he has reared a personal reputation. This is the real cause," said he, "of the people of Baltimore, Cincinnati, and latterly Providence, having declined to pledge themselves to attend your lectures, until you appeared among them and showed what you could do." I remarked that the names appended to the resolutions of my classes were a guarantee against imposition. "Few names," said he, "except those of politicians, are much known beyond their own district in our wide extended country; and besides, even our respectable citizens are so often drawn by their good nature into commending persons whom they wish to advance, that it is at all times difficult to tell whether any encomium proceeds from the merits of the party praised, or the kindness of the individual who utters it."

Mobs.—To-day I heard Judge Thatcher deliver a clear and sensible address to the grand jury of the county of Suffolk, from which I learned that, during the last session, the legislature of Massachusetts has rendered any city or county in the state liable for three fourths of all damages done by mobs, if the owner have used reasonable care to protect his property. This law will form a good check on mobs, but it is difficult to discover why the compensation does not reach the entire loss.

"*The Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind*."—This institution is now removed from Pearl street, in the heart of the city, to Mount Washington, on Dorchester Heights, looking down on the bay. It was built in the days of speculation for a hotel, and is a splendid establishment. It is now admirably fitted up for the purpose of educating and instructing the blind in trades. The pupils were removed to it last summer; and during the first three months after their removal, the boys and girls consumed 25 per cent. additional of provisions. They enjoy here purer air, more extended exercise, and sea-bathing. Dr. Howe cultivates the sense of propriety in the children as assiduously as if they could see. They are taught to keep their own bedrooms in order, and to lay every object in its proper place. In bathing they are clothed, and they are prohibited from ever appearing undressed even before each other. They have the same delicacy of feeling in this respect which is found in well-trained children who see. We entered into the school about sunset, and commenced an examination of the boys in geography, natural philosophy, and arithmetic. Dr. Howe and Mr. Mann, who accompanied us, carried the questions into a wide range of topics by conversation, and we found the pupils possessed not only of great acquirements in knowledge, but of well cultivated powers of reasoning. It became quite dark, and no lights were brought, but our examinations proceeded uninterruptedly. Nothing before ever enabled me so completely to

realise the condition in which the blind habitually live as this scene did. For the time, we participated with them in being in unbroken night; and by no other means can one so fully appreciate the value of their attainments. In the dark we were helpless; but they read, cyphered, demonstrated mathematical propositions, traced the courses of rivers, seas, and mountains, on their maps, fetched and carried whatever object they wanted, knew where everything lay, and were as full of vivacity as if they had enjoyed the benefits of light.

I have already adverted to the great improvement in printing for the blind accomplished in this institution. In the type used by Dr. Howe, a chapter of the Bible is printed in less than half the space occupied by the type in use in Scotland, and is as easily read. It may be true that a page of the Scottish print may be cheaper, estimated by the square foot; but as it contains only half the quantity of matter, the expense of printing any given book is greater.*

Dr. Howe openly acknowledges that he owes whatever success has attended his exertions in improving the education of the blind (and it is great) entirely to the light derived from phrenological views of mental philosophy:—"Before I knew Phrenology," said he, "I was groping my way in the dark as blind as my pupils; I derived very little satisfaction from my labours, and fear that I gave but little to others." Our upper classes are all instructed in the general principles of intellectual philosophy, and we explain to them both the old and the new systems; but I never knew one of them who did not prefer the latter, while I have known many who have taken a deep interest in the philosophy of Phrenology, and heard them avow that they were made happier and better by understanding its principles. Some of our teachers are persons of considerable intellectual attainments, and all of them have adopted the new philosophy since they joined the institution, not because they were induced to do so by any request of mine, or on any consideration of extrinsic advantage to themselves, but solely because their duties led them to examine all the theories of mental philosophy, and the new system recommended itself most forcibly to their understandings, and appeared most susceptible of practical application.†

Much as we found to interest us in this institution, the most attractive of all the pupils is the girl Laura Bridgman, now about nine or ten years of age. She has from infancy been deaf, dumb, and blind; and is also destitute of the sense of smell. She has grown considerably in stature since last year, and I observed a distinct increase in the size of her brain. The coronal, or moral region, in particular, has become larger, not only absolutely, but also in proportion to the animal region. Her temperament is nervous, with a little sanguine. The head altogether is of full size and well formed. The organs of the domestic affections are amply developed, and in the best feminine proportions. Self-Esteem, Love of Approbation, Cautiousness, Firmness, and Con-

* Since my return to Great Britain, I have shown specimens of Dr. Howe's type to several persons who take an interest in printing for the blind. The superior legibility and economy of the Boston printing are generally admitted; but one gentleman, highly educated and accomplished, who is himself blind, thinks that if there were two lines less in the page it would be still more distinct.

† Dr. Howe, at my request, put this testimony into writing, and authorised me to use it.

scientiousness, are all large. The anterior lobe of the brain also is large, and both the knowing and reflecting departments are well developed. The organs of Order are large, and she shows great tidiness in all her arrangements.

Phrenology leads us to understand that in this child the moral and intellectual powers exist in great vigour and activity, and that all that is wanting to her successful education is the means of conveying knowledge to them. Dr. Howe and his assistants, guided by this science, have succeeded wonderfully in the work of educating her. I perceive a manifest and important improvement since last year. She manifests the most sensitive delicacy in regard to sex. When I placed my hand on her head she was troubled, and removed it; but she did not interest herself to remove a female hand. The natural language of her countenance expresses intelligence and happiness; and we were told that she is very happy. She has been taught the finger alphabet, and converses readily with the masters and scholars. She has been instructed in writing also; and when informed of our names, she felt C.'s dress and mine, recognised us as old acquaintances, recollected our visit of last year, and wrote in pencil the words—"Laura glad see Combe," and presented them to us.

Two of the pupils named Baker, to whom she was much attached, were absent on a visit to their friends, and she had worked a bag which she wished to send to them. She had just finished a letter to them, which she kindly allowed me to carry with me, as a specimen of her chirography, and said she would write another. It was in the following terms:—"Louisa and Elizabeth Baker.—Laura is well. Laura will give Baker bag. Man will carry bag to Baker. Laura will cry, Baker will come to see Laura. "Drew," another pupil, "is well. Drew give love to Baker. Laura Bridgman."

I asked Dr. Howe by what means he succeeded in teaching her the connection between the letters "delivered," and the act of delivering, and so forth. He said that the meaning of all such words was communicated only by very frequent repetition of the act, and by writing the letters each time. He took a bag, for instance, and time after time made Laura deliver it to him, and write the letters, and thus he succeeded in connecting the mental conception with the words. She has large organs of Philoprogenitiveness, and has a little doll which she caresses and dresses very neatly. She has a great admiration of ornaments, and was delighted with C.'s bracelets and brooch. She has a separate box for her own bonnet, and another for the other parts of her dress, and preserves them all in the greatest order. She has at present no ideas of religion. Dr. Howe waits for the farther maturity of her organisation, and the greater development of her faculties, before he attempts to convey to her this species of knowledge; and in the mean time every one is enjoined not to allude to the subject, lest they should convey impressions that might render her unhappy, and which it might be impossible to eradicate.

"She has improved very much in personal appearance as well as in intellect; her countenance beams with intelligence; she is always active at study, work, or play; she never repines, and most of the time is gay and frolicsome."

"She is now very expert with her needle, she knits very easily, and can make twine bags, and various fancy articles, very prettily. She is very docile, has a quick sense of propriety, dresses

herself with great neatness, and is always correct in her deportment. In short, it would be difficult to find a child in the possession of all her senses, and the enjoyment of the advantages that wealth and parental love can bestow, who is more contented and cheerful, or to whom existence seems a greater blessing than it does to this bereaved creature, for whom the sun has no light, the air no sound, and the flowers no colour or smell.

The United States and Cuba.—It is calculated that about fifty Americans of the better class settle annually in Cuba, and there is a great trade between this island and the United States. The Spaniards are becoming acquainted with the American institutions, and it is said that they would not be averse to join the Union. The slave states it is said would gladly consent to their admission, because this would add powerfully to their strength; and the other states, through motives of interest, might not be averse to the compact. The realisation of this idea may be very distant, but circumstances might arise to accelerate it.

Dec. 7. Ther. 38°. *The Law of Scotland.*—At a party to-day at the hospitable residence of Mr. Grattan the British Consul (whose urbanity, generous sentiments, and high literary talents, have already endeared him to the Americans), we met Judge Story of the Supreme Court of the United States. He expressed his admiration of the Commentaries on Bankrupt and Commercial Law by Mr. George Joseph Bell of Edinburgh; and mentioned that Mr. Bell had lately sent him his "Principles of the Law of Scotland," with a kind letter, which had gratified him much. He said that the freedom with which the Scottish lawyers have investigated first principles, renders their pleadings and writings particularly interesting in the United States, where the law is in the progress of constant change and improvement. He had also studied Mr. Fergusson's Reports of the Cases decided by the Scottish Judges, annulling, for offences committed in Scotland, marriages contracted in England; and he acknowledged that he had derived many valuable lights from them in preparing his own Treatise on the Conflict of Jurisdictions. There is, said he, great depth of reasoning and soundness of conclusion in the opinions of the Scottish judges. In the United States, their doctrine has long been adopted in the practice of the supreme court. He was glad to see that the English judges had at length given effect to the cogent reasoning and luminous exposition of principle adopted by their Scottish brethren; and he admired the unswerving firmness with which the latter had adhered to their own views, opposed as they long were by the great weight and authority of the English judges. He added, "These remarks are not confidential; you may if you please communicate them to the Scottish judges with an expression of my high esteem."

Dec. 8. Ther. 38°.—I met ex-Chancellor Kent in New York, and was told that after descending from that high office, at sixty years of age, beyond which the law of the state did not admit of his being re-elected, he continued to exercise almost chancery powers in his private chambers, and sustained no loss of income, but the reverse. He was applied to for opinions in important cases, and practised extensively as arbitrator in references. He never appeared again at the bar in any court. In Rhode Island the judges are elected annually; but it is said that anarchy has threatened to make more serious

inroads on social order in that than in any other of the old states.

Honour and Honesty.—Some time ago I became acquainted with a teacher of the higher branches of education, who now successfully conducts a private seminary in this state, and whose history is instructive. He pursued the same vocation in England, and told me that there he had a fair attendance of scholars, but that many of the parents, even in respectable circumstances, did not pay the school fees for their children, and when he urged for payment, they resented his urgency, and, in the circles in which they visited, accused him of imputed offences, concealing the real one, till his reputation was injured, and his school seriously thinned. As he did not move in the same rank with them, he had no means of defence, and left the country and came to the United States. I asked him, whether he did not experience the same grievance here? He said no; that the Americans considered school fees as debts of honour, and paid them in almost all circumstances. I am sorry to say that in Scotland teachers are no better treated in this respect than this gentleman was in England. I have repeatedly been informed by teachers in my own country, that their fees are ill-paid by the fashionable portion of the middle classes, and that they have the mortification to know that, while they are teaching two or three children without recompense, the parents are sumptuously entertaining fashionable society, at an expense which would have cleared off the school-arrears in one week. They have assured me, also, that urgency on their part is resented in the same way, and with the same effects, as in the case before described. It is difficult to conceive a greater dereliction of all feelings of honour and honesty than such conduct implies.

Dec. 16. Ther. 31°. *Observance of the Sunday.*—This day we have a very severe snow storm, the first unequivocal symptom of winter. In visiting Lowell I made inquiries about the observance of Sunday by the manufacturing population, about 20,000 in number, and was assured that it is kept sacred in the most exemplary manner. The only exception mentioned is, that occasionally the mills and dams are repaired on Sundays, to avoid throwing large numbers of people idle on week-days. The interests of the owners and of the workmen concur in this arrangement, and the clergy, who are dependent on both, do not object. These operations are viewed as works of necessity. If the Scottish clergy were equally dependent on their flocks, they would not prohibit (as they actually do in some cities) the labouring poor from burying their dead relations on Sundays, under pretence that this is a desecration of the day; causing, by this sanctimoniousness, the loss of a day's labour to these suffering people, at the very time when sickness and death increase their necessary expenses.

Music taught in Common Schools.—I attended a lesson given by Mr. Lowell Mason in vocal music to the girls attending the Hancock common school in Boston. About 200 of them were instructed for half an hour. They are taught only two half hours in the week, but their attainments are very considerable. They read music, analyse the notes, and detect false notes both in rhythm and melody, when played on the piano forte or sung. They give the notes of the common chord in the various positions. They sang extremely well, observing both time and tune with great accuracy. The influence of this instruction in refining their taste, and opening

up a source of innocent enjoyment to them, must be valuable. Mr. Mason is employed by the public authorities, and is remunerated from the common school fund.* He appears to be a first-rate teacher; and it is gratifying to see high talent devoted to the improvement of the common people in a branch of the fine arts which, a few years ago, was little prized even by the wealthy citizens of the United States. Although the food of the common people in Boston is abundant and nutritive, and these girls were well dressed, I regretted to observe that their bodily condition did not indicate robust health. Some appeared to have distorted spines, or depressed and narrow chests, and most of them presented that waxy, sodden appearance of the skin, which indicates breathing vitiated air, and absence of sufficient exercise. The school-room was well ventilated, so that they must have suffered at home. This is the more lamentable, as in this country these imperfections are the result not of poverty and physical degradation, as they often are in Britain, but of ignorance or want of resolution to act in conformity with the laws of health.

Dec. 20. Ther. 6°. *The Organ of Number.*—A gentleman who kindly undertook the management of the tickets for my lectures at Lowell, wrapped up the sum received from each bookseller in a separate paper, and made the person who paid it, mark on the parcel the amount it contained. When he paid the bills for advertising, &c., he took the money wanted out of one of the parcels, and put the receipts for the payments into it, and brought the whole sums collected to me in this form. Not understanding why he had done this, I placed the contents of the whole parcels together, and asked him how much he had received, and how much he had paid. He could not tell! I then observed that his organ of Number was deficient, and he told me that he had adopted this method to "avoid confusion." My own organ of Number being equally small, we tried, both by the pen and by counting the money, to discover the amount: but neither of us could succeed! We finally parted, much to our own amusement, without either of us having been able to find out the aggregate sum either received or paid, and certainly it was not the magnitude of the amount that caused our difficulties. A deficiency of this kind, when it occurs in the organ of Number, occasions only amusement; but I never experience its effects without sincerely sympathising with those individuals who are as defective in the organs of Conscientiousness or Causality as I am in that of Number. They stand as much in need of external guides to virtue and wisdom as a man in my condition does of a ready reckoner; and they are equally unfit to fill situations in which active honesty and reflection are necessary to success, as such a man would be to discharge the duties of a teller in a bank.

Politics of American Authors.—The Whig party in America claims the wealth of the Union on their side, and the Democrats claim the genius. One of the Democratic papers cited the names

* Not only do concerts à la Musard, at one shilling for the admission of each person, prosper in Edinburgh, but the labouring classes also have concerts this winter (1840-41) in Dun-Edin Hall, to which the admittance is only twopence, and these are crowded every evening. They are patronised by the Temperance Societies, and are valuable auxiliaries to civilisation.

of Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Leggett, Bancroft, Alexander Everett, Brownson, Nat. Willis, Fay, Prescott, Langtree, O'Sullivan, Nathaniel Greene, among other men of literary talents, as belonging to their party. The "Boston Atlas" answered this boast as follows: "We have only one observation to make, and that is, that somehow or other it has always happened, that, as a general rule, your poets, your story-tellers, your historians, your wits, nay, even your philosophers, have been great worshippers of power, in whatever hands for the time being it might happen to be deposited; and that, after all, the approbation or the praises of this sort of gentry must ever be regarded as a very uncertain test or proof of merit." I should like to see a list of men of genius classed under the heads of Whig and Tory. The general idea is that genius is liberal.

Dec. 21. Ther. 8°. *Mrs. Gove's Lectures.*—This day C—— attended one of Mrs. Gove's lectures to ladies. The subject was the effects of tight lacing and bad ventilation. The lecture was good, and the attendance was about 300, all females.

CHAPTER XXI.

1839.

Dec. 25. Ther. 26°. This is Christmas day, and in Boston all the world is abroad enjoying the fine bright weather. Public worship is performed in the Catholic and Episcopalian churches, but not in the others. The stores belonging to members of these sects are closed, but the rest of the community, who observe the day at all, dedicate it to feasting.

Frauds.—A fraud to the extent of a million of dollars has lately been exposed, perpetrated by the cashier of the Schuylkill bank in Philadelphia. He sold shares to that amount in the bank of Kentucky, and appropriated the proceeds to his own purposes, or to those of the bank over which he presided, which also has failed.

Debts of Cities.—The individual property of the citizens of Boston, New York, Rochester, and I believe of other towns, is liable, by the law of the states, to attachment for debts contracted by their civic rulers, and the liability has been enforced. When, in any of these cities, opposition is made to a tax for paying the interest of the public debt, a few of the largest creditors immediately commence processes against the parties who oppose; and speedily they petition for an assessment for their own relief. The law reserves to every citizen who has paid a debt under these processes, a claim for a rateable reimbursement from all the other inhabitants, but this form of redress is so tedious and expensive, that few resort to it. They prefer aiding the corporation to raise the necessary funds by general assessments. The bonds of these cities (which yield, those of Boston 6, and those of New York and Rochester 7 per cent.) are regarded as among the most secure investments in the United States. This state of the law under democratic institutions contrasts favourably with the provisions of the law under the aristocratic legislature of Great Britain. The civic corporation of Edinburgh borrowed large sums of money on bonds; built a high school, churches, and other expensive erections, for the use or ornament of the city; and then declared itself bankrupt. The law protected these edifices as public property, sacred to social purposes, and also the property of the in-

dividual citizens from attachment. The civic corporation which contracted the debts, essentially enjoyed the privilege of self-election, and the citizens had no efficient control over its actions. The law, therefore, regarded the lenders as having trusted for repayment solely to that portion of the corporation's property which could legally be alienated or attached for debt. In the American cities, the inhabitants at large elect their rulers, and are, therefore, justly held responsible for the debts which they contract. Since the Burgh Reform Act came into operation in Scotland, the citizens have enjoyed the right to elect the civic councils, but the law still exempts them from individual responsibility for the public debts.

Dec. 31. Ther. 0°. *Dr. Spurzheim's Birth Day.*—This is the anniversary of the birth-day of Dr. Spurzheim, and of the institution of the Phrenological Society of Boston. In the morning I waited on Mr. William Sturgis, who erected the monument in Mount Auburn, and thanked him cordially for the tribute of respect which he had paid to his memory. He said that he admired Dr. Spurzheim's sound sense and warm philanthropy, but knew nothing about Phrenology. He repeated, that it was his shrewdness of observation, simplicity of manners, and goodness of heart, that won his esteem. In the evening I delivered an address before the Phrenological Society in the Melodeon, lately the Lyon Theatre, which the public were invited to attend. The order of proceeding was the following:—Mr. Pierpont delivered an appropriate prayer; various airs were performed on an excellent organ; the address was read; and Mr. Green pronounced a benediction. The attendance exceeded 600 persons, and would have been larger, but for the circumstance, that at the same time Governor Everett delivered the introductory address to the Lowell lectures in the Odeon, and had an audience of at least 1500.

Phrenology and Education.—So much interest was excited by my three lectures on education, that, in compliance with the request of numerous friends, I devoted the month of December to repeating them in the following places, and to all the courses the assistant teachers of the common schools were admitted free.

In Boston, to the teachers in the Odeon, and again to the subscribers to the Lyceum. I was told that 1500 persons attended this last course.

In Salem, Lowell, and Worcester, each of which towns is accessible by a railway. The audiences who attended these lectures were numerous, averaging from two to three hundred each. I received more invitations to repeat these lectures than it was possible for me to comply with.

Having been invited to lecture in Albany in January, 1840, I left Boston on the 1st of that month, and remained at Springfield, where also I delivered the three lectures on education, and where again we passed a most agreeable week. I am under the necessity, from the length to which this work has already extended, of omitting many observations relative to these places, and the excellent persons with whom we became acquainted in each of them; and can only remark, that, in the New England villages, there is an amount of moral worth and intellectual attainment that redeems the country from the blots which its reputation sustains by the gambling speculators and ambitious politicians of the great cities, whose public actions attract the chief notice of a stranger, and give in his eyes their

own character to that of the whole country. There is a sound kernel of honesty and worth in "old Massachusetts" that will preserve her amidst all her trials.

Lunatic Asylum at Worcester.—I have already described this institution. On the 28th of December I visited it again, and met Mr. Salisbury, one of the trustees named by the state, commencing his official visitation. I was invited to accompany him, and entered every cell and apartment, and saw every patient in the institution, and nothing could exceed the excellent condition in which it appeared. Only four or five furious and filthy patients were found among the whole, and they are lodged in a separate building, so distant that their noise cannot annoy the general inmates of the hospital. Each of these persons was in a distinct cell, the walls of which are of brick, and the floors of mica-slate pavement, heated by fire applied below. The light is admitted from the passage. In one of the cells was a musician, who tears every thing to pieces, and is excessively dirty. He was seated on the warm stone floor, clothed in a very strong and thick cotton vestment, which descended to his ankles. His organs of Time and Tune remained sound amidst the wreck of nearly all his other faculties. I heard him, while thus seated, play several tunes on the flute, with correctness and expression. His head is well formed, with the exception of a predominating Destructiveness. His temperament is nervous-sanguine, and the organs of Imitation and Ideality, as well as those of Time and Tune, are largely developed. Dr. Woodward gave the patients of the hospital a ball on Christmas eve. They themselves decorated very tastefully one of the corridors, with boughs of evergreens, and converted it into a handsome ball-room, which I saw. They looked forward to the entertainment with great interest for many days before Christmas, and it is still affording them a pleasing theme of conversation. It proved very successful, and even this musician performed a part in it.

Dr. Woodward is an enlightened phrenologist, and he assured me that his conviction increases, the more he observes, that the cases are extremely rare in which the whole of the mental organs are involved in disease; and that this conviction led him to try the experiment whether this individual could not be enabled to command himself at the ball. He explained to him the preparations that had been made; asked him if he would like to attend. This awakened up a thousand impressions received in his best days of health and usefulness, and he professed his desire to assist and to play in his professional capacity. Dr. Woodward adverted to his dress, and said that he must appear in the costume of a gentleman, and must conduct himself with decorum, as the only conditions on which he could be admitted. He engaged to comply with both stipulations. When all things were prepared on the evening of the ball, the keepers entered his cell, dressed him in a decent suit of clothes, and led him to his seat among the musicians, and instantly the band struck up, and the dancing commenced. He played in perfect tune and time. One of the keepers was stationed behind him all the evening to prevent accidents, in case of his losing command of himself; but there was no need for his interfering. For three hours he continued to play and conduct himself with perfect propriety. At the end of two hours he complained of fatigue, and said that he believed that formerly he used, about this time, to receive a

of a sick chamber; a charm was in and around her; a holy light seemed to pervade every thing belonging to her. There was a sacredness, if I may so express it, which seemed to tell the presence of the Divinity. Strangers felt it, all acknowledged it. Very few were admitted to her sick room, but those few left it with an elevation of heart, new, solemn, and delightful. She continued to ride out as long as the weather was mild, and even after she became too weak to walk, she frequently desired to be taken into the parlour, and when there, with all her little implements of drawing and writing, her books, and even her box and basket beside her, she seemed to think that by these little attempts at her usual employments, she could conceal from me, for she saw my heart was breaking, the ravages of disease and her consequent debility. The New Testament was her daily study, and a portion of every day was spent in private, in self-examination and prayer. My dear Miss Sedgwick, how I have felt my own littleness, my total unworthiness, when compared with this pure, this high-souled, intellectual, yet timid, humble child; bending at the altar of God, and pleading for pardon and acceptance in his sight, and grace to assist her in preparing for eternity. As her strength wasted, she often desired me to share her hours of retirement and converse with her, and read to her, when unable to read herself. Oh! how sad, how delightful, how agonising, is the memory of the sweet and holy communion we then enjoyed. Forgive me, my friend, for thus mingling my own feeling with the circumstances you wished to know; and, oh! continue to pray that God will give me submission under this desolating stroke. She was my darling, my almost idolised child: truly, truly, you have said, the charm of my existence. Her symptoms were extremely distressing, although she suffered no pain. A week before her departure, she desired that the sacrament of the Lord's Supper might be administered to her. 'Mother,' said she, 'I do not desire it because I feel worthy to receive it, I feel myself a sinner, but a desire to manifest my faith in Christ by receiving an ordinance instituted by himself but a short time before his crucifixion.' The Holy Sacrament was administered by Mr. Babcock. The solemnity of the scene can be better felt than described. I cannot attempt it. After it was over, a holy calm seemed to pervade her mind, and she looked almost like a beautiful spirit. The evening following, she said to me, 'Mother, I have made a solemn surrender of myself to God; if it is his will, I would desire to live long enough to prove the sincerity of my profession, but his will be done; living or dying, I am henceforth devoted to God.' After this, some doubt seemed to intrude—her spirit was troubled. I asked her if there was any thing she desired to have done, any little arrangements to be made, any thing to say which she had left unsaid, and assured her that her wishes should be sacred to me. She turned her eyes upon me with an expression so sad, so mournfully sweet: 'Mother, "When I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies," when I will think of other matters.' Her hair, which when a little child had been often cut to improve its growth, was now very beautiful; and she usually took much pains with it. During the whole course of her sickness, I had taken care of it. One day, not long before her death, she said, evidently making a great effort to speak with composure, 'Mother, if you are willing, I will have my hair cut off; it is troublesome; I should like it better short.' I understood her at once, she did not like to have the idea of death associated with those beautiful tresses which I had loved to braid. She would have them taken off while living. I mournfully gave my consent, and she said, 'I will not ask you, my dear mother, to do it; my friend, Mrs. F—— will be with me to-night, and she will do it for me.' The dark rich locks were severed at midnight; never shall I forget the expression of her young faded face, as I entered the room. 'Do not be agitated, dear mamma, I am more comfortable now. Lay it away, if you please, and to-morrow I will arrange and dispose of it. Do you know that I view my hair as something sacred? It is a part of myself, which will be reunited to my body at the resurrection. She had sat

in an easy-chair, or reclined upon a sofa, for several weeks.

"On Friday, the 22d of November, at my urgent entreaty, she consented to be laid upon the bed. She found it a relief, and sunk into a deep sleep, from which she was only awake when I aroused her to take some refreshment. When she awoke, she looked and spoke like an angel, but soon dropped asleep as before. Oh! how my poor heart trembled, for I felt that it was but the precursor to her long last rest, although many of our friends thought she might yet linger some weeks. A total loss of appetite, and a difficulty in swallowing, prevented her from taking any nourishment throughout the day, and when we placed her in the easy-chair at night, in order to arrange her bed, I offered her some nice food, which I had prepared, and found she could not take it. My feelings amounted almost to agony. She said, 'Do not be distressed. I will take it by and by.' I seated myself beside her, and she said, 'Surely, my dear mother, you have many consolations. You are gathering a little family in heaven to welcome you.' My heart was full; when I could speak, I said, 'Yes, my love, I feel that I am indeed gathering a little family in heaven to bid you welcome, but when they are all assembled there, how dreadful to doubt whether I may ever be permitted to join the circle.' 'Oh hush, dear, dear, mother, do not indulge in such sad thoughts; the fact of your having trained this little band to inhabit that holy place, is sufficient evidence to me that you will not fail to join us there.' I was with her myself that night, and a friend in the neighbourhood sat up also. On Saturday morning, after I had taken half an hour's sleep, I found her quiet as a sleeping infant. I prepared her some food, and when I awoke her to take it, she said, 'Dear mother, I will try, if it is only to please you.' I fed her as I would have fed a babe. She smiled sweetly, and said, 'Mother, I am again an infant.' I asked if I should read to her; she said yes, she would like to have me read a part of the gospel of John. I did so, and then said, 'My dear Margaret, you look sweetly composed this morning. I trust all is peace within your heart.' 'Yes, mother, all is peace, sweet peace. I feel that I can do nothing for myself. I have cast my burden upon Christ.' I asked if she could rest her hopes there in perfect confidence. 'Yes,' she replied, 'Jesus will not fail me. I can trust him.' She then sank into a deep sleep, as on the preceding day. In the afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. H. came from Ballston; they were much affected by the change a few days had made in her appearance. I awoke her, fearing she might sleep too long; and said her friends had come. She extended her arms to them both, and kissed them, saying to Mr. H. that he found her a late riser, and then sank to sleep again. Mrs. H. remained with us that night. About sunset, I spoke to her. She awoke and answered me cheerfully, but observing that I was unusually depressed, she said, 'Dear mother, I am wearing you out.' I replied, 'My child, my beloved child, it is not that; the thought of our separation fills me with anguish.' I never shall forget the expression of her sweet face, as she replied, 'Mother, my own dear mother, do not grieve. Our parting will not be long, in life we were inseparable, and I feel that you cannot live without me. You will soon join me, and we shall part no more.' I kissed her pale cheek as I bent over her, and finding my agitation too strong to repress, I left the room. She soon after desired to get up; she said she must have a coughing fit, and she could bear it better in the chair. When there, she began to cough, and her distress was beyond description; her strength was soon exhausted, and we again carried her to the bed. She coughed from six until half past ten. I then prevailed on her to take some nutritious drink, and she fell asleep. My husband and Mrs. H. were both of them anxious that I should retire and get some rest, but I did not feel the want of it, and impressed as I was with the idea that this was the last night she would pass on earth, I could not go to bed. But others saw, not the change, and to satisfy them, I went at twelve to my room, which opened into hers. There I sat listening to every sound. All seemed quiet; I twice opened

the door, and Mrs. H. said she slept, and had taken her drink as often as directed, and again urged me to go to bed. A little after two, I put on my night-dress, and laid down. Between three and four, Mrs. H. came in haste for ether. I pointed to the bottle, and sprang up. She said, I entreat, my dear Mrs. Davidson, that you do not rise; there is no sensible change, only a turn of oppression. She closed the door, and I hastened to rise, when Mrs. H. came again, and said Margaret has asked for her mother. I flew—she held the bottle of ether in her own hand, and pointed to her breast. I poured it on her head and chest. She revived. 'I am better now,' said she. 'Mother, you tremble, you are cold; put on your clothes.' I stepped to the fire, and threw on a wrapper, when she stretched out both her arms, and exclaimed, 'Mother, take me in your arms.' I raised her, and seating myself on the bed, passed my arms around her waist; her head dropped upon my bosom, and her expressive eyes were raised to mine. That look I never shall forget; it said, 'Tell me, mother, is this death.' I answered the appeal as if she had spoken. I laid my hand upon her white brow, a cold dew had gathered there, I spoke, 'Yes, my beloved, it is almost finished; you will soon be with Jesus.' She gave one more look, two or three short fluttering breaths, and all was over—her spirit was with its God—not a struggle or groan preceded her departure. Her father just came in time to witness her last breath. For a long half hour, I remained in the same position with the precious form of my lifeless child upon my bosom. I closed those beautiful eyes with my own hand. I was calm. I felt that I had laid my angel from my own breast, upon the bosom of her God. Her father and myself were alone. Her Sabbath commenced in heaven. Ours was opened in deep, deep anguish. Our sons, who had been sent for, had not arrived, and four days and nights did Ellen (our young nurse, whom Margaret dearly loved) and I watch over the sacred clay. I could not resign this mournful duty to strangers. Although no son or relative was with us in this sad and solemn hour, never did sorrowing strangers meet with more sympathy, than we received, in this hour of affliction, from the respected inhabitants of Saratoga. We shall carry with us through life the grateful remembrance of their kindness. And now, my dear madam, let me thank you for your kind consolatory letter; it has given me consolation. My Margaret, my now angel child, loved you tenderly. She recognised in yours a kindred mind, and I feel that her pure spirit will behold with delight your efforts to console her bereaved mother."

HOW TO ACQUIRE HIGH HEALTH.

Walker, in his "Original," lays down the following rules for attaining high health. They are worth remembering.

"First study to acquire a composure of mind and body. Avoid agitation or hurry of one or the other, especially just before and after meals, and whilst the process of digestion is going on. To this end, govern your temper—endeavour to look at the bright side of things—keep down as much as possible the unruly passions—discard envy, hatred, and malice, and lay your head upon your pillow in charity with all mankind. Let not your wants outrun your means. Whatever difficulties you have to encounter, be not perplexed, but only think what is right to do in the sight of Him who seeth all things, and bear without repining the result. When your meals are solitary, let your thoughts be cheerful; when they are social, which is better, avoid disputes, or serious argument, or unpleasant topics. 'Unquiet meals,' says Shakspeare, 'make ill digestions,' and the contrary is produced by easy conversations, a pleasant project, welcome news, or a lively companion. I advise wives not to entertain their husbands with domestic grievances about children or servants, not to ask for money, nor produce unpaid bills, nor propound unreasonable or provoking questions; and advise husbands to keep the cares and vexations of the world to themselves, but to be communicative of whatever is comfortable and cheerful and amusing."

LIFE AT THE BAR.

Lords Eldon and Stowell—Sons of a barge-master and small coal-dealer at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Lord Stowell borrowed forty pounds to go to the circuit, and both supported themselves for a time by their talents as private tutors.

Lord Tenterden—Son of a barber at Canterbury; he received an eleemosynary education, but obtained the means to go to college; while there, he enjoyed, from a company in the city of London, an exhibition of three pounds per annum until he took his degree. Some years since, in dining with the company, he very feelingly alluded to the circumstance, and expressed his gratitude.

Lord Gifford—Prior to his being called to the bar, articled to a solicitor near Exeter. His rise was chiefly owing to the interest of the Marchioness of Conyngham, to whom he was distantly related.

Lord Langdale, the Master of the Rolls—Not very long since an accoucheur, and married a daughter of Lord Oxford, whose family he had attended.

Sir John Williams, one of the Judges of the Queen's Bench—Son of a horse-dealer in Yorkshire.

General Wilde—An attorney in the city, in partnership with Mr. Knight: his brother is now an attorney on College Hill, Broad street.

Mr. Serjeant Talfourd—Son of a brewer, at Reading, in Berkshire; received the rudiments of his education at the Protestant Dissenters' Grammar-school, at Mill Hill, near Hendon, and at that time wrote for the public press; he completed his studies with Dr. Talpy, of Reading.

Sir Frederick Pollock, and his brother, Mr. David Pollock—The sons of a saddler of that name, now Messrs. Cuff's establishment, near Charing Cross.

Mr. Baron Gurney—His mother kept a small bookshop for pamphlets in a court in the city; his brother is short-hand writer to the Houses of Lords and Commons. The baron was originally of the denomination called baptists, and for many years attended a baptist chapel in Maize Pond, in the Borough.

Sir John Campbell, the Attorney-General, and son-in-law of Lord Abinger—Reporter to a daily paper, at a time when such labour was worse paid than at present.

Mr. Serjeant Spankie was one of his colleagues. James Stephen, Esq., the Master in Chancery—Also a reporter.

Almost all the judges sent out to the colonies were reporters, and of the present reporters for the daily papers, the greater part are barristers.

Mr. Wallace, of the Irish bar, and M. P., was formerly a weaver.

Sir Edward B. Sugden—Son of a barber, was formerly a clerk to Mr. Groom, the conveyancer. It is remarkable that the admission of Sir Edward was opposed on the ground that he had been a clerk, and but for the exertion of that most amiable man, and ornament to his profession, the late Mr. Hargrave, who contended for his admission, on the ground that, whatever he had been, he was a man of talent, and had written a book which displayed qualifications of a superior order, he would now have been any thing but Sir Edward Burtenshaw Sugden, ex-Chancellor of Ireland.

Mr. Platt, queen's counsel—Son of a gentleman who was clerk to Lord Ellenborough.

Mr. Petersdorff's father kept a furrier's shop.

Mr. Turner, of the home circuit—Formerly in partnership with Mr. Pranthor, an attorney in the city of London.

Mr. Clarkson, of the Old Bailey—His father was an attorney in the Insolvent Debtors' Court on its first formation.

Mr. Charlton, queen's counsel—His father is an attorney, and now in practice in Chancery Lane.

These are only a few of the examples of modern times. The greater number, perhaps, of the departed members of the profession who became distinguished in their times, arose much in the same manner.

Chief Justice Saunders, whose precepts to this day form the best text-book to pleaders, was a beg-

gar boy, first taken notice of by an attorney, who employed him in his office.

Lord Kenyon—An attorney's clerk.

Lord Hardwicke—A peasant, and afterwards an attorney's waiter and office-boy.

Lord Thurlow, himself an illustration of his own rule, used to say that the surest cause of success to a barrister, was "parts and poverty."

When Erskine and Curran once dined with the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth, the prince gave as a toast, "The Bar!" Erskine said he owed every thing to the bar; and Curran added, "Then what must I say, since it has raised me from the condition of a peasant to the table of my prince." Erskine, when first at the bar, was afraid to go to his chambers, lest he should encounter the ire of his washerwoman; he finally took courage, and entering the same, found to his infinite joy, a brief with twenty guineas by its side! The attorney who sent the brief, did so from a conviction of his great powers of eloquence, which he displayed while conversing with a knot of persons in Lincoln's Inn Hall, and near to the spot where his statue now stands.

NEW BOOKS.

Author's Classical Dictionary.

Few of the old-fashioned scholars of our school-boy days expected ever to see Lempriere's Classical Dictionary superseded. It was the oracle—the final tribunal. But its day is now gone by. The new work of Professor Anthon has "done its business." It will henceforth be considered a book that *was* an authority.

The new work is every way worthy of Dr. Anthon's gigantic reputation for scholarship. Every authority, ancient or recent, which is worthy of notice, appears to have been carefully consulted in the preparation of each article; and the lights thrown upon ancient history, biography, and antiquities, by the researches of late English and German writers, have been concentrated upon the subjects brought into view in this comprehensive and elegant manual. It forms a sort of cyclopaedia of the ancient world; which may be profitably used as a daily book of reference, not merely by the students in colleges and academies, (to whom it will hereafter be considered indispensable,) but by the divine, the general reader of history, and, in short, by all who claim the distinction of a familiar acquaintance with those subjects which form the basis of classical allusions in all works of polite literature.

The student who places this volume of Dr. Anthon's on his desk, within reach, at the beginning of his course of academical study, and perseveres in referring to it on all points which present themselves in the course of his reading, within its sphere, will prove immeasurably superior in general intelligence to those of his classmates, who pass over names and allusions without any attempt to understand them any farther than is necessary to enable them to read the text.

The Tragedy of the Seas.

This is a collection of the most recent disasters occasioned by sea and steamboat navigation. Most of the narratives are original and fresh, not having previously appeared in book form. The embellishments are very numerous and extraordinary. The designs are exceedingly original; but they were evidently not done by Harvey or Horace Vernet.

The volume is a popular one, and may be had at any of the bookstores.

The History of a Flirt.

An interesting novel; the work, evidently, of a pretty close observer of character, as it develops itself in the higher circles of society. The lessons it conveys, should be carefully pondered by young ladies who are just entering upon a career of fashion and conquest.

Barnaby Rudge. No. 5.

This number is more spirited than any preceding one. Never were two characters contrasted in a dialogue with more complete comic effect than in the conversation between Mr. Cheater and his son. We commend this chapter to the special notice of the playwrights. It is a first rate study for them.

Charles O'Malley.

The new number came out a few days since. It is, as usual, redolent of fun and frolic. The scene where old Mr. Free lays the ghost, is one of the best in the whole work.

Sermons on Revivals, by Rev. Albert Barnes; with an Introduction, by Rev. Joel Parker, D. D. New York: John S. Taylor; Philadelphia: R. S. H. George, 1841.

A work on so interesting a subject as that of revivals, by the Coryphæus of the liberal party of the presbyterians, will naturally attract great attention. Mr. Barnes enjoys a very high reputation for learning and ability. His commentaries on the Bible have made him known throughout the Christian world. His friends will gladly avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining copies of this popular little volume for the use of Sunday schools, and for gratuitous distribution.

Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.

The June number of this highly useful periodical was punctually issued. It contains the usual amount of commercial and miscellaneous information, and exhibits the same attention and ability on the part of the editor which has been so frequently and justly commended.

Masterman Ready. New York: Appleton & Co.

The promise made some time since by Captain Marryat, to write a book for children, is now redeemed. It is a delightful story in the Robinson Crusoe vein, full of all sorts of agreeable instruction in the arts of life.

Dining Out. New York: Appleton & Co.

This and the last named work are volumes of the popular series, "*Tales for the People and their Children.*" "*The Dangers of Dining Out,*" by Mrs. Ellis, is probably one of the best temperance stories ever written. It will be extensively read, and will save many a one from the errors of his ways.

Campbell's Life of Petrarch. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

Had Petrarch been at liberty to choose a biographer who should do ample justice to his character as a poet, a scholar, and a man, he could not have chosen a better than the author of "*The Pleasures of Hope.*" Mr. Campbell's exquisite sense of the beautiful and the touching, his fine taste and his extensive erudition, were fully evinced in his Lectures on English Poetry. His powers as a critic are not less apparent in the work before us, while the peculiar talents of the lively raconteur appear in the narrative and descriptive portions of the "*Life.*"

The mechanical execution is first rate—a comely octavo, with elegant type, paper, and binding. Mr. Campbell will not complain of being slighted by his American publishers.

Family Secrets. By Mrs. ELLIS. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard, 1841.

The first number of this series contains "*The Dangers of Dining Out,*" and "*The Confessions of a Maniac,*" by Mrs. Ellis. Both are temperance tales, calculated to produce very extensive and beneficial effects on society. The beauty of the style, and the interesting character of the stories, will commend them to general favour; and the moral application is so strong and direct, that it cannot be eluded by any artifice of self-deception.

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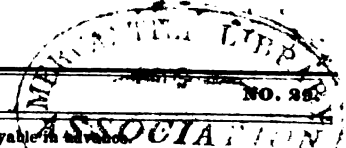
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EDITED BY JOHN SANDERSON, ESQ.

PART I.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1841.

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FEMALE EDUCATION.

(Continued from No. 28.)

Some persons are apt to contrast the acquisition of important knowledge with what they call simple pleasures; and deem it more becoming that a woman should educate flowers, make friendships with birds, and pick up plants, than enter into more difficult and fatiguing studies. If a woman has no taste and genius for higher occupations, let her engage in these, to be sure, rather than remain destitute of any pursuit. But why are we necessarily to doom a girl, whatever her taste or her capacity, to one unvaried line of petty and frivolous occupation? If she is full of strong sense and elevated curiosity, can there be any reason why she should be diluted and enfeebled down to a mere culler of simples, and fancier of birds?—why books of history and reasoning are to be torn out of her hand, and why she is to be sent, like a butterfly, to hover over the idle flowers of the field? Such amusements are innocent to those whom they can occupy; but they are not innocent to those who have too powerful understandings to be occupied by them. Light froths and fruits are innocent food only to weak or to infant stomachs; but they are poison to that organ in its perfect and mature state. But the great charm appears to be in the word *simplicity*—simple pleasures! If by a simple pleasure is meant an innocent pleasure, the observation is best answered by showing, that the pleasure which results from the acquisition of important knowledge is quite as innocent as any pleasure whatever: but if by a simple pleasure is meant one, the cause of which does not last long, or which can be easily analysed, or which in itself is very faint, then simple pleasures seem to be very nearly synonymous with small pleasures; and if the simplicity were to be a little increased, the pleasure would vanish altogether.

As it is impossible that every man should have industry or activity sufficient to avail himself of the advantages of education, it is natural that men who are ignorant themselves should view, with some degree of jealousy and alarm, any proposal for improving the education of women. But such men may depend upon it, however the system of female education may be exalted, that there will never be wanting a due proportion of sillies; and that after parents, guardians, and receptors have done all in their power to make every body wise, there will still be a plentiful supply of women who have taken special care to remain otherwise; and they may rest assured, the utter extinction of ignorance and folly is the evil they dread, that their interests will always

be effectually protected, in spite of every exertion to the contrary.

We must in candour allow, that those women who begin will have something more to overcome than may probably hereafter be the case. We cannot deny the jealousy which exists among pompous and foolish men respecting the education of women. There is a class of pedants, who would be cut short in the estimation of the world a whole cubit, if it were generally known that a young lady of eighteen could be taught to decline the tenses of the middle voice, or acquaint herself with the *Æolic* varieties of that celebrated language. Then women have, of course, all ignorant men for enemies to their instruction, who being bound (as they think), in point of sex, to know more, are not well pleased, in point of fact, to know less. But, among men of sense and liberal politeness, a woman, who has successfully cultivated her mind, without diminishing the gentleness and propriety of her manners, is always sure to meet with a respect and attention bordering upon enthusiasm.

There is in either sex a strong and permanent disposition to appear agreeable to the other: and this is the fair answer to those who are fond of supposing that a higher degree of knowledge would make women rather the rivals than the companions of men. Presupposing such a desire to please, it seems much more probable, that a common pursuit should be a fresh source of interest, than a source of contention. Indeed, to suppose that any mode of education can create a general jealousy and rivalry between the sexes, is so very ridiculous, that it requires only to be stated in order to be refuted. The same desire of pleasing secures all that delicacy and reserve which are of such inestimable value to women. We are quite astonished, in hearing men converse on such subjects, to find them attributing such beautiful effects to ignorance. It would appear, from the tenor of such objections, that ignorance had been the great civiliser of the world. Women are delicate and refined, only because they are ignorant;—they manage their household, only because they are ignorant;—they attend to their children, only because they know no better. Now, we must really confess, we have all our lives been so ignorant as not to know the value of ignorance. We have always attributed the modesty and the refined manners of women, to their being well taught in moral and religious duty,—to the hazardous situation in which they are placed,—to that perpetual vigilance which it is their duty to exercise over thought, word, and action,—and to that cultivation of the mild virtues, which those who cultivate the stern and magna-

nimous virtues expect of *every body*. After all, let it be remembered, we are not saying there are no objections to the diffusion of knowledge among the female sex. We would not hazard such a proposition respecting any thing; but we are saying, that, upon the whole, it is the best method of employing time; and that there are fewer objections to it than to any other method. There are, perhaps, 50,000 females in Great Britain who are exempted by circumstances from all necessary labour: but every human being must do something with their existence; and the pursuit of knowledge is, upon the whole, the most innocent, the most dignified, and the most useful method of filling up that idleness, of which there is always so large a portion in nations far advanced in civilisation. Let any man reflect, too, upon the solitary situation in which women are placed,—the ill treatment to which they are sometimes exposed, and which they must endure in silence, and without the power of complaining,—and he must feel convinced that the happiness of a woman will be materially increased in proportion as education has given to her the habit and the means of drawing her resources from herself.

There are a few common phrases in circulation, respecting the duties of women, to which we wish to pay some degree of attention, because they are rather inimical to those opinions which we have advanced on this subject. Indeed, independently of this, there is nothing which requires more vigilance than the current phrases of the day, of which there are always some resorted to in every dispute, and from the sovereign authority of which it is often vain to make any appeal. "The true theatre for a woman is the sick chamber;"—"Nothing so honourable to a woman as not to be spoken of at all." These two phrases, the delight of *Noddledom*, are grown into commonplaces upon the subject; and are not unfrequently employed to distinguish that love of knowledge in women, which, in our humble opinion, it is of so much importance to cherish. Nothing, certainly, is so ornamental and delightful in women as the benevolent virtues; but time cannot be filled up, and life employed, with high and impassioned virtues. Some of these feelings are of rare occurrence—all of short duration—or nature would sink under them. A scene of distress and anguish is an occasion where the finest qualities of the female mind may be displayed; but it is a monstrous exaggeration to tell women that they are born only for scenes of distress and anguish. Nurse, father, mother, sister, and brother, if they want it;—it would be a violation of the plainest duties

to neglect them. But, when we are talking of the common occupations of life, do not let us mistake the accidents for the occupations;—when we are arguing how the twenty-three hours of the day are to be filled up, it is idle to tell us of those feelings and agitations, above the level of common existence, which may employ the remaining hour. Compassion, and every other virtue, are the great objects we all ought to have in view; but no man (and no woman) can fill up the twenty-four hours by acts of virtue. But one is a lawyer, and the other a ploughman, and the third a merchant; and then, acts of goodness, and intervals of compassion and fine feeling, are scattered up and down the common occupations of life. We know women are to be compassionate; but they cannot be compassionate from eight o'clock in the morning till twelve at night;—and what are they to do in the interval? This is the only question we have been putting all along, and is all that can be meant by literary education.

Then, again, as to the notoriety which is incurred by literature.—The cultivation of knowledge is a very distinct thing from its publication; nor does it follow that a woman is to become an author, merely because she has talent enough for it. We do not wish a lady to write books,—to defend and reply,—to squabble about the tomb of Achilles, or the plain of Troy,—any more than we wish her to dance at the opera, to play at a public concert, or to put pictures in the exhibition, because she has learned music, dancing and drawing. The great use of her knowledge will be, that it contributes to her private happiness. She may make it public; but it is not the principal object which the friends of female education have in view. Among men, the few who write bear no comparison to the many who read. We hear most of the former, indeed, because they are, in general, the most ostentatious part of literary men; but there are innumerable men, who, without ever laying themselves before the public, have made use of literature to add to the strength of their understandings, and to improve the happiness of their lives. After all, it may be an evil for ladies to be talked of; but we really think those ladies who are talked of only as Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Barbauld, and Mrs. Hamilton are talked of, may bear their misfortunes with a very great degree of Christian patience; and such singular examples of ill fortune may perhaps render the school of adversity a little more popular than it is at present.

Their exemption from all the necessary business of life is one of the most powerful motives for the improvement of education in women. Lawyers and physicians have in their professions a constant motive to exertion; if you neglect their education, they must in a certain degree educate themselves by their commerce with the world: they must learn caution, accuracy, and judgment, because they must incur responsibility. But if you neglect to educate the mind of a woman, by the speculative difficulties which occur in literature, it can never be educated at all: if you do not effectually rouse it by education, it must remain for ever languid. Uneducated men may escape intellectual degradation; uneducated women cannot. They have nothing to do; and if they come untaught from the schools of education, they will never be instructed in the school of events.

Women have not their livelihood to gain by knowledge; and that is one motive for relaxing all those efforts which are made in the education

of men. They certainly have not; but they have happiness to gain, to which knowledge leads as probably as it does to profit; and that is a reason against mistaken indulgence. Besides, we conceive the labour and fatigue of accomplishments, to be quite equal to the labour and fatigue of knowledge; and that it takes quite as many years to be charming as it does to be learned.

Another difference of the sexes is, that women are attended to, and men attend. All acts of courtesy and politeness originate from the one sex, and are received by the other. We can see no sort of reason, from this diversity of condition, for giving to women a trifling and insignificant education; but we see in it a very powerful reason for strengthening their judgment, and inspiring them with the habit of employing time usefully. We admit many striking differences in the situation of the two sexes, and many striking differences of understanding, proceeding from the different circumstances in which they are placed: but there is not a single difference of this kind which does not afford a new argument for making the education of women better than it is. They have nothing serious to do;—is that a reason why they should be brought up to do nothing but what is trifling? They are exposed to greater dangers;—is that a reason why their faculties are to be purposely and industriously weakened? They are to form the characters of future men;—is that a cause why their own characters are to be broken and frittered down as they now are? In short, there is not a single trait in that diversity of circumstances, in which the two sexes are placed, that does not decidedly prove the magnitude of the error we commit in neglecting (as we do neglect) the education of women.

If the objections against the better education of women could be overruled, one of the great advantages that would ensue would be the extinction of innumerable follies. A decided and prevailing taste for one or another mode of education there must be. A century past, it was for housewifery—now it is for accomplishments. The object now is, to make women artists,—to give them an excellence in drawing, music, painting, and dancing,—of which, persons who make these pursuits the occupation of their lives, and derive from them their subsistence, need not be ashamed. Now, one great evil of all this is, that it does not last. If the whole of life, as somebody says, were an olympic game,—if we could go on feasting and dancing to the end,—this might do; but this is merely a provision for the little interval between coming into life, and settling in it; while it leaves a long and dreary expanse behind, devoid both of dignity and cheerfulness. No mother, no woman who has passed over the few first years of life, sings, or dances, or draws, or plays upon musical instruments. These are merely means for displaying the grace and vivacity of youth, which every woman gives up, as she gives up the dress and the manners of eighteen; she has no wish to retain them; or, if she has, she is driven out of them by diameter and derision. The system of female education, as it now stands, aims only at embellishing a few years of life, which are in themselves so full of grace and happiness, that they hardly want it; and then leaves the rest of existence a miserable prey to idle insignificance. No woman of understanding and reflection can possibly conceive she is doing justice to her children by such kind of education. The object is, to give to children resources that will endure as long as life endures,

—habits that time will ameliorate, not destroy,—occupations that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and therefore death less terrible: and the compensation which is offered for the omission of all this, is a short-lived blaze,—a little temporary effect, which has no other consequence than to deprive the remainder of life of all taste and relish. There may be women who have a taste for the fine arts, and who erine a decided talent for drawing or for music. In that case, there can be no objection to their cultivation; but the error is, to make these things the grand and universal object,—to insist upon it in every woman is to sing, and draw, and dance—with nature or against nature,—to bind her apprenticeship to some accomplishment, and, if she cannot succeed in oil or water colours, to prefer gilding, varnishing, burnishing, box making, or shoe-making, to real and solid improvement in taste, knowledge, and understanding.—*Rev. Sydney Smith.*

(To be continued.)

SPENSER AND SHAKSPEARE

Spenser's epithalamium on his own marriage, written in 1594, is of a far higher mood than anything we have named. It is a strain redolent of a bridegroom's joy and of a poet's fancy. The English language seemed to expand itself with a copiousness unknown before, while he pours forth the varied imagery of this splendid little poem. I do not know any other nuptial song, ancient or modern, of equal beauty. It is an intoxication of ecstasy, ardent, noble, and pure. But it pleased not Heaven, that these day dreams of genius and virtue should be undisturbed.

The language of Spenser, like that of Shakspeare, is an instrument manufactured for the sake of the work it was to perform. No other poet had written like either, though both have had their imitators.

SHAKSPEARE.—Of William Shakspeare, whom, through the mouth of those whom he has inspired to body forth the modifications of his immense mind, we seem to know better than any human writer, it may be truly said we scarcely know anything. We see him, so far as we do see him, not in himself, but in a reflex image from the objectivity in which he was manifested; he is Falstaff, and Mercutio, and Malvolio, and Jacques, and Portia, and Imogen, and Lear and Othello; but to us he is scarcely a determined person, a substantial reality of past time, the man Shakspeare. The two greatest names in poetry are to us little more than names.

If we are not yet come to question his unity, if we do that of "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," an improvement of critical acuteness doubtless reserved for a distant posterity, we as little feel the power of identifying the young man who came from Stratford, was afterward an indifferent player at a London theatre, and retired to his native place a middle life, with the author of Macbeth and Lear, as we can give a distinct historic personality to either. All that insatiable curiosity and unrelenting diligence have hitherto detected about Shakspeare, serves rather to disappoint and perplex us, than to furnish us the slightest illustration of his character. It is not the register of his baptism, or the draught of his will, or the autography of his name that we seek. No letter of his writing, no record of his conversation, no character of him drawn with fulness by a contemporary, can be produced.

There never was a generation in England which for worldly prudence and wise observation of mankind, stood higher than the subjects of Elizabeth. Rich in men of strong mind, that age has given us a discipline unknown to ourselves; the strictness of the Tudor government, the suspicious temper of the queen, the spirit not only of intolerance, but ofquisitiveness as to religious dissent, the uncertainty of the future, produced a caution rather foreign

glass of wine. A glass of wine was given to him, he drank it, and played on, till the close of the entertainment. He was then reconducted to his cell, and had hardly entered it when he recommenced tearing his clothes. In Dr. Conolly's instructive Report on the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum, 1840, he remarks, that "the principle of changing all the circumstances surrounding a lunatic is evidently one capable of application in certain cases, and in certain periods of the malady, with singularly felicitous effects." (P. 26.) This instance in the text shows how powerfully a change of circumstances may affect a lunatic even in the most hopeless condition. In this case, the effect was temporary, but it was great while it lasted.

Dr. Woodward mentioned that he allows about one fourth of the inmates of the Asylum to go into the village on specific errands unattended, and only one man has escaped; and he did so after being enticed by some acquaintance to drink. Social parties, with music and dancing, are given from time to time, which, with religious worship on Sundays, have an excellent effect on the minds of the patients. The music is supplied entirely by the patients themselves.

I saw in the hospital a woman, who, in a fit of religious and destructive mania, had attempted to cut off the heads of two of her children. Philoprogenitiveness was deficient, and Destructiveness enormously large. A man who is insane in regard to wealth, imagining himself to possess incalculable riches, has the organs of Acquisitiveness standing forth in such ample size and well defined forms, that they attract the eye in looking at him even in passing. Ideality is also large, and in his imagination he applies his wealth to gorgeous purposes. There were other striking examples of the concomitance between the peculiar features of monomania and the size of particular organs in the brain; and Dr. Woodward expressed his surprise how any man, living in charge of a hospital for the insane, and capable of mental analysis and physical observation, reasonably acquainted with Phrenology, could avoid conviction of its truth.*

He mentions that he receives many shoemakers as patients. This class is numerous in New England; but he believes that insanity is produced beyond an average extent among them by their breathing vitiated air in their hot, small workshops, without ventilation, and by their unfavourable position when working. The frequent mention of bad ventilation in this work may appear to some of my readers almost like a monomania on the subject in its author, but the evidence of its injurious consequences meets one every where. "Dr. Lombard, whose researches (into the causes of pulmonary consumption) are founded on a total of 4300 deaths from phthisis, and 54,572 individuals exercising 220 different occupations, found by a comparison of all the professions carried on in the open air and in workshops, that the proportion of deaths from phthisis was double among the latter, and this proportion increased as the apartments were close, narrow, and imperfectly ventilated." Dr. Woodward mentioned that he receives also many sailors as patients, whose insanity is produced by intemperance and exposure to severe hardships at sea. The cure in cases of less duration than

one year amounts to 86 per cent. on an average of six years.

Dr. Woodward has published a valuable pamphlet, strongly urging the advantage of instituting "asylums for inebriates." His reasoning may be briefly stated thus: "1. Intemperance is a physical disease. 2. It is curable in the great majority of cases, if not always. 3. The greatest existing difficulty in effecting this end commonly arises from the extent of the temptation to which the patient is uniformly exposed. 4. The best remedy for this state of things is to confine the individual, with a view to the avoidance of this temptation, and to the adoption of whatever other measures are necessary for this cure—till he is cured—under charge of an institution expressly adapted to the purpose." The subject has attracted considerable attention in the United States; and as Dr. Woodward's views are unquestionably sound, both physiologically and morally, I hope to see Massachusetts adding to her other claims to public admiration, that of being the first to carry his suggestions into effect.

Jan. 9. 1840. *Journey from Springfield to Albany.*—The cold has been as low as 8° below zero, and the ground is deeply covered with snow. The distance to Albany is eighty miles, and the road lies over mountains. It has been impassable for some days, but is now open; and as the thermometer is 5° above zero, the sky bright, and no wind, we resolved to proceed on our journey. We hired an exclusive extra mounted on two sleigh-runners and drawn by four horses. At half past 9 P. M. we reached Stockbridge, and found an excellent room provided for us in Mr. Gilpin's inn, by the kind attention of Mrs. Charles Sedgewick. This excellent family we found in affliction. Miss Catharine Sedgewick is in Italy with her brother, who is labouring under very infirm health, and Mr. Theodore Sedgewick, senior, lately died suddenly of apoplexy at Pittsfield. They are distinguished in the United States for their superior talents and virtues.

I select the following description of this day's journey from C's. Journal:—"I never saw so much snow in my life, except at the Grindelwald Glacier, as on this journey, and never any so brilliantly, beautifully, bluely white. Wherever the wind had drifted it into little irregularities, or chinks had opened, we looked into crannies and miniature arches of the most intense sky colour, often appearing like the porticos to fairy palaces, and so mysteriously lovely that I longed to be a sylph and explore them, if so be that sylphs be insensible to cold. In other places the lovely unsullied wreaths were hanging about the snake fences and the small evergreen trees, in the most graceful draperies, and on some of the inequalities in the ground beside us, as we moved along, lay as in little waves, or were spread out in chiseled smoothness. The sun's rays reflected so many diamonds from the surface of the snow, that I was forced to close my eyes. The clearer atmosphere of this country must tend to these appearances, which I never noticed at home."

Next morning we proceeded towards Albany, and again I borrow C's. description.—"The worst of the road was to come. We found it full of 'pitch-holes,' and unfortunately our next sleigh was one of a very inferior description. Pitch-holes mean holes in the snow into which the runners of the sleigh descend with horrid jerks, and in rising out of which the traveller is pitched up high off his seat, on which he again descends with a solid thump. The jolts and jars

were so incessant and so severe that my spine literally felt as if shortened a couple of inches by the crushing of the cartilages between the several bones. We dined at Chatham, and were again transferred to another sleigh; it was an old, dirty, wooden box, with the cobwebs of last summer hanging from the top and interstices between the deals of the roof, through which sun, wind, rain, and snow, had full liberty of ingress when they chose. A little before dark we crossed the Hudson on solid ice, and immediately drove to the Mansion House hotel."

Albany from 10th January to 11th February.—We remained in Albany during this interval. I delivered a course of twelve lectures on Phrenology in the Hall of the Female Academy, and was honoured by the attendance of an audience exceeding 200 persons, who received the lectures in the best spirit. On the 17th of January the thermometer fell during the night to 30° below zero, and it was frequently 10°, 15°, and 20° below that point. I suffered no inconvenience from it; and on three nights of the week emerged from a temperature of 70° or 75° in the lecture-room, to these low degrees in the external air, without the slightest unpleasant sensation, except that I felt cold in the balls of my eyes, a feeling which I never experienced before. Occasionally the wind was high, and the cold was then intolerably severe; when the weather was calm, it was comparatively little felt. It was amusing, on these intensely cold days, to observe the efforts of the pigs, dogs, and poultry, to screen themselves from the wind and obtain a few consolatory rays of heat from the brilliant sun. Fortunately the wind came from some points north of west, and they most ingeniously found out the lea and sunny side of projecting stairs, logs of wood, banks of earth, and other masses of matter, and stood in groups drinking in the heat. The horses, that had been driven into perspiration, came into the town like moving automata of frost work, every long hair being the centre of an icicle. I was surprised to discover the extraordinary degree of cold which these animals sustain with impunity. I saw them standing round the churches, tied to stakes or trees, with only a rug or buffalo skin thrown over them, for hours in succession, during divine service. The stables are made of only half-inch boards, and the joints are not covered; so that they form a slender protection from the cold; yet the horses are said to be healthy. One gentleman, who had passed some winters in Canada, told me that he saw a curious compact carried into effect in his own stable between his horse and his poultry. The moment that his horse was unharnessed and tied up in its stall, in winter, a whole flock of ducks, geese, turkeys, and hens, descended on his person and covered every inch of his horizontal surface from his eyes to his tail, and squatted down upon him. They gave and received warmth, much to the gratification of both parties. I saw the work of excavation proceeding in forming a new street. The earth, when newly exposed, steamed with excessive heat; it was 70° or 80° warmer than the air. Innumerable steamboats, barges, sloops, and boats, were frozen up in the river and docks, and the ice, 15 or 18 inches thick, seems like adamant around them. One wonders how they will ever get out. There is much sleighing on the river, and the mail coaches, coming from New York, travel many miles on it. The interiors of the houses are preserved comfortably warm by means of large fires of anthracite coal.

Albany Female Academy.—This may be

* Dr. Conolly, who has charge of the Lunatic Asylum at Hanwell near London, holds similar opinions.

described as a college for young ladies, administered by trustees, and supported to some extent by the state. In this institution Captain Maryat has forfeited some reputation. He mentions, that at the public examination he secretly assisted the young ladies with their French exercises, and received their acknowledgments confidentially for the favour; the young ladies maintain that all the rules of gallantry prescribed to the Captain an inviolable and eternal secrecy on the subject; instead of observing which he has published an account of the whole transaction in his work on America; betraying their confidence, and, as they say, at the same time, indulging his own vanity. The teacher in whose department the alleged assistance was given, denies the possibility of such an incident having occurred without her having detected the Captain's interference; but this point must be settled between themselves. There is only one opinion, however, among all the ladies, young and old, plain and pretty, of the United States, who have read the Captain's narrative—that, if his own story be literally correct, it was very unlike a British naval officer to reciprocate confidential favours with young ladies, and then to boast of his own achievement. I attended part of the semi-annual public examination of the academy, which commenced on Tuesday the 4th of February, 1840, and was continued on the Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday immediately following.

The senior classes were composed of young ladies apparently from fifteen to seventeen years of age, and their attainments were highly creditable to themselves and to their teachers. They had committed to memory a vast extent of details in history, astronomy, chemistry, physiology, and the other branches before enumerated. It was mentioned by some persons, however, that they are stimulated to excess by emulation, and that they occasionally ruin their health by their exertions to gain prizes. This error is a serious one, for when knowledge is acquired by laborious efforts, not for its own sake, but to gratify the feelings of Self-Esteem and Love of Approbation, its *practical* value is not appreciated and it escapes from the memory when the gratification for which it was acquired has been attained. Information on the contrary, recommended to the intellect by its inherent interest, and embraced by the moral affections from its practical utility, will become the stock and furniture of the mind through life, and, however limited in amount, it will be all real, and permanently available. Much solid instruction, however, is obviously communicated in this academy. In the examinations, in chemistry, for example, the young ladies, without assistance or directions, performed numerous experiments, and gave the theory of the chemical actions involved in them. In the examinations on astronomy, they referred to an admirable orrery, as to a text book, with clear intelligence; and so in the other branches. It was in history that the memory seemed to be chiefly overtaken, and, viewing their studies in the aggregate, the quantity of matter included in them appeared to be too burdensome to ordinary minds.

Dr. Sprague's Collection of Autographs.—Dr. Sprague's collection of autographs surprised me more than any other object in Albany. It is exceedingly extensive, rich, and valuable, and has been formed entirely by himself. He has whole volumes of autographs of literary men, embracing both the kingdoms of Europe and the United States, and more than one devoted to those of crowned heads, and extending over

several centuries. He has correspondents in the European cities who procure for him new treasures as they appear. There are probably few more valuable collections in Europe.

The extreme cold, added to the severe suffering inflicted on C— during the drive from Stockbridge to Albany, unfortunately involved her in much indisposition. She was confined to bed, and continued an invalid during our whole stay in Albany. We experienced fresh instances of American benevolence. The Rev. Dr. Sprague kindly offered to receive us both into his house, and his daughter offered to become C—'s nurse; other female friends offered unreserved attendance on her in her illness. Dr. M'Naughten, a Scottish physician, was most assiduous and successful in his treatment of her, and altogether, although I was prevented by this occurrence from going into society, or extending the circle of my acquaintances, we received renewed proofs of the generous kindness of the inhabitants. Just as the lectures terminated, C— was able to travel, and Dr. M'Naughten recommended to her to set out as speedily as possible for a more genial locality.

Having received an invitation to deliver a course of twelve lectures on Phrenology in New Haven, Connecticut, the seat of Yale College, we left Albany on the 12th, sleighed to Hartford, and proceeded thence by the railroad to New Haven, where we arrived on the 15th of February. On the 16th February the thermometer stood at 15°, which seemed a mild and almost a bland temperature, after having been accustomed to —15°, —20°, and —28°, at Albany.

New Haven.—We remained in New Haven from the 15th of February to the 20th of March. The audience attending my class included most of the professors, and a portion of the students of Yale College, and a large number of the citizens. It was the largest class, in proportion to the population, which I have had in the United States. Our accommodations in the Tontine Hotel were excellent; the town even in winter is beautiful and peaceful; we enjoyed the most agreeable and enlightened society; and C—'s convalescence was rapid and satisfactory. We had the pleasure of cultivating the acquaintance of Professor Silliman, whose scientific reputation stands high, not only in the United States, but in Europe. "The American Journal of Science and Arts," which has now reached its thirty-eighth volume, has long been, and still is conducted by him with the most indefatigable zeal, and serves as the grand channel by which the discoveries of the old and new continents are reciprocally interchanged. He is a man of the most amiable and interesting character, full of kindness, and his manner is so pleasing that it is a common observation in Boston and New York, where he occasionally delivers lectures, that he can speak more plain truths to his class, without giving offence, than almost any other lecturer they hear. In the United States no man's status is lowered by employing his talents usefully, and the most distinguished professors in colleges lecture occasionally to popular audiences in the different towns without any derogation from their dignity. In New Haven we met also Professor Olmsted, Dr. Taylor, whom I have already mentioned, Mr. Noah Webster, the Johnson of New Haven, Mr. Trumbull, the distinguished historical painter of the United States, the friend of Washington and Franklin, and who still uses his brush, Professor Hooker, Mr. Skin-

ner, and other highly accomplished men. The comparative repose which this residence permitted I employed in throwing together some general ideas founded on the observations which have already been detailed. These I shall now present to the reader.

CHAPTER XXII.

1840.

March 20. *American Civilisation.*—Mons. Guizot, in his "History of Civilisation in Europe," has well observed that the degree of civilisation which any age or country has attained is indicated by the "development of social activity, and that of individual activity; the progress of society, and the progress of humanity. Wherever the *external* condition of man is quickened and ameliorated—wherever the *internal* nature of man is exhibited with lustre and grandeur—upon these two signs the human race applauds and proclaims civilisation, often in spite of fundamental imperfections in the social state." Let us apply these principles to the United States.

In no country, probably, in the world is the external condition of man so high as in the American Union. The enterprise, intelligence, activity and economical habits of the people have multiplied to an astonishing extent all the physical elements of human enjoyment. It was observed to me by a gentleman who is minutely and extensively acquainted with the United States, that in this country no man, who is able and willing to work, need go supperless to bed. In this he far understated the fact. Labourers here are rich, compared with the individuals in the same class in Europe. Their food is wholesome and abundant; their dwelling-houses comfortable and well furnished; they possess property, and enjoy many of the luxuries which property, in a state of civilisation, is capable of purchasing. The American cities contain great wealth; and reckoning the whole property, and the whole population of the Union, and dividing the value of the one by the sum of the other, my impression is that the product would show a larger amount of wealth for each individual in the United States, than exists in any other country in the world, Great Britain alone probably excepted. In the United States this property is so equally diffused, that it is really national.

The formation of railroads and canals, the multiplication of steamboats, ships, machinery, manufactories, and houses, the extension of the productive soil; in short, the advance of all that ministers to the well-being of "the external condition of man," proceeds in the United States on a gigantic scale, and with extraordinary rapidity. We must grant, therefore, that whatever other "imperfection" may exist "in the social state," this fundamental element of civilisation abounds in a high degree.

The condition of the "*internal nature*" of man is the next index to civilisation. The human mind is endowed with animal propensities, moral and religious sentiments, and intellectual faculties fitted for observation and reflection. The propensities and sentiments are blind impulsive powers, which inspire man with desires, and impel him to seek for their gratification; but they do not discern either the mode of obtaining their own objects, or the extent to which they may be advantageously indulged. It is the province of intellect to study and to acquire knowledge; and when enlightened by knowledge, to

obstruct his path in following the dictates of truth; there is no servile class to corrupt his selfish faculties by obsequiousness and flattery. He is an excellent specimen of humanity, enlightened, benevolent, and just, and animated by an all-pervading activity. There is another class of minds, by far the most common, on whom the three orders of faculties, animal, moral, and intellectual, are bestowed by nature in nearly equal proportions. The American institutions evolve these faculties almost in the proportion in which nature gave them. Men of this class are observed to be habitually selfish, yet occasionally generous; frequently cunning, yet often open and direct; at times carried away by passion and prejudice, but on other occasions manifesting sound judgment and honesty.

In short, the grand feature of American society is the fulness with which it develops *all* the faculties of its individual members, without impressing peculiar biases on any of them; and hence its heterogeneous aspect in the eyes of foreigners. There is no evil and no good which may not be predicated of it with truth. Numerous examples could be adduced in support of every picture representing good, better, best; bad, worse, worst, in American society. Perhaps the reader may suppose that the same may be said of society in every country; but certainly not to the same striking extent as in the United States. In Europe the different classes are cast in distinct moulds, and some of the faculties of the individuals constituting each class are suppressed, while others are highly developed, to fit them for their conditions. In the United States the individual man stands forth much more as Nature made him, and as freedom and equality have reared him.

It is this extraordinary activity of all the faculties which forms the most striking feature in the people of the United States, and it affords the best guaranty that they are essentially in the right road to a high civilisation.

The imperfections discovered by strangers lie not so much in the American institutions as in the people. The fierce political contests, the sudden elevations and depressions of public affairs, the frequent changes of laws and projects, and the want of smoothness and harmony in the action of the social machinery which have been observed in that country, are the natural indications that the impulsive power which is moving, and also the intelligence which is directing this vast social body, are both operating to a great extent at random; now attaining, and now missing their objects, but ever driving onward towards new experiments and evolutions.

In the exercise of nearly all their high elective, legislative, and administrative functions, the people and their rulers generally proceed on the mere dictates of common sense; and as Archbishop Whalley has well observed, common sense is never recognised as a sufficient guide in the management of important affairs, except when the individual is ignorant of scientific principles of action. A sailor will probably admit that common sense is sufficient to enable a man to preach or to practise medicine, but he will deny that it is adequate to the steering of a ship: He knows little of the difficulties of preaching and practising the healing art, and therefore believes that slender attainments will suffice for them; while he is intimately acquainted with the perils of navigation, and justly decides that scientific knowledge and experience are both indispensably necessary to render a man an accomplished navi-

gator. Instinct does not guide man as it does the low animals; and reason cannot act without extensive knowledge and laborious training. The education of the American people being still essentially defective in relation to their powers and duties, their institutions, when seen in action, do not render justice to the wisdom which framed them. A higher education, discipline in obeying the natural laws under the sanction of religion, and practical moral training, appear to me to be the remedies for these evils.

One test of civilisation, both in individuals and nations, is the power of self-command amidst temptations; and a second is the capacity of discovering and following out through difficulties, the path that leads to ultimate good.—In regard to the first test, it is a common remark in Scotland, that the sons of excessively rigid clergymen occasionally run into wild immoralities when they are emancipated from paternal restraint. The explanation is, that their own moral and intellectual faculties have never been disciplined to resist and to control the solicitations of the propensities amidst temptations. The restraining and directing power has been *external*; and good conduct depended on its presence. No youth is ever safe or well trained unless these powers be *internal*; for then only are they ever present and ever at their posts. The same rule holds good in the case of nations. Before the revolution, the French people were restrained from action by priests, police officers, and a numerous soldiery. French society then presented fewer mobs, fewer defiance of the law, and fewer gigantic frauds, in proportion to the population, than American society does at this moment. But were the French of those days in a higher state of civilisation than the modern Americans? No. Their propensities were restrained by *external* powers, and little scope for self-action was permitted to any of their faculties. The consequence was, that when the pressure of the priests, the police, and the army, was removed, and a strong impulse was communicated to their minds, the propensities blazed forth with frightful energy—there was a lack of self-control—all was distraction and anarchy; and Napoleon restored order only by *reapplying the external restraints*. The American people live under no *external* restraints, except those established by God and by themselves. Their regulating influences are situated in their own minds; and they live, not in a state of apathy, but in one of high excitement. They contend for gain, for honour, for power, and in all their contests, only the law of God, the power of conscience, the fear of public opinion, and the laws which they themselves have made and may abrogate at pleasure, repress their ebullitions, and give direction to their efforts. Do they exhibit the wreck of social order, and the degradation of virtue? No! The progress of civilisation has been steady and rapid. In proportion as the new territories have been filled up by a numerous population; religion, law, and order, have been evolved in them. I was told by gentlemen in advanced life, that in their younger days Kentucky was the theatre of fierce duels, gouging, murders, and other gross outrages, as the new states of the West at present are; but in our day Kentucky is comparatively industrious, moral, and civilised. The latter fact I saw during my visit to the West in April, 1840. In the older and eastern states the supremacy of the law, the security of property, and the respect for religion, are unquestionably great. In the previous pages, I have described exceptions,

but they are only exceptions; and there is a constant disposition and never-ceasing effort to prevent the recurrence, and remove the causes of them.

When this state of social affairs is regarded as the result of the *free internal* action of the mind of the whole people, I recognise the presence of a *higher general civilisation* in the United States than is to be found in any European country, except probably Switzerland, which has similar institutions. What European monarchy could throw such an extent of power into the hands of the whole people as is done in the United States, and afterwards boast of equal order, law, and justice? The oppressed, the injured, the ignorant, and untrained masses would, in all probability, during the first exercise of their power, rush headlong into anarchy. The prominence which outrages and frauds assume in American society is the consequence of the impulse given to all the faculties by their institutions, and of the comparative feebleness of *external* artificial restraints. As already mentioned, the rogue is developed in all his might and malignity, and his greatness attracts attention; but the good are developed in an equal proportion; and if they do not appear equally conspicuous on the public stage, it is because religion and virtue are in their own nature meek, retiring, and unostentatious qualities. The first step towards self-government is the most difficult; the Americans have made, and partly succeeded in it. Their future progress will be less difficult.

Captain Marryat bears testimony to a fact which is at once the consequence and evidence of this power of self-control in the American people in one department of social life. It is so important that, in my opinion, although he had not recorded one other circumstance in elucidation of American civilisation, he would have done good service to ethical and political science by contributing it alone. "I do not think," says he, "that *Democracy* is marked upon the features of the lower classes in the United States; there is no arrogant bearing in them, as might be supposed from the despotism of the majority; on the contrary, I should say that their lower ranks are much more civil than our own. In his usual demeanour the citizen-born is quiet and obliging. The insolence you meet with is chiefly from the emigrant classes. I have before observed that the Americans are a good-tempered people, and to this good temper I ascribe their civil bearing. But why are they good tempered? *It appears to me to be one of the few virtues springing from Democracy.* When the grades of society are distinct, as they are in the older institutions, when difference of rank is acknowledged and submitted to without murmur, it is evident that if people are obliged to control their tempers in presence of their superiors or equals, they can also yield to them with their inferiors; and it is this yielding to our tempers which enables them to master us. But under institutions where all are equal, where no one admits the superiority of another, even if he really be so; where the man with the spade in his hand will beard the millionaire, and where you are compelled to submit to the caprice and insolence of a domestic, or lose his services, it is evident that every man must, from boyhood, have learned to control his temper, as no ebullition will be submitted to, or unfulfilled by its consequences. I consider that it is this habitual control, forced upon the Americans by the nature of their institutions, which occasions them to be so

appears to have excited that deep interest in the subject which is the only legitimate proof, in this world, of their success. The grand motive of the clergy of all sects is, no doubt, the love of souls; but there is a secondary circumstance which is, probably, not without some effect in securing their exertions, namely, the knowledge that the acceptance of their peculiar doctrines regarding salvation is the bond which binds the people to their ministrations, and that the more successfully they impress a firm conviction of their views on their flocks, the more secure do they feel in obtaining the means of their own subsistence, and the greater also are their power and influence over their people. This branch of religious instruction, therefore, appears to be in a salutary and satisfactory condition in the United States.

But religious instructors teach also the morality and religion which ought to regulate human conduct in this world. In the great outlines of secular duty, all the Christian sects are agreed; and the clergy of all sects teach them to their flocks. In the course of my attendance in the churches of the United States, I could not, however, avoid making two remarks on this subject; first, that, in proportion as the tenets of any sect represented the dangers of eternal perdition to be great and imminent, and the means of salvation to be difficult, the clergy of that sect taught their own doctrinal views on these points more zealously and more extensively, and the practical duties of Christianity relatively less frequently; and *vice versa*. Secondly, That the teaching of practical duties was in the vast majority of churches exceedingly general, rarely descending to specific instructions regarding the proper line of conduct to be pursued in the most momentous and difficult departments of life. This defect attaches to nearly all Christian churches, and appears to me to account for the rapid oblivion which overtakes sermons. If I were to draw a comparison in this particular, I should say that the practical affairs of life are more extensively introduced into the pulpits of the United States than into those of Scotland, and the notices of sermons which have been given, will partly enable the reader to judge on this point for himself. Still, in this respect, religious teaching is generally defective, and I think that it is so, because when the Creator introduced into the world a system of causation, in virtue of which, when circumstances are the same, one event follows another in invariable succession; and when He bestowed on man faculties of observation and reflection, rendering him capable of observing circumstances, and tracing the connection between causes and effects, he imposed on him the duty of observing, reflecting, and acting on system; and the moral world forms no exception to this rule. If the constitution of the world, mental and physical, be systematic, and if causation run through every department of it, then, while man acts without sufficient knowledge of, or reference to, the system of the causes in the midst of which he exists; while he acts impulsively and blindly from the mere dictates of his inclinations, and upon superficial, limited, and inaccurate views of the qualities and adaptations of things which surround him, and which really determine his happiness or misery, he does not rise to his proper rank of a rational being. When God framed him and the external world on these principles, He clearly conferred on him the rational character, and it is man's duty to conform to it. If

this view be sound, every element of external nature, and every organ and function of the human mind and body which are capable, when properly used, of promoting human happiness, and when abused, of leading to misery, is a divine institution presented to man for his study, and as a guide to his practical conduct. The pulpit, in my opinion, will never discharge its duty to mankind, until it shall become the expositor also of "these doings of the Lord," and shall inculcate the observance of them *under the sanction of religion*. The pulpit thus employed would contribute more effectually than it now does towards enlarging the sphere of the mind's action—presenting motives to self-control—and directing each individual to pursue successfully his real welfare both for this world and the next. Sermons of this nature would also add greatly to the utility of the lyceums; because the people, finding the elements of natural knowledge invested with a religious interest, would apply themselves with more earnestness and patience to extend their studies under the guidance of scientific teachers.

4thly, Professional Callings.—The great majority of the people of the United States are engaged in arts, manufactures, commerce, navigation, agriculture, divinity, law, and medicine; and their pursuits are therefore useful, and productive of enjoyment. As the paths of industry are rarely obstructed by bad laws or artificial obstacles, American civilisation, in this department, will bear a favourable comparison with that of the most advanced nations. These avocations, however, do not fully develop the highest faculties of the mind. They cultivate Acquisitiveness, Self-love, and the love of distinction, more than Benevolence, Veneration, Conscientiousness, and Ideality. They call the intellect into activity, but many of them do not necessarily direct it to moral objects. They are deserving of all praise as important elements of civilisation; indeed, as necessary to the very foundations of it: but in order to exhibit the "internal nature of man with lustre and grandeur," higher pursuits must be added to and mingled with them. The schools, colleges, and the pulpit, must supply the lustre and grandeur in which the avocations of common life are necessarily defective. Great improvements in professional attainments remain to be made in the United States. American divines are not in general so learned as those of England, but they appear to be more practical; while the professions of law and medicine in the rural districts, comprising nineteen twentieths of the whole United States, stand in need of large accessions of knowledge to bring them to a par with the same professions in the enlightened countries of Europe. The improved education which I have suggested, would render the practice of the professions in some degree scientific or philosophical pursuits, in which each individual would endeavour, in his vocation, to appropriate the laws which the Creator has established as essential to success, and the calm calculations of reason would, to some extent, regulate the impulsive and empirical movements which have hitherto been fraught with so much suffering to the people.

5thly, Political Institutions.—The American Declaration of Independence announces that "all men are created equal," a proposition which, however liable to be disputed in some respects, has (leaving out of view the African race) been practically adopted as the fundamental principle of all the institutions and legislation of the United

States. It is the most powerful maxim for developing the *individual*, in all his faculties and functions, that has ever been promulgated, and it has certainly produced great results. It is probably the first abstract proposition that is clothed with an intelligible meaning in the mind of the American child, and it influences his conduct through life. It sends forth the young citizen full of confidence in himself, untrammelled by authority, unawed by recognised superiority in others, and assured of a fair field for every exertion.

In contemplating this fabric of government, it appears as a mighty school for developing the social nature of man; and it is a school of the kind which nature dictates. The social body controls its own destiny, suffers for its own errors, and enjoys the benefits of its own wisdom and virtue. It gives power to every elector to raise or depress his own fortunes and those of his neighbours; but he must affect both; he cannot isolate himself from his fellows, and pursue, in his electoral capacity, private ends and individual advantages. He must "Love his neighbour as himself;" for his neighbour is his equal, and will not submit to injustice. This form of government calls on individual citizens to discharge many public duties, and offers to their ambition numerous situations of public honour. It quickly brings home to society the experience of the consequences of its own actions: if it commit errors, suffering speedily indicates the necessity for rectifying them; if it adopt wise laws, and pursue salutary measures, it is rewarded with certain prosperity; but its influence in developing the *internal* faculties of the mind is the chief object of my present remarks.

On perusing the list of officers elected by the American citizen, and of whose proceedings he is the ultimate judge, we discover that there is scarcely an interest relating to human nature in this world, which is not directly or indirectly brought before him for consideration, and placed to some extent under his control. The institutions appear to me to develop the whole faculties of the individual, with little modification. He is educated by them in the belief that he can control every thing but public opinion, and that little self-denial is required from him, except in preserving a civil bearing in society. If, therefore, nature have bestowed on an American citizen a large endowment of the animal organs, with defective organs of reflection and of the moral sentiments, he is speedily developed into an audacious and accomplished rogue. If to the propensities she have added intellect, but still left the moral faculties deficient, he appears as a speculative merchant, an ambitious and unprincipled politician, or a dexterous and unconscientious lawyer—in each character unscrupulously turning the institutions of his country, and the good nature of his fellow-citizens, to his private advantage. If nature have given the citizen a high development of the moral and intellectual organs, with subordinate propensities, the institutions of his country unfold the best of human characters; such an individual is a philanthropist, a man of practical sense, of sterling honesty, and sturdy independence; in short, an ornament to human nature. I have known many such. The American citizen whose mental endowments are naturally high, and whose education has been liberal, is reared in a noble field. There is no glare of aristocracy to obscure his moral perceptions, and no established church to trammel his religious sentiments, and

abstract his path in following the dictates of ruth; there is no servile class to corrupt his selfish faculties by obsequiousness and flattery. He is an excellent specimen of humanity, enlightened, benevolent, and just, and animated by an all-pervading activity. There is another class of minds, by far the most common, on whom the three orders of faculties, animal, moral, and intellectual, are bestowed by nature in nearly equal proportions. The American institutions evolve these faculties almost in the proportion in which nature gave them. Men of this class are observed to be habitually selfish, yet occasionally generous; frequently cunning, yet often open and direct; at times carried away by passion and prejudice, but on other occasions manifesting sound judgment and honesty.

In short, the grand feature of American society is the fulness with which it develops *all* the faculties of its individual members, without impressing peculiar biases on any of them; and hence its heterogeneous aspect in the eyes of foreigners. There is no evil and no good which may not be predicated of it with truth. Numerous examples could be adduced in support of every picture representing good, better, best; bad, worse, worst, in American society. Perhaps the reader may suppose that the same may be said of society in every country; but certainly not to the same striking extent as in the United States. In Europe the different classes are cast in distinct moulds, and some of the faculties of the individuals constituting each class are suppressed, while others are highly developed, to fit them for their conditions. In the United States the individual man stands forth much more as Nature made him, and as freedom and equality have reared him.

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In the exercise of nearly all their high elective, legislative, and administrative functions, the people and their rulers generally proceed on the mere dictates of common sense; and as Archbishop Whalley has well observed, common sense is never recognised as a sufficient guide in the management of important affairs, except when the individual is ignorant of scientific principles of action. A sailor will probably admit that common sense is sufficient to enable a man to preach or to practise medicine, but he will deny that it is adequate to the steering of a ship: He knows little of the difficulties of preaching and practising the healing art, and therefore believes that slender attainments will suffice for them; while he is intimately acquainted with the perils of navigation, and justly decides that scientific knowledge and experience are both indispensably necessary to render a man an accomplished navi-

gator. Instinct does not guide man as it does the lower animals; and reason cannot act without extensive knowledge and laborious training. The education of the American people being still essentially defective in relation to their powers and duties, their institutions, when seen in action, do not render justice to the wisdom which framed them. A higher education, discipline in obeying the natural laws under the sanction of religion, and practical moral training, appear to me to be the remedies for these evils.

One test of civilisation, both in individuals and nations, is the power of self-command amidst temptations; and a second is the capacity of discovering and following out through difficulties, the path that leads to ultimate good.—In regard to the first test, it is a common remark in Scotland, that the sons of excessively rigid clergymen occasionally run into wild immoralities when they are emancipated from paternal restraint. The explanation is, that their own moral and intellectual faculties have never been disciplined to resist and to control the solicitations of the propensities amidst temptations. The restraining and directing power has been *external*; and good conduct depended on its presence. No youth is ever safe or well trained unless these powers be *internal*; for then only are they ever present and ever at their posts. The same rule holds good in the case of nations. Before the revolution, the French people were restrained from action by priests, police officers, and a numerous soldiery. French society then presented fewer mobs, fewer defiance of the law, and fewer gigantic frauds, in proportion to the population, than American society does at this moment. But were the French of those days in a higher state of civilisation than the modern Americans? No. Their propensities were restrained by *external* powers, and little scope for self-action was permitted to any of their faculties. The consequence was, that when the pressure of the priests, the police, and the army, was removed, and a strong impulse was communicated to their minds, the propensities blazed forth with frightful energy—there was a lack of self-control—all was distraction and anarchy; and Napoleon restored order only by *reapplying the external restraints*. The American people live under no *external* restraints, except those established by God and by themselves. Their regulating influences are situated in their own minds; and they live, not in a state of apathy, but in one of high excitement. They contend for gain, for honour, for power, and in all their contests, only the law of God, the power of conscience, the fear of public opinion, and the laws which they themselves have made and may abrogate at pleasure, repress their ebullitions, and give direction to their efforts. Do they exhibit the wreck of social order, and the degradation of virtue? No! The progress of civilisation has been steady and rapid. In proportion as the new territories have been filled up by a numerous population; religion, law, and order, have been evolved in them. I was told by gentlemen in advanced life, that in their younger days Kentucky was the theatre of fierce duels, gouging, murders, and other gross outrages, as the new states of the West at present are; but in our day Kentucky is comparatively industrious, moral, and civilised. The latter fact I saw during my visit to the West in April, 1840. In the older and eastern states the supremacy of the law, the security of property, and the respect for religion, are unquestionably great. In the previous pages, I have described exceptions,

but they are only exceptions; and there is a constant disposition and never-ceasing effort to prevent the recurrence, and remove the causes of them.

When this state of social affairs is regarded as the result of the *free internal* action of the mind of the whole people, I recognise the presence of a *higher general civilisation* in the United States than is to be found in any European country, except probably Switzerland, which has similar institutions. What European monarchy could throw such an extent of power into the hands of the whole people as is done in the United States, and afterwards boast of equal order, law, and justice? The oppressed, the injured, the ignorant, and untrained masses would, in all probability, during the first exercise of their power, rush headlong into anarchy. The prominence which outrages and frauds assume in American society is the consequence of the impulse given to all the faculties by their institutions, and of the comparative feebleness of *external* artificial restraints. As already mentioned, the rogue is developed in all his might and malignity, and his greatness attracts attention; but the good are developed in an equal proportion; and if they do not appear equally conspicuous on the public stage, it is because religion and virtue are in their own nature meek, retiring, and unostentatious qualities. The first step towards self-government is the most difficult; the Americans have made, and partly succeeded in it. Their future progress will be less difficult.

Captain Marryat bears testimony to a fact which is at once the consequence and evidence of this power of self-control in the American people in one department of social life. It is so important that, in my opinion, although he had not recorded one other circumstance in elucidation of American civilisation, he would have done good service to ethical and political science by contributing it alone. "I do not think," says he, "that *Democracy* is marked upon the features of the lower classes in the United States; there is no arrogant bearing in them, as might be supposed from the despotism of the majority; on the contrary, I should say that their lower ranks are much more civil than our own. In his usual demeanour the citizen-born is quiet and obliging. The insolence you meet with is chiefly from the emigrant classes. I have before observed that the Americans are a good-tempered people, and to this good temper I ascribe their civil bearing. But why are they good tempered? *It appears to me to be one of the few virtues springing from Democracy*. When the grades of society are distinct, as they are in the older institutions, when difference of rank is acknowledged and submitted to without murmur, it is evident that if people are obliged to control their tempers in presence of their superiors or equals, they can also yield to them with their inferiors; and it is this yielding to our tempers which enables them to master us. But under institutions where all are equal, where no one admits the superiority of another, even if he really be so; where the man with the spade in his hand will beard the millionaire, and where you are compelled to submit to the caprice and insolence of a domestic, or lose his services, it is evident that every man must, from boyhood, have learned to control his temper, as no ebullition will be submitted to, or unfollowed by its consequences. I consider that it is this habitual control, forced upon the Americans by the nature of their institutions, which occasions them to be so

good tempered, when not in a state of excitement."

The facts and the philosophy here are equally sound, except that *American-born* "domestics" are trained under the same influences with the rest of the community, and, if paid at the common rate of labour and justly treated, they, as a class, are not insolent and capricious. Bad temper arises from unjust manifestations of Self-Esteem and Destructiveness, directed against individuals who have offended our egotism; while good temper is the result of Self-Esteem and Destructiveness kept in abeyance, and Benevolence, Veneration, Conscientiousness, and Love of Approbation, or some of them, actively manifested. If artificial differences of rank afford temptations to indulge in bad temper, they, to that extent, foster unchristian states of mind; while democratic institutions, if they cultivate self-restraint, good-nature, and civility, are unquestionably, in so far, the allies of virtue, and cherish Christian dispositions.

With regard to the second test, I cannot bear the same testimony in favour of the power of the American people to discover and follow forth, through difficulties, the path that leads to general prosperity. They greatly need a higher intellectual illumination to enable them to do so.

But it is said that the institutions of the United States have produced a frightful result in establishing the *tyranny of the majority*. This subject deserves serious consideration.

In all political, legislative, and corporate assemblies, the minority must, from the nature of things, yield to the majority. The mere fact of the majority in such bodies, carrying their own measures into effect, cannot justly be called *tyranny*. From the way in which the tyranny of the majority is generally spoken of, a stranger to the United States might be led to suppose that the majority enact laws in favour of themselves to the prejudice of the minority; but this is not the case. Except when legislating for the coloured race, the majority uniformly include themselves in the laws which they pass; and if they be guilty of injuring the minority, it is only in consequence of an error in judgment, which equally affects themselves. A few cases probably might be discovered, in which the majority in the legislature of a particular state, had a common interest which they pursued at the expense of the minority.

But it may be supposed that the tyranny of the majority consists in elevating their own will into supremacy over the law; in trampling on it, for instance, in their character of mobs; in setting it at naught as jurymen; or in forcing the judges to pervert it, under fear of dismissal from office. That examples of such evils do occur, it is impossible to deny; but they are the results of excitement, which is generally both temporary and local; and there is constantly a reaction in favour of law and order. These are merely ebullitions of unguided feeling, and do not assume the character of concerted or intentional tyranny of the majority over the minority. Indeed, my impression is, that they are generally perpetrated by the *minority*, without the approval of the majority, because, so far as my means of observation extended, I was led to the conviction that a vast majority of the citizens of the United States condemn these outrages, although they lack legal force and moral courage to prevent them. The newly settled, and therefore semi-barbarous, states of the west, and the slave states of the south, should be distinguished from the

eastern and more civilised states, in discussing this question. The former may be compared to Ireland in 1824, when an army of 36,000 men was needed to preserve the peace, and the latter to Scotland now, where 1500 soldiers suffice. It would lead only to error to regard the British Isles as one nation, and to detail Irish outrages as examples of the lawlessness of the Scots; and it is equally fallacious to cite the crimes and horrors of the south and west as examples of the influence of democracy in the United States. In judging of political institutions, we are bound to view them in those circumstances where they have been longest tried, and have had freest scope.

Assuming, then, for the present, the eastern states as the objects of our contemplation, I remark that their mobs proceed, in my opinion, from two causes—the constant excitement in which the people live, *which pervades all their faculties*, and the want of *training and discipline in youth*. Their outrages are the result of impulse, vivid and general, but momentary; and not of deliberate action on any principle. One feature, moreover, distinguishes an American from an European mob. The moral and intellectual faculties are in a higher state of cultivation in the former than in the latter, and for this reason, the people are more susceptible of moral or legal influence, even in their highest state of excitement. A European mob is like a wild beast, cruel but cowardly; the animal propensities rage with violence, and completely carry captive the moral powers. An American mob, on the other hand, if fairly opposed by men of courage in support of the law, has so much more of the higher elements of mind in its composition, that it may be arrested. I am deeply impressed, from what I saw of the American people, with the conviction, that even a moderate exercise of moral and physical courage by the well-disposed members of society, would check their mobs in the bud; and that individuals who should thus discharge their duty to their country would not encounter one half of the danger to their own persons from an American, that they would do in encountering a European mob. There seemed to me to be, in the eastern states, an increasing and deepening sense of the disgrace which these and similar occurrences bring upon the country, and a strong tendency in public opinion to arrest them.

The tyranny of the majority may be supposed to mean merely that in matters of opinion nobody dares to think, or at least to avow what he thinks, in opposition to the majority; and this is really the only tyranny that exists. It is not correctly named, as I shall subsequently show; but, in point of fact, a very great extent of moral cowardice, or of fear to maintain the right, in opposition to public sentiment, even when it is unquestionably wrong, does prevail in the United States. Before attempting to give an explanation of this phenomenon, it may be instructive to state a few examples of its mode of operation. When the cry for war with England, formerly mentioned, broke forth, the popular excitement was so deep and universal, that, with extremely few exceptions, the most enlightened patriots who condemned, did not dare to oppose it, but suffered it first to expend its force in the manner already described, and then only, ventured, cautiously, to offer to the public mind the suggestions of prudence and reason. Again,—in conversing with the friends of education on the imperfection of their schools in the department of *training*,

and suggesting the advantages of inviting Mr. Wilderspin to come to the eastern cities and show them infant training in practice,—they acknowledged the defect, expressed themselves convinced of the benefit of a visit from Wilderspin—and said that there would be no difficulty in raising by subscription, the sum of money requisite to try the experiment; but one and all added that public opinion would not sanction such a step, and that if they ventured on it, they would do more harm than good to the cause of education. Again, when a scheme was hatching in Massachusetts to overthrow the Board of Education, there were not a few influential persons in different parts of the state, who, in private, acknowledged themselves to be the friends of the board, and who justly estimated its value, yet who had not sufficient moral courage publicly to declare their convictions, and to support it. I was informed of this fact by a gentleman deeply interested in education, resident in another state, who traveled through a large portion of Massachusetts at the time in question, and who made it an object to ascertain the state of opinion on the subject. Once more, when agitation for the abolition of slavery commenced in the New England states, public opinion gave up the individuals who favoured it almost to martyrdom.

This tyranny of opinion proceeds still farther; it takes cognisance of private actions. When walking in the streets of a city with a clerical friend, he observed the cloak which I wore a short light *demisaison* garment, which I had brought from Edinburgh, and admired it, as suited to the American spring and early summer. "Why don't you get one?" said I. "Because," said he, "public opinion would not sanction it: I should be pointed at as the 'Dandy Parson!'" Some Americans of large fortune who have been much in England, and who have adopted the hours and the style of English dinners, are condemned by public opinion as guilty of foreign predilections and aiming at aristocracy.

Public opinion in these, and in many similar instances, possesses so much force, that few individuals have courage to oppose it.

In contrast to these instances, I may remark that no man is afraid to avow himself to be a wing or a democrat, even in localities where his opinions may be those of the minority; nor a Calvinist, a Baptist, or a Roman Catholic; because these are powerful sects: In short, wherever the individual is backed by an influential number of persons holding the same opinions with himself, he is safe. It is only where one or a few individuals venture to oppose a decided public sentiment that they are in danger. Hence, in cities where there are few Unitarians, an individual, if not afraid, is not to acknowledge himself to belong to that sect. It is an error, therefore, to speak of the tyranny of the majority over the minority of the nation in matters of opinion; the tyranny is rather that of the public over the individual. To a private citizen the public is merely those who move in his own circle, and who may influence his popularity or his social estimation.

The question next presents itself—What is the nature of the danger which threatens individuals who venture to avow opinions generally disapproved of? In the case of the politician it is exclusion from office: to become unpopular ruins all a man's prospects of rising to distinction in the state; and to every American citizen a career of office, from that of constable to that of president of the United States, is open.

constable is as deeply interested about his popularity, as the senator who sees the presidentship within his grasp. I have read advertisements addressed by constables to the electors, soliciting their votes and explaining their own principles and conduct, as anxiously as if they had been competing for the office of governor.

To gain popularity, the public mind must be addressed on its most accessible side. I have already described the great majority of American voters as young, ardent, impulsive, active, and practical, but deficient in profound and comprehensive views, and also in the capacity of pursuing a distant good through temporary obstacles and difficulties. I have stated, also, that their education, in relation to their powers and duties, is very defective. To gain the favour of a people in this condition of mind, actual fitness for office, with honesty and independence in the discharge of public duty, do not of themselves suffice. The candidate must render himself acceptable to the electors individually; he must address their predominant feelings, enter into their leading aversions and predilections, and attach himself warmly to the party or cause which he knows them to regard with the highest favour. He may vouch for his own fitness for office, and his own certificate will often be received, provided, in other respects, his conduct and principles are approved of. If he egregiously fail in the discharge of his public duties, he will be turned out of office at the end of the term for which he was appointed; but the most conscientious and skilful execution of his duties will not, in general, secure the endurance of his tenure, if he publicly advocate unpopular opinions, although altogether unconnected with his station, or if he belong to a party which has lost public favour and been displaced from power.

The best remedy that can be proposed for the evils now described, appears to me to consist in a higher education and a better training of the electors: if they were thoroughly instructed in youth, concerning the laws which regulate the prosperity of nations; in the qualities of the human mind, and in the indispensable necessity of judgment and integrity in public officers to the right management of their affairs—higher qualities would be required in their public men in order to gain their favour, and useful and faithful public servants would be retained in possession of their offices, out of respect to their fitness alone. The idea that it is possible to educate and train a people to act in this manner is regarded by many persons as altogether visionary and Utopian; but to deny this is to maintain that man is not a rational being. A certain advance in the knowledge of his own faculties and of the external world, and of their adaptations to each other, was necessary before the development of his rational nature could fairly commence, and his knowledge has not yet been generally communicated to the young, nor have they been reared in accordance with it, in the United States. That, in their actual condition, their actions and judgments should partake of the character of impulse and direct perception, is inevitable; but their capacity to advance to a higher state of civilisation is not by this circumstance necessarily excluded.

The danger which besets an individual in his private capacity in consequence of openly advocating unpopular opinions, may be best elucidated by referring to the instances already adduced. If any citizen propose improvements in education or which the public mind is not prepared, those

individuals whose interests or whose pride would suffer, or whose habits of thinking and acting would be invaded by the change, naturally oppose them. The common schools are placed under the management of directors and inspectors chosen by the people, and the reformers must obtain these offices before they can give effect to their benevolent designs. But the people, being ignorant of the nature and utility of the proposed changes, are easily operated upon by the insinuations, misrepresentations and declamations of the hostile parties, who are scattered every where among them, and who by these means experience little difficulty in rendering the reformers unpopular, and thus preventing their election. The gentlemen who told me that the proposal to invite Wilderspin to the United States, would retard, instead of forwarding, the desired improvements in training, were sound in their judgment; because the prejudices of the people against foreigners, and their dislikes to innovation in their school systems, would, while they were ignorant of the nature of the proposed improvement, have ensured the exclusion of its projectors from office, and placed its opponents in power over the schools. The remedy for this evil is gradually to open up the subject to the public mind in lectures and through the press: or to carry the scheme into execution in some private seminary, and then show it to the people in action. After they comprehend its advantages, they will adopt it. And accordingly, the project of improvement by training is not abandoned by those who perceive its value; but they are proceeding prudently to prepare the people to receive and sanction it. So far from this condition of things being an unmitigated evil, it is attended with many benefits. It leads moral reformers to consider their measures thoroughly, and by anticipating opposition, to detect the weak points of their schemes. It also imposes on them the necessity of addressing the reason and moral sentiments of the people, and of thus aiding in cultivating their rational nature; and, in my opinion, the ultimate test of the merits of all institutions, is the degree in which they promote the accomplishment of this end.

The dangers which individuals incur from braving public opinion in their personal habits or pursuits bear a relation to two circumstances—the extent of their own dependence on that opinion—and if they be independent of it, on the degree of their own sensitiveness of disapprobation. In the case of clergymen, physicians, and lawyers, the dependence of the individual on public opinion is direct and striking, and in most mercantile pursuits, also, opinion may, to a considerable extent, influence individual prosperity. Besides, the example of bowing to it, set by the aspirants after public offices, who are generally the boldest, most active, and influential members of the community, generates and cultivates the habit of doing so in those who move in a private sphere; and the habit being once established, sensitiveness increases in proportion to its universal prevalence and duration, until at last, in many instances, it degenerates into a dread of public disapprobation, so powerful that it paralyzes virtue, and deserves no milder epithet than that of moral cowardice.

This extreme sensitiveness is a peculiar characteristic of the Americans. But, as I have already described the minds of the people to be developed by their institutions in all their faculties, each man according to his own nature, and as each may be discerned pursuing his individual

objects with a predominating egotism, there appears to be a contradiction between these two portraits of society. The representations wear the air of paradox; and, in point of fact, nothing struck me so forcibly in the United States as the inconsistency between one aspect of the character of the people and another. Phrenologically, I explain these anomalous appearances by the impulsive activity of *all* the faculties, undirected by any great landmarks either of established custom, sentiment, or reason. The faculties themselves are heterogeneous in their objects and feelings, and if they be manifested freely, one in one set of circumstances, and another in another, without a presiding guide, inconsistency will be evolved by nature herself. Within the limits permitted by public opinion, an American will pursue his pleasure and his interest, as if no other being existed in the world; his egotism may then appear complete; but when he meets an opposing public opinion, he shrinks and is arrested. The state of manners allows a pretty wide latitude of self-indulgence, and foreigners reporting on this phasis of character describe the people as personifications of egotism; but when the limit of public opinion is reached, this egotist may be seen quailing before, although virtue, honour, and religion, should call on him to brave it. Again, he will not pursue his self-indulgence so far as to give personal offence to his neighbour, because this would be resented. In short, he has that vivid regard to opinion, that he restrains himself whenever he incurs the risk of its condemnation; and if he act improperly, it is because opinion tolerates the wrong.

British authors, however, have in general erroneously estimated the comparative influence of public opinion in their own country and in the United States. It appears to me to be pretty nearly as active and influential in Britain as it is in America, certain differences in its modes of operation being taken into consideration. In Britain society is divided into a number of distinct classes, each of which has standards of opinion of its own. There is a public opinion peculiar to each class, and that opinion has acquired definite forms by the influence of ancient institutions. The opinions and modes of feeling of the individuals in each class, grow with their growth and strengthen with their strength, and in the maturity of life these conventional impressions appear to be absolutely natural. The differences between the grades of society produce corresponding differences in opinion and mode of action; and when an observer surveys individuals of each class acting according to their perceptions of propriety, he may imagine twice because they differ, each is manifesting a full moral independence, in following the dictates of his own judgment. But this is an error. In America all men are regarded as equal; there is no distinct separation into classes, with a set of established opinions and feelings peculiar to each. As society is young, and the institutions are recent, there are no great influences in operation to mould opinion into definite forms, even within this one circle, which nominally includes all American citizens. The proper contrast, therefore, is between the power of public opinion in an English grade and in the American single circle; and, if so viewed, the difference will not be found to be so greatly against the Americans as is generally supposed.

The English candidates for public offices do not bow to popular opinions, because the people have no offices to bestow; but if we select the

fashionable circle in London, and consider how many of the individuals who move in it could be induced by the dictates of reason, or even by motives of moral or religious duty, to brave its opinions, and to pursue a line of conduct, however virtuous, that was stigmatised by the whole circle as vulgar or unfashionable, we should find the number very small. The same lack of moral courage which is considered so peculiar to the Americans, would be found almost universally prevalent in it. If we proceed to another grade, the same fear of incurring disapprobation will be found to pervade its members; and so down to the lowest, where public opinion ceases to act. In regard to private conduct the same result presents itself. In Edinburgh, a certain style of entertainment is in use in a certain rank; and, although many condemn the pomp, circumstance, and heavy vanity of the style, not one individual out of fifty will venture to depart from the established usage. In Scotland, instead of the tyranny of the majority, we live under "the fear of the folk;" and the most inattentive observer must have remarked that it is a most potential fear. It sends thousands to church who privately confess that they derive little edification from the exercises; it withholds thousands from countenancing their inferiors in society lest they should be regarded as ungentle; and it impels countless multitudes to give an ostensible adherence to opinions and observances of which they, in their consciences, disapprove. Recently a religious party in Scotland, animated with an extraordinary zeal for the observance of the Sabbath, has denounced as sinful, and suppressed, interments of the dead on that day. This prohibition does not affect the rich, among whom it is not the custom to bury on Sundays; but it is a cruel tyranny over the poor, who, by interring on that day, speedily remove a corpse from their small graves, and find their friends and relatives pressing on wages, and who themselves are saved a day's labour at the time when dis-
 a. of J. B. f. and death are pressing most severely on their P. Besides, a service more solemn and more congenial with a religious frame of mind than a funeral, can scarcely be imagined. Nevertheless, few defenders of the poor man's rights have appeared among the upper ranks of society; and it is my firm conviction that the fear of being charged with countenancing Sabbath breaking and infidelity, has been the chief cause of the silence of thousands who in their consciences do not approve of the prohibition.

The view here presented of the mode in which opinion operates in Britain may be illustrated by an example, in which the opinion, not of a circle only, but of the whole society, was invaded. When the discovery by Dr. Gall of the functions of the brain, and of a system of mental philosophy emanating from it, was first presented to the British public, it contradicted the opinions of physicians, lawyers, divines, men of letters, and philosophers generally, as well as those of the people, respecting the subjects to which it related. How was it received? Did the reviewers, the men of science, the physicians, and the doctors in divinity, investigate it, and brave public opinion by proclaiming its merits? No! It was intuitively felt that the discovery, if true, would convict numerous persons of ignorance in matters of importance, in which they had hitherto been believed by the public to be learned, and that this mortification, above all things, was to be avoided. By a nearly unanimous consent, therefore, the

press and public delivered over Dr. Gall, Dr. Spurzheim, and their few followers, to the most unmeasured ridicule and abuse; while hundreds who saw that the public was wrong, shrunk with terror from even whispering such an impression; and at the present day, when a quarter of a century of investigation and debate has considerably diminished the discredit of avowing a leaning to Phrenology, I could present a pretty considerable list of physicians of reputation, of divines of talent and consideration, and of accomplished private gentlemen, who entertain an unhesitating conviction of its truth and importance, and who nevertheless are afraid publicly to acknowledge this conviction, or to act on it. I have often been counseled to lay aside Phrenology, and employ myself in investigations approved of by public sentiment, and been told that the career of honour would then be opened to me; while I have been warned of the unpopularity and other evil consequences that would attend an opposite course of action. It did not fall to my lot to witness in America any greater prostitutions of conscience and judgment at the shrine of public opinion than I daily witness in my own country; and if in America the necessity for such sacrifices be greater than it is in Britain, the only cause of the difference is, that in Britain we are able to address a larger class of educated and reflecting men, who will bestow a second consideration on matters of social importance, and whose opinions will ultimately sway those of the people. In the American states, individuals of the educated class do not feel conscious of their own power, not so much on account of their being few in number, as because they are little united among themselves, and address a mass of their fellow citizens who wield power without possessing commensurate intelligence, and on whom, therefore, it is difficult to make an impression by means of reason.

The inconsistency of the phenomena presented by the American society, strikes a stranger still more forcibly when he observes, not only the impunity, but the success, with which public opinion is occasionally braved by certain individuals. There are men to whom nature has given a predominant development of Self-Esteem and Firmness, with deficient Love of Approbation, who, so far from courting the approval of society, erect themselves into standards to which they expect the world to conform, and who never hesitate to set public opinion at defiance when it suits their interest or ambition to do so. No individuals prosper more than these in the United States. Quackery and bold pretension in every form meet with extraordinary encouragement and success. There is in that, as in other countries, not only a large share of credulity, the offspring of ignorance, ready to swallow every bait presented by ingenious impudence, but there is a sort of admiration of the courage of that man who can boldly walk in his own path, regardless of the scorn, and taunts, and opposition of society; his very impudence confers on him a species of importance; and if he only avoid gross personal immoralities, he may make his way to fortune or distinction with surprising success. There is another class of men, to whom nature has given predominant organs of Conscientiousness and Firmness, who also occasionally brave public opinion in obedience to the dictates of duty. Of these Dr. Channing is an illustrious example. They do not, however, proclaim disagreeable truths to their countrymen without suffering pain in their feel-

ings, and a temporary abatement of their personal consideration; but the quality of moral courage in this form is so rare, and its value so highly appreciated, that they draw towards themselves a profound sympathy and warm admiration from the virtuous and enlightened, and they actually produce a powerful effect. In short, the Americans are themselves ashamed of their own lack of moral intrepidity, and they highly honour the quality when it is displayed by one of their number in virtue's cause. How are these apparent contradictions to be reconciled?

Before answering this question, we may first consider the origin of the influence of public opinion on the minds of individuals. Man is being obviously destined by nature to live in the social state. The same fundamental faculties are common to all, but they are conferred on different individuals in different degrees of strength. While, therefore, there is an identity of nature, there are striking individual differences in mind, which give rise to diversities of feeling, talents, and dispositions. These differences may be regarded as, to some extent, the repulsive elements of society; but nature has bestowed on us also a very powerful faculty of Love of Approbation, (its organs are among the largest in the brain,) which inspires us with the desire of the approval of our fellow men. This faculty presents us with motives to smooth down our peculiarities, to forego our individual indulgences, and to conform as far as possible to the opinions, manners, and habits of our neighbours, in order to obtain their approbation; in short, it Madacamises the highway of social intercourse, and renders it agreeable and smooth. But this faculty needs the illumination of knowledge and the guidance of moral and religious principle to prevent it from degenerating into an universal complaisance, equally ready to acquiesce in the pretensions of vice as to approve of the excellence of virtue. When the quality is deficient in a people, the intercourse of society is harsh and disagreeable; but, when it is too powerful and ill-regulated, it may expose itself in an universal approval of the opinions of the day, and induce them to shrink from condemning any generally received object or opinion, lest they should give offence, or incur disapprobation. It then undermines truth, by sapping the foundations of moral courage.

When this faculty acts along with the love of wealth or of power its selfish influence is augmented, because the approbation of society conduces directly to the gratification of these desires. In the United States, these objects are eagerly pursued by a large majority of the people, and this is the vast influence of public opinion among them is accounted for. But Love of Approbation, when combined in action with the sentiments of Benevolence, Conscientiousness, Veneration, and enlightened intellect, takes a loftier aim; it then desires distinction on account of intellectual attainments, holiness, charity, and truth, and it desires only the approval of men of virtuous lives and cultivated understandings.

Far, therefore, from regarding the great power of public opinion in the United States as in itself an evil, I view it as a gigantic controlling influence which may become the most efficient ally of virtue. It is delightful to see the human mind, when emancipated from artificial fetters, evolving from its own deep fountains a mighty restraining power, far superior in force and efficacy for the accomplishment of good, to all the devices invented by the self-constituted guides of mankind. At present this power is operating in the United

States essentially as a blind impulse; many of the artificial standards erected in Europe by monarchy, aristocracy, feudalism, established churches, and other ancient institutions for its direction, have been broken down, and no other standards have yet been erected in their place. No manners or maxims have yet received the stamp of general acceptance, to enable opinion to settle on them with security.

That this is the true theory of the phenomena of public opinion, is rendered probable by the fact that its mighty influence is of recent growth. For many years after the Revolution, it was not felt to the same extent as at present—opinion continued to be modified by the monarchical feelings in which the people had been educated, long after they became their own rulers. It is only within these five and twenty years that the people have discovered and chosen to wield their own sovereign authority; and as if for the very purpose of controlling them, public opinion has within the same period developed its stupendous powers. The ground is gradually becoming cleared of the antiquated posts and rails that directed public sentiment into particular paths; and the question occurs, what is destined to supply their place? Christianity will readily occur, as the most desirable guide; but at present, and for some generations, its influence will be limited by the conflicts existing between the different sects. Besides, the pulpit still devotes too little of its attention to secular affairs, and there are yet too few instances of combination among Christians of all denominations to accomplish general practical good, irrespective of their several doctrinal views. May not some aid be obtained from the maxims of moral and political science, founded on a sound interpretation of the nature of man and of the external world, and of their reciprocal relationship? If the mere forms of monarchy, aristocracy, feudalism, and religious establishments, often at variance with reason and the best interests of mankind, have become fetters with which opinion has been bound as in adamant chains, why may not the dictates of God's wisdom, when developed to the understanding and impressed upon the moral sentiments from infancy, produce as powerful and a much more salutary effect? The United States must look to instruction in moral and political science, aided and sanctioned by religion, for the re-election of standards and guides of opinion; and to the accomplishment of this object the new philosophy will constitute a valuable assistant.

One distinct cause of the fear of individuals to oppose public opinion, when wrong, is the want of reliance on the moral tendency of the public mind, and on its inclination to correct its own errors, and to do justice to those who have braved its disapprobation in defence of truth. The vivid excitement under which opinion is formed, is one element in producing this terror; but another unquestionably is the uncertainty which is felt regarding both the principles and motives by which, at any moment, it may be swayed. The public intellect is practical and direct, and it neither investigates principles nor embraces distant or comprehensive views; while the public feeling is composed of a confused jumble of selfish and moral impulses, the course of which, on any particular emergency, often defies calculation. Nevertheless the race is ever onward; there is little looking back, little calm reflection, little retracing of steps once taken, unless some unsurmountable obstacle presents itself, which, from its magnitude and immovability, deflects the

public mind, or makes it recoil upon itself. It appears to me also that the organs of Benevolence and Veneration are larger and more powerful than those of Conscientiousness in the Anglo-Saxon race in general; and that in consequence, both the Americans and British are more distinguished for benevolent and religious feelings than for an acute sense of justice. This defect renders it more arduous for individuals, either in Britain or America, to take their stand on high moral principle in opposition to public opinion, because the faculty which prompts to the rectification of error, and the redressing of injustice, is comparatively feeble in the common mind. But this imperfection may be removed by a more assiduous cultivation of the faculty of Conscientiousness in the young. If the common schools imbued the youthful mind with a clear knowledge of its own faculties, of the laws appointed by the Creator for their guidance, and also of the natural laws which regulate the progress of society, this information might come in place of monarchical and feudal institutions for the guidance of opinion, and might afford fixed starting points, from which the moralist and statesman, the divine and the philanthropist, could advance with safety, in their endeavours to check the people when bent on erroneous courses of action.

In short, if the gigantic regulating and controlling power of public opinion, evolved by the free institutions of America, were enlightened and guided by the principles of Christianity and Science, instead of being left to act impulsively and as it were blindly, it would prove itself not a tyrant, but a protector to virtue, law, order, and justice, far more efficient than any that has hitherto been discovered. It would leave thought and action absolutely free, within the legitimate limits of all the faculties, (which none of the guides of opinion erected by human invention has ever done;) while it would apply an irresistible check at the very point where alone a check would be wanted—that which separates the boundaries of good and evil.

I have made these remarks unhesitatingly, because I believe them to embody some truth: but I admit that it may be long before the American people will appreciate them, and longer still before they will attempt to carry them into effect; but with a nation, as with the God of nations, a thousand years is as one day, and if the views be sound, they will not lose their character or importance by delay.

Whatever estimate may be formed of the adaptation of the new philosophy to the wants of the American people as a guide to opinion, there can be little doubt that some general moral influence, which should command respect and pervade the Union, would be highly useful. The division of the country into states, and these into counties and townships, each of which becomes an absorbing focus of interest to its own inhabitants, retards the diffusion of much valuable knowledge, and to some extent paralyses moral effort. I met with highly intelligent persons in Connecticut, interested in education, who knew nearly nothing of the organisation and action of the board of education in Massachusetts, although this state is divided from Connecticut only by a line. Not only so, but before I left the United States, the Common School Journal of Connecticut had ceased to be published, owing to the want of subscribers. It was a very ably conducted, useful, and cheap periodical, but it did not discuss

politics, nor theological controversy, nor news; it was full only of high moral and practical information relative to the improvement of education; and this object interested so few persons that it could not find subscribers sufficient to support its existence! In Pennsylvania still less is known by the public of what is doing in Massachusetts or the other states in mere moral pursuits; and so with other portions of the Union. Large numbers of religious papers are published in the states, but the circulation of nearly the whole of them is local.

In New York several weekly papers devoted to general literature have recently been instituted, gigantic in point of size, and intended, by their contents and moderate price, to command a circulation throughout the Union; but their success also has been limited. The circulation of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal in Great Britain and Ireland, with a population of 24,000,000, is stated to be about 70,000 weekly, while the highest circulation of any one of these N. York papers, I was assured, does not exceed, on an average, 15,000 weekly, among a population of 18,000,000. There is a great difference also in the matter contained in these publications. Chambers's Journal is reprinted in New York, but has only a small circulation. It is too didactic and too little exciting to possess general interest in America. The New York publications are composed of the plunder of European novels and magazines; of reports of sermons by popular preachers; of stories, horrors, and mysteries; of police reports, in which crime and misery are concocted into melo-dramas, now exciting sympathy, now laughter; with a large sprinkling of news and politics. As they obtain the largest and most general circulation of all the publications in the Union, they may be regarded as representing to some extent the *general* mind; and certainly they are not calculated to convey a high opinion of it. It would be a great advantage to the Union if a paper, composed partly on the principles of Addison's Spectator—taking cognisance of manners and minor morals, and partly on those of Chambers's Journal—combining didactic instruction with a reasonable amount of entertaining reading, could be established and widely circulated; a paper which should serve as the gazette of the philanthropist, of the moral and intellectual of all parts of the Union, which should inform each of what the other is doing in the great cause of human improvement, and diffuse useful intelligence into every town and county of every state.

Such a publication might, in time, serve to create a moral public opinion, and do vast service to the civilisation of the Union. But it should be conducted by a person of much wisdom and discretion, and be cosmopolitan in its principles. The difficulty is great in finding such a person. The success of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal is owing partly to the sagacity, perseverance, and industry of both its editors; but it has also been materially promoted by the genius and peculiar bent of mind of one of its conductors, Mr. Robert Chambers—in whom a combination of mental qualities, rarely met with, occurs. Hence, the work has been marked from its commencement by an unity of design, a variety of matter, popular interest, and scientific solidity, never before exhibited in any similar work—added to which is a presiding morality and sound sense, that recommend it equally to the peer and the peasant. I deem it necessary to make these remarks respecting the special qualities employed in con-

ducting Chambers's Journal, because I do not consider that any association of men of talent, although backed by ample funds, could render such a periodical successful either in Britain or the United States, without at least one conductor peculiarly fitted for the task by his mental endowments, tastes, studies, and attainments; and any attempt to institute such a work which should end in failure and disappointment would retard instead of advancing the accomplishment of its objects. The local newspapers, in general, do not circulate moral intelligence. I frequently read in the Common School Journal of Massachusetts articles of great interest connected with the advancement of public instruction; but, except in a few instances, they were not copied by the press with a view to diffuse them through the state. It was not because the School Journal's circulation superseded the necessity of this, but because the editors of the newspapers were not sufficiently interested in education to perceive the value of the information to their readers.

CHAPTER XXIII.

1839.

New Haven, March 20. *Phrenology*.—The subject of the following case was introduced to me by a medical friend. On 15th September, 1833, Lemuel Camp, now aged 36, temperament bilious-sanguine, keeper of an oyster tavern in this city, was shooting, when the gun burst, and the iron which closes the end of the barrel was driven into his skull, and buried in his brain, in the region of Eventuality. He fell, but soon recovered sensation, and walked home, a mile and a half, assisted by two young men. He was conscious all the time; felt little pain, and sustained little loss of blood. Dr. Knight traveled three miles to reach him, and then extracted the iron. He felt a terrible wrench when it was withdrawn, but no other severe consequences. The broken portions of the skull were extracted, part of the brain came away, the skin closed on the wound, and in five weeks he was able to walk abroad. He gave me this information himself, in presence of a medical friend of his own, and added that his mind has never been affected; but his friend informed me that Camp's wife declares that, since the accident, he has been oblivious of things and occurrences. He will come into the house, lay down his whip, and in a minute forget where he has put it. After being exposed to severe cold, and after drinking, he is liable to be seized with involuntary muscular action, amounting to convulsions. In other respects, his health is good. He took a box out of his pocket and showed the iron and the broken pieces of bone which he carried in it, and he quite seriously assured me, that for the first year after the accident, if any person rattled these in the box, or meddled with them, his wound would ache, although he were a mile distant from the box and bones, and had no previous suspicion of any such interference! After the first year, this acute sensibility ceased! I felt the edges of the wound in the skull, and found them irregular, and the injury seemed to be chiefly on the left side. There is, however, in the box a portion of the frontal bone to which the falx had been attached, and both Dr. Knight and Dr. Hooker afterwards mentioned, that they considered that both sides of the brain had been injured at the point in question. Dr. Knight had no doubt that

the longitudinal sinus was ruptured, and accounted for the small hemorrhage by the wound being low in the forehead. Dr. Hooker said, that the patient's intellectual faculties are not impaired. This was all the light I could obtain on the case. The injury was confined almost entirely to the organs of Eventuality, and I could form no accurate estimate of the state of efficiency of this faculty, from the short interview which I had with the patient, who, besides, was not a reflecting man. I must therefore leave the reader to form his own opinion, whether the mind of the patient was *entire or not*.

Professor Hooker mentioned to me, that my lectures had made few converts to Phrenology in New Haven; in answer to which remark, I repeated the statement made in my introductory lecture, that the truth of Phrenology could be ascertained *only by observation*, and that the object of my lectures was, *not to prove its truth*, but simply to teach *what* was to be observed, and *how* to observe; and, therefore, that the more scientific any audience was, the fewer would be the believers through sheer credulity, an order of converts which I did not desire. Professor Silliman, on the other hand, in seconding the resolutions adopted by the class, mentioned that he had attended four courses of lectures on phrenology, and that he was satisfied that the great principles of the science were well founded; thus showing that, in his case, conviction bore a relation to the extent of observation on the subject.

Reversed Organs.—Many objections to phrenology are founded on the supposed want of symmetry between the two sides of the brain. The differences between the arrangement of the convolutions on the one side and the other are not greater than between the distribution of the veins in the right arm and the left. Nature occasionally makes considerable deviations from the common position of particular organs in the body; and, indeed, in some instances, entirely reverses their usual locality. This is well known to medical men, but for the sake of the non-medical reader, I present Dr. Hooker's description of a preparation of a human subject which I examined in his anatomical museum.

"In the winter of 1838-9, a subject brought into the anatomical rooms of the Medical Institution of Yale College, was found to have a perfect lateral transposition of the viscera of the body. The heart was on the right side; the right lung had two, the left three lobes, the descending aorta lay on the right side of the spine, the vena cava on the left; the liver with the gall-bladder on the left, the spleen on the right side. The bloodvessels, nerves, and other parts, were examined with the utmost minuteness, and not the least exception was found to a perfect transposition of all the parts, every thing appearing perfectly normal except in position. The subject was a man apparently fifty-five years old, and had undoubtedly been a hard-labouring man, as was indicated by the thickened cuticle of the hands, the large muscles, and other circumstances. He appeared to have died from acute disease of the lungs."

Professor Hooker showed me a skull bearing an inscription—Richard J. Wethby, died Dec. 10, 1829, aged thirty-one, on which I remarked that the organs of Constructiveness must have been very large, because they had depressed the edges of the super-orbital plate on which they had rested, towards the ethmoidal fossæ, and also raised a considerable elevation externally at

the usual place on each side; while the organs of Language must have been very small, because the super-orbital plate was convex, instead of being concave, which is usually the case, where they had rested on it. Dr. Hooker mentioned that the man whose skull this was had been a stone-cutter; he had died of consumption, and, during his illness, had given himself to be made into a skeleton after death. He was a very expert artificer in stone, and so deficient in language that in conversation he was not only slow, but used extraordinary words, through deficiency in commanding the usual vocabulary.

March 23. Ther. 37°. *Presentation of a Silver Vase*.—This evening a beautiful and richly ornamented silver vase was presented to me in Howard's Hotel by the ladies and gentlemen who had attended my two courses of lectures in New York. It was delivered by Mr. E. P. Hurlbut, the author of the work on "Civil Office and Political Ethics," formerly alluded to, in their names, in presence of an assemblage of the subscribers, and prefaced by a speech, of the merits of which it is not suitable for me to speak.

March 25. Ther. 27°. *Visit to Ohio and Kentucky*.—This day we left New York, accompanied by a much valued American friend, on a visit to Cincinnati and Kentucky, not with the view of lecturing, but to see something of the interior of the country before returning to Europe. We went to Philadelphia, and thence to Baltimore, by the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railway.

April 2. Ther. 32°. We proceeded to Frederick, (Maryland,) a distance of sixty miles, by a railway which runs for a great part of the way along the bank of a small river, the Patuxent, flowing in a beautifully wooded narrow valley. At Frederick we hired an exclusive extra to carry us by the National Road to Wheeling on the Ohio river, and traveled the distance, 221 miles, in four days, having stopped each night to sleep. We descended the Ohio in a steamboat, and arrived at Cincinnati at 6 A. M. on the 8th of April. The thermometer then stood at 40°. The town disappointed me, not in consequence of its own defects, but of the exaggerated descriptions of it which I had read. It is a handsome city of 50,000 inhabitants, and a marvellous example of the rapid increase of the country in wealth and population. In 1795, Cincinnati contained 500; in 1800, 750; in 1810, 2500; in 1820, 10,000; in 1830, 25,000; and now, in 1840, it is estimated to contain 50,000 souls. Mrs. Trollope's bazaar is converted into a lecture room, and is an object of curiosity to strangers.

April 13. Ther. 32°. *Visit to General Harrison*.—General Harrison, the whig candidate for the Presidency of the United States at the election in November, 1840, lives at North Bend, on the Ohio, 16 miles below Cincinnati; and one of his friends having offered to introduce us to him, we sailed down the river, and waited on him. As he has since been elected president, a few particulars of his history may be interesting to the reader. General Harrison was born in Virginia, on the 9th February, 1773. He was educated at Hampden Sydney College, and then repaired to Philadelphia to pursue the study of medicine under Dr. Benjamin Rush. In 1791, he abandoned the profession of medicine, and obtained from General Washington a commission as ensign in the first regiment of the United States Artillery. He served in the war with the Indians, in the Northwest Territory; and as a soldier, speaking of his appearance at this

time, remarked, "I would as soon have thought of putting my wife in the service as this boy; but I have been out with him, and I find those smooth cheeks are on a wise head, and that slight frame is almost as tough as my own weather-beaten carcass." Peace was concluded with the Indians in 1795, and Captain Harrison was appointed to the command of Fort Washington (now Cincinnati,) where he married the daughter of John Cleves Symmes, the founder of the Miami settlements. He subsequently retired to his farm near Cincinnati, and soon acquired that taste for agriculture which, through a long life, has prompted him, when not engaged in public service, to return to the plough, and where we found him at our visit.

General Harrison's residence at North Bend consists of a centre house of two stories, now covered with clap-boards, but which the general told us is really built of logs, and two clap-boarded wings of one story each. It stands about a quarter of a mile from the Ohio, in a grass park, having a few cherry trees in the distance, and several laburnums close to the door. The park may contain forty to fifty acres, enclosed with a rail fence. A foot-path, worn in the grass, but not formed by art, leads from the gate to the door of the house. The floor of the house is about fifteen or eighteen inches above the grass, and three stones of increasing thickness, undressed, not built on each other, but each lying on the ground, at successive distances, serve as steps to surmount this height. The centre house has much the appearance of a log-cabin. The principal room in it is coarsely finished, and the wooden fire blazes on the hearth. One of the wings, however, is finished like a modern house, and comfortably furnished as a drawing-room. Between the park and the river a canal is forming, to connect Cincinnati with the interior of the state.

General Harrison was suffering from a violent headache when we arrived, but Mrs. Harrison gave us a kind welcome, and the general at length appeared. He is now sixty-seven, rather above the middle stature, slender, and he stoops considerably. His temperament is nervous and bilious; his head is long, of full average height, but not remarkably broad. The anterior lobe is above an average both in length from front to back and height; and both the observing and reflecting organs are well developed. The head is obviously flat in the region of Acquisitiveness. The moral region seemed to present an average development. His eye is vivacious, and his countenance is highly expressive of thought; indeed his whole appearance is much more that of a literary or scientific man, than that of a military commander. His habitation presented unequivocal indications of humble fortune: indeed I may say (and I say it without the least feeling of disrespect) of poverty; yet his manner and appearance were those of a man of the world, who was familiar with the best society, and who, in the retirement of his farm at North Bend, retained the polish and appearance of a gentleman.

Immediately after dinner we retired and walked with him over part of his farm. It is his own property, and we were told extends to about 1500 acres, part of his wife's dowry. From the rising ground behind his house the view is highly beautiful, embracing two bends of the Ohio and its picturesque banks. At first it was intended to plant on this spot the great city of the west; but it is said that the commanding officer of the district entertained an affection for the wife of a sergeant who was then stationed at Cincinnati,

and that this induced him to remove his troops there, from which circumstance that town sprung into being. Behind the general's house is a large garden, in which we saw a white-headed eagle, with only one leg. It was presented to him by a convention of his political friends; and the gentleman who delivered it, in name of the rest, observed, in his speech, that as an eagle was seen hovering over Fort Meigs when the general fought the battle in its defence, this may possibly be the identical bird! The general remarked to us that eagles were then so numerous in that country that they might be seen hovering over many places. The captors of the eagle had dislocated its leg, and Dr. Thornton, the general's son-in-law, believing it to be broken, had amputated it. The friend who introduced us to the general said, "General Harrison has promised to keep the eagle till the 4th of March next, when we hope he will go to the White House," (the familiar name of the president's official residence in the city of Washington.) "Ah!" said the general promptly, and in the most natural tone, "there is one other condition about that. If Mr. Van Buren abandons his mischievous policy, he may stay in the White House, and I shall remain in mine." He mentioned that in agreeing to be put in nomination for the presidency, he had distinctly announced his resolution to retire at the end of the first term of four years.

In the evening we left North Bend, and had a delightful drive along the right bank of the Ohio to Cincinnati. I was impressed by this visit with strong feelings of respect for General Harrison. After a long life spent in the service of his country, he lives, poor indeed, but he seemed cheerful and happy. He does not conceal his poverty, nor does he make the least parade of it. He alludes to it simply as a fact, and he betrayed not one emotion of envy or jealousy of any human being, and still less did he indicate any feeling of disappointed ambition.

The excitement of the public mind during a contest for the presidency is great and universal; the tongue ceases to utter, and the ear to hear, any words except those relating to the election; the press groans under the weight of the subject, and all the functions of life seem to be exclusively devoted to it. It is the parent of much drinking and debauchery, of fraud, lying, bribing, cajoling, and intimidating. But it also evolves good. The measures of government are severely scrutinised by reason as well as decided on by passion; the whole Union is moved by one interest, and the impression that they all belong to one nation is vividly excited. Local interests are for the moment forgotten, and one pulse appears to beat from Maine to Mississippi. My fear is, that without the recurrence of these elections, the people of the different states would rapidly come to regard each other as strangers and rivals, and insensibly slacken the bonds which bind them together as one great nation. The elections of members of congress have not this effect; for although that assembly is national, each of its members represents only a section of the country. The president alone derives his power from the people of the whole Union.

April 15. Ther. 55°. Kentucky.—We sailed down the Ohio to Louisville in Kentucky, distance 135 miles, and found it a large thriving town, and apparently destined to become a formidable rival to Cincinnati. My chief object was to pay a visit to Dr. Charles Caldwell, with whom I had corresponded for upwards of twenty years, but whom I had never met. He is one of

the most powerful and eloquent medical writers in the United States, and has scarcely a rival west of the Alleghany mountains. He has been the early, persevering, intrepid, and successful advocate of Phrenology; and in his character of medical professor, first at Lexington and latterly in Louisville, has exerted a great influence in its favour. To our regret, he was still suffering from the effects of a recent severe indisposition, and was able to see us only for a few minutes, a circumstance which on every account, we deeply lamented. He recovered; and before we sailed for Europe I had the pleasure of receiving a passing visit from him in Staten Island. He is now advanced in life, but so full of fire and vigour, that I look forward to his still labouring in the cause of science for many years.

We traveled by an excellent road to Frankfort, the capital of Kentucky, thence by a railroad to Lexington, near which Mr. Clay resides, but who was then engaged in the senate at Washington, and afterwards to Maysville, where we again met the Ohio. Nothing can exceed the fertility and beauty of Kentucky; yet slavery prevents it from fully flourishing. In passing through a portion of Virginia, and also in Kentucky, I narrowly observed the extent of labour performed by slaves, whether as waiters, house-servants, labourers, or tradesmen, and in all these capacities it was greatly inferior both in quantity and quality to that performed, not only by white men, but by free negroes. In the inns, the slaves run about with a wonderful display of muscular activity, but there is a sad lack of mind in it; they are active in body to avoid vituperation, but their minds are dormant, because they have no interest in their work. The condition of many of the inns, the servants of which are slaves, is very bad. They are sadly dirty and sorely dilapidated; and even in Louisville and Lexington, where they are managed in the best manner possible with such assistants, they are far inferior to the hotels of the same class in the free states, in many of which, too, free Africans are the chief servants. By comparing the amount of exertion, and the progress in work made by the white labourers and tradesmen in Ohio, with those of the slave labourers and tradesmen in Kentucky, I became convinced that a vigorous German or British emigrant, working by the piece, performs more work than two slaves, and does it better; and that two white labourers, taking them on an average, accomplish more than three slaves. Kentucky, with this inferior quality of labour, competes with Ohio and Indiana and their free labour, separated only by the river; and certainly it is not advancing in prosperity nearly so fast as they do, and this in fact is a relative decline. There is a prevailing expectation, therefore, that her own interests will prompt Kentucky to abolish slavery within a few years, independently of any general movement on the subject by the other slave states.

Great religious revivals were in progress at Frankfort when we visited it. The governor of the state had been converted, and prayed publicly every morning at sunrise in one of the churches. The Supreme Court also was in session, and at table we met the judges and many lawyers. The following dialogue took place at the public breakfast table, and was obviously not of a confidential nature, but on the contrary intended, at least by one of the parties, for general edification. The Rev. Mr. ——— said, that the governor had, that morning, given them a most impressive prayer in the church, and, turning to

the chief justice, he continued, "When shall we see the chief justice in the church giving us a prayer!" Chief Justice—"Why you see I have so many duties to discharge, that I have no time for it." Minister—"But, chief justice, these are all little matters of this world's concernment, and this is the one thing needful!" Chief Justice—"True, and I have been intending, the first leisure three months I can command, to give the whole subject a thorough consideration." Minister—"But, chief justice, you *believe*, and no time is necessary for consideration. If you begin at once and pray, the kingdom of heaven will be opened unto you." Chief Justice—"Well, that is very true, but I don't like to set about a thing without a complete investigation. I want to consider the whole question, and to satisfy myself properly. You see that my time is entirely occupied with these causes; it is my first duty to attend to them, and I have not an hour to bestow on any other subject. I must go to court immediately." This dialogue is characteristic of the professions of the speakers, and it shows, also, that, although there is no Established Church in Kentucky, there is no lack of zeal and earnestness in religion.

In Kentucky, slavery exists in its mildest form, and agriculture is the chief employment of the slaves. A farmer buys his ploughman as he does his horses and cattle, and his price is from \$700 to \$800. Nevertheless, Thomas Jefferson's picture of the effects of slavery is realised even here. In his "Notes on the state of Virginia," he says, "There must doubtless be an unhappy influence on the manners of our people produced by the existence of slavery among us. The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions, the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and degrading submission on the other. Our children see this, and learn to imitate it; for man is an imitative animal. This quality is the germ of all education in him. From his cradle to his grave he is learning to do what he sees others do. If a parent could find no motive either in his philanthropy or his self-love, for restraining his intemperance of passion towards his slaves, it should always be a sufficient one, that his child is present. But, generally, it is not sufficient. The parent storms; the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in the circle of smaller slaves, gives a loose to the worst of passions, and thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities. The man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and morals undepraved by such circumstances." * * * "And can the liberties of a nation be thought secure when we have removed their only firm basis, a conviction in the minds of the people, that these liberties are the gift of God? That they are not to be violated but with his wrath? Indeed, I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just; that his justice cannot sleep for ever; that considering numbers, nature, and natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of fortune, an exchange of situation, is among possible events; that it may become probable by supernatural interference! The Almighty has no attribute that can take side with us in such a contest."

It is impossible to add to the force of eloquence of this exposition of the inherent evils of slavery. I had the pleasure of meeting a gentleman, a native of Virginia, who mentioned, that he had emancipated his slaves and removed to a free

state, because, among other effects, he saw that slavery was corrupting the minds of his children. He added, however, that his slaves had not profited by their freedom; the incapacity for self-action and self-control which slavery engenders, renders emancipated Africans, in general, unfit to struggle successfully with the difficulties which surround them. These difficulties arise from the existence of slavery and slave laws, and of habits of feeling connected with them, in the society into which they are thrown. By them the negroes are degraded and oppressed after they are free, and often become immoral and miserable. Universal emancipation, which should raise all the Africans at once to the condition of free men, and impose on the whites the twofold duty of treating them with kindness and directing their industrial efforts, will probably prove the only safe and beneficial means of terminating slavery.

Return to New York.—We descended the Ohio from Maysville to Cincinnati, and there engaged a comfortable state-room in a steamboat going up the river to Pittsburgh, where we arrived on the 26th of April. There were only two modes of reaching Philadelphia, one by the Pennsylvania Canal and Portage Railroad across the Alleghany mountains; the other by the public road. We were assured by every one, that the road was in the worst possible condition, and the inns indifferent, and that the canal was preferable. We accordingly embarked on board of the "James Madison" at 9 P. M., and the scene may be thus described. The boat is fitted up exclusively for carrying passengers. The gentlemen's cabin was about 42 feet long, 15 broad, and 7 high; and the ladies' cabin 12 feet long, 13 broad, and 7 high. Behind the ladies' cabin was a dressing-room for them, 6 feet by 7 or so. Before the gentlemen's cabin was the bar-room and the kitchen. There were windows all along on both sides of the boat. There was one small sky-light in the roof of the gentlemen's cabin. Into this space were stowed 35 men, 19 women, and 10 children, 7 of whom were at the breast. The rate of traveling by the boats was four miles an hour. The distance from Pittsburgh to Harrisburgh, is 286 miles, of which we traveled by the canal 249, and by the Portage Railroad 37 miles, occupying four nights and three days. The beds were ranged continuously along each side of the boat, in three tiers, all within the space of 7 feet in height, and they ran directly across the windows; every one of which was anxiously closed, to prevent the ingress of cold and damp air. The passengers, whose beds reached to the door, insisted on closing it also to keep out the cold; so that there was only the small skylight in the gentlemen's cabin for ventilating thirty-five pair of lungs; and it, too, was packed round on every side by luggage, and covered on the top on account of rain. During the day the beds, consisting of mattresses, sheets, pillows, and cotton quilts, were piled one above another, as close as they could be packed, in a corner of the boat, and inclosed within folding doors and a curtain, so as to be out of sight, and to occupy as little space as possible. They were stowed away the moment the passengers left them in the morning, and continued so until bedtime. The smell of animal effluvia, when they were unpacked, was truly horrid. The mattresses and quilts, from their construction, could not be washed, and they were saturated with the perspiration of every individual who had used them since the commencement of the season, or probably from the time when they were first taken on

board. There was no provision for holding the clothes of the passengers during the night, except laying them on stools which were speedily upset, or on the floor, which all day had been spit upon by innumerable chewers of tobacco. The sense of suffocation in bed was distressing, and on rising the feeling of discomfort and fatigue proved that nature had not been refreshed. During the day we breathed fresh air on deck, and opened the windows. The cooking was astonishingly well accomplished, considering the small accommodation; and the meals were unexceptionable; but I should willingly have lived on bread and water for a clean bed and fresh air at night. The second night revealed a new horror. The beds had been packed up promiscuously, and they were tossed out in the same manner; so that each night every man got a different sheet, mattress, and quilt, as they chanced to come to hand, which had been used by his neighbours the night before, who in their turn received his!

At Hollidaysburgh eight or ten clergymen, of various denominations, with the wives and children of some of them, joined the boat, and we had now upwards of seventy passengers on board. The captain said that we should soon be "damping" him on account of our discomfort; but he was guileless, and nobody, within my hearing, said an uncivil word to him. He was attentive, and did all that he could to contribute to the welfare of the passengers; but little was in his power. At night one of these clergymen put the question to the vote of the passengers, whether they would have religious exercises. The majority voted in favour of his proposal, and we had prayers and psalms. The majority knelt on the floor, which had been defiled all day by tobacco saliva; and after shutting up all the avenues to fresh air, and preparing to sleep in unwholesome bedding; in short, after setting aside all the laws of health, and assembling around them the natural causes of croup and fever for the children, and of pulmonary affections for themselves—they prayed fervently to God for spiritual blessings, and also for refreshing slumbers and sound health, and to be raised up next morning invigorated and cheered for the labours and duties of the day! They were not rough, wild, excited fanatics; on the contrary, with one exception, they were gentle, kind, cultivated, Christian men. Their exercises were not only clothed in the words, but breathed the very spirit of benevolence and veneration, and their language, always appropriate, was in some instances even elegant and touching. But they were sadly deficient in the knowledge of God's physical creation. Their prayers for health, in these circumstances, appeared to me little short of a mockery of Heaven; they did not ~~mean~~ them as such, and of course were not guilty of irreverence; but God must have suspended his natural laws before he could have given effect to their petitions; and when the question is put, whether rational beings should expect that God should work miracles in order to save them from the consequences of their own ignorance and neglect of his laws—or whether they should ventilate their boat, and preserve decent cleanliness in their night apparel, as a preliminary condition to receiving the blessing of health—there can scarcely be two opinions on the subject. It was their duty to observe the laws of health, before praying for the blessing appointed by the Creator to flow from that obedience. In point of fact their prayers, on this subject, appeared to me not to have been answered: for in the morning

the English character, accompanied by a closer attention to the workings of other men's minds, and other exterior signs. This, for similar reasons, had long distinguished the Italians; but is chiefly displayed, perhaps, in their political writings. We find it, in a larger and more philosophical sense, near the end of Elizabeth's reign, when our literature made its first strong shoot, prompting the short, condensed reflections of Burleigh and Raleigh, or *saturating with moral observation the mighty soul of Shakespeare*.—From Hallam's *Literature of Europe*.

AMERICAN SCENERY.

Mr. Cole, the accomplished artist, than whom few persons are better qualified to speak on the subject, has delivered a lecture in Catskill, on American Scenery. The Catskill Recorder which promises the publication of the whole lecture, furnishes us with the following extracts. The first relates to the river scenery:—

"The river scenery of the United States is a rich and boundless theme. The Hudson, for natural magnificence, is unsurpassed.—What can be more beautiful than the lake-like expanses of Tappan and Haverstraw, as seen from the rich orchards of the surrounding hills! What can be more imposing than the precipitous Highlands, whose dark foundations have been rent to make a passage for the mighty River? And ascending still, where can be found scenes more enchanting? The lofty Catskill standing afar off; the green hills, gently rising from the flood, recede like steps, by which we may ascend to a great temple, whose pillars are those everlasting hills, and whose dome is the blue and boundless vault of heaven. The Rhine has its castled crags, its vine-clad hills and ancient villages, the Hudson has its wooded mountains, its rugged precipices, its green undulating shores, and an unbounded capacity for improvement by art. Its shores are not besprinkled by venerable ruins, or the palaces of princes; but there are flourishing towns and villas, and the hand of taste has already been at work. Without any great stretch of imagination, we may anticipate the time, when the ample waters will reflect temple and town and dome in every variety of picturesqueness and magnificence."

The subject of the second is the sky.

"The sky will next demand our attention—the soul of all scenery. In it are the fountains of light, and shade, and colour. Whatever expression the sky takes, the features of the landscape are affected in unison, whether it be the serenity of the summer's blue, or the dark tumult of the storm. It is the sky that makes the earth so lovely at sunrise, and so splendid at sunset. In the one, it breathes over the earth the crystal-like ether; in the other, the liquid gold. The climate of a great part of the United States is subject to great vicissitudes, and we complain, but nature offers a compensation. These very vicissitudes are the abundant source of beauty. As we have temperature of every clime, so have we the skies: we have the blue, unsearchable depths of the northern sky; we have the unheaped thunder clouds of the torrid zone, we have the silver haze of England, and the golden atmosphere of Italy. And if he who has traveled and observed the skies of other climes will spend a few months on the banks of the Hudson, he must be constrained to acknowledge, that for variety and magnificence, American skies are unsurpassed. Italian skies have been lauded by every tongue, and sung by every poet, and who will deny their wonderful beauty? At sunset, the serene arch is filled with alchemy that transmutes mountains and streams and temples into living gold. But the American summer never passes without many sunsets that vie with the Italian, and many still more gorgeous that seem peculiar to this clime. Look at the heavens when the thunder shower has passed, and the sun stoops below the western mountains; then the low purple clouds hang in festoons around the steep; in the higher heavens are crimson bands, interwoven with feathers of gold, fit for the wings of angels, and still above is spread that interminable field of ether whose colour is too beautiful to have a name."

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Go, proud infidel, search the ponderous tomes of heathen learning—explore the works of Confucius—examine the precepts of Seneca, and the writings of Socrates. Collect all the excellencies of the ancient and modern moralists, and point to a sentence equal to the simple prayer of the Saviour. Reviled and insulted, suffering the grossest indignities, crowned with thorns, and led away to die, no annihilating curse breaks from his breast. Sweet, placid as the aspiring of a mother for her nursing, ascends a prayer of mercy for his enemies,—“Father, forgive them.” O, it was worthy of its origin, and stamped with the bright seal of truth that his mission was from heaven!

Acquaintances, have you ever quarreled? Friends, have you differed? If he who is pure and perfect forgave his bitterest enemies, do you well to cherish your anger? Brothers, to you the precept is imperative—you shall forgive, not seven times, but seventy times seven!

Husbands and wives, you have no right to expect perfection in each other. To err is the lot of humanity. Illness will sometimes make you petulant, and disappointment ruffles the smoothest temper. Guard, I beseech you, with unremitted vigilance, your passions: controlled, they are the genial heat that warms us along the way of life—ungoverned, they are consuming fires. Let your strife be one of respectful attentions, and conciliatory conduct. Cultivate, with care, the kind and gentle affections of the heart. Plant not, but eradicate, the thorn that grows in your partner's path. Above all, let no feeling of revenge find harbour within your breast—let the sun never go down on your anger. A kind word—an obliging action—if it be a trifling concern, has a power superior to the harp of David, in calming the billows of the soul.

Revenge is as incompatible with happiness as hostile to religion. Let him whose heart is black with malice, and studious of revenge, walk through the fields when clothed with verdure and adorned with flowers—to his eyes there is no beauty—the flowers to him exhale no fragrance. Dark as his soul, nature is robed in deepest sable. The smile of beauty lights not upon his bosom with joy; but the furies of hell rage in his breast, and render him as miserable as he would wish the object of his hate.

But let him lay his hand on his breast and say, “Revenge, I cast thee from me: Father, forgive me, as I forgive my enemies,”—and nature assumes a new and delightful garniture. Then, indeed, are meads verdant and flowers fragrant—then is the music of the groves delightful to the ear, and the smiles of virtuous beauty lovely to his soul.—*Charles Miner, Esq.*

DUELS BETWEEN FRENCH WOMEN.

That women, who can mostly get silly people to fight for them, should not fight themselves, is natural; but there are instances on record in which ladies have shown their determination to avenge their own wrongs. Madame de Villecheu mentions a duel fought with swords by the Henriette Sylvie, of Moliere, with another woman, both in male attire. In the letters of Madame Dunoyer, a case is mentioned of a lady of Beaucaire and a young lady of rank, who fought with swords in their garden, and would have killed each other had they not been separated; this meeting had been preceded by a regular challenge. De la Colombiere mentions a duel that took place on the Boulevard St. Antoine between two ladies of doubtful virtue, in which they inflicted on each other's face and bosom several wounds, two points at which female jealousy would naturally aim. St. Foix relates the case of Mademoiselle Durieux, who in the open street fought her lover, of the name of Antinotti. But the most celebrated female duelist was the actress Maupin, one of the performers at the opera. Serane, the famous fencing master, was one of her lovers, and from him she received many valuable lessons. Being insulted one day by an actor of the name of Dumény, she called him out; but as he

refused to give her satisfaction, she carried away his watch and his snuff-box as trophies of her victory. Another performer having presumed to offend her, on his declining a meeting, was obliged to kneel down before her and implore her forgiveness. One evening at a ball, having behaved in a rude manner to a lady, she was requested to leave the room, which she did on the condition that those gentlemen who had warmly espoused the offended lady's cause should accompany her. To this proposal they agreed; when after a hard combat she killed them all, and quietly returned to the ball-room. Louis XIV. granted her a pardon, and she withdrew to Brussels, where she became the mistress of the Elector of Bavaria. However, she soon afterwards returned to the Parisian opera, and died in 1707, at the age of 37.

Under the regency a pistol meeting took place between the Marquise de Nesle and the Countess Polognac for the possession of the Duc de Richelieu; and in more modern times, so late, indeed, as 1827, a Madame B——, at St. Rambert, received a challenge to fight with pistols; and at about the same period, a lady of Chateauroux, whose husband had received a slap in the face without resenting the insult, called out the offender, and fighting him with swords, severely wounded him.

In 1828, a duel took place between a young girl and a *garde du corps*. She had been betrayed by the ungallant soldier, and insisted upon satisfaction, selecting her own weapons by the right of an offended party. Two shots were exchanged, but without any result, as the seconds very wisely had not loaded with ball. The young lady, however, ignorant of this precaution, fired first, and received the fire of her adversary with the utmost coolness, when, to try her courage, after taking a long and deliberate aim, he fired in the air, and thus terminated the meeting, which no doubt led to many others of a less hostile nature.

In the same month, as a striking instance of the contagion of this practice, a duel was fought near Strasbourg between a French woman and a German lady, both of whom were in love with a printer. The parties met on the ground armed with pistols, with seconds of their own sex. The German damsel wanted to fire across a pocket-handkerchief, but the French lady and her seconds insisted upon a distance of twenty-five paces. They both fired without effect, when the exasperated German insisted that they should carry on the contest until one of the parties fell. This determination, however, was controlled by the seconds, who put a stop to further proceedings, but were unable to bring about a reconciliation.

LIQUORS OF THE ANCIENTS.

Admitting that the invention of barley-wine originated in Egypt, not because they had no wines, but because a stimulating liquor, cheaper than grape-wine, was required for the use of the common people, we can trace the cause of its extending throughout Europe. Don Cassius says that “the Pannonians, who inhabit the banks of the Danube, had neither oil nor wine, except a very little, and that little bad; they eat barley and millet, and from these two kinds of grain made a drink.” We learn from Ammianus, that a similar liquor, called *sabia*, was prepared from barley or wheat in Illyricum. Tacitus declares that the ancient Germans were much addicted to drunkenness, and that among them “it was no disgrace to continue drinking night and day”—“they prepared a beverage from barley or wheat, which they made into a liquor resembling wine.” It is only in this indirect way that we can learn any thing concerning the corn-wines of antiquity, because we know nothing of the mode of preparation. Were we acquainted with the process, the case would be otherwise: and the chief fact of which we are ignorant is, whether or not any ferment was made use of. Without yeast, the slight fermentation which takes place spontaneously in corn liquors, would afford a poor, rapid, acidulous drink, with very little exhilarating power; and to the taste of us moderns it

would prove not a little disgusting. Yeast was certainly known to the ancients. Pliny says, "the frothy head of all these liquors is used by ladies for beautifying the skin of their faces;" but he does not say that it was used in brewing.

At Roman feasts, the wine was contained in earthenware vases or glass bottles, with a label indicating its age and quality; for they set the greatest value on the oldest wines. Sometimes the wine was perfumed, and often it was cooled with snow. It was almost always mixed with water, being seldom drunk by itself: the guests did not mix it, but for this purpose boys of great beauty were in attendance, who measured it into cups as required. The mixing of water with wine, at all feasts, was enforced among the Greeks. As the Scythians and Thracians mixed no water, and were much addicted to drunkenness, if a Lacedæmonian did the same, he was stigmatised as a Scythian toper. The wine at Roman entertainments was served at the second course, along with the fruits. The Romans drank healths, either to each other or to an absent friend; and the quantity drank was in an exact proportion to the number of letters in the person's name—not to the degree of friendship. But the most extraordinary of their convivial customs was the following:—A skeleton was sometimes introduced at feasts, or the representation of one, in imitation of the Egyptians, upon which the master of the feast, looking at it, used to say, "Drink and be merry, for thus thou shalt be after death." Strange, indeed, must be the temper of mind that could be excited to mirth by such spectacles. Some years since, in an old well in London, were found some bottles of wine, which, from various circumstances, especially the glass being in a state of decomposition, and the shape of the bottles, were considered to be of great antiquity. On account of the quantity of burnt wood which surrounded them, it was thought that they had lain there since the great fire in London, in 1666. One of these bottles contained excellent Malaga, the other contained what appeared to have been Port; but the spirit had changed into vinegar, and the vegetable matter was in a state of putrefaction.

During the excavation of the ancient city of Herculaneum, which was buried by an eruption of Vesuvius more than 1700 years ago, an earthen vase containing wine was found in a cellar; it was solid, and resembled a mass of porous, dark, violet-coloured glass. It is probable that this mass had been an evaporated wine. Boyle froze French and Rhenish wines into ice. He relates as follows:—"A physician of my acquaintance having purchased some Malaga sack at Moscow, which was drawn from a frozen hogshead of the same liquor, it proved much better and stronger than was expected, but the remaining part of the ice being thawed, was little more than phlegm. The doctor also observed the like to happen in some other liquors: he did not, however, find the spirituous part always retire to the centre of the vessel, but that it lay sometimes interspersed among the ice." Mr. Boyle also instances that certain wines brought to Moscow are so frozen on their arrival, that the casks were staved, and the wine cleaved with hatchets. He further adduces the case of a barrel of strong beer, left by some sailors on shore in Greenland. On their return next year, it was found hard frozen; "but running a heated spit into the middle of the ice, there issued out a turbid liquor that was exceedingly strong and spirituous, whilst the frozen part was almost insipid."

We have next to trace the progress of the different vinous liquors which have been made use of in the British isles in ancient times. Previously to the conquest of Britain by the Romans, (B. C. 55,) agriculture was almost unknown in the island. The Romans, well versed in this important branch of knowledge, taught the British the arts of peace as well as of war; and, during the time that they maintained possession of the island, so far advanced were the inhabitants in civilisation, that they exported corn and cattle in abundance, as well as metals, and pearls of great beauty. Before the introduction of agriculture into Britain, (says Dr. Henry,) mead, that is, honey diluted with water, and fermented, was probably the only strong liquor known to its in-

habitants, as it was to many other nations in the same circumstances. This continued to be a favourite beverage amongst the ancient Britons, and their posterity, long after they had become acquainted with other liquors. The mead-maker was the eleventh person in dignity in the courts of the ancient princes of Wales, and took place of the physician. The following ancient law of that principality shows how much this liquor was esteemed by the princes:—"There are three things in the court which must be communicated to the king before they are made known to any other person; first, every sentence of the judge; second, every new song; and, third, every cask of mead." This was, perhaps, the liquor which is called by Ossian the joy and strength of the shells, with which his heroes were so much delighted.—*History of Intoxicating Liquors.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S LOVE FOR MUSIC.—Pleased as my illustrious friend appeared really to be, when I first sung for him at Abbotsford, it was not till an evening or two after, at his own hospitable supper-table, that I saw him in his true sphere of musical enjoyment. No sooner had the *quair* taken its round, after our repast, than his friend, Sir Adam, was called upon, with the acclaim of the whole table, for the song of "Hey tuttie tattie," and gave it out to us with all the true national relish. But it was during the chorus that Scott's delight at this festive scene chiefly showed itself. At the end of every verse, the whole company rose from their seats, and stood round the table, with arms crossed, so as to grasp the hand of the neighbour on each side. Thus interlinked, we continued to keep measure to the strain, by moving our arms up and down, all chanting vociferously, "Hey tuttie tattie, hey tuttie tattie." Sir Walter's enjoyment of the old Jacobite chorus, a little increased, doubtless, by seeing how I entered into the spirit of it, gave to the whole scene, I confess, a zest and charm in my eyes such as the finest musical performance could not have bestowed on it.—*T. Moore.*

A SHORT CHAPTER.

When Boys become Men, they are discharged from control.

This gives rise to a dangerous mistake.

Exemption from control being the *privilege of Manhood*, Boys imagine that it is a proof of *manliness* to spurn control.

But the proof and test of *true manliness*, is *self-control*. He who practises this, has a right to be free from any other; and he is discharged accordingly.

This comes by habit: and the habit is acquired by submission.

He who spurns the control of others before he acquires the habit of *self-control*, never acquires it, and never becomes a Man.

If, in the mean time, he learns to mistake *impatience* for spirit, and sullenness for dignity, he puts himself beyond the reach of remedy.

The truest test of *Manliness* in a Boy, is *unhesitating submission* to the authority of his *Mother*. He may obey his *father* from *fear* or *interest*. His obedience to his *Mother* is an effort of *self-control*.

CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA.—A native of China, now at Rome, furnishes the following statistical details to the *Franconian Courier*:—"There are at present about 300,000 Christians in China. The greater part of them are indebted for pastoral care to the Lazarists, but some likewise to the Dominicans and Franciscans, and to a small number of Italian priests. The whole number of priests, European and Chinese, does not exceed 300. Of seminaries, there are but few, and those few are little more than common schools. The Christians are not allowed to practise their religion publicly; but with their private assemblies no interference takes place. The churches are but few in number, and those not capacious enough for their several congregations, and the faith-

ful are obliged to meet privately. Singularly enough, a church erected at Pekin by the Emperor Hany Li, who was very friendly to the Christians, has remained intact. A notion has long prevailed among the Pagans of China, that as long as the cross remains standing on the steeple of this church, no serious calamity can befall the empire. In Canton, there are 8000 and 9000 Christians, who in that city enjoy greater liberty than in any other part of the country. In Macao there are upwards of a thousand Catholics."

A person who undertakes to manage the human constitution, (says Andrew Combe,) whether in a fancy or maturity, without any reference to the principles on which it acts, may be compared to a traveller, who, without a map or a guide, wanders over a new country in search of some particular object or place. By some lucky chance, he may stumble at once upon the locality he is in search of, or reach it at length by some circuitous route. But the probability is greater, that, after wandering about in uncertainty, he will be forced to return, weary and disappointed with the fruitlessness of his journey. He, on the contrary, who adopts the guidance of principle, may be likened to a traveller who, carrying with him a map in which the chief features of the country are accurately laid down, advances with comparative certainty towards his aim. If, at any time, in consequence of omissions or minor inaccuracies, he chances to wander from the right course, the map itself soon warns him of the fact, and, at the same time, affords him the means of correcting the very error caused by its own imperfections.

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Two Hundred Pictorial Illustrations of the Holy Bible, and Views in the Holy Land. New York: Roberts Seers; Philadelphia: R. S. H. George, 1841.

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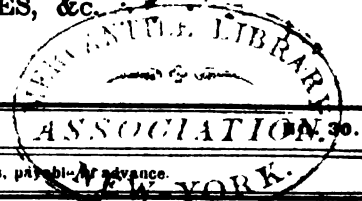
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FEMALE EDUCATION.

(Continued.)

A great deal is said in favour of the social nature of the fine arts. Music gives pleasure to others. Drawing is an art, the amusement of which does not centre in him who exercises it, but is diffused among the rest of the world. This is true; but there is nothing, after all, so social as a cultivated mind. We do not mean to speak slightly of the fine arts, or to depreciate the good humour with which they are sometimes exhibited; but we appeal to any man, whether a little spirited and sensible conversation—displaying, modestly, useful acquirements—and evincing rational curiosity, is not well worth the highest exertions of musical or graphical skill. A woman of accomplishments may entertain those who have the pleasure of knowing her for half an hour with great brilliancy; but a mind full of ideas, and with that elastic spring which the love of knowledge only can convey, is a perpetual source of exhilaration and amusement to all that come within its reach;—not collecting its force into single and insulated achievements, like the efforts made in the fine arts—but diffusing, equally over the whole of existence, a calm pleasure—better loved as it is longer felt—and suitable to every variety and every period of life. Therefore, instead of hanging the understanding of a woman upon walls, or hearing it vibrate upon strings,—instead of seeing it in clouds, or hearing it in the wind,—we would make it the first spring and ornament of society, by enriching it with attainments upon which alone such power depends.

If the education of women were improved, the education of men would be improved also. It is certainly in the power of a sensible and well-educated mother to inspire such tastes and propensities as shall nearly decide the destiny of the future man; and this is done, not only by the intentional exertions of the mother, but by the gradual and insensible imitation of the child; for there is something extremely contagious in greatness and rectitude of thinking, even at that age; and the character of the mother, with whom he passes his early infancy, is always an event of the utmost importance to the child. A merely accomplished woman cannot infuse her tastes into the minds of her sons; and if she could, nothing could be more unfortunate than her success. Besides, when her accomplishments are given up, she has nothing left for it, but to amuse herself in the best way she can; and, becoming entirely frivolous, either declines the fatigue of attending to her children, or, attending to them,

has neither talents nor knowledge to succeed; and, therefore, here is a plain and fair answer to those who ask so triumphantly, Why should a woman dedicate herself to this branch of knowledge? or why should she be attached to such science?—Because, by having gained information on these points, she may inspire her son with valuable tastes, which may abide by him through life, and carry him up to all the sublimest of knowledge;—because she cannot lay the foundation of a great character, if she is absorbed in frivolous amusements, nor inspire her child with noble desires, when a long course of trifling has destroyed the little talents which were left by a bad education.

It is of great importance to a country, that there should be as many understandings as possible actively employed within it. Mankind are much happier for the discovery of barometers, thermometers, steam engines, and all the innumerable inventions in the arts and sciences. We are every day and every hour reaping the benefit of such talent and ingenuity. The same observation is true of such works as those of Dryden, Pope, Milton, and Shakspeare. Mankind are much happier that such individuals have lived and written;—they add every day to the stock of public enjoyment—and perpetually gladden and embellish life. Now, the number of those who exercise their understanding to any good purpose is exactly in proportion to those who exercise it at all; but as the matter stands at present, half the talent in the universe runs to waste, and is totally unprofitable. It would have been almost as well for the world, hitherto, that women, instead of possessing the capacities they do at present, should have been born wholly destitute of wit, genius, and every other attribute of mind of which men make so eminent an use: and the ideas of use and possession are so united together, that, because it has been the custom in almost all countries to give to women a different and a worse education than to men, the notion has obtained that they do not possess faculties which they do not cultivate. Just as, in breaking up a common, it is sometimes very difficult to make the poor believe it will carry corn, merely because they have been hitherto accustomed to see it produce nothing but weeds and grass—they very naturally mistake its present condition for its general nature. So completely have the talents of women been kept down, that there is scarcely a single work, either of reason, or imagination, written by a woman, which is in general circulation, either in the English, French, or Italian literature;—scarcely one that has crept even into the ranks of our minor poets.

If the possession of excellent talents is not a conclusive reason why they should be improved, it at least amounts to a very strong presumption; and, if it can be shown that women may be trained to reason and imagine as well as men, the strongest reasons are certainly necessary to show us why we should not avail ourselves of such rich gifts of nature; and we have a right to call for a clear statement of those perils which make it necessary that such talents should be totally extinguished, or, at most, very partially drawn out. The burthen of proof does not lie with those who say, Increase the quantity of talent in any country as much as possible—for such a proposition is in conformity with every man's feelings: but it lies with those who say, Take care to keep that understanding weak and trifling, which nature has made capable of becoming strong and powerful. The paradox is with them, not with us. In all human reasoning, knowledge must be taken for a good, till it can be shown to be an evil. But now, Nature makes to us rich and magnificent presents; and we say to her—You are too luxuriant and munificent—we must keep you under, and prune you;—we have talents enough in the other half of the creation;—and, if you will not stupify and enfeeble the mind of women to our hands, we ourselves must expose them to a narcotic process, and educate away the fatal redundancy with which the world is afflicted, and the order of sublunary things deranged.

One of the greatest pleasures of life is conversation;—and the pleasures of conversation are of course enhanced by every increase of knowledge: not that we should meet together to talk of alkalis and angles, or to add to our stock of history and philology—though a little of all these things is no bad ingredient in conversation: but, let the subject be what it may, there is always a prodigious difference between the conversation of those who have been well educated and of those who have not enjoyed this advantage. Education gives fecundity of thought, copiousness of illustration, quickness, vigour, fancy, words, images, and illustrations:—it decorates every common thing, and gives the power of trifling, without being undignified and absurd. The subjects themselves may not be wanted, upon which the talents of an educated man have been exercised: but there is always a demand for those talents which his education has rendered strong and quick. Now, really nothing can be further from our intention than to say any thing rude and unpleasant; but we must be excused for observing, that it is not now a very common thing to be interested by the variety and extent of female knowledge; but it is

a very common thing to lament, that the finest faculties in the world have been confined to tridles utterly unworthy of their richness and their strength.

The pursuit of knowledge is the most innocent and interesting occupation which can be given to the female sex; nor can there be a better method of checking a spirit of dissipation than by diffusing a taste for literature. The true way to attack vice is by setting up something else against it. Give to women, in early youth, something to acquire, of sufficient interest and importance to command the application of the mature faculties, and to excite their perseverance in future life;—teach them that happiness is to be derived from the acquisition of knowledge, as well as the gratification of vanity; and you will raise up a much more formidable barrier against dissipation than an host of invectives and exhortations can supply.

It sometimes happens that an unfortunate man gets drunk with very bad wine—not to gratify his palate, but to forget his cares: he does not set any value on what he receives, but on account of what it excludes; it keeps out something worse than itself. Now, though it were denied that the acquisition of serious knowledge is of itself important to a woman, still it prevents a taste for silly and pernicious works of imagination; it keeps away the horrid trash of novels; and, in lieu of that eagerness for emotion and adventure, which books of that sort inspire, promotes a calm and steady temperament of mind.

A man who deserves such a piece of good fortune may generally find an excellent companion for all the vicissitudes of his life; but it is not so easy to find a companion for his understanding, who has similar pursuits with himself, or who can comprehend the pleasure he derives from them. We really can see no reason why it should not be otherwise; nor comprehend how the pleasures of domestic life can be promoted by diminishing the number of subjects in which persons who are to spend their lives together take a common interest.

One of the most agreeable consequences of knowledge is the respect and importance which it communicates to old age. Men rise in character often as they increase in years,—they are venerable from what they have acquired, and pleasing from what they can impart. If they outlive their faculties, the mere frame itself is respected for what it once contained; but women (such is their unfortunate style of education) hazard every thing upon one cast of the die;—when youth is gone, all is gone. No human creature gives his admiration for nothing: either the eye must be charmed, or the understanding gratified. A woman must talk wisely, or look well. Every human being must put up with the coldest civility, who has neither the charms of youth nor the wisdom of age. Neither is there the slightest commiseration for decayed accomplishments:—no man mourns over the fragments of a dancer, or drops a tear on the relics of musical skill. They are flowers destined to perish; but the decay of great talents is always the subject of solemn pity; and, even when their last memorial is over, their ruins and vestiges are regarded with pious affection.

There is no connection between the ignorance in which women are kept, and the preservation of moral and religious principle; and yet certainly there is, in the minds of some timid and respectable persons, a vague, indefinite dread of knowledge, as if it were capable of producing

these effects. There are men, indeed, who are always exclaiming against every species of power, because it is connected with danger: their dread of abuses is so much stronger than their admiration of uses, that they would cheerfully give up the use of fire, gunpowder, and printing, to be freed from robbers, incendiaries, and libels. It is true, that every increase of knowledge may possibly render depravity more depraved, as well as it may increase the strength of virtue. It is in itself only power; and its value depends on its application. But, trust to the natural love of good where there is no temptation to be bad—it operates nowhere more forcibly than in education. No man, whether he be tutor, guardian, or friend, ever contents himself with infusing the mere ability to acquire; but, giving the power, he gives with it a taste for the wise and rational exercise of that power; so that an educated person is not only with stronger and better faculties than others, but with a more useful propensity—a disposition better cultivated—and associations of a higher and more important class.

In short, and to recapitulate the main points upon which we have insisted—Why the disproportion in knowledge between the two sexes should be so great, when the inequality in natural talents is so small; or why the understanding of women should be lavished upon trifles, when nature has made it capable of higher and better things, we profess ourselves not able to understand. The affectation charged upon female knowledge is best cured by making that knowledge more general; and economy devolved upon women is best secured by the ruin, disgrace, and inconvenience which proceeds from neglecting it. For the care of children, nature has made a direct and powerful provision; and the gentleness and elegance of women is the natural consequence of that desire to please, which is productive of the greatest part of civilisation and refinement, and which rests upon a foundation too deep to be shaken by any such modifications in education as we have proposed. If you educate women to attend to dignified and important subjects, you are multiplying, beyond measure, the chances of human improvement by preparing and *meditating* those early impressions which always come from the mother; and which, in a great majority of instances are quite decisive of character and genius. Nor is it only in the business of education that women would influence the destiny of men;—If women knew more, men must learn more—for ignorance would then be shameful—and it would become the fashion to be instructed. The instruction of women improves the stock of national talents, and employs more minds for the instruction and amusement of the world;—it increases the pleasures of society by multiplying the topics upon which the two sexes take a common interest;—and makes marriage an intercourse of understanding as well as of affection, by giving dignity and importance to the female character. The education of women favours public morals; it provides for every season of life, as well as for the brightest and the best; and leaves a woman when she is stricken by the hand of time, not as she now is, destitute of every thing, and neglected by all, but with the full power and the splendid attractions of knowledge,—diffusing the elegant pleasures of polite literature, and receiving the just homage of learned and accomplished men.—*Rev. Sydney Smith.*

MADEMOISELLE RACHEL.

We presume our readers will all wish to know something of this histrionic prodigy—at present the chief concern of the two great European capitals. The following account is from the London Examiner:—

Every body knows what an important matter to theatre is in Paris. An *emeute* in the *commissariat* has precedence at any time of a crisis in the Ministry. The removal of M. Vedal from the direction of the *Théâtre Français*, made a far more enduring sensation than the removal of M. Thiers from the direction of the Cabinet. And as no one knew better than Napoleon the temper of this good city of Paris, it was *some* of less vital import to its welfare than an ordinance to reorganise the *Théâtre Français*, which is set down to indite amidst the smoking ruins of the Kremlin.

Great have been the reverses of the *Théâtre Français* since those days. Its glory departed with Talma and Duchesnois, for, delightful and attractive as the genius of Mars was admitted to be, it is impossible that any great theatre can sustain itself with comedy. Long and sad was its decline. *Houss* a comical actor on *Corneille*; mournful benches at *Molière*; *Racine* puffed at by *Rococo*. Then followed what is called a coalition, which had the natural fate of such unnatural things. As little could the *Boulevards* be crammed into the *Rue Richelieu*, as *Hugo* and *Dumas* be made to fraternise with *Racine* and *Corneille*. A little excitement of novelty, and things became worse than before. So out went *Dumas* and *Hugo*, bag and baggage, *Madame Dorval* included; and while out they went, threatening the old school with annihilation in a Renaissance, the old school had in immediate reserve a more real new birth of its own, from which all the glories of the *Théâtre Français* sprang suddenly to life once more.

Some one had seen a young Jewess play at the *Gymnase*, and though she was uneasy and ill at home in her part, and spoke with an accent that was more Swiss than French, and the audience would not applaud her, he thought her worth mentioning in the *salon*. Piqued by her failure alike in light vaudeville and murderous melo-drame, the young enthusiast had meanwhile, of her own accord, gone hard to work with *Corneille* and *Racine*. If, in to fall, she would seem to have thought, it will be better to fall from *Notre Dame* itself, than from a wall in the garden or the shambles. And these walls were rewarded, and her hopes seemed all fulfilled, when, on the good word of a retired actor, (before whom she had declaimed at the request of the judicious admirer referred to,) she received an engagement at the *Francis*, with four thousand francs a year. She appeared and succeeded; *Paris* went out of its wits, and *Mademoiselle Rachel's* four thousand francs went up to a hundred and fifty thousand. She had been induced to visit England; we had the happiness to see her act *Hermione* at her Majesty's Theatre on Monday night, in *Racine's* tragedy of *Andromaque*; and, in our opinion, the performance more than justified the enthusiasm of the *Parisians*. It was an effort of the highest genius in this sphere of art, guided and controlled throughout by exquisite good taste. Where the one is, indeed, the other cannot fail to be. And taking genius in this art to consist, as for the most part it does with all, in the power of equalising imagination with reality, it seems to us that there has never been a more indisputable possessor of it than *Mademoiselle Rachel*.

The first act of *Andromaque* passes without the entrance of *Hermione*, and the stage has seldom seen so sorry a business, as Monday night's exhibition of it. One wondered which was most absurd, the pompous politeness of *Pyrrhus*, or the passionate puling of *Oreste*. For the verse of poor *Racine* it was with these actors as we had ourselves been privately too apt to consider it, one continuous, dragging, antithetical whine; and here sank our heads within us, as we thought this at least could scarcely flow much "mended," even from the lips of the *trees of Hermione*. It is not the custom to drop the

I heard one of them complaining that he felt as if he had no life in him—that his head was as if filled with some heavy inanimate matter; another complained of pain in his head; a third of nausea; and two who were affected with bronchitis, mentioned how much worse they felt in the morning; while the wife of one of them wondered how, on rising, she was seized with faintness, and continued for hours to feel as if she should sink down insensible on the floor. I did not hear one of them connect these sufferings with the bad air and uncleanly condition in which they had passed the night. We had prayers and psalms in the morning, and again on the second evening; but as it rained incessantly, and the cabin was kept, if possible, still more close, the suffering increased; and, for my own part, I did not recover my usual feelings of internal comfort and mental alacrity for several days after we had escaped from this torturing prison.

These clergymen, certainly, were only passengers, and could not alter the circumstances in which they and we were placed. But if they had known and respected God's natural laws, they might have used the great influence which they obviously possessed over the minds of the passengers, in inducing them to admit at least some portion of fresh air, and also in giving effect to a general complaint to the owners of the boats against arrangements so manifestly injurious to health, and which a little skill and expense could unquestionably have remedied.

Some of these ministers were Methodists, and they mentioned that their society allows each preacher \$100 for himself, besides his traveling expenses; \$100 for his wife, if he be married; \$16 for each child below seven, and \$24 for each child above seven, and below fourteen years of age, all per annum. Each preacher has a district which he must traverse every six weeks, and at the end of every two years his circuit is changed. These are all the allowances, except gifts from their flocks. By this machinery the thinly-scattered population of the west is preserved within reach of Christian ordinances and cultivation. The love of souls alone can induce men of ordinary attainments to embrace so laborious and ill-requited a profession.

Part of the scenery through which we passed is said to be exquisitely beautiful, but a heavy rain descending through a thick mist prevented us from seeing any object at a distance exceeding a hundred yards from the boat.

One of the passengers in conversing with me asked—"Have you been to the west?"—"A short way only."—"Have you been long in the country?"—"Only about twenty months."—"Did you go to settle?"—"No."—"Were you at St. Louis?"—"No, not so far."—"On the Ohio, then?"—"Yes, as far as Louisville."—"Were you thinking of buying land in Kentucky?"—"No."—"Do you go to Baltimore?"—"No, to Philadelphia."—"Are you settled there?"—"No."—"Farther east perhaps?"—"Yes, a good way farther east."—"What is the name of the town?"—"Why, if you have any particular interest in knowing, I will tell you."—"Oh no, not any particular interest; only one likes to know the gentlemen one travels with. If we hear them inquired about, we can say that we saw them."—"I do not think that there is much chance of your being asked about me." Here the dialogue terminated; but all this was said quite civilly, and without the least intention of rudeness.

The day after this conversation C—— missed a silver fruit-knife, which she valued highly; and I used every means to discover whether she had dropt it in the boat, but in vain. It was given up as lost; when some hours afterwards, I saw it in the hands of the individual who had interrogated me so minutely. "That's my wife's fruit-knife," said I, "which she lost yesterday; where did you find it?"—"Oh, I found it last evening on the deck between two trunks; I have since been inquiring to whom it belonged, and could not find an owner."—"But my wife's initials are on it—C. C."—"True, I saw these letters, but as you would not tell me any thing about yourself yesterday, I had no idea that these were your wife's initials." The inquisitive gentleman kindly returned the knife; and I felt that he had got completely the better of me on this occasion.

April 30. Ther. 55°. We stayed a day at Harrisburg, and admired exceedingly the beauty of the Susquehanna River, on the left bank of which it stands. The village itself, although the political capital of Pennsylvania, is small, plain, and unpretending.

May 1. Ther. 56°. We started this morning at 7 o'clock by a railroad for Philadelphia. The country through which it passed is all cleared, highly fertile, well cultivated, and possesses much natural beauty. The farm-houses and offices looked substantial, clean, and neat; we were told that a great part of the population is of German descent, and that they preserve the language and manners of their original country. At 1 P. M. the engine was allowed to run off the track; and we lost two hours before it could be restored to its place, by means of tackle and a multitude of men. No injury was done to it or any of the passengers; but we had not proceeded far when the engine stood still. All the coals had been consumed, and the engineer had supplied their place with green oak, which would not burn. At last a baggage train came up and pushed our train before it to the next station, where we got a supply of combustible fuel. The engine then performed its duty well, and at 7 P. M. we arrived at Philadelphia, three hours behind the usual time. The distance was 105 miles. During all these delays, the result of sheer carelessness, not an angry or discontented word was heard from the passengers, who were very numerous. The railway train from Philadelphia to New York started at 5 P. M. and we should have arrived an hour before that time, instead of two hours after it. Many individuals who had urgent business and appointments in New York found their plans deranged, and suffered serious inconvenience; yet they bore the disappointment with most exemplary patience and good humour.

May 9. Ther. 45°. *Philadelphia and Boston.*—I have now seen something of both Boston and Philadelphia, and they present distinct mental characteristics. In Boston literature is more cultivated than science, and speculation is preferred to physical investigation. A person gains reputation there, by having at command all the striking passages of Shakspeare, and knowing every reading of his text, and the opinions of his commentators; by studying Italian, and being able to quote Dante; by learning German and becoming eloquent in Goethe. It is not necessary that he should know chemistry, natural philosophy, natural history, physiology, or even geology. The Bostonians are learned in literature, write well, and speak well; but an inge-

nious theory has more charms for them than a laborious inquiry into scientific truth. The educated men of Philadelphia study science more generally and extensively. They are precise and accurate in their knowledge of facts and natural phenomena, and solid in their inductions and conclusions; but they know less of books, commentators, theories, and opinions. The temperament of the educated class in Boston presents more of the sanguine and nervous elements than that of the same class in Philadelphia; and in them also, the anterior lobe is, perhaps, a little larger, while the moral organs are generally large in both. In their present condition, the Philadelphians are the more scientific thinkers, and more in harmony with the first class of minds in Europe. Boston, however, takes a deeper interest than Philadelphia in moral, intellectual, and religious pursuits. Boston resembles Edinburgh in the days of Dugald Stewart, when great reputations were founded on acquirements in metaphysics and belles-lettres, and when distinguished literary men were unacquainted even with the rudiments of physical science.

Debts of the American States.—I have frequently been asked whether, in my opinion, the American states will preserve faith with their public creditors and pay their debts. A vast extent of information beyond what I can pretend to possess, would be necessary to enable any one to deliver a satisfactory answer to this question; but some ideas may be presented which may serve to enable others to elucidate it in a more satisfactory manner. The subject divides itself naturally into two heads; 1st, The ability of the states to redeem their obligations; and 2dly, Their willingness to do so. Ample and correct information in regard to the first head, may be obtained from Mr. Trotter's "Observations on the Financial Position and Credit of such of the states of the North American Union as have contracted Public Debts." This work was commended by the American press, and in the United States its details are regarded as worthy of being relied on. I frequently conversed with bankers and capitalists on the subject of the state debts; and in traveling into different parts of the Union, I endeavoured to form some estimate, necessarily a vague one, of the resources of the states. Premising, then, that the debts of the different states have been incurred, not to prosecute wars and measures of destruction, but chiefly to form canals, roads, and railroads, and to institute banks, I remark, that the general opinion which I heard expressed was, that from one half to one fourth of the sums constituting the debts of most of the states, have been wasted through unskilful application and lavished expenditure—the inevitable accompaniments of works undertaken by a popular government; but that the remainder has been beneficially invested. The waste differs much in different states; but allowing for its utmost magnitude, and viewing the extent of surface, the salubrity of the climate, the fertility of the soil, the mineral riches, and all the other natural advantages of the country, together with the industry and ingenuity of the people, the debts appear to me to be a mere trifle in comparison with the resources of the states. Wealth and population are augmenting so rapidly, that twenty years hence, the present amount of state debts, with few exceptions, would scarcely be felt as a burden according to European notions, although both principal and interest were raised by direct taxation. I never heard a man of the least judgment doubt the

ability of all the states to meet their obligations; and so far as my own means of judging extend, I concur in this view.

After traveling through a considerable portion of Pennsylvania, and contemplating the amazing richness of her soil and mines, and the very great advantages which she derives from her canals and railroads (with all their faults,) and after witnessing the industry, economy, and wealth of her people, the amount of her debt appeared to me to be no formidable incumbrance on her resources.

It is stated in the American Almanac for 1840, as follows:—

For canals, bearing 5 per cent. interest,	\$16,576,527 00
Railroads, do. do.	4,964,484 00
Turnpikes and bridges, do.	2,595,992 00
Miscellaneous, do.	3,166,787 00
Total,	\$27,306,790 00

In the American Almanac for 1841, the total stock and domestic debt of Pennsylvania are stated to amount to \$33,016,149, or a little more than six millions and a half sterling.

In 1830, her population amounted to 1,848,232, and it must now reach nearly to 1,800,000; while her soil is capable of supporting probably ten millions in abundant comfort. Her financial embarrassments, therefore, arise not from the magnitude of her debt in relation to her means of payment, but from difficulties in bringing the latter forward to meet her engagements; and the same may be predicated of every other state which has paused in the discharge of the interest of its debts.

If the revenues of the canals, railroads, and banks, to which the borrowed money has been applied, should prove sufficient for repayment of the debts, no doubt can reasonably be entertained on the subject. Any proposal to devote these revenues to other public purposes, and to defraud the public creditors, would, in my opinion, be rejected by the legislatures of all the states without a moment's hesitation. But in some instances these revenues have already proved insufficient to discharge the interest of the debts; and in Pennsylvania in particular, the alternative has presented itself, of submitting to taxation in order to raise funds to pay the interest, or of declaring the state insolvent. This occurred in the beginning of 1840, when the interest of the public debt remained unpaid for one day. The difficulty was then surmounted, by a loan from the suspended banks, and the interest was discharged; but this was a mere temporary expedient; and during the session of that year the proposition was fairly brought before the legislature, to impose taxes to make up the deficiency between the revenues yielded by the canals and railroads, and the interest of the public debt. The majority of both houses of the legislature, and also Governor Porter, were democrats, and they had obtained the ascendancy in the state, in a great measure, by reason of their hostility to the banks and the paper currency system, and especially to the Bank of the United States. By a singular coincidence, also, it happened, that at the time when recourse to taxation became necessary to avoid insolvency, the United States Bank, by suspending specie payments, had forfeited its charter, and fallen prostrate under the power of these legislators. The electors and legislators of Pennsylvania, besides, are by no means so enlightened as those of some of the Eastern States; so that, altogether, a combination of circumstances presented itself, well adapted to bring the second

question to trial, whether an American state legislature will venture to impose taxes on the people in order to discharge public debts.

The aversion to taxation is great every where, and particularly in the United States: and no surer road to popularity can be found than in resisting a tax; but on the other hand, a state bankruptcy would, if possible, be a still more unpopular measure, from the ruin of families, of banks, insurance offices, and charitable institutions, and also the universal insolvency which it would draw after it; and, supposing American morality to be neither greater nor less than that of other nations, it appears to me that the faith which the financiers and best informed merchants of the eastern cities entertain in the ultimate security of almost all of the state stocks, is well founded.

The great cause of the prosperity of the people in the United States appears to me to be their contiguity to extensive regions of fertile and unsettled land, which drain off the restless and enterprising spirits from all the older states, absorb the population as fast as it increases, pour in plenty to every market, and still preserve the wages of labour high. I met with few British subjects, who, however much they might have advocated universal suffrage at home, continued to admire it after experiencing its effects in the United States. But while I make these admissions, I regard it as undeniable, that just and wise legislation is capable of accomplishing much to benefit, and partial and unwise legislation much to injure, a people; and it appears to me that British legislation is probably both unjust and injurious to the unrepresented mass. The established churches in the three kingdoms have not yet succeeded in inducing the higher classes, whose laws created and support them, to practise the first and fundamental precept of Christianity towards the people, "Love your neighbour as yourself;" and if centuries of teaching of the Gospel, by the most pious and learned of mankind, have been so unsuccessful in this respect, it is not unreasonable at length to try the effect of additional means.

The despotisms of Austria and Prussia are in many respects less injurious to the people than the government of Britain.* The rulers of these countries do not oppress the people with taxes, and leave the rich free; nor do they deliver over the poor to become the uncontrolled subjects of the legislation of the rich. Physically, therefore, they do not injure the masses so deeply. Again: These rulers prevent political and social action in all classes of their subjects; and the minds of the people become so far dormant as to be in some degree in harmony with their external condition. In Britain, the most ample scope for political and social action is permitted to the higher and middle classes, but to the people none. Their minds, however, are agitated and roused by the vivacity of mental action which exists around them, and they feel their own exclusion from the exercise of political power far more keenly than the Austrian people, who, in this respect, see themselves on a level with the noble and the rich. It is a delusion to suppose, that, because the higher ranks are open to receive in-

* The influence of these governments on the minds of their subjects is treated of in the next chapter. With respect to taxes, I may notice, that in France, Germany, Austria, and other continental states, the chief burden of them is borne by land. The *Contribution Foncière* in France is a permanent property-tax of about 10 per cent. on land and houses.

dividuals from the lower, there is no abridgment of their field of political action. Only men of superior talents can emerge from the lower, and take a place in the upper ranks; and, as the masses do not boast of more than average abilities, this liberty of rising can benefit only a few individuals. Besides, while the present state of social arrangement continues, the men of superior minds of their own class are tempted, when they acquire wealth, to leave them, and to assume the prejudices and dislikes of the higher orders, the more effectually to recommend themselves to their new associates.

I have endeavoured, in this work, to expound the principle, that mental action is the first requisite to moral and intellectual improvement. If we expect to confer on the British people intelligence, we must educate them; if self-restraint, we must intrust them with political power, and train them to use it. It appears to me, therefore, that retaining the two abuses of parliament as at present constituted, a limited representation might, with safety and advantage, be granted to the people. The objections to remodeling the house of commons, and introducing universal suffrage for all the members, are formidable. The majority of the people in Great Britain and Ireland are uneducated, possessed of little property, and untrained to political action. A legislative assembly which should represent and give effect to their feelings and ideas, would probably lead directly to anarchy. Both in physical circumstances and mental enlightenment, they are inferior to the majority in America; yet even in America the people are not prepared to do justice to their institutions. Universal suffrage in that country is attended with many evils; and I therefore should deprecate its adoption in Britain, at present, as dangerous to the best interests of society. To household suffrage, or any other limited representation, there would be this objection, that it would still leave a large non-represented class, which would become more discontented and impatient, the nearer it was brought to the line which separated it from the represented. To leave the people unrepresented, and to attempt to perpetuate the selfish reign of the upper classes, is neither desirable nor practicable. The working classes are God's creatures, and are as well entitled to justice as the higher ranks. By the peculiar institutions of this country, the middle classes have been trained to admire and act with the higher; but when their eyes are thoroughly opened to the injustice which has been inflicted on the lower, this idol-worship will cease. Besides, the increasing intelligence of the labouring classes will render their calls for justice irresistible.

If we assume, then, the population of Great Britain and Ireland to amount to twenty-four millions, and that the non-electors are to be electors as eight to one; this will give twenty-one millions of unrepresented persons in the whole of the United Kingdom; or, to obtain round numbers, we may assume them to amount to twenty millions. Suppose the kingdom were divided into 100 districts, each containing a population of 200,000 unrepresented persons. If universal suffrage, limited only by requiring in an elector six months' residence within his ward or county previous to an election—freedom from conviction for felony—and twenty-one years of age, were established, and the power of electing one member of the house of commons were given to each district, the following result might be expected probably to ensue:—The

mental faculties of the labouring classes would be provided with a legitimate field of political action, which I consider useful in prompting them to improve their moral and intellectual condition. There would be no non-represented class to foment secret discontent and resistance to the laws. There would be no danger of anarchy, because the members who represent the property of the country would still constitute a large majority in parliament. The labouring classes would have legitimate organs in the legislature capable not only of making their grievances known, but of obtaining, to some extent, the redress of them. In all measures regarding which the representatives of property were nearly equally divided, these hundred members could cast the scale on the side which was most favourable to the people. The higher classes, seeing the people possessed of political power, would be prompted by their own interest, as in the United States, to respect them more, to do them justice, and to assist in elevating their moral and physical condition, and thus by slow degrees our vicious system might be purified, and the British Constitution be adapted to the wants of increasing civilisation. The house of commons is already too numerous; and probably 100 members might well be spared from its present number, whose places might well be supplied by the representatives of the people. *Property* would still have five and a half votes to one, even supposing these representatives to be disposed to assail it, which is far from being a probable occurrence.

Whatever may be thought of these suggestions, my humble opinion is, that the present condition of affairs in Britain is so palpably unjust and injurious to the masses, that its permanence is impossible, consistently with man's rational nature and the obligations of Christianity. Those persons, therefore, who regard the Reform Act as a final measure, seem blind to the nature of man, and unaware of the age of the world in which they live. It was obviously only the *beginning* of improvement. If it be not, then, in the words of Jefferson, "I tremble for my country, when I reflect that God is just—his justice cannot sleep for ever."

Return to England.—On the 1st June, 1840, we sailed from New York in the British Queen. In leaving the American shores, we were agitated by profound emotion, awakened not only by parting from many dear and highly valued friends, but by an overwhelming impression of the grandeur of the moral experiment which is now in progress in the United States. Glorious and cheering hopes for its success mingled with fears lest it may have been begun too soon. As we receded from the scene, however, we reflected that Providence has granted to this people for their moral training and intellectual improvement, the period between the present day, and that on which their vacant lands shall be fully settled, and that existing circumstances indicate that they will employ this interval with a deep sense of its importance, and in the end prove true to themselves and to the cause of universal freedom. As we bounded over the sea to the home of our fathers, Hope joined with the understanding in lending bright colours to the future destiny of the land which we had left. We had a prosperous and agreeable voyage; and so admirable were the accommodations of the British Queen, and so full of urbanity and attention her commander, Captain Roberts, and her other officers, that we left the deck of a ship for the

first time in our lives with regret. We arrived at Portsmouth on the 16th, and in London on the 17th of June. It is only justice to England to say that, in passing my multifarious efforts through the Custom House of London, I experienced the same facilities and attentions which I have mentioned as afforded to us in Boston. The subject of the next chapter is an address to the people of the United States, which I have been led to believe may be useful, and with which I close this work.

CHAPTER XXIV.

1840.

TO THE CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES:

I have visited various European countries, Prussia, Austria, Bavaria, Holland, France, and Switzerland, besides the British Isles, for the purpose of observing the condition of the people living under different forms of civil and ecclesiastical government, and one of the motives which led me to repair to your shores, was to obtain the means of judging of the influence of democracy on the physical prosperity and mental condition of your nation. I am deeply sensible of the sources of error to which a stranger is exposed in observing and speculating on the institutions of a foreign country; but you will be able to detect and correct the errors regarding your own country into which I may inadvertently fall, and I may be permitted to hope that amidst these will be found some admixture of truth.

The people of the United States are justly proud of their political independence, won at the expense of many sacrifices; and also of the institutions which the distinguished founders of their government framed and bequeathed to them for their guidance; but if I were to ask different Americans in what the superiority of these institutions consists, I should receive a multifarious variety of answers. Does phrenology enable us to attain to any precise views on the subject?

In my previous lectures, I have endeavoured to explain to you that happiness consists in the activity of our faculties, and that the greater the number of them called into action, the higher rises our enjoyment. Any object that should delight the eye, would be agreeable; but an assemblage of objects that should simultaneously gratify the eye, the ear, the palate, and the senses of touch and smell, would be universally regarded as yielding a still larger measure of gratification; and so with the internal faculties of the mind. There are three conditions, however, under which this activity must exist, to render it productive of the greatest amount of happiness. *First*, It must never exceed the limits of health; *Secondly*, The subordination of the inferior to the superior faculties, established by nature, must be preserved; and, *Thirdly*, The action of the different faculties must be harmonious. The highest enjoyment, therefore, is produced by the *virtuous activity of all the faculties*. The question, then, presents itself—What effects do different forms of government exercise on the activity of the mental faculties?

We may consider, *First*, the influence of a despotic form of government; and I select Austria as an example of a civilised despotism. In Austria, the emperor is at once the fountain of the laws, and the executive power which carries them into effect. His will rules the empire, and is subject to no constitutional control on the part

of the people. The religion of the state is Roman catholic; and the pope and priests rule as despotically in ecclesiastical as the emperor does in temporal affairs. Nevertheless, the Austrian is a civilised despotism, and rests essentially on opinion. The emperor is not a tyrant, ruling by means of dungeons and bayonets: he is more like the father of his people: he may be seen walking among them without military guards, or other means of protection, safe in their reverence and affections. I have seen the present emperor going to church in the town of Ischl, attended by a servant carrying his prayer book, and two or three gentlemen of his household, so unostentatiously, that, when he passed as near to me as I am now to you, I could not have discovered his rank, if I had not been told that he was the sovereign of Austria. Austria, moreover, is governed by laws, and the emperor acknowledges that, in regard to the rights of property, these bind him as well as his subjects. In the village of Baden, about twenty miles from Vienna, where there are celebrated baths, the emperor is proprietor of a house in an ordinary street, in which he resides when he visits the springs. The house is in no respect distinguishable in its exterior from those on each side of it. I was told that the late Emperor Francis found it too small, and wished to purchase the contiguous tenement; but that the owner asked an enormous price. The emperor would not submit to what he considered an imposition, and the proprietor, to force him to his terms, let it for a sort of club-house or tavern. The emperor made no complaint, but insisted that the laws of decorum and propriety should be observed by the inmates; and when I saw it in 1837, I was assured that it still continued the property of the individual. In the same year, I saw the present emperor and his household, living in a common street in Ischl. He had purchased or hired four ordinary dwelling-houses standing together, and, by internal communications, converted them into one; but in no respect did they differ, in their external aspect, from those of the other inhabitants of the same quarter of the town. I mention these unimportant details to convey to you an idea of the spirit of the Austrian government, as it exists in the emperor's hereditary states, because many individuals in America, from reading descriptions of its rule in its conquered Italian provinces, imagine it to be every where a despotism of fire and sword.

In what respect, then, does this government favour or permit the activity of the mental faculties of its subjects? Viewing the group which constitutes the domestic affections, I answer that it allows them ample scope. Life and property are secure, the soil is reasonably fertile, and industry abounds. The Austrian subjects, therefore, may enjoy the happiness of conjugal life and domestic affection as perfectly as you do under your democratic institutions. Again: Looking at the propensities of Acquisitiveness, Self-esteem, and Love of Approbation, those mainsprings of exertion in the United States, the Austrian is allowed scope for them all. The farmer, the manufacturer, and the merchant, may accumulate and preserve wealth in Austria as in America; distinctions of rank are recognised, and the field of ambition is open for men to rise from humbler to higher grades. By public service and the favour of the emperor, nobility even may be obtained.

What, then, is wanting? In what respect does the Austrian government, as a means of diffusing enjoyments and advancing the civilisation

of its subjects, fall short of yours? In this, that extremely little scope is allowed for the action of the moral and intellectual faculties beyond the sphere of private life. Man is a social being, and the field of public interests is the one in which his higher powers expand, and find their appropriate objects. In Austria, this field is shut up to the people, and is appropriated exclusively by the government. The Austrian people do not manage their own schools and colleges, the affairs of their own towns and counties, or appoint their own civil and military officers; nor do they choose their own religious instructors, as you do. The government performs all these duties for them. But phrenology shows us that the very fundamental element of happiness is *activity*, and that the higher the faculties which are vividly employed, the more intense and lasting is the pleasure. Now, when man pursues private and domestic objects only, he gratifies chiefly his propensities, which are selfish and inferior in their nature to his moral faculties. It is when he comes forth into the circle of social life, and becomes an agent in producing public good or evil, that his higher powers begin freely to play. A single incident will serve as an example:—The emperor lately issued an edict, intimating that as his subjects had been injured by accidents occurring on railroads, he will levy a fine of 10,000 florins on the directors of the railroad company for every person who shall in future be injured: and if this shall prove insufficient to arrest the evil, he will suppress the railroad altogether. This edict may in itself be wise and paternal; but the power which issued it has no legal limits. And even this, in my opinion, is not its worst feature. In your democracy, in such a case, you would put into action a grand jury, an attorney-general, a judge, a common jury, and many lawyers, and finally the legislature, before you could accomplish the ends reached by the simple edict of the emperor; and the advantage of all this social machinery does not end merely in protecting your people from oppression: it exercises, and, by exercise, strengthens and carries forward the moral and intellectual faculties of your citizens. The impulse given to the intellect and moral faculties by one of your trials, does not terminate in the court-house, any more than a lesson ends in the school. In both instances, the ideas and the activity communicated remain in the mind, and the individual is wiser and better in consequence. He follows his private vocation with more effect, rules his family better, and altogether stands forth a more amply developed rational creature, when trained to use his powers in the important arena of social life. This is the grand effect produced by your institutions, which allow you to manage every interest of the community yourselves.

If an Austrian subject, under the influence of powerful benevolence and enlightened intellect, desire to improve the schools, the roads, the police of his town, the laws, or the mode of administering public offices, the government arrests him in every effort, unless he be employed by itself. If, under the influence of Conscientiousness, Veneration, and enlightened intellect, he wish to purify the religion of his country, he is silenced by priests whom the civil power supports in the exercise of a complete despotism over religious opinion. For instance, in 1839 the church of Scotland sent the Rev. Mr. M'Cheyne, the Rev. Mr. Bonar, the Rev. Dr. Keith, and the Rev. Dr. Black, to Jerusalem to inquire into the condition of the Jews. They

returned through Constantinople, Moldavia, Wallachia, and Austria, making investigations into the state of the Jews wherever they went. On the 20th November, 1839, the Rev. Mr. M'Cheyne, in reporting the proceedings of the deputation to the commission of the General Assembly of the Church, informed them that "in Austria, the government will suffer no missionaries. There we were treated with the utmost severity. All our Bibles, our English, our Hebrew, our German Bibles were taken away; our papers were searched to see if they could discover whether we were missionaries, and what were our intentions. In that country it is out of the question to carry the gospel to the poor misguided population. A missionary might stand up for once, but it would be for the first and the last time. There they would not allow you to preach the gospel even to the Jews, who were most ready to receive us; and though they knew they could bring us into difficulty, and get us sent out of the country immediately, we found their synagogue a sanctuary. A Jew, to whom a Bible had been given, said in his own tongue, 'none shall see it; none shall see it;' and, so far as the Jews are concerned, they are open for the preaching of the gospel."*

Education is the first means by which the faculties may be roused into activity. It not only furnishes them with the materials of thought, but wakens and calls forth their latent energies. The Austrian government assumes the control of education, and permits just so much of it to reach the minds of its subjects as will fit them for their condition. The people are instructed in the Roman Catholic as the only true religion, and are taught to look upon themselves as bound to yield implicit obedience to the priests and the emperor. They are allowed to learn mathematics, Greek, and Latin; but moral and political subjects are interdicted, because, where imperfection is detected, these lead to efforts for improvement. If an individual see any thing wrong in the social machinery, he is not encouraged to complain of it even to the government. Any servant, except the highest and most confidential, of the Austrian emperor, who should say that things are better elsewhere, and suggest improvements at home, would be told that he might leave Austria and go into his own Utopia. The government will not permit its subjects even to reside in other countries, to obtain a higher education than their own schools afford. If an individual were to ask a passport to carry his son

* These complaints come with rather a bad grace from the clergy of the church of Scotland, because the General Assembly has long had a committee of its own members specially charged with the duty of watching, and, as far as lies in their power, preventing, the spread of Roman catholicism in Scotland. From the spirit of their reports, I am led to fear that, if they wielded the same temporal power which the Roman catholic church does in Austria, they would serve a deputation of bishops sent from Rome by the Pope to convert the Scottish people and Jews to their faith, much in the same manner as the Austrians did them; and, like the Austrians, they would not doubt that, in dealing with them in this manner, they were contributing to the glory of God and the salvation of souls. I can make no distinction between sects, when they organise themselves with the special object of watching and obstructing the progress of each other. Perfect freedom of discussion, and the absence of all pains, penalties, disabilities, and dialikes, are, in my humble opinion, indispensable to the eliciting and diffusing of religious truth.

to France, Switzerland, or England, to complete his education, it would be refused, and he would be asked, "Why should you send your son abroad to spend your money and imbibe false notions? Our schools and colleges are sufficient to teach all that a good subject needs to know."

The general effect of this form of government, then, is, that it is fitted to render happy all the humbler class of minds, those individuals who have neither desire nor talents to extend their efforts beyond the private sphere; but that it chains up, and thereby obstructs the enjoyment of the men of powerful intellect and high moral endowments, whose sphere of action is public life. The nobler the mind, the more heavily does the leaden load of despotism weigh upon its powers. Farther, it imposes fetters on the general mind of the nation, and retards progression. The government must move before the people are allowed to stir; and where all rational motives for progression are withdrawn from it, its advance must be slow, or if its pace be accidentally quickened by the genius of an individual sovereign, the efforts of his liberality and energy are lost, because the people are not prepared to follow in the path which he opens to them.

The government of Prussia was in much the same state as that of Austria, until it was overthrown by Napoleon in the war of 1807. After its restoration, however, it saw its error. Under the old regime, its subjects had been kept in such profound ignorance, and so thoroughly oppressed, that they possessed neither mental energy nor national feeling, and so fell an easy prey to the invading French. It became the interest of the government to rouse its people from this lethargy, and to excite sentiments of patriotism. This was accomplished by making the serfs free, and instituting a system of universal and comparatively high education. The effects of the change were marvellous: In one generation Prussia stood forth a regenerated nation—full of energy, activity, intelligence, and profound national feeling. But the form of the government was little changed. It continues to be a despotism, but a more liberal and a much more enlightened despotism than that of Austria. The education which it provides for its people is superior to that of any other country in Europe, and I believe superior to any which even you can boast of. The government is well administered. It regulates every thing, but it does it well. Its police and custom-house officers are civil gentlemanly men; the post office department is regular and safe, but it opens letters without scruple when it wants political information; it keeps the stage-coaches, post-horses, and roads of the state in excellent condition, but it monopolises them all. If, however, a single passenger more than the stage will carry presents himself at the hour appointed for its starting, another vehicle is instantly provided for him. The laws are just, and impartially administered. Life and property are as safe as in any country in the world; industry is fostered; and learning and philosophy are patronised. In what, then, is the Prussian government inferior to yours?

I have said that happiness is the result of the activity of all the faculties. The Prussian government, while it does every thing for the people, and does it well, allows the people to do exceedingly little for themselves. It educates them, and elicits talent, but it allows that talent little scope in the social circle, except in its own service. It permits the towns to choose some of their municipal officers, but their number and

powers are small. A few simple illustrations will enable you to judge of the restrictions which this government imposes on the activity of the higher faculties of the mind. When I visited Prussia in 1837, one serious evil in their educational system had begun to develop itself. The education of females under the national system has been so much inferior to that of the males, that a body of young women has grown up who are strikingly behind the men of the same generation in general intelligence and accomplishments. The consequence of this inequality in mental attainments is a diminution in that respect for women, which has long been a beautiful feature in the Prussian character. The cause of this evil was understood and regretted by many persons; but it was whispered in society, that the government was more inclined to diminish the education of the men than to increase that of the women. "But," said I to a Prussian gentleman, "why do not your enlightened men themselves institute higher schools for females?" "You speak," said he, "like a Briton. Here nothing can be done without the government. Should any private individuals attempt to establish improved academies for female education without the sanction of government, they would speedily be stopped." The people are not allowed to meet for the discussion of public affairs. Missionary and other religious and benevolent societies exist, but their rules are first sanctioned by the government, and then police spies are sent to their meetings to see that they do not transgress them. Again, the government is so enlightened that its censors of the press will permit the higher minds to publish works of a liberal cast, even on government itself, provided they employ reason, and resort neither to ridicule nor inflammatory declamation, in order to rouse the people to action; and provided also that the books appear in the form of octavo volumes of not less than 300 pages. They do not fear the philosophers of Berlin, and of a few other cities, who alone will read such works; but if any man were to move faster than the government, and to propose plans of practical reform for which it was not prepared, it would immediately arrest his progress. In short, under this monarchy, as under the empire of Austria, self-action in regulating social interests is denied to the people, and the object of the government is to draw into its own service all the energy, talent, and attainments of the nation, and to leave the mass the passive recipients of its impressions. It desires intelligence in the masses, because it needs mind and energy for its own defence against hostile nations; but it refuses to allow free scope to the mind and energy which it has evoked, lest they should subvert its own authority, and introduce self-government. Here, therefore, as in Austria, commonplace persons are happy; but the higher minds are cribbed and limited in their natural and best spheres of action, except when enlisted by the government in its own service. As civilisation must be measured chiefly by the intelligence, power of self-action and self-control of the masses, the Prussian government, by denying the right of political action to the people, limits their advance in mental improvement. It, however, allows religious freedom; for men of all forms of faith are equally eligible to fill public offices.

Let us now advert to the government of Great Britain and Ireland. That country has enjoyed political liberty for centuries, and claims to be the parent of your freedom. In Britain we enjoy the right to say and print what we please, in

what form we see proper, and also to go where, and to do what, our own inclinations dictate, on the simple condition that, in pursuing our own gratifications, we shall not unjustly interfere with the rights of our neighbours. We may worship God, also, in any manner that appears to our own consciences to be most acceptable to the Divine Majesty. Life and property are secure, and the paths to wealth and honour are open to all. In Britain, then, it may be supposed that every faculty has as ample a scope for action as in the United States; but there are two bulwarks which arrest, or misdirect, the activity of the intellectual powers and higher sentiments of the people. The first of these is the hereditary peerage, invested with political power and special privileges. It maintains in possession of great legislative, moral, and political influence, a body of men who owe their superiority, not to personal attainments, but to birth alone. If man be a rational being, the objects of his reverence, and the standards by which he forms his manners and opinions, should possess the highest natural gifts, most assiduously and successfully cultivated. A hereditary peerage presents to the public mind of Great Britain and Ireland, standards which do not possess these attributes of natural and acquired superiority. It, therefore, obscures the moral perceptions of the middle and lower ranks, by training them to pay that profound homage to high birth which is due alone to intelligence and virtue. By its influence it also misdirects the ambition of the aspiring minds in all the lower grades, and renders them more desirous to be admitted into its ranks, by any means, than to merit distinction for superior wisdom and morality. It is not open, as a matter of right, to all, but it is to be attained by favour, with or without merit. It maintains a class so far removed from contact with, interest in, or dependence upon, the mass of the people, that it is little moved by their sufferings, and little disposed to elevate their moral and intellectual condition, or to do them justice in the exercise of its legislative powers.

The hereditary peerage operates injuriously also on the lower and middle classes of society, by leading their active and ambitious members to turn away from their fellows whom they should protect and advance, and to adopt the interests and prejudices of the aristocracy, into whose ranks they aspire to gain admission.

The second obstacle to the free action of the mind in Britain is the existence of established churches. These have consecrated opinions, formed, in the dawn of modern civilisation, by theologians who partook much more of the character of monks and school-men than of that of philosophers or practical men of the world, and these opinions stand immovably enacted and ordained by Parliament as the legal guides to salvation, against which advancing reason and science employ their demonstrations in vain. A vast priesthood, amply endowed to maintain these opinions, resist improvement as innovation, and denounce free inquiry as profanity and infidelity. The consequence is the reign of hypocrisy, and the prostration of the religious sentiments by many individuals at the shrines of interest and ambition.

To avoid the charge of misrepresenting the state of Christianity in the British Isles, I present you with the following description of it given by the Reverend Baden Powell, Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Ox-

ford, in his work on "The Connection of Natural and Divine Truth," published in 1838.

"Too many nominal Christians entertain only the most miserable idea of the nature of the Gospel they profess to believe; their only notion too often consists in a confused general impression of a certain sacredness in Scripture, which produces little effect beyond that of making them afraid to enter its precincts, and search its recesses for themselves, and yet more fearful lest its sanctity should be invaded by others. And their dread of openly encountering any contradictions, and their anxious desire to shelter themselves under even the most frivolous explanations, if it does not betray a lurking distrust of the proper evidences of their faith, at least evinces the lowest and most unworthy conceptions of the spirit and meaning of the Bible, and an almost total absence of due distinction between the design and application of the several portions of which it is made up.

"With others again, the sincere, but (as we must consider it) misguided spirit of religious fanaticism, produces similar effects. Blinded to all but the internal light of his spiritual impressions, the enthusiast will always entertain a deeply-rooted and devoted hostility against any such distinctions as those here advocated. Maintaining the literal application of every sentence, every syllable of the divine Word, he rejects, as impious, the slightest departure from it. Human reason, along with all science, which is its offspring, is at best carnal and unsanctified; and should any of its conclusions be advanced in contradiction to the letter of a scriptural text, this completely seals its condemnation as absolutely sinful, and equivalent to a rejection of revelation altogether.

"In such cases we may most readily make every allowance due to sincerity, however mistaken. But there are other instances, in which, unfortunately, little claim to such indulgence can be found. There are some who join most frequently in the cry against science in general, and geology in particular, as dangerous to religion, upon no sincere grounds of religious conviction.

"Their adoption of a certain form of faith is dictated by motives of expediency; and the mere value of its practical effects on society. Not themselves recognising its claims as founded in truth, they uphold the established creed, as well as all received errors popularly engrafted upon it, as a convenient and effectual instrument for securing the influence of practical restraints on the multitude. Hence they condemn all inquiries which may come into collision with any portion of the popular belief; and against the agitation of any question which may shake established prejudices, or suggest any distinctions in the application of Scripture, there is an immediate and indiscriminate cry raised, that they unsettle men's minds, and are heretical doctrines of a most dangerous tendency, and such as will weaken and efface all sense of religious and moral obligation.

"But even among the best men and most sincere believers, there exists too often a sort of dread of meeting such questions in a strictly honest frame of mind. Those who have the most conscientious regard for truth in every thing else, seem to think it dispensed with in supporting the cause of religion; and while they earnestly condemn those who, in former ages, could justify the 'pious frauds' introduced in support of the received faith, are yet themselves influenced by the very same spirit, only in a different form,

in dreading the dissemination of knowledge, if even imagined to be at variance with established religious belief. The one party seeking to support religion by the propagation of falsehood, the other by the suppression of truth, both agree in treating truth as if it were falsehood, and thus give its enemies the fairest ground to think it so."

Fortified by this authority, I may venture to assert that legislative articles of faith and endowed churches trammel the wholesome activity of the superior faculties of the human mind; and thus far serve as impediments to the advancement of civilisation.

I am far, however, from affirming that the hereditary peerage and established churches are felt by every British subject as obstacles to his enjoyment; or that hundreds of thousands of intelligent, good, and sincerely Christian men of all ranks are not reared under their sway. The Austrian government, civil and ecclesiastical, has moulded the opinions of the people into harmony with itself, and common minds in that country are happy under it, and desire no change. In Britain, also, the institutions of the state have communicated their own forms to opinion; and millions of British subjects admire and honour the hereditary peerage, while their souls rejoice under the wings of rectors, bishops, and archbishops. But it may nevertheless be true that the British institutions, like the Austrian, misdirect the minds even of those who are comparatively happy, and certainly contented, under them. The British clergy will recognise the truth of this proposition when applied to the Austrian people, and concede that their blind, though willing, subjection to popery, is an obstacle to their advance in civilisation; but they will probably deny that a blind, although voluntary, subjection to Calvinism produces any injurious effects on the public mind. It appears to me, however, that in Britain, as in Austria, these institutions operate as weights repressing free mental action; and that the more upright, searching, and independent the moral sentiments and intellectual powers of any individual are, the more severely do they check his pursuit of happiness. I disavow, however, every desire to see them abrogated by force, or prematurely abolished by a temporary and unenlightened excitement of public feeling:—reason and moral suasion are the only weapons by which they can be overthrown, without producing evils much greater than themselves.

Another form in which the established churches of Britain oppose civilisation, is that of hostility to popular and liberal education. They profess to desire the education of the people, but demand the entire control of the means which the government may devote to this object. This demand is not only unjust to the dissenters, whose contributions form important elements of the national wealth, but injurious to the whole community, because its avowed object is to obtain the right of fashioning the religious opinions of all future generations in the moulds of antiquity, which are already worn out; or, in other words, of exercising a spiritual tyranny over unborn multitudes of men. The authoritative declaration by Parliament of certain points of faith, as the only true expositions of the will of God, the offering of large endowments to those individuals who choose to embrace these interpretations, and visiting with obloquy, exclusion, and disqualification, those who doubt them, and especially the investing of these dogmas with the attribute of infallible truth, to so great an extent

that every member of the church who publishes serious doubts of their soundness is liable to be expelled for heresy, and excluded from Christian privileges—is at once to anchor theology—to prevent it from advancing with increasing knowledge—and to bind up the moral and intellectual faculties of the best minds from all free, honest, and independent inquiry in this great department of human interests.

What, then, is the influence of the Democratic form of government under which you live, on the activity of the mental faculties? The answer is obvious—you leave all the faculties free to find their own way to happiness as they best are able. You have no hereditary or artificial aristocracy to mould your opinions according to erroneous standards, nor to misdirect your ambition: you have no Established Church to chain up your moral and religious sentiments in the trammels of antiquated articles of belief; you have no self-constituted executive to take out of your hands the administration of your own affairs, and no legislatures formed of privileged classes to restrain your industry by obnoxious laws, or to repress your mental energy, by prescribing boundaries to your exertions. Your government leaves all your faculties free, presents to them the highest and best field for their exercise, and leaves every individual to reap the natural reward or punishment of his own conduct. If the first and most important condition of happiness be the activity of all the faculties, your government complies with it in the most ample manner.

The institutions of the United States not only allow but encourage the activity of *all* the faculties. In your vast unoccupied territory, a fruitful soil presents its attractions to those individuals in whom Acquisitiveness and Ambition predominate. The cultivators raise millions of bushels of grain from their lands, and rear on their innumerable herds of cattle, and offer these rich productions in exchange for articles of utility or luxury manufactured by your Atlantic cities, or imported by them from Europe. All over the wide expanse of your national domain, industry and enterprise are busy, and Acquisitiveness is stimulated by rich rewards. In your political institutions, Self-Esteem and Love of Approbation find unlimited scope. If the humblest citizen thirsts for power and distinction, there is no constitutional obstacle to his becoming President of the United States. The career of activity is equally open to your moral sentiments and intellectual faculties. Every citizen may not only profess whatever religious or philosophical creed seems best suited to his own mind, but he is at liberty to preach and teach that doctrine; to found churches, schools, lyceums, colleges, and libraries in support of it, and to form associations for its propagation and defence. In short, there is no sphere of action of the human faculties, consistent with the common dictates of morality, that is not here encouraged. Nay, so extensive is your liberty, that it occasionally degenerates into licentiousness:—your citizens, in paroxysms of excitement, occasionally indulge their animal propensities in violence, outrage, and injustice, and the law is too feeble to protect the objects of their displeasure, or to punish those who have set it at defiance.

You perceive then, the mighty difference between your institutions and those of despotic countries. But I call your attention to another principle.

Happiness consists in the free play of all our faculties within their legitimate spheres of action,

and this kind of action can exist only when the animal propensities are subjected to the control of the moral sentiments and intellect, and when these latter powers are sufficiently enlightened to be capable of distinguishing between good and evil—between the right course and the wrong—in every department of individual, domestic, and social action. I earnestly press on your attention the great truth, that our affective faculties, both animal and moral, are in themselves that impulses, and that they stand in need of constant guidance. There must be subordination, restraint, self-denial, the power of self-direction, in short, there must be *government*, and enlightened government, before happiness can be attained. We have seen that your institutions have done every thing to set your faculties free: but what have they done to guide them in the right path? So far as I can discover, the answer must be—too little.

In Europe a National Church professes to cultivate the sentiment of Veneration, and to teach morals and religion. Here you leave every man to embrace whatever religion is approved of by his conscience, or to cast off the restraints of religion at his pleasure. In Europe, artificial rank and hereditary titles profess to inculcate deference and subordination in the different departments of society. Here you have no distinction of rank; and, while you encourage Self-Esteem and the Love of Approbation in their boldest flights, you have no artificial institutions, either for restraining or directing them. In Europe, independent courts of justice, and a strong executive, direct or repress the animal propensities. Here your executive is feeble; and when a general excitement seizes your people, your laws are as cobwebs in restraining the propensities. Your institutions have relied on one sole power to regulate all the faculties in their manifestations—the power of public opinion. But what is public opinion? It is the outward expression of the particular group of faculties which may happen to predominate in activity in the majority of the people at the moment. It is the sum of the active impulses of many individual minds. In questions, however, of moral conduct, of religion, of political economy, of law, or even of common prudence, it is not the number of minds, but the degree of their intelligence and virtue, that gives value to their decisions; and I ask, what do your institutions do to communicate to the mind of each person who forms one of your majorities, that wisdom which alone fits him to act as a directing and controlling power over his own propensities and those of his fellow men? I fear that we must again answer—too little.

The idea seems to be entertained by some of your politicians, that propensity in one man will restrain propensity in another;—that sentiment in one will direct sentiment in another; in short, that out of the conflict of interest against interest, justice will be evolved, and that out of the conflict of reason with extravagance and error—whether in religion, in morals, or in political action, wisdom and truth will be brought to light, and that the social body will at length grope its way to repose, prosperity, happiness, holiness, and virtue. If this result shall ultimately be reached by such a process of mental action, it can only be by the exhaustion of error, and the endurance of countless miseries in the process.

Do not imagine, from these remarks, that I am the advocate of European despotisms, and the enemy of your institutions. Quite the reverse; but it is my object to point out to you, that, in

providing an organised moral and physical machinery for regulating the propensities, and directing the sentiments of their subjects into what they consider to be their legitimate spheres of action, monarchs act on a sound and philosophical principle. The propensities are energetic impulses, which must be restrained and guided by some power, external or internal, superior to themselves, otherwise they will deviate into wild abuses. In the European monarchies external restraints are chiefly resorted to; and these, too, unfortunately, are, in many instances, applied by ignorant and selfish men in such a manner as in some degree to crush intellect and stifle virtue, as well as to suppress vice. Although, therefore, you have done well in liberating all your faculties from thralldom to legislative churches, aristocracies, and despots; yet you cannot set them free from the laws of God, written not only in the Scriptures, but on your mental constitution, and on the external world. Some persons appear to conceive liberty to consist in the privilege of unlimited exercise of the animal propensities. The head of Liberty stamped on the earlier medals, commemorative of the French Revolution, is the very personification of this idea. She is a female figure with a villanously small, low, and retreating forehead, deficient moral organs, and ample development of the base and posterior regions of the brain, devoted to the propensities. Her hair is flying back in loose disorder, and her countenance expresses vivacity and passion, but neither morality nor wisdom. The same figure appears on the earlier coins of the United States. Liberty, as I should draw her, would possess large moral and intellectual organs, with moderate propensities. I should arrange her hair in simple elegance, and imprint serene enjoyment, benignity, and wisdom on her brow. She should represent moral liberty, or the unlimited freedom to accomplish all that is good, and the absence of every desire to do evil. Such alone is the liberty after which you should aspire.

I desire, then, to see in this country a moral and intellectual machinery put into vigorous action, calculated to teach the young the legitimate spheres in which all their faculties should act, and to *train* them to impose that restraint upon themselves, to practise that self-denial, and that self-direction, which are indispensable to happiness and prosperity. I desire to see public opinion, which is here your great restraining power, composed, not of the sum of the ruling prejudices, passions, or interests of the day, but of the concentrated wisdom and virtue of millions of trained and enlightened minds. Such a public opinion I should regard as the best and safest of all governing powers. An ignorant public opinion is, to the wise and good, a revolting tyranny. In this country you have chosen public opinion for your chief regulating influence, and it is impossible for you to substitute for it any other. You have established universal suffrage, placed supreme authority in the hands of your majorities, and no human means, short of military conquest, can deprive that majority of its sway. You have, therefore, only one mode of action left to reach the goal of national happiness; enlighten your people, teach them whatever is necessary for them, in order to guide their faculties aright—*train* them to self-control—*train* them in youth to bend all the inferior feelings under the yoke of morality, religion, and reason. In short, educate them—and educate them well.

Most of you will probably acknowledge the advantages of education, point to your common

schools, to the large sums appropriated by the states for public instruction, and ask what more can any reasonable man desire? With every feeling of deference towards your learned men and divines, I would answer that you stand in need of a philosophy of mind capable of guiding your steps in your efforts to bestow education on your people. Many will say—is not common sense sufficient to enable us to manage with success both our political and educational institutions? I repeat the observation of Archbishop Whately, that men never acknowledge the sufficiency of mere common sense to the accomplishment of any important undertaking when they fully understand its nature and the difficulties that must be surmounted to ensure success. A blacksmith will probably assure you, that common sense is sufficient to enable you to farm, if he knows nothing about farming; but if you ask him whether common sense will enable you to shoe a horse, he will unhesitatingly answer, that if you try the experiment, you will probably get your brains kicked out for your rashness and presumption. Do you imagine, then, that the successful direction of the affairs of a great nation, and the training of the human mind, demand less of scientific skill and experience than shoeing horses?

But allow me to ask, what do you understand by common sense, which is supposed to be such an all-sufficient guide in the United States? What is called common sense means the notions which have entered the mind of any individual, from such occurrences and sources of information as he happens to have enjoyed. Men's capacities differ, their opportunities of observation differ, and hence their common sense differs. The individual who professes to have no theory, no hypothesis, no system, but to follow plain common sense, has a theory: it is that formed by his innate capacity, aided by his own individual experience.

In some of your academies, the talent for English composition is supposed to be the most valuable attainment that can be communicated to the young; in others arithmetic and mathematics are regarded as the best studies for developing all the faculties; while one female teacher assured me, in all seriousness, that the human mind is a blank, that all minds are alike in their native capacities, and that she can evoke whatever talents and dispositions she pleases. This is her theory, and she has practised on it for many years! You must have observed how the practices of teachers differ; you cannot suppose that each adopts his own method without some reasons for preferring it;—these reasons, however limited and lame, constitute his theory. In point of fact, they all have theories, and the vast differences in their notions prove that nature is not the author of them; because she is always consistent with herself, and gives one response to all. When we have studied nature we agree. Hence, the great principles of astronomy, chemistry, physiology, and of other branches of natural science, are no longer in dispute. But on the subjects of morals, religion, and education, the diversity and conflict of opinion are boundless. Does not this indicate that our notions on these subjects do not yet rest on a scientific basis? In short, that we enjoy no sound and practical philosophy of mind?

To you this state of mental science is an evil of the greatest magnitude. In this country you need not only education, but an education that shall communicate to youth the knowledge,

maxims, and experience of age. Here you commit political power to the hands of nearly every man who has attained majority. Your population doubles every twenty-three or twenty-five years. The actual majority of your voters is probably under thirty-five or thirty-six years of age. There is no other country in the world which is ruled by men so young and so inexperienced. I was told before I came here, that the Americans are the most excitable nation on the globe; that you take fire in a moment, and instantly rush to action, whether it be in speculation, in legitimate enterprise, in war, or in political change; and since my stay among you, I have heard the deep-toned war-cry uttered with a force and unanimity which is full of fearful omen. And the cause of this may be discerned. The mind, till thirty-five, acts more under the impulse of the feelings than under the guidance of intellect. By the very laws of our nature, Combativeness, Destructiveness, Self-Esteem, Love of Approbation, and Acquisitiveness, are then more energetic than they are at fifty or sixty; and at that period also experience is most deficient. Life has not been long enough to enable us to accumulate wisdom, to detect the illusions of passion or of vain glory—to supply the deficiencies and correct the errors of an imperfect education.

In your country, then, above all others, your school education should teach your youth the specific knowledge of the constitution and powers of physical nature, and the means by which they may be applied to the promotion of human happiness—of the constitution of the body, and the laws of health—of the constitution of the mind, and the means by which we may be best trained to the discharge of our duties in the private, domestic, and social circles—of the laws by which wealth is created and distributed; and of the influence of morals and legislation on the welfare of the individual and society. As you do not wait until your voters, who wield the destinies of your country—who make peace and war—who make and unmake banks—who make and unmake tariffs affecting industry to the core—and who make and unmake even your schools, colleges, and churches—I say, as you do not wait until age has given them wisdom and experience, but place the helm, at once, in their hands, and allow them to act, while they are still full of young blood, and all the energy, confidence and rashness that attend it—you are called on by every consideration to perfect your schools, so as to communicate to them the dictates of a wisdom which cannot be dispensed with, and which will not otherwise be attained.

In the election which took place in November 1839, the question of the currency was actually brought to the polls in the state of New York. The mottoes were—banks and paper currency on the one side—hard specie and sub-treasury laws on the other. These are questions on which Dr. Adam Smith, Ricardo, McCulloch, and the profoundest political economists, have differed in opinion. Does your education enable your people to understand them, and decide on them? No! Yet your people *act* whether they understand them or not. They vote the supporters of paper into power; and paper flourishes. If evil ensue, they vote the advocates of specie into power; and paper and credit go to the wall. They try the experiment. But what an awful experiment! How many thousands of individuals and families are ruined by the violence of every change!

In Austria and Prussia the safety-valve of the body politic is loaded with the weight of an established church and 100,000 bayonets. In cases of discontent, opinion cannot escape, until it has burst through these compressing powers, and then it will explode with terrific violence. Here the safety-valve bears no load except the sense of each individual mind. Any strong internal excitement, or the application of external provocation, causes the propensities and sentiments to glow, and to express themselves with instantaneous energy. Their voice is heard in Europe, and the timid hold their breath, waiting for a grand explosion. Perhaps it never comes. In your country, ten times ten thousand valves let off excited opinion so rapidly that the body politic cools down to its natural heat, as quickly as its temperature was raised. But every one of these excitements shakes credit, deranges trade, ruins fortunes, is attended by suffering, and leaves many pangs behind. Load, then, your safety-valves with knowledge of nature and religion, and train your young minds to control passion by virtue, and you will find these means more effectual than millions of armed soldiers, to insure your prosperity and happiness. Mr. Wyse, in his work entitled "Education Reform," says, "A period of total quiet resulting from a long continued acquiescence in old institutions, leaves a very different imprim. upon the national mind from that which is the necessary consequence of a general breaking up of old principles and forms, and an earnest search after new. In the first instance, an education of stimulants becomes necessary. It is essential to the healthy activity of the body-politic. In the second, steadiness, love of order, mutual toleration, the sacrifice of private resentments and factious interests to general good, should be the great lessons of national education." Vol. i. p. 48. Such, assuredly, should be the education of your sons.

Yours is a noble destiny. Providence has assigned to you the duty of proving by experiment, whether man be, or be not, a rational and moral being, capable of working out his own way to virtue and enjoyment, under the guidance of Reason and Scripture, unfettered by despotic power, and unchained by law-enacted creeds. Your institutions and physical condition call all your faculties into vivid action. Among these, the animal propensities, as I have remarked, are not dormant; but those observers err, who allow their attention to be arrested only, or chiefly, by the abuses of the propensities which appear in your people. Virtue consists in meeting and overcoming temptation. As you, then, by possessing freedom are tempted above other nations, you will show a virtue above them all, if you nobly resist every seducing influence, and march boldly onward in the paths of rectitude and wisdom. The subjects of a despot, whose every thought and action are ruled by other minds, have little merit in exhibiting order and decorum in their public conduct. You will prove the true strength of your moral principles, when you restrain your passions by your own virtuous resolves, and obey just laws enacted by yourselves. It is to aid you in this admirable course of action, in so far as the feeble abilities of one individual will go, that I now address to you these observations. And I again ask, do your schools teach all that your young voters should know? all that the best of your citizens would wish them to know, when they act as electors and arbitrators of the public welfare?—I believe not. If you ask how they can be improved you will

be answered by as many projects and proposals for education, as if you had inquired for the philosopher's stone.

So far from education supplying this knowledge, it appears to me, that a vast proportion of your people have not yet obtained a glimpse of what, I hope, is destined to constitute the real greatness and glory of your country. I find here, the ambition of many individuals directed towards raising the United States to the rank of the richest and the most powerful nation in the world. They bend their whole minds to the increase of her commercial, agricultural, naval, and military grandeur. This is not wrong; but it is not *all*. Thousands of your young men pant for war, in order to wreath the laurels of victory round the brow of their native country; and they call this patriotism. I desire to see higher and better views entertained of the glories and destiny of the United States. History presents only the records of wars, devastations, and selfish aggrandisement pursued by all governments that have ever existed;—republics, oligarchies, monarchies—all have run one wild career of immorality and ambition. If your nation consider herself to have no higher vocation than these, she ceases to be an object of moral interest to the philanthropist and philosopher. If her annals be destined to record the contests only of faction against faction, of party against party, or of the nation against foreign nations—the friend of human improvement must turn from her in despair. The grand duty assigned to Americans is to raise up and exhibit to the world, a nation great in virtue; to show, for the first time, since history began, a people universally educated; a people prosperous, refined, happy, and gigantically great, by the realisation, in their institutions, in their private lives, and in their public actions, of the principles of Christianity.

The founders of your constitution, when they established universal suffrage, assumed it as a fundamental principle, that man is a moral, religious, and intellectual being; and that, if thoroughly instructed and left to direct his course by the truths of Scripture and the dictates of reason, he will found and maintain institutions calculated to promote virtue, religion, and universal peace, with all the physical enjoyments and mental gratifications which attend them. Phrenology confirms this opinion, by unfolding to us the great facts that we possess moral and intellectual faculties invested with authority to rule over and direct the animal propensities; and the propensities themselves have all a legitimate sphere of action. When the founders of your institutions threw unlimited power into the hands of the people, they assumed it as a fundamental principle, that the people are capable of being trained and instructed; and that, when so trained, their desires will be towards that which is good, holy, useful, and just; and Phrenology is the only philosophy, with which I am acquainted, which warrants and sustains this assumption. The despotisms and the established churches of Europe are founded, and defended, on a principle directly the reverse of this, viz. that the mass of mankind are so selfish, so ignorant, and so prone to prefer an immediate individual gratification to the general advantage—that the people cannot be trusted with knowledge and power—that it is Utopian to imagine that the masses can be rendered capable of applying self-restraint, and of reaching virtue and happiness by the spontaneous action of their own minds; but that they must be ruled, like children, by the more enlightened

members of society, and chartered when they infringe the laws enacted by their superiors in their guidance. These two sets of principles are subjects of constant debate between the liberal and despotic parties in Europe; and both, with the deepest interest, look to you to solve the problem on which they differ. All your aberrations from the dictates of morality; the "colonising" and false swearing at your elections; the practice of betting on elections; your mobs, your Lynch laws, your wild speculations, your bank suspensions, with the injustice to so many of yourselves which accompany them; your Negro slavery; your treatment of the Indians; the incessant abuse which the one of your political parties heaps on the distinguished men of the other; the elopements of persons placed in situations of trust with the funds of the nation, or of their constituents; the excessive number of bankruptcies; the very imperfect police for the prevention of crime which characterises some of your great towns, such as New York; the enormous and calamitous conflagrations which scourge your cities, the results either of recklessness or incendiarism; the great self-complacency of the mass of your people, who, although very imperfectly educated, are persuaded by political orators that they know every thing, and can do wisely on every question; the general absence of reverence for authority or superior wisdom, displayed first in childhood, and afterwards in the general progress of life; the regardlessness of the obligations of contracts and agreements that occur in trade, commerce, and personal service;—all these, and every other fault and imperfection, real or imaginary, which can be ascribed to you with any shadow of plausibility, are carefully collected, blazoned, and recorded in Europe—not to your disparagement alone, but to the degradation of human nature, and to the unspeakable injury of the cause of liberty all over the civilised world.

And I ask—What have you to oppose to these charges? Generally your press hurls back accusations of crimes and follies as bad or worse, as fairly chargeable against European governments and nations. But admitting this to be true, the philanthropist, using a common phrase, replies that two blacks do not make a white, and that this forms no legitimate defence for your imperfections. You have proclaimed the supremacy of man's moral and intellectual nature over his animal feelings, and adopted this principle as the basis of your social fabric, and of your hopes. In the old despotisms of Europe, the very opposite principle is avowed. It is assumed by the rulers of these nations, that if man be free, he will only do evil continually. You profess to impose the restraints of religion and morality on yourselves; they impose the restraints of armed force on their people, to lead them to order and obedience. If you, therefore, realise only a social condition no worse than those which are founded on the opposite principle, the friends of liberty feel that their cause is lost. You are bound to exhibit *higher* intelligence, a purer morality, a *deeper* reverence for all that is great, good, and holy—a more rational prudence, a juster estimate of the real value of physical wealth, a greater abhorrence of war and all forms of injustice, and a higher interest in every pursuit that tends to elevate man's moral, religious, and intellectual nature—than are to be found in countries in which the activity of the highest faculties is suppressed by force, or misled by ignorance or fraud—in short, you are bound to

impose an enlightened self-restraint on all your faculties; and if you do not do so, you betray the great cause of freedom which Providence has entrusted to your care.

And I ask—Are your schools, your literature, your daily maxims and pursuits, and the spirit which animates the masses of your people, steadily, systematically, and successfully directed towards the attainment of these high and honourable objects? are they adequate to the formation of a public opinion under which a virtuous and enlightened mind may live in peace, and rejoice, and with which it can cordially co-operate? When I converse with your wisest citizens many of them concede that such should be the objects of your institutions, manners, and pursuits; and they labour to reach them; but they often lament the vast interval which lies between these great conceptions and their accomplishment. The enlightened philanthropists of this country desire to see commenced in earnest a system of training and instruction which shall be really capable of preparing the young republican for the discharge of the highest duties which a rational being can be called on to execute, in a manner and in a spirit becoming their grandeur, dignity, and utility; but they experience extraordinary difficulties, arising from the ignorance and the power of the people, in realising their aspirations. Many who now hear me, and who participate in these desires, will confirm what I say. I was invited to come to this country by some philanthropists, who believed that this philosophy would aid your people, in discovering at once, their own need of better instruction and the means of obtaining it. Phrenology lays open, even to the most ordinary mind, an intelligible view of the human faculties; it carries home a striking conviction of the indispensable necessity of education to their improvement and direction, and presents tangible principles for administering this instruction. I have long been an admirer of your institutions, and an advocate of man's capability of raising his moral, religious, and intellectual powers to supremacy over his animal propensities; and I obeyed the call which was sent to me. Far from disapproving of your institutions, I admire them, and have confidence in them; but it is my duty to express my conviction, that your people need a vastly improved education to render them equal to the faithful and successful discharge of the important duties committed to them by the institutions of the states and of the federal government, and to form a public opinion adequate to the due performance of the high duties assigned to this power.

In the preceding lectures I have already explained my views of education, and left them to your judgment. I am far from pressing them on your attention as infallible; I only submit them in all humility to your consideration; "prove (or try) all things, and hold fast that which is good." If you know a sounder and more practical philosophy of mind than that which I have expounded, adopt it, and carry its principles into practice. All that I mean to maintain, without limit and qualification, is, that, in the United States, the moral and intellectual condition of the people must be raised far above its present standard, or your institutions will perish. If you agree with me in regard to the end, you are the proper judges of the means.

You are engaged in trying many momentous experiments in regard to the nature and capabilities of man; and you are now also in the act of solving the true nature and power of Christianity.

You leave reason and scripture, science and theological doctrines, to adjust their several claims to acceptance, and to work out a harmony among themselves. Though your wide extended country be overrun by contending sects, still fear not for religion. If Austria boast of almost unanimity in her faith, it is not because she has found infallible truth, but because she has extinguished in her people the desire and the capacity of independent thinking on religious doctrines. Your numerous sects prove to my mind one great truth, that Christianity is not yet fully understood; that in past ages, the Scriptures have been interpreted, too often without knowledge of the philosophy of mind, and without regard to the dictates of reason and of science. In Britain many persons suffer under feelings of insecurity about religion. They seem to regard it as a pyramid resting on its apex; bishops and archbishops may be pictured on one side; rectors and endowed clergy on another; the lords and commons on a third; and many excellent laymen on the fourth; all straining themselves to preserve it erect, each, apparently, believing that if he were to withdraw his support, it would fall and break into a thousand fragments. Professor Powell, in the work already quoted, ably describes the mental condition of these apprehensive Christians. "Adopting their creed," says he, "blindly from education, custom, or party, too many hold their religion only by a most loose and uncertain tenure, and are lamentably confused in their notions of its nature. Hence they dread a formidable shock to Christianity in every physical discovery; and in the obscurity which surrounds them, imagine danger to the truth in every exposure of error. Insensible to the real strength of their position, they live in groundless alarm for its security; and, accustomed to cherish faith in ignorance, they apprehend in every advance of knowledge, the approach of the enemy of their salvation." But when we discover by means of Phrenology, that religious feelings spring from the innate faculties of Veneration, Hope, and Wonder, we perceive that religion can never be shaken. The churches, creeds, emblems, and ceremonies, which many individuals mistake for religion, are really its effects. They are the outward symbols by which the innate religious sentiments manifest their desires, and seek for gratification. They are no more the causes of religion, than clarionets and violins are the causes of that love of melody which exists in the human mind, and which prompts the intellect to produce them for its gratification. I request of you, then, clearly to distinguish between the sentiment of religion—which is inherent in the human mind;—and its outward symbols—which may assume various forms at different times and in different countries, yet religion itself be not for one moment in danger. The founders of your institutions have acted on this view; and in your country they have placed the pyramid of religion at once on its basis. Here, it is seen standing in all its native solidity, simplicity, and beauty, without needing the aid of human power to preserve it in its place.

In the same spirit, you have trusted the preservation of the purity of the Bible to the moral and religious principles, and the interest, of your printers and publishers. You have conferred no patent monopolies on individuals, and established no boards, with well paid secretaries, to superintend the printing of the Scriptures; yet in your country the text is as pure as it is in Britain. You have learned by experience that an edition

in which errors are detected, becomes, by the unanimous verdict of your community, mere waste paper in the hands of those who have produced it, and that this operates as a most efficacious check against corruption.

The attention of the Christian world has lately been called to a singular fact, which is instructive, and I think encouraging to you; It is this—that Protestantism has made little progress in extending itself in Europe, since the "end of the thirty years' war," and that the expansive power, which we believe all truth to possess, has not been manifested by it since that epoch. "It is truly remarkable," says a recent critic, "that neither the moral revolution of the eighteenth century, nor the moral counter-revolution of the nineteenth, should, in any perceptible degree, have added to the domain of Protestantism. During the former period, whatever was lost to Catholicism was lost also to Christianity; during the latter, whatever was regained by Christianity in Catholic countries was regained also by Catholicism." One cause of this phenomenon appears to me to be, that the Protestant Kingdoms of Europe, in general, have imitated the Roman Catholic so closely, that they have in many respects instituted Popish churches under a different name. The Reformation proclaimed freedom of religious opinion; but the Protestant monarchies enacted creeds and endowed churches to maintain them. They stifled opinion, and bound up the human mind in the fetters of authority;—and how could Protestantism, in other words, religious freedom, prosper or expand itself in such circumstances? You, almost alone, have done justice to Protestantism; you have given it a fair field; and if, in your country, Popery should not ultimately yield to it, Popery must contain the greater extent of truth.

In attending the places of religious worship of several of your sects, I have received a profound impression of the vivacity of the religious sentiments among you. I, therefore, consider religion in this country as in the most prosperous condition. Honest and earnest zeal for the glory of God and the welfare of human souls, evinces itself in innumerable forms: It is true that I perceive a great diversity of doctrines; but this fact leads me simply to the conclusion that much yet remains to be done before the true interpretation of Scripture shall be completed; and that many improvements remain to be introduced into Christian theology, before it shall stand side by side with reason and science, and exhibit all the symmetry and beauty of a harmonious compartment in the great temple of universal truth. Far from regarding the diversity of your sects as an evil, I view it as an unspeakable advantage. The existence of wide diversity of the opinions of Christian sects is to me irrefragable evidence that error is not yet fully expurgated from popular Christianity.

How, then, is the religion of Jesus to be purified? Not by adopting one form of its corruption and declaring it, by statute, to be true. This has been tried, and has failed. Not by the recondite studies and commentaries of cloistered monks, or state-endowed and state-chained divines: for what human research and learning could accomplish has been achieved by them already. The doctrines, generally known under the name of Puseyism, afford a specimen of the improvements in Christianity which learned priests, even in the nineteenth century, propose when left to follow the dictates of their own judgment. Christian theology is not destined to

advance by such aids as these. The conflicts of your sects will do more for its improvement than has been accomplished by all the commentators who have laboured in the field since the reformation.

One palpable advantage of a number of religious sects, all equal in the eye of the law, is, that their clergy discuss each other's interpretations of Scripture and the doctrines founded on them, with a degree of fearlessness, energy, and effect, which rarely characterises the efforts of laymen in the same field. Each sect brings the doctrines of its opponents to the touch-stone of reason, although some of them shrink from applying reason to their own. In a discussion on points of Scriptural doctrine, between laymen and religious teachers, the latter are prone to charge the former with infidelity, as the short answer to all objection; and the religious world too often makes common cause with the teachers, in giving effect to the accusation. But when the clergy of one sect contend with those of another, their religious characters protect them against this brief method of dealing with their arguments, and the subject must be treated on its merits. By this means, truth is advanced, and theology and reason are brought more and more into harmony. If a layman, for instance, had attacked the Calvinistic doctrine of Election, he would probably have been at once denounced as an infidel. But when the Rev. John Wesley, himself a high authority in religion, in commenting on the Rev. James Hervey's advocacy of this doctrine in his "Theron and Aspasia," says, "But what becomes of other people? (that is, besides the Elect), they must inevitably perish for ever? The die was cast ere even they were in being. The doctrine to pass them by, has

'Consigned their unborn souls to hell,
And damned them from their mother's womb.'

I could sooner be a Turk, a Deist—yea, an Ath-ist, than I could believe this; it is less absurd to deny the very being of God, than to make him an Almighty tyrant;"—when a religious man writes thus, he must be answered in reason, and in Scripture reconcilable with reason.

Again, when the Church of Scotland, claiming Christ as its only head, asserted, that in contending for its own power and privileges with the supreme civil court of the country, it was only defending the "Redeemer's crown rights," any layman who should have stigmatised this as an act of unwarrantable and irreverend assumption, would probably have been accused of infidelity; and the religious portion of the community would have given effect to the charge; but when the Rev. And. Marshall of Kirkintulloch, a speaker at a great meeting of Evangelical Dissenters, held in Edinburgh on the 16th December, 1840, used the following words, the religious public could not treat them thus, but must have pondered them well and answered them in reason. The system of non-intrusion, said he, is "an attempt to set up an institution (the Church of Scotland) in the name of Christ which Christ never sanctioned—an institution breathing a spirit and clothed with a character which the religion of Christ utterly disowns—an institution calling itself national, and claiming a large portion of the national property—an institution claiming a right to dispose of the national property, the national honours, and the national emoluments; yet at the same time refusing to be controlled by the national authority, and setting at defiance all laws but its own. Is this a Christian institution? Is this an

institution to be tolerated in any free state? Yet, such is the institution which the non-intrusionists are trying to set up, and of this institution they say that Christ is the head. I deny the assertion. I consider it an assertion bordering upon blasphemy; an assertion throwing a stain, a foul and injurious stain, upon the great name by which we are called. The head of the Church of Scotland! Christ is the head of his own mystical body, the foundation and chief corner-stone of that spiritual living temple which is composed of all Christian men in all parts of the world; but I have yet to learn that the Church of Scotland, either as it has existed hitherto, or as it would exist, provided the non-intrusionists had their will—I say, I have yet to learn that the Church of Scotland and this living temple are one and the same thing. I grant, indeed, that there is a sense in which Christ may be said to be the head of the Church of Scotland; but that is just as he is the head of the Church of England, just as he is the head of the Church of Rome; and just as he is the head of any other existing society, or any other portion of human beings—as the head, for instance of the British empire, or the empire of the Chinese. I will grant that there is a sense in which Christ orders the concerns of the Church of Scotland, and in which he superintends all their affairs, great and small; but that is exactly as he superintends the affairs of the French, or the affairs of their friend Meh met Ali." Such arguments as these, proceeding from religious men and directed against the doctrines of religious men, open up the understandings of the people, and give them courage to think; and by them theology is advanced.

Fear not evil, then, from the multitude and conflicts of your sects.

Many of them reject the authority of reason when applied to themselves, but they all use it to expose and refute the errors of their opponents; and by this constant appeal to reason, I anticipate the ultimate purification of Christian doctrine, and the increasing approximation of all sects towards unanimity. There is one God, and one truth, and no interpretations of Scripture can be sound, or secure of universal acceptance and permanent existence, which contradict reason or clash with natural science. Scripture may legitimately go beyond what reason can reach, as in teaching the resurrection of the dead, but no sound interpretations of it can evolve doctrines that distinctly contradict natural truth. The process of improvement appears to me to be evidently begun. A large portion of your Presbyterian Church has dropped some of the peculiar doctrines of Calvinism, and even Yale College has modified the ancient views of original sin. These are steps, however small, by which the professors of Calvinism are approaching towards the opinions of those who adopt Universalism and Unitarianism. Be not alarmed; it is not my intention to express an opinion in favour of the superiority of any sect; this does not become a stranger, and one whose element is philosophy; but as a philosophical observer, I beg leave to state my conviction that the progress which Christianity is destined to make in your country, is one of approximation to unity in belief; that, in proportion as the knowledge of mental philosophy and physical science is extended among your people, your sects will drop one doctrine after another, as it is discovered to clash with reason and natural truth, and that they will elicit purer, and sounder, and more practically useful doctrines in their place; until truth, commanding unanimity,

shall stand forth before an admiring world. This must be the ultimate effect of free discussion. If man be really a rational and moral being; and, however distant the prospect, it is still discernable by the eye of reason and of faith.

If such be the probable result to which your religious discussions will lead, Phenology will serve as a beacon light to guide you on your way. The starting point of innumerable religious differences lies in different views entertained in regard to the nature of man: Phenology will settle this point beyond the possibility of controversy. While every individual takes his own consciousness and observations as the standards by which he measures human dispositions and capacities, metaphysical divines may assign or deny a human mind whatever moral and intellectual qualities best suit their several religious opinions; but when the faculties are studied in connection with organs, this becomes impossible. Organs are visible and tangible, and owe their existence directly to God. The mental qualities, therefore, attached to them, are all equally the direct gifts of the Creator; and be they what they may, they are His workmanship. Hitherto, Scripture has generally been interpreted without the knowledge of the organs and of their influence on the mental manifestations; and it appears to me that, when this knowledge becomes general, many popular interpretations will not bear investigation. Again, Phenology shows us that, to improve the human mind, we must begin by improving the condition of the brain; and that, to attain success in this object, all moral, religious, and intellectual teaching must be conducted in harmony with the laws of physiology. While, however, it foretells of changes in the interpretations of Scripture, and in religious opinions, it affords us a guaranty for the safety, the permanence, and the ever-extending power of religion itself, sufficient to assure the most timid. It brings before our eyes, organs specially destined to the manifestations of religious sentiments. It thereby shows us that religion itself is innate in our nature, and that it is as enduring as the race. It enables us to compare our mental nature, such as God has constituted it, with the precepts of Jesus, and shows us the most admirable harmony between them. It forcibly demonstrates that great differences exist in the relative strength of the faculties in different individuals, and leads us to infer that many of our religious differences are referable to this cause, each of us being impressed most forcibly by the texts of Scripture which speak most strongly to his own predominant faculties. While, therefore, it foretells the dissolution of many dogmatical opinions, which at present put enmity and strife between Christian sects, it presents the strongest confirmation of the great truths about which all are agreed, and gives, if possible, an enlarged prominence and importance to the influence which, when freed from heterogeneous errors, these are destined to exercise over human civilisation.*

One great obstacle to your moral, religious and intellectual progress appears to me to be the influence which the history, institutions, manners, habits, and opinions of Europe are still exercising over the minds of your people. Study them in order to imbihe their wisdom and to adopt the refinement; but avoid the errors which they

* I have discussed this topic more fully in my lectures on Moral Philosophy, to which I beg leave to refer.

hibit, and shun them as guides in your religious and political progress. Society is in a state of transition, and old things are passing away. I have endeavoured to point out to you, that your institutions, and those of the governments and churches of Europe, rest on widely different views of human nature and its capabilities. A religious creed, founded on the opinion that man is "wholly defiled in all the faculties and parts of soul and body," may be adapted to a monarchy, which, acting in the spirit of this dogma, denies political power to its millions, and supports religion by statutes, enforcing these, if necessary, by bayonets; but it may be very unsuitable to you, whose whole social arrangements rest on the assumption that man is by nature a religious, moral, and intellectual being. When, however, your sects, in the exercise of freedom, renounce that opinion, and embrace views of man's nature more in accordance with your social institutions, the chained clergy of Europe may accuse them of heretical errors. But do not allow yourselves to be shaken by their disapproval. If you are right, they are in the wrong; and they are not willing to decide against themselves. Every religious community whose faith has been anchored by the edicts of popes, emperors, kings, or parliaments, will represent your departures from their standards as backslidings and pernicious errors, and the conflicts of your sects as the harbingers of the extinction of religion. But fear not. Before your religion can become capable of exercising a powerful, and a much needed, influence over the public conduct of your people, it must be brought into harmony with the principles of your social institutions, and as you have laid aside European forms of government it is to be expected that you may depart from European standards of faith. After a long night of troubled controversy, a brighter dawn will rise on your religious world; Truth is omnipotent, and free discussion is her glorious arena. She will come forth triumphant; and you will ultimately exhibit Christianity in her purity and might, acknowledging Science as her brother, and Learning as her sister, mingling harmoniously and gracefully with this world's interests, and guiding your people securely in the paths of virtue and peace.

The influence of the American citizen reaches to all the interests of his country; and I have already endeavoured to point out to you how Phrenology may aid you in the discharge of your important duties. Assuming it to be the philosophy of mind founded on the physiology of the brain, it will furnish valuable lights to your understandings when you act,—

As jurymen, and decide on questions of insanity, involving the most important private rights and responsibility to the criminal law;—

As directors of common schools, and superintendents of education;—

As visitors and inspectors of houses of refuge and of prisons;—

As visitors and inspectors of lunatic asylums; and

As electors of legislators, governors, and a vast variety of public officers. Allow me to remark, that, as the whole fabric of your institutions rests on a moral basis, and is devoid of artificial supports, you, of all nations, stand most in need of high moral and intellectual qualities in your public men. It is too obvious that you do not yet possess adequate means of discriminating and selecting individuals possessed of these qualities; for in no country which I have

visited, has such an array of delinquencies, committed by men in confidential public situations, been exhibited, as has met my eye since I came to the United States. Many of you will smile when I express my opinion that Phrenology is calculated greatly to aid you in avoiding this monstrous evil. I have stated to you that the native power of manifesting every mental faculty bears a reference, other conditions being equal, to the size of its organs; and that the magnitude of the organs may be estimated. If you wish, therefore, that your public administrators should be vigorous and active, choose men with high temperaments, large brains, and large lungs. If you desire that they should possess native integrity, choose men with predominant organs of Conscientiousness. If you desire that they should possess native benevolence and piety, select individuals in whom the organs of these sentiments are largely developed. If you desire that they should be distinguished for intellectual superiority, select persons with large anterior lobes of the brain. If you require activity, you must attend to the temperament, if general power, to the size of the brain in general.

I have explained to you that the size of the organs indicates only the presence of *native* mental power. If size and temperament be deficient, I know of no earthly means by which high capacity can be conferred: but these may be possessed without being cultivated. Phrenology affords no key to the extent of cultivation; but this may be ascertained from other sources. What I desire, therefore, to say is, that if you select men with favourable temperaments, large moral and intellectual organs, adequately educated—and moderate animal organs, disciplined to obedience—you may rely on their virtuous qualities when you employ them as public servants, in all emergencies, not involving disease, as severely as upon the physical elements of nature; if you choose men deficient in the moral and intellectual organs, and greatly gifted in those of the animal propensities, be their education and religious professions what they may, you will, in the hour of trial and temptation, find that you have relied on broken reeds, and on vessels that retain no water.

I expect these remarks to draw from many of you a smile of incredulity, and from some even one of derision; but nature can wait her time. You and your sons will probably long condemn this method of distinguishing the native qualities of the candidates who solicit your votes; but you and they will suffer as you have done in times past, and now do, from the inferior qualities of many individuals whom you elect, until you open your eyes to your own interest and duty. It is God who has established the facts which I now explain to you, and what he has appointed can never fail. Your vast constituencies cannot, by personal experience and observation, enjoy the advantage of judging of the qualities of all the candidates who solicit their suffrages; and nothing is more fallacious than the testimonies of friends and political partisans; but the brain cannot be moulded to suit the interests of the day, and it will not deceive you. It affords an index to native qualities which, with honest intention and assiduous care, may be read; and I unhesitatingly anticipate that the day will come when your posterity will acknowledge that it sheds a light from heaven upon the entangled path of their public duties.

Finally—Phrenology, when generally taught, will not only render your citizens far more dis-

criminating in their estimates of the qualities of public men, but it will give them confidence in moral and intellectual principle; it will induce them to seek for, draw forth, elevate, and honour, the good and the wise, who at present are too often borne down and excluded by noisy egotism and bustling profession, and left unemployed in the shade. It will also enable the good to recognise each other, and to combine their powers; it will give definite forms to their objects, and union to their efforts. In short, it appears to me to be a great instrument presented to you by Providence, to enable you to realise that grandeur and excellence in your individual and social conditions which the friends of humanity hold you bound to exhibit as the legitimate fruits of freedom.

In presenting these views to you, I exercise that freedom of thought and of speech which your institutions declare to be the birthright of every rational being; but I do not construe your attention in listening to them into approval of their substance; nor do I desire that your countrymen should hold you answerable for either their truth or their tendency. We must hear before we can know, and reflect before we can understand; and truth alone can bear investigation. Embrace, therefore, and apply whatever I may have uttered that is sound; and forgive and forget all that I may have stated in error. By your doing so, the cause of civilisation will be advanced; while we, although differing in opinion, may live in the exercise of mutual affection and esteem. With my warmest acknowledgements for your kind attention, I respectfully bid you farewell.

END OF COMBE'S NOTES.

BRITISH POPULATION.

In Great Britain the number of individuals in a state to bear arms, from the age of 16 to 60, is 2,744,847. The number of marriages is about 98,030 yearly; and it has been reckoned that, in 63 of these unions, there were only three which had no issue. The number of deaths is about 332,700 yearly, which makes nearly 25,592 monthly, 6398 weekly, 914 daily, and 40 hourly. The deaths among the women are, in proportion to the men, as 50 to 54. The married women live longer than those who continue in celibacy. In the country the mean term of the number of children produced by each marriage is four; in towns the proportion is seven for every two marriages. The number of married women is, to the general number of individuals of the sex, as one to three; and the number of married men to that of all the individuals of the male sex, as three to five. The number of widows is, to that of widowers, as three to one; but the number of widows who marry again is, to that of widowers, in the same case, as seven to four. The individuals who inhabit elevated situations live longer than those who reside in less elevated places. The half of the individuals die before attaining the age of seventeen years. The number of twins is, to that of ordinary births, as one to sixty-five. According to calculations, founded upon the bills of mortality, one individual only in 3126 attains the age of one hundred years. The number of births of the male sex is, to that of the female sex, as 96 to 95.—*Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.*

THE STORY OF MANDRIN, THE SMUGGLER CAPTAIN.

In the public records of Montbrison, a town in the south of France, near the banks of the Rhone, there is a most remarkable document, which has as remarkable a history. The paper is brief; it is a receipt, and originated in the following circumstances.

About the middle of the eighteenth century, or, to be more pointed, in the year 1764, Mandrin, the famous brigand, presented himself at the gates of Montbrison. He was accompanied by such a force, that no one dreamed of offering the slightest resistance. He took possession of the place in the same manner as the Duke of Nemours had done in the sixteenth century; but with this difference in favour of the brigand, that the latter exacted not one coin from the inhabitants, and caused a rigorous discipline to be observed by his band. One of them, who ventured to appropriate an article of the most trifling value, was publicly punished in the market place.

After making various dispositions for security of his own safety and that of his men during their stay, and for relieving the inhabitants from fear, Louis Mandrin, elegantly attired in a rich court habit, according to the accounts of the old people of the place, betook himself, accompanied by two of his men in the dress of lacqueys, to the house of M. Palmaroux, receiver of taxes for the district. He entered with the greatest coolness into the dwelling in question, but at the same time with the urbanity of deportment which he knew well how to assume, and by which he took a pride in distinguishing himself from the vulgar bandits of the day.

"M. Palmaroux," said he to the receiver-general, "I am come to do myself the honour of supping with you."

This speech was accompanied with a low bow, and an elegant wave of the hat, which was ornamented by a nodding plume of feathers.

"May I request to know, sir, to whom I am indebted for the honour of this visit?" answered M. Palmaroux, stammering through surprise and a suspicion that his free-and-easy visitor, though not known to him, was not of a very pleasant order of persons.

"A very simple question that is, and very easily answered, Mr. Receiver-general," said the brigand; "my name is Louis Mandrin."

"Louis Mandrin!" muttered out the tax-gatherer.

"Pray, do not make a noise, M. Palmaroux," said Mandrin; "that would be imprudent; and do not be alarmed. You judge by report; it is wrong to do so. The only way to acquire a knowledge of people is to see them close at hand; and that is precisely the advantage which I meant to give you in coming thus to *treat* with you, glass in hand."

"Treat with me!" cried M. Palmaroux; "I do not comprehend what kind of relations there can be between you and me."

The financier did not speak the exact truth here; for a certain tremulousness in his voice, and nervous agitation in his limbs, indicated that he had made a good guess at the business hinted at by his visitor. Mandrin did not allow him at any rate to remain long in the dark.

"Oh!" said the brigand, "our treaty is not one that requires any discussion. It is a simple matter; 'conclude and sign!' You will find me perfectly honourable, and scrupulously regular

in my transactions. What! I compromise the credit of an honest receiver? Nothing is farther from my thoughts. I am all for right and justice, and that is the reason that I usually travel with a few musqueteers about me; for you know, my dear Mr. Financier, it requires a certain degree of energy in this world of ours to make equity triumphant. But we'll talk of business afterwards; let us first sup. Where are the ladies? Oh! they have concealed themselves, I wager. What nonsense! They told me that Madame Palmaroux is musical; I shall be enchanted to hear her. One of the disagreeable features of my profession is the deprivation of music. You would scarcely believe, my dear Palmaroux, how much I miss it. Your good lady!"

"Certainly, sir," stammered out the receiver; "but I fear—I fear my wife is indisposed!"

"To see me?" interrupted the bandit in his turn. "Oh these confounded reputations! But I would soon reassure your lady."

In fine, with not the best grace in the world, M. Palmaroux was necessitated to make his wife appear. Madame Palmaroux was a woman; and though she could not enter the presence of the famous brigand without fear and trembling, yet she took the precaution to appear as well dressed as possible, reasoning with herself probably in some such way as this. "Though one cannot help being frightened for a robber, it is needless making one's self a fright for that."

The supper was announced. Mandrin presented to Madame Palmaroux a very white hand, decorated with a variety of costly rings. In the supper-room, the brigand kept his two pretended lacqueys behind his chair. During the repast, the conversation was light and animating. The visitor of the receiver chatted of the court, theatres, romances, and Madame Pompadour, and dropt not a word regarding the motive of his visit. But, at the dessert, he changed the conversation so markedly, that madame foresaw what was coming. Her husband begged her to retire, but she requested to remain, imagining that the man who chatted so gaily with her would be accessible to her influence in the business about to be transacted. But she soon found that Mandrin had two characters, and that there were points on which he made no concessions.

"Well," said Mandrin, swallowing a final glass of champagne, "let us finish our business. How much, Mr. Receiver, *have we* in our treasury?"

"Ah! very little, M. Mandrin," said Palmaroux; "the people will not pay. They lock their chests against us, and beat our collectors."

"Ah! that is very ill done, indeed," said the bandit; "but let us not lose time. How much have we exactly?"

"Perhaps from seven to eight hundred livres, more or less," answered the receiver-general.

"Take care what you say, my dear M. Palmaroux," said Mandrin, "you know that accuracy is every thing in financial matters. And don't imagine that I come to you as a spoliator. By no means; I am not one of those rude sort of fellows. I intend to put into your coffer, in place of money, a good and valid receipt; one much more regular, I shall be bold to say, than most of those you receive. You understand, it shall be a quitance, signed by me, and sealed with my signet, with a hundred and fifty muskets at my back to give weight to the document. It will be a sterling receipt; every bank in the world would accept such a tender. Come,

Father Palmaroux, without more words, the sum have you on hand at present?"

Something in the brigand's manner led M. Palmaroux to delay no longer. "Upon my conscience, six thousand livres." At these words, Mandrin took from his pocket a scrap of paper, and glancing at him, said, "Six thousand seven hundred and ninety livres; that is the sum you have exactly. You see, my dear receiver, we are pretty well informed. But seven hundred livres is a small matter in the conscience of a receiver-general."

The bandit then turned to one of his lacquey attendants, and said "Accompany Mr. Receiver to his office, and get from him the sum of six thousand seven hundred and ninety livres. I know that I never touch money, it soils my fingers; and, besides, it would be ungallic to leave the lady here alone. I have also the pleasure to write. I carry stamps always about with me. Regularity in every thing, that is my motto."

And, in truth, the brigand drew from his pocket a small book, containing proper stamps with writing materials. Having first carefully turned up a portion of the table-cloth to prevent any staining, he then wrote out a receipt in the following terms: "I, the undersigned Louis Mandrin, have collected from the offices of M. Palmaroux, receiver-general of taxes at Montbrison, the sum of six thousand seven hundred and ninety livres, taken against their will from the people of the district; and declare the said receiver duly freed of the said sum, and to be exempt from all recourse on the part of farmer-general or their agents; in notification of which I leave him the present receipt to serve as an available and valid discharge. LOUIS MANDRIN."

After this exploit, Mandrin took a courteous leave of his host and hostess, and, soon after, of the town of Montbrison. Though M. Receiver and Madame Palmaroux could not say much of the pleasure resulting from the visit paid to them, yet they afterwards spoke with wonder at the urbanity of the notorious robber.

After a life in which strange afflictions of breeding, and even acts of direct generosity, were mingled with acts of violence and spoliation, chiefly in the department of smuggling, Mandrin was taken, condemned, and broken on the wheel. Sir Walter Scott, in alluding to the comparative apathy which he himself felt at the first shock of his misfortunes was over, compares his case with that of Mandrin, who, while undergoing his final punishment, declared with his dying breath that he felt no pain, the first blows having so deadened his sensations as to render the rest productive of no suffering.

END OF PART I.

act scene in these plays, and after a few bars of music, *Hermione* entered. We had heard of an insignificant figure, of ugly features, and forbidding expression: we saw a figure of extreme gracefulness, somewhat above the middle size: a face of small, but pleasing features, radiant with the beauty of intelligence and feeling; and such a form of head as *Phidias* might have moulded. She was well received, but without enthusiasm. The heavy influence of *Pyrrhus* and *Orestes* had by no means deserted the scene. She spoke the first four lines of the part, and it was as if a sudden burst of sunshine had cleared off a dense and dreary fog. The ease and variety of modulation; the subdued but thoroughly conscious power; the sense of what was to be done, and the knowledge of how to do it; were made obvious at once, and in these four apparently unimportant lines.

But some few words we must here interpose about the tragedy, to show what it was the actress had to do. We waive all remarks as to the want of classical truth, or of any remote likeness to it, in the entire conception. Four persons are on the scene, counting the confidants as nothing. There is *Pyrrhus*, the Epirot king, who has fallen in love with his captive, *Andromache*; there is *Orestes*, the Argive prince, who is in hot pursuit of the *Pyrrhus* abandoned *Hermione*; there is *Andromache*, who will not have *Pyrrhus*; and there is *Hermione*, who will not have *Orestes*. The scene never changes from an ante-chamber in the palace of *Pyrrhus*, and the time is comprised within a day. The action may be somewhat thus described. *Orestes* arrives at the palace under cover of an embassy from the associated Greeks, to demand the death of Hector's son at the hands of *Pyrrhus*, but in truth to renew his own pursuit of *Hermione*. *Pyrrhus* politely listens to his arguments, and requests him, with a charming courtesy, to carry back a flat refusal to the Greeks. The act closes with the entrance of *Andromache*, to whom her generous captor relates what he has said to *Orestes*, with the high-minded remark that she must now at once resolve to marry him, or he shall certainly be obliged to reconsider the whole matter. With the beginning of the second act, we have the griefs and threatenings of the deserted *Hermione*, and a sly recommendation from her confidant to "try *Orestes*." She grants him an interview, and, resolved to turn him to use for a last effort on *Pyrrhus*, sends him to the king as ambassador from herself, with the alternative of instant marriage or eternal separation. If he says nay to me, she intimates, I say yea to you. Meanwhile, *Pyrrhus* has been talked over by his confidant, and ends the second act with a pious resolution to wed his betrothed, and deliver up the child of *Andromache*. The despair of *Orestes*, and the happy triumph of *Hermione*, open the third act; but both are short-lived; for the act closes with some sensible remarks from the confidant of *Andromache* to that mourning lady, which leave us without a doubt that the widow will rather marry *Pyrrhus*, than sacrifice Hector's son. Terrible is the resolve of *Hermione*, as the fourth act opens, and reveals to us the nuptials of *Pyrrhus* and *Andromache*, to come off without delay. *Orestes* takes from her a terrible commission to slay this faithless king at the very altar, and the act ends with her own quiet and bitter farewell to *Pyrrhus*, as perjurer and traitor. Alas! love has again returned as the fifth act begins, and a frightful deed is doing. Rage repossesses her as she supposes the deed not done. Love, rage, and all the contending furies which make up despair, drive her to madness on the entrance of *Orestes*, stained with the blood of *Pyrrhus*. She spurns the murderer from her, and rushes out to stab herself upon the body of the king. Then the real furies, who have considerably let *Orestes* alone during the whole play, renew their bewildering attentions to him, and the curtain falls as he sinks exhausted on the stage.

Out of no more promising material than this was the triumph of Mademoiselle Rachel achieved; we lost sight of all the absurdity as soon as she entered, and in the place of a game at cross purposes, in which sulky grown-up children were all struggling to get at their lollypops, each before the other, we found our-

selves in the grasp of an earnest overmastering passion, following it, swayed by it, suffering under it. And this, less by means of distinct and separate hits, than by their fusion into one unaltering figure of wayward love. Some of our cotemporaries have remarked on her want of tenderness. It seemed to us that through the whole of her performance, there went trembling, like one flushed vein, the very soul of tenderness. You saw it in the aggravated bitterness of her desertion, as you had seen it in the softened triumph of her possession; and the hate was but another form of the love. Mademoiselle Rachel's most finished mastery of her art, appears in these opposite yet combined expressions. Her contrasts are inimitable, and yet if we may connect such expressions with them, they seem to us to have a most complete proportion, and the most harmonious sweetness. In all that we had before seen of the modern tragic acting of France, this matter of contrast was conveyed in sudden leaps. There, was measured solemnity; here, convulsive boisterousness; and not the most wooden plank to bridge over the chasm. It is not the way with Rachel. She holds continually within her heart the invisible central point of the character she personates, and what we observe of its most startling contrasts, fitful and various as they seem, are but converging or diverging rays. When, in the second act, she sent *Orestes* to force the answer of *Pyrrhus*,

"Je n'en puis partir
Que mon pere ou *Pyrrhus* ne m'en fassent sortir.
De la part de mon pere allez lui faire entendre,
Que l'ennemi des Grecs ne peut etre son gendre.
Du Troyen, ou de moi faites-le décider
Qu'il songe qui des deux il veut rendre ou garder."

through all the loveliness of extreme apparent candour with which the lines were given, there faltered thrice on the very verge of disclosure, at the brief words we have marked, that all-controlling emotion which prompts and half extenuates the artifice. When in the fourth act she bade farewell to *Pyrrhus*, upon the light of every piercing sarcasm she uttered, there fell the dark shadow of her suppressed agony of soul.

"Est-il juste, apres tout, qu'un conquerant s'abaisse
Sous la servile loi de tenir sa promesse?
Non, non, la perfidie a de quoi vous tenter;
Et vous ne me cherchez que pour vous en vanter."

* * * * *

Tout cela part d'un cœur toujours maître de soi,
D'un héros qui n'est point esclave de sa foi."

When, at the very last, she asks about the look of *Pyrrhus* at the altar,

"Son trouble avouait-il son infidélité?
A-t-il jus qu'à la fin soutenu sa fierté,"

it was with that agony of outraged tenderness which, at one relenting word, would have thought itself strong enough to recall him from the grave. It is needless to pursue these illustrations. The same harmony of art, pervaded every scene she appeared in. No one separate passage was independent of the rest. Nothing was laborious, nothing spiritless. With a faultless precision and even minuteness of detail, with an execution that never failed to realise its purpose and tell upon the house in every distinct effect, all was at the same time massed, combined, contrasted, with that quiet and unobtrusive power which belongs to the highest genius. Nothing was driven into heroics, nothing sank into hysterics. Informed with feeling, modulated and made musical by passion, the fine verses of the old French poet broke through all the formal restraints of his school, burst from their prison of measured pause and pointed antithesis, and, as they came from the mouth of this natural actress, swept into the broad, free path of nature. There were its occasional abruptness and inequality, its erratic wanderings, its swell and its decline, its resting pauses, its eager and fervent flow. Fletcher, or Shakespeare, never sounded better.

It is the fashion when much is conceded, to take in the same breath a great deal away. So we secretly reward ourselves for what we think great stretches of generosity. Thus if a poet or an actor

happens to have one faculty in striking and unquestionable prominence, ten to one he is denied the possession of another of equal significance. 'That stronger Shakespeare felt for man alone,' was the mistake of a poet himself, concerning a greater poet. So we hear it said of an actor that he is great in this passion, but very little in that; and of Mademoiselle Rachel it seems to have been the fashion to say, that, whereas in anger, hatred, she is overpowering; in gentleness, pity, tenderness, love, she exhibits lamentable deficiency. In this there is a vast quantity of nonsense. It is to be observed that the basis of every kind of natural expression is the same, and that, where no physical impediments exist, the same sensibility which suggests one, will supply all. If we were asked to say in what Mademoiselle Rachel excelled, it would not be this or that particular feeling of passion we should describe, but the impression she conveyed to us of a thorough general understanding and mastery as an artist, of the various and most contrasted elements of the art. It seems strange to say this of one so young but such was our strong impression. In the sudden and overwhelming use of what are called 'points,' she has often been excelled. Her voice sails her beyond a certain reach, and there are other evidences, as in the occasional trembling motion of her hands, of physical weakness. But nature, and that in its most pleasing form, gains, in a long run. She has fewer of those temptations to excess, that have betrayed the finest actors. You might expect as great an effect from her as from Pasta, when in *Deidamia* she shrank under the dagger of *Othello*, but it certainly would not close, as Pasta's did, in her tucking up her petticoats and running for it. The just natural impulse goes hand in hand with the clear controlling consciousness, and to the very tempest and whirlwind contritutes smoothness.

She can so temper passion that our ears
Take pleasure in their pain.

We hope to have many opportunities of speaking of this inimitable actress, and have the less regret in being unable to occupy much more of our space at present. Our book of *Andromache* is so marked and scrawled throughout the part of *Hermione*, that a detailed description of the points which suggested the general view already given of her genius, would be something like a running comment on every other line. Some few things we must say, however; and first, of the first scene, that its quiet art revealed to us at once the whole power of the performance. The self-pity of the proud, hiding within itself to please its pride, was never more affectingly expressed than on the words

"Est-ce là, dira-t'il, cette fiere Hermione?
Elle me dedaignait; au autre l'abandonne."

From out the briefest words (*suis-je moi croire aussi*) there broke a world of struggling love, sighs that had swollen from the heart, were turned off (*He bien, rien ne m'arrete*) into careless affectations of indifference. And when, having admitted to her confidant that they ought to leave the palace, she abstractedly turned away and murmured to herself the lines "Mais si l'ingrat venait dans son devoir," &c., the tender self-deceit that was implied in it, the half-conscious self-hypocrisy, was consummately given. It was impossible that it could be real, with all that struggle to think it so.

In the scenes with *Orestes* it was more difficult to give free play to natural expression yet she perfectly succeeded. It was by still keeping in view what we have said of the secret springs of the character, that the difficulty was mastered. We have already given one example of it. It was never after last sight of for an instant, when she had once, and almost in the same breath, given that fervent sigh to the past (*ses feux, que je croyais plus ardents que les miens*) and spread out the fatal veil for the future:

"Et quelque soit *Pyrrhus*
Hermione est sensible, *Oreste* a des vertus."

One saw poor fool *Orestes* already quivering in it. The fourth act, in which she resolves the death of

Pyrrhus, was a succession of distinct effects of power, in grand harmony throughout. Her withering sarcasm at *Orestes* when at the first he hesitates—how infinitely rather than that would we have had the fate imprecated on *Pyrrhus*, round every word of which the agony of surviving fondness clung passionately still! The very action of her arms as she pictured his dying look, opened as if to embrace his bloody form within them; and when she uttered the noblest line of the tragedy

"Je PERCERAI le cœur que je n'ai pu toucher,"

the effect was electrical.

We place a forcible restraint upon ourselves and mention only one line more. It occurred in her answer to *Pyrrhus*, when after her exquisite sarcasm at the close of the fourth act (beneath which there was a concealed suffering, far transcending any conceivable unreserved expression of it,) he has reproached her with never having loved him. "Je t'ai vu inconsistant," she says, "qu'au rais-je fuit fidele." If any one doubts the tenderness of Rachel, let him try to listen to that unmovable. He may then be quite certain that he has not a spark of tenderness of his own.

Her action is strikingly graceful; her by-play perfect. We have pointed out one defect of gesture. Perhaps her occasional habit of tapping her breast with her hands, is another. But it is an old tradition of the French tragic school.

The Interment of a Young and Beautiful Child.

DICKENS.

Along the crowded path they bore her now; pure as the newly-fallen snow that covered it; whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that pore, where she had sat when heaven in its mercy brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade. They carried her to one old nook, where she had many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the coloured window—a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light, would fall upon her grave. Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath, many a stifled sob was heard. Some—and there were not a few—knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow.

The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed around to look into the grave before the pavement stone should be replaced. One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing with a pensive face upon the sky. Another told, how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she, should be so bold; how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, and had loved to linger there when all was quiet; and even to climb the tower stair, with no more light than that of the moon rays stealing through the loophole in the thick old wall. A whisper went about amongst the oldest there, that she had seen and talked with angels; and when they called to mind how she had looked, and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so, indeed. Thus, coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared in time of all but the sexton and the mourning friends. They saw the vault covered, and the stone fixed down.

Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place—when the bright moon poured in her light on the tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and most of all (it seemed to them) upon her quiet grave—in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts team with assurance of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled

in the dust before them—then, with tranquil and submissive hearts they turned away, and left the child with God. Oh! it is hard to take to heart the lessons that such deaths will teach; but let no man reject it, for it is one that all must learn, and is a mighty, universal truth. When death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity, and love, to walk the world, and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the destroyer's steps there spring up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to heaven.

ST. GEORGE.

St. George died in a state of poverty in 1799 at the age of fifty-four. He was justly considered the first swordsman and the best shot of his time. One of his feats was throwing up two crown pieces in the air and hitting them both with his pistols. He was an excellent musician, amiable and polished in his manners, and of a most agreeable conversation; his humanity and charitable disposition were universally acknowledged; and although engaged in many duels, he had generally been the insulted party, and was never known to avail himself of his reputation to insult any one less skilled in the science of destruction. He was often known, however, to give a salutary lesson to quarrelsome and troublesome young men; and an instance is recorded of his meeting at Dunkirk, in the company of several ladies, a young officer of Hussars, who, not knowing him, was boasting of his skill as a swordsman, and asserting that no fencer in France was a match for him. "Did you ever meet the famous St. George?" asked one of the ladies. "St. George! he could not stand a moment before me!" answered the Hussar, twirling his mustachios. "That is strange," observed St. George, "and I should much like to have a trial of skill with you, young man. Possibly the ladies could procure us foils, and an *assaut d'armes* might entertain them." The young officer assented to the proposal with a smile of contempt: foils belonging to the brother of the lady of the house were produced, and without hesitation the Hussar was preparing to shame his aged antagonist, who, politely addressing the ladies, asked them to name the buttons he should touch on his adversary's doliman. The delighted women, glad to see a cockcomb corrected, named the number of the buttons; which St. George touched one after the other, and then whipped the foil out of the inexperienced hand of the boaster, who, infuriated by rage and shame, wanted immediate satisfaction; when St. George quietly observed, "Young man, your time is not yet come; you may still live to serve your country: but recollect you have met St. George, for I am that very person, who could not at any time prove a match for you."—*History of Duelling.*

EXPENSE OF LIVING IN PARIS.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Star furnishes that paper with some "Hints to Travellers in France," from which we extract the following:

In the *Chaussee d'Austin*, or near the *Tuilleries*, or the *Boulevards*, the London prices are charged for lodgings. That is, for a well furnished bedroom, or sitting room on the first floor, in these fashionable quarters, about 250 francs a month, or 50 dollars. But for half the money you have equally as good rooms in the *Faubourg St. Germain*, which is not quite so fashionable. You have no more attendance, for this price, than the mere cleaning of the rooms, and must make a private arrangement with the porter to get attendance. If you have a family with you, you must have a suite of rooms with a kitchen, (every suite being as much isolated as a separate house) and then you take a servant. In the *Faubourg St. Ger-*

main such a suite, accommodating a family of six, will cost 250 francs a month, and extra by the year such a servant (who also cooks) will be 2 francs a month extra. By the year such a servant would be paid 500 francs, or 60 dollars. Rent being much the same in the two capitals, what then, is the comparative cost of living in Paris and in London! Wines are 50 per cent cheaper in Paris, costing about the price of ale or porter in *London*! Fuel is twice as dear in Paris; clothing is very cheap in Paris (except boots and shoes) and 15 per cent cheaper than in London, so is butcher's meat. Fruit, 20, vegetables 30, bread 20 per cent., cheaper than in London. Household furniture as dear as not as good as in Paris. Carpets are twice as dear. Jewelry, Chandeliers, and Clocks, are twenty per cent. cheaper. On the whole, although it is not cheaper living at Paris than in London, it is not the price of the articles, but the mode of living that makes the difference. You consume less than in England. Expensive dinners and suppers are laid aside. In Paris you give a soiree and the tea, fruits, *eau sucrée*, and light wines don't cost a tithe of what a soiree in London would come to. It is this that causes the balance in favour of Paris.

ABROAD AND AT HOME.

One concluding remark on a further cause of the progressive decay of some of the English spas before I have done. It refers to the exorbitance of the charges, and consequently to the enormous expense which families of the middle classes have to encounter in these places of public resort, when they desire to live, according to their station in society, at some of the principal hotels. I have alluded, in treating of Harrowgate, to the weekly expense of a gentleman and his lady, with three daughters, and two men and a woman servant, who, while living at one of the principal hotels at the spa, and using the public rooms, was disbursing seldom less than twenty guineas a week; and had he desired a private sitting-room, the charge would have been three guineas more. Now mark the difference in the spas in Germany. The same number of persons would have been magnificently lodged and sumptuously fed in the New Hotel at Wildbad, called the *Bellevue*, (which has started into existence since my first commendation of that spa, and is one of the most short and comfortable establishments of that kind in Germany, and much to be recommended,) for 109 *Carlins* a week, including every possible expense for master and servant, instead of 281, which are the representatives of twenty-three guineas. Again, a single gentleman, with a servant, who desires to pass his allotted time at the hotel of the Dragon, at Harrowgate, must consent to pay five guineas a week, using a *table d'hôte* and the public sitting-room. But at the same spa of Wildbad, in the comfortable hotel of *Meine Herr Klump*, I have known a dignitary of the church during the last season occupy an extremely neat room, with another for his valet, and to have two excellent repasts, besides breakfast and the board of his domestic, for forty-five florins, or one third less than the charge at the English spa.—*Dr. Greville's Spas of England.*

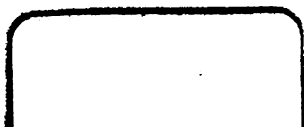
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THE STORY OF MANDRIN, THE SMUGGLER CAPTAIN.

In the public records of Montbrison, a town in the south of France, near the banks of the Rhone, there is a most remarkable document, which has as remarkable a history. The paper is brief; it is a receipt, and originated in the following circumstances.

About the middle of the eighteenth century, or, to be more pointed, in the year 1764, Mandrin, the famous brigand, presented himself at the gates of Montbrison. He was accompanied by such a force, that no one dreamed of offering the slightest resistance. He took possession of the place in the same manner as the Duke of Nemours had done in the sixteenth century; but with this difference in favour of the brigand, that the latter exacted not one coin from the inhabitants, and caused a rigorous discipline to be observed by his band. One of them, who ventured to appropriate an article of the most trifling value, was publicly punished in the market place.

After making various dispositions for security of his own safety and that of his men during their stay, and for relieving the inhabitants from fear, Louis Mandrin, elegantly attired in a rich court habit, according to the accounts of the old people of the place, betook himself, accompanied by two of his men in the dress of lacqueys, to the house of M. Palmaroux, receiver of taxes for the district. He entered with the greatest coolness into the dwelling in question, but at the same time with the urbanity of deportment which he knew well how to assume, and by which he took a pride in distinguishing himself from the vulgar bandits of the day.

"M. Palmaroux," said he to the receiver-general, "I am come to do myself the honour of supping with you."

This speech was accompanied with a low bow, and an elegant wave of the hat, which was ornamented by a nodding plume of feathers.

"May I request to know, sir, to whom I am indebted for the honour of this visit?" answered M. Palmaroux, stammering through surprise and a suspicion that his free-and-easy visitor, though not known to him, was not of a very pleasant order of persons.

"A very simple question that is, and very easily answered, Mr. Receiver-general," said the brigand; "my name is Louis Mandrin."

"Louis Mandrin!" muttered out the tax-gatherer.

"Pray, do not make a noise, M. Palmaroux," said Mandrin; "that would be imprudent; and do not be alarmed. You judge by report; it is wrong to do so. The only way to acquire a knowledge of people is to see them close at hand; and that is precisely the advantage which I meant to give you in coming thus to *treat* with you, glass in hand."

"Treat with me!" cried M. Palmaroux; "I do not comprehend what kind of relations there can be between you and me."

The financier did not speak the exact truth here; for a certain tremulousness in his voice, and nervous agitation in his limbs, indicated that he had made a good guess at the business hinted at by his visitor. Mandrin did not allow him at any rate to remain long in the dark.

"Oh!" said the brigand, "our treaty is not one that requires any discussion. It is a simple matter; 'conclude and sign!' You will find me perfectly honourable, and scrupulously regular

in my transactions. What! I compromise the credit of an honest receiver? Nothing is farther from my thoughts. I am all for right and justice, and that is the reason that I usually travel with a few musqueteers about me; for you know, my dear Mr. Financier, it requires a certain degree of energy in this world of ours to make equity triumphant. But we'll talk of business afterwards; let us first sup. Where are the ladies? Oh! they have concealed themselves, I wager. What nonsense! They told me that Madame Palmaroux is musical; I shall be enchanted to hear her. One of the disagreeable features of my profession is the deprivation of music. You would scarcely believe, my dear Palmaroux, how much I miss it. Your good lady!"

"Certainly, sir," stammered out the receiver; "but I fear—I fear my wife is indisposed!"

"To see me?" interrupted the bandit in his turn. "Oh these confounded reputations! But I would soon reassure your lady."

In fine, with not the best grace in the world, M. Palmaroux was necessitated to make his wife appear. Madame Palmaroux was a woman; and though she could not enter the presence of the famous brigand without fear and trembling, yet she took the precaution to appear as well dressed as possible, reasoning with herself probably in some such way as this. "Though one cannot help being frightened for a robber, it is needless making one's self a fright for all that."

The supper was announced. Mandrin presented to Madame Palmaroux a very white hand, decorated with a variety of costly rings. In the supper-room, the brigand kept his two pretended lacqueys behind his chair. During the repast, the conversation was light and animating. The visitor of the receiver chatted of the court, theatres, romances, and Madame Pompadour, and dropt not a word regarding the motive of his visit. But, at the dessert, he changed the conversation so markedly, that madame foresaw what was coming. Her husband begged her to retire, but she requested to remain, imagining that the man who chatted so gaily with her would be accessible to her influence in the business about to be transacted. But she soon found that Mandrin had two characters, and that there were points on which he made no concessions.

"Well," said Mandrin, swallowing a final glass of champagne, "let us finish our business. How much, Mr. Receiver, *have we* in our treasury?"

"Ah! very little, M. Mandrin," said Palmaroux; "the people will not pay. They lock their chests against us, and beat our collectors."

"Ah! that is very ill done, indeed," said the bandit; "but let us not lose time. How much have we exactly?"

"Perhaps from seven to eight hundred livres, more or less," answered the receiver-general.

"Take care what you say, my dear M. Palmaroux," said Mandrin, "you know that accuracy is every thing in financial matters. And don't imagine that I come to you as a spoliator. By no means; I am not one of those rude sort of fellows. I intend to put into your coffer, in place of money, a good and valid receipt; one much more regular, I shall be bold to say, than most of those you receive. You understand, it shall be a quitance, signed by me, and sealed with my signet, with a hundred and fifty muskets at my back to give weight to the document. It will be a sterling receipt; every bank in the world would accept such a tender. Come,

Father Palmaroux, without more words, what sum have you on hand at present?"

Something in the brigand's manner led Father Palmaroux to delay no longer. "Upon my conscience, six thousand livres." At these words, Mandrin took from his pocket a scrap of paper, and glancing at him, said, "Six thousand seven hundred and ninety livres; that is the sum you have exactly. You see, my dear receiver, we are pretty well informed. But seven hundred livres is a small matter in the conscience of a receiver-general."

The bandit then turned to one of his lacquey attendants, and said "Accompany Mr. Receiver to his office, and get from him the sum of six thousand seven hundred and ninety livres. You know that I never touch money, it soils the fingers; and, besides, it would be ungallant to leave the lady here alone. I have also the quittance to write. I carry stamps always about with me. Regularity in every thing, that is my motto."

And, in truth, the brigand drew from his pocket a small book, containing proper stamps, with writing materials. Having first carefully turned up a portion of the table-cloth to prevent any staining, he then wrote out a receipt in the following terms: "I, the undersigned Louis Mandrin, have collected from the coffers of M. Palmaroux, receiver-general of taxes at Montbrison, the sum of six thousand seven hundred and ninety livres, taken against their will from the people of the district; and declare the said receiver duly freed of the said sum, and to be exempt from all recourse on the part of farmers-general or their agents; in notification of which I leave him the present receipt to serve as an available and valid discharge. LOUIS MANDRIN."

After this exploit, Mandrin took a courteous leave of his host and hostess, and, soon after, of the town of Montbrison. Though Monsieur and Madame Palmaroux could not say much for the pleasure resulting from the visit paid to them, yet they afterwards spoke with wonder of the urbanity of the notorious robber.

After a life in which strange affectations of breeding, and even acts of direct generosity, were mingled with acts of violence and spoliation, chiefly in the department of smuggling, Mandrin was taken, condemned, and broken on the wheel. Sir Walter Scott, in alluding to the comparative apathy which he himself felt after the first shock of his misfortunes was over, compares his case with that of Mandrin, who, when undergoing his final punishment, declared with his dying breath that he felt no pain, the first blows having so deadened his sensations, as to render the rest productive of no suffering.

END OF PART I.